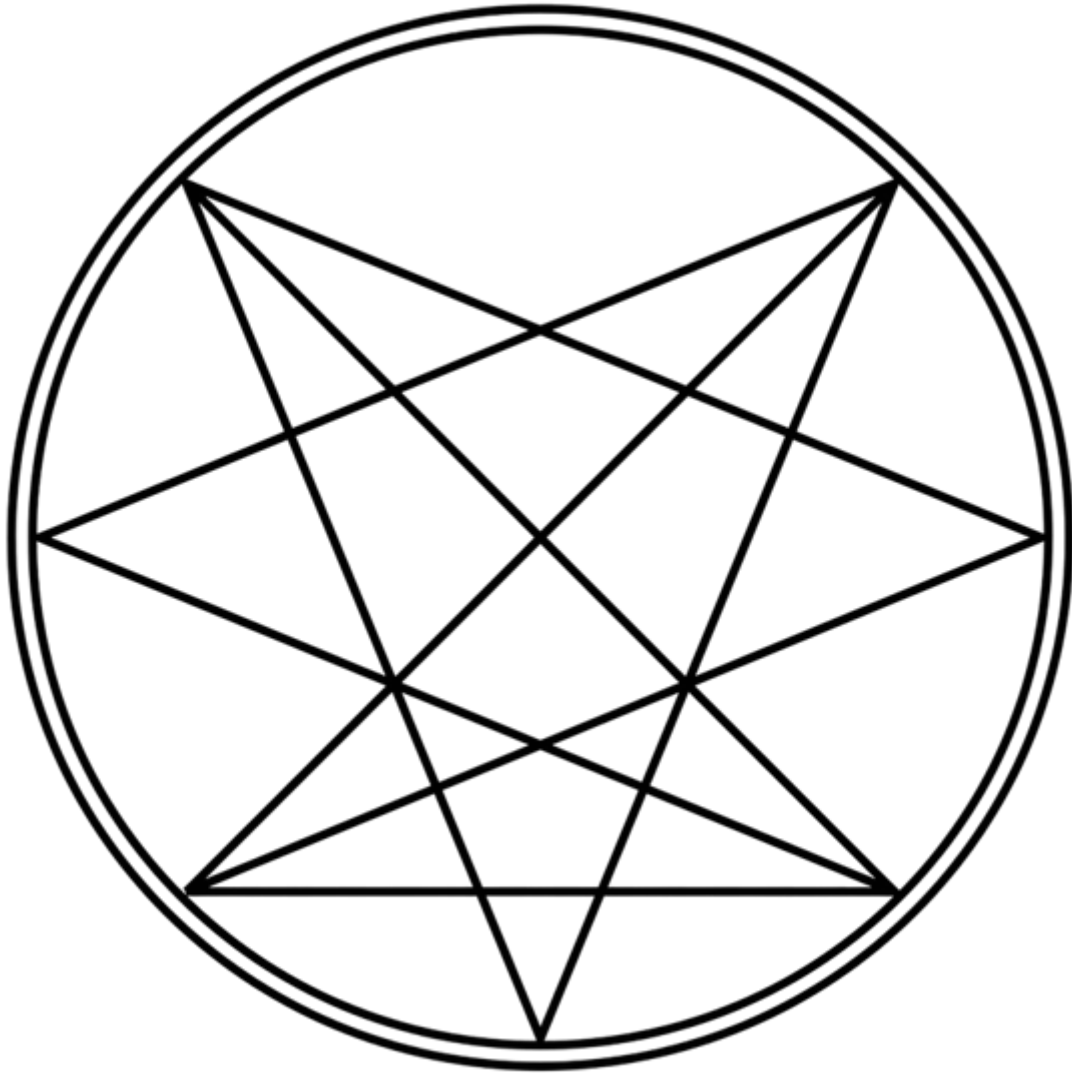




ORDER OF NINE ANGLES



1974 - 2012

EMANATIONS OF URANIA

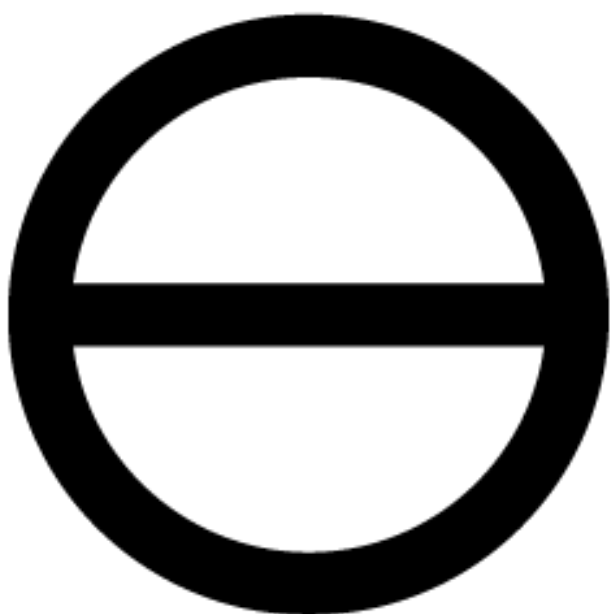
Notes Toward A Heuristic Representation of Cliology

David Myatt

(1974)



SECTION I
INTRODUCTION
A Cosmic Scheme



1.0 - The cosmos is all that exists, has existed or will exist.

1.01 - The universe is that aspect of the cosmos that exists at a specified moments of causal time.

1.02 - The cosmos admits of a representation by means of abstraction.

1.021 - Abstraction is means to knowledge and understanding.

1.022 - The most important means of abstraction is mathematics.

1.0221 - The abstractive system of mathematics may be approached via a heuristic symbolism founded on a formalized theoretical system.

1.023 - It is to be understood that all abstractive systems are hypothetical simplifications of the nature of the cosmos since this latter cannot be truly represented in the system of opposites implicit in all abstractions.

1.1 - The cosmos is duality: Φ , λ

1.11 - The duality of the cosmos is expressed by time: as causality (t^λ) and acausality (t^Φ).

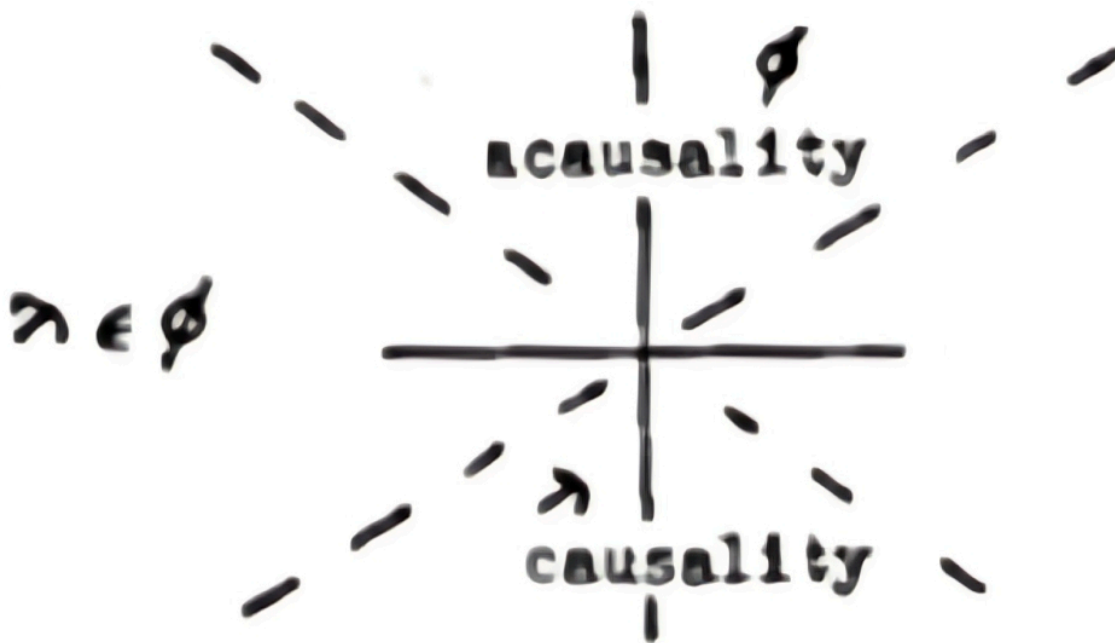
1.12 - Φ is representative of intuitive existence: λ of rational existence. Φ in abstractive mythological terms is Dionysian and λ Apollonian.

1.121 - Φ manifested via t^Φ is Φ_s : λ manifested via t^λ is λ_s (Φ_s and λ_s are undefined abstractive spaces.)

1.122 - λ_s is the realm of the laws of causality; Φ_s the realm of acausal laws. $\lambda_s \in \Phi_s$ is the realm of the laws of synchronicity.

1.13 - λ_s may be represented by a Riemann space, of four-dimensions.

1.131 - Φ_s may be represented by the geometry of acausal space where the dimensions are infinite.



1.132 - All events in λ_s may be described by mathematical models based on t^λ , be such events macrocosmic or microcosmic.

1.14 - Where $\sigma r^2 = 0$ [?], λ_s reduces to an Euclidean space described by x^λ systems.

1.141 - An x^λ system is defined as a coordinate system (x, y, z, t^λ) in λ_s .

1.142 - Events in x^λ space (macrocosm) can be described by a transformation:

$$(x, y, z, t^\lambda) \rightarrow (x', y', z', t^\lambda)$$

1.143 - All observables are based on x^λ systems and all theories established in fact by the application to the elements composing those theories of the principle of propositional verification.

1.1431 - If Ψ is some propositional variable where $\Psi \in f^\lambda$, f^λ being some set of elements λ , and if x_p^λ is that set of x^λ type elements of a theory that have been compared via observation with empirical data and not thereby found

to be invalid, and Ψ_ρ that of Ψ , then if ρ is a symbolic re-presentation of the principle:

$$\Psi \rightarrow \rho \supset \Psi \in \{x^\lambda; x^\lambda \in x_\rho^\lambda\}$$

$$\text{or: } \square \Psi_\rho \supset \Psi \in x_\rho^\lambda \supset \Psi \supset \rho$$

$$\text{That is, } \exists \Psi_\rho \supset \Psi \in x_\rho^\lambda \supset \Psi \rightarrow \rho$$

where for $\square x$ read 'for all x': for $\exists x$ read 'for some x' and where the operator \rightarrow is defined by this third identity.

1.15 - For the logical space x^λ composed of propositional variables where $\eta = 2$ [?], a vector \underline{V} in that space may represent a propositional statement, the direction of the vector establishing the T or F (by definition) of that statement.

1.151 - The direction of \underline{V} is established by reference to the origin of the x^λ system composing the logical space.

1.1511 - The origin of the system is established by reference to the principle of verification applied to the elements composing that system.

1.1512 - The orientation of the system in λ_s depends on the definition of ρ .

1.1513 - A tautology is a scalar quantity

1.2 - A duration of causal time is defined by:

$$t^\lambda \cap t^\Phi = \{t_0^\lambda : t^\lambda \in t^\lambda, t_0^\lambda \in t^\Phi\}$$

where t_0^λ is a moment of causal time.

1.21 - $\Phi \cap \lambda$ is a re-presentation of the principle of life.

1.212 - $\Phi \cup \lambda$ is a re-presentation of the principle of consciousness within life.

1.22 - The unity that is formed by both Φ_s and λ_s may be re-presented by:

$$B = \{\epsilon_0^\lambda : \epsilon_0^\lambda = t_0^\lambda\} [?]$$

$$\Phi \cap \lambda = \Lambda = \{t_0^\lambda : t_0^\lambda \neq t_0^\lambda\} [?]$$

$$\Phi \subset B = \square t_0^\lambda \subset (t_0^\lambda \in \Phi \supset t_0^\lambda \in B)$$

SECTION II
Concerning The Coincidence of Causal and Acausal



2.0 - Life is the coincidence of Φ_s and λ_s

2.01 - The coincidence of Φ_s and λ_s occurs at a specific point, t_o^λ .

2.02 - The greater the complexity of life the greater the manifestation of Φ_s in λ_s .

2.1 - Consciousness within life is the mergence of Φ_s and λ_s .

2.11 - The mergence of Φ_s and occurs λ_s over a specific area t_a^λ .

2.111 - The area of mergence of Φ_s and λ_s os representative of the degree of consciousness possessed by a specific entity of life.

2.12 - Each entity of life is by virtue of its life, a place where Φ is coincidental with λ .

2.121 - Each entity of life possessed of consciousness is, by virtue of that consciousness, a place where Φ is merged with λ .

2.1211 - The degree of mergence is variable according as to whether consciousness has been developed or no via the mechanism of evolution that is life.

2.122 - Consciousness by definition in composed of both t^λ and t^Φ aspects, as $t^{\bar{\lambda}}$ and t^Φ .

2.123 - The coincidence - and thus the mergence-of Φ_s and λ_s is an expression of the life-force (or physical field of force associated with life) which force varies according as to the nature of the organism possessing it.

2.2 - Life and consciousness within life are an expression of the flux of Φ and λ manifested via causal time.

2.21 - Human life is the only place presently known where Φ is merged with λ and this mergence may be expressed in the abstractive sense as composed of a lower and an upper limit.

2.211 - The lower limit is the unit of consciousness which is the individual.

**2.212 - The upper limit is the unit of consciousness expressed by the mechanism of cultural evolution in the sense of Spengler and Toynbee *
The organic nature of cultures propounded by Spengler is an expression of the
existentialist principle of recurrence. Culture (in the sense of Spengler) is that psycho-historic phenomenon which is manifest in the archetypal soul-form (see 2.222). A civilization (in the sense of Toynbee) is considered to be a culture if it has a unique soul.**

2.22 - If $k_a u$ [?] is the manifestation of Φ and λ as consciousness where m is the fundamental unit of Φ and λ , and k_a a constant for a particular value of λ [?] (theoretically $0 < n < \infty$), then $k i u$ is the consciousness of the individual units of consciousness and k_u that of a culture where $i \ll c$.

2.221 - For k_u , $t^{\bar{\lambda}}$ is the conscious and t^{Φ} is the collective unconscious of Jungian psychology.

2.2211 - A primary expression of consciousness for $k i u$ is language.

2.222 - For k_u , t^{Φ} is the 'soul' of Spengler and $t^{\bar{\lambda}}$ its manifestation (via t^{λ} and $k i u$) as aesthetics.

2.23 - For both k_u and $k i u$ the degree of mergence with Φ and λ may be increased via t^{λ} , giving thus an evolution in consciousness which expresses the law of metamorphosis in organisms.

2.231 - It is possible to express the evolution of consciousness in three (arbitrary and symbolic) stages, [alpha, beta, gamma], which are expressive of the fundamental principle of metamorphosis applicable to $k i u$ and k_u . In such a symbolic sense Φ is approached from λ via the sequence $\beta \rightarrow \alpha$. (Note: because of t^{λ} , $\lambda \in \Phi$ for all t^{λ}).

2.311 - The flux of Φ and λ via t^λ may be expressed in the terms of α, β, γ as:
 $\alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta) \rightarrow \alpha(\gamma) \rightarrow \beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta) \rightarrow \beta(\gamma) \rightarrow \gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta) \rightarrow \gamma(\gamma)$

2.2312 - In terms of t^λ and t^Φ this re-presentation becomes:

$$\underbrace{\alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta)}_{\alpha(\gamma)} \rightarrow \underbrace{\beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta)}_{\beta(\gamma)} \rightarrow \underbrace{\gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta)}_{\gamma(\gamma)}$$

where (because of t^Φ)

$$\alpha(\alpha) \subset \alpha(\gamma) ; \alpha(\beta) \subset \alpha(\gamma) [...]$$

and

$$\alpha(\alpha) \subset \alpha(\gamma) \equiv \square t_0^\lambda [t_0^\lambda \in \alpha(\alpha) \supset t_0^\lambda \in \alpha(\gamma)]$$

(for $\square t_0^\lambda$ read 'for all t_0^λ ')

Note: \rightarrow may be read 'via t^λ ' and [underbrace] as 'via t^Φ '.

2.2313 - For k,u the metamorphosis may be expressed in the following Spenglerian terms:

$\alpha(\alpha)$ Spring period

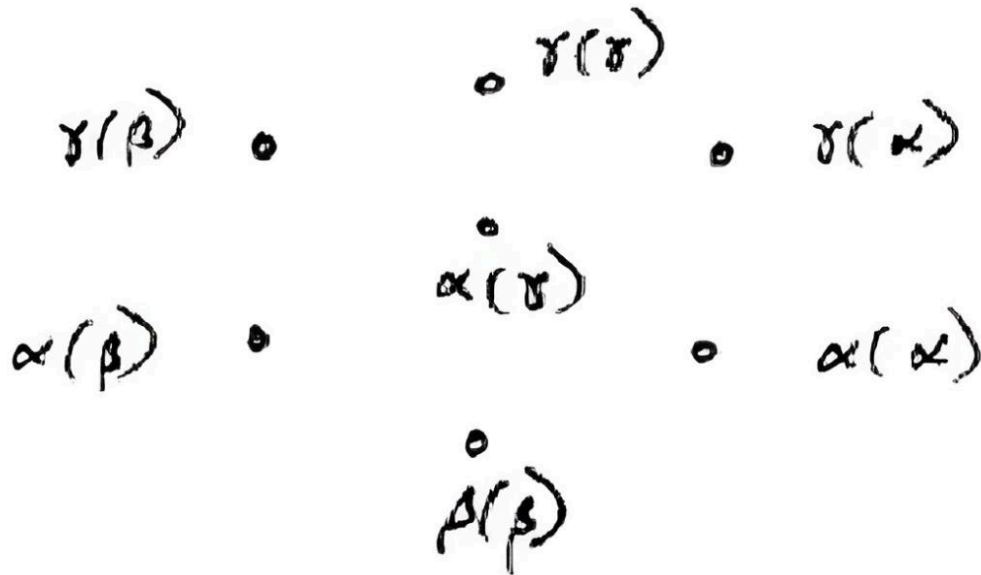
$\alpha(\beta)$ Summer "

$\beta(\alpha)$ Autumn "

$\beta(\beta)$ Winter period

$\gamma(\alpha)(\beta)$ is the period of Imperium: $\gamma(\alpha)$ being linked to the 'Universal State' of Toynbee.

2.314 - For k i u the metamorphosis may be expressed in the following way:



2.315 - This represents the evolution of individual consciousness from λ_s toward Φ_s .

2.316 - This progression is from a lower realm of consciousness to a higher one and is a following of the path of initiation.

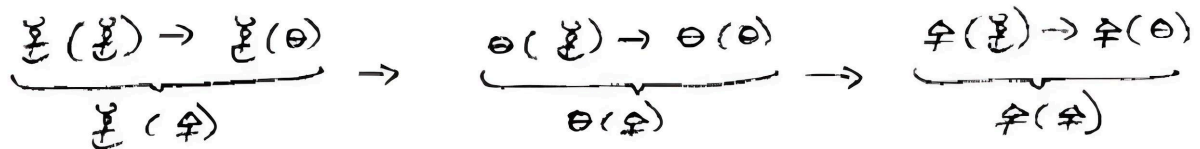
2.317 - Each stage of this progression is associated with many causal attributions and apprehension and understanding or these enables further progression.

2.318 - Each stage is symbolically represented as a sphere on the magical Tree of Wyrd.

2.319 - This Tree is a causal re-presentation of acausal aspects and its representations are means to conscious evolution.

2.24 - α can be represented by the symbol 'Alchemical Mercury' (ψ), β by Alchemical Salt (Θ) and γ by Alchemical Sulphur (Φ).

2.241 - The principle of metamorphosis thus becomes:



2.242 - These representations enable conscious understanding and thus integration of the acausal aspects symbolized by such forms.

2.3 - manifests to λ via t^\wedge primarily through the ψ aspect.

2.31 - For a k i u whose concern is primarily the world of Φ , then there is an introvert role.

2.312 - For a k i u whose concern is primarily the world of λ , there is an extravert role.

2.32 - These roles may be represented thus:

| | | |
|------------------|-----------|----------------|
| $\Theta(\Theta)$ | Extravert | Feeling type |
| $\Theta(\psi)$ | " | Intuitive type |
| $\Theta(\Phi)$ | " | Thinking |
| $\psi(\Theta)$ | Introvert | Feeling |
| $\psi(\psi)$ | " | Intuitive |
| $\psi(\Phi)$ | " | Thinking |

2.321 - Each role is associated with a sphere on the Tree of Wyrld and thus a stage of individual initiation toward higher consciousness.

2.33 - Conscious evolution implies the assumption and integration of each role.

2.34 - Φ as a role type is symbolized by a particular stage of Initiation thus:

| | |
|----------------|------------------------------------|
| $\Phi(\Theta)$ | Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth |
| $\Phi(\Psi)$ | Grand Master/Grand Mistress |
| $\Phi(\Phi)$ | Homo Galactica |

2.4 - For a culture Ψ is a manifestation of the soul or ethos (t^Φ) in λ terms.

2.41 - As metamorphosis proceeds the culture becomes increasingly deprived of this Ψ aspect, leading to the 'civilisation' stage of Spengler.

2.42 - Within each flux of Φ and λ expressed as a unit of consciousness which is a culture, there exists an element e of the totality of individuals composing that culture who ground or 'earth' the flow of Φ to that culture.

2.421 - This element, e , is the creative minority (cf. Toynbee).

2.422 - Elements of e are mostly unconscious of earthing causal forces.

2.4221 - One of the most obvious manifestations of such earthing are 'creative Artists'.

2.42212 - An aspect of this process of channelling acausal energy on the individual level is Toynbee's "Withdrawal & Return".

2.42213 - Another aspect is the 'Outsider syndrome'.

2.423 - Evolution of consciousness implies an understanding of this process on the individual level.

2.4231 - This understanding may most easily be achieved by some form of symbolism abstractly representing the process and the forces involved.

2.42312 - Conscious understanding of this process implies the possibility of using that process consciously to bring other changes.

2.42313 - Such use and such understanding form the foundation of the process known as Aeonics.

2.424 - Since Φ is expressed via γ [?] for each k,u , e determines the metamorphosis of a culture.

2.425 - Culture decline is loss of acausality manifesting via e .

2.4251 - This loss is implicit in the nature of k,u and can only be altered by those of e who have achieved some understanding of the process.

2.426 - Φ is expressed via φ as aesthetics.

2.43 - The flux of Φ and λ via t^λ is codified in archetypal forces.

2.431 - The most obvious (outward) manifestation of such forms are myths/mythos and actions of individuals unconsciously assuming archetypal roles.

2.432 - Each culture has its own forms which thus affect those within.

2.433 - An aspect of a cultural form is the 'religious attitude' of the peoples of that culture during its early period of growth.

2.4331 - A later aspect is the codification of that aspect into Institutions and [...] forms of a political nature.

2.44 - Every cultural form of every culture expresses part of the acausal energy which gave rise to that culture.

2.441 - Each cultural form is thus a representation of what acausal aspect is earthed at the birth of that culture.

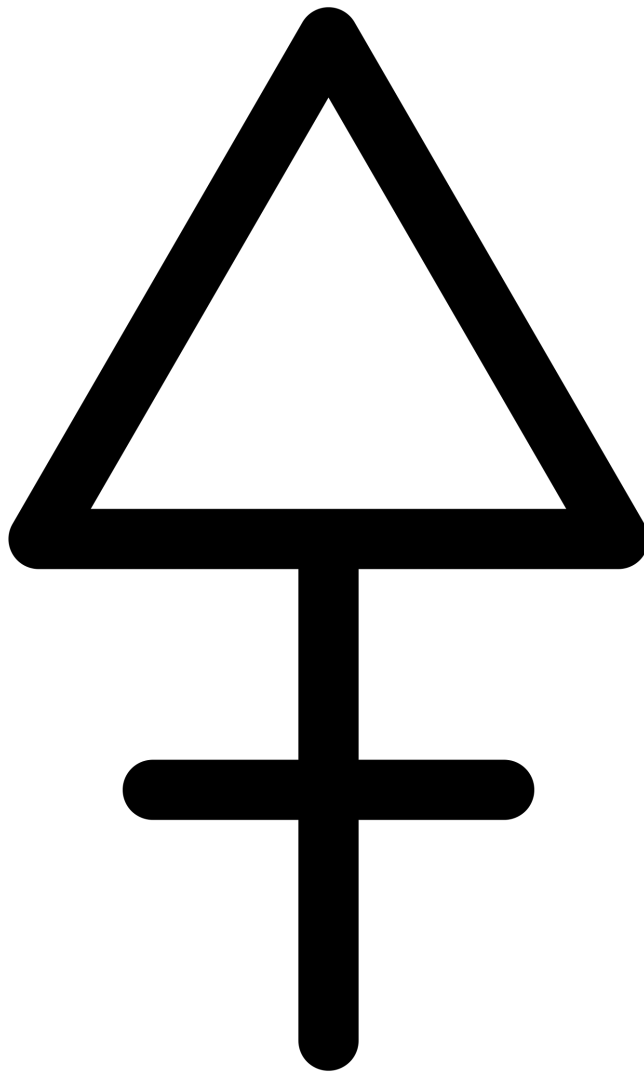
2.4412 - This earthing occurs at a specific place which becomes the cult/religious centre for the early culture.

2.44121 - This earthing is mostly unconscious - that is, intuitive - and expresses the directive nature of the acausal when manifest in the causal.

2.44122 - An apprehension of this process is the representation of the acausal energies as a magickal Aeon.

2.4413 - Further apprehension, giving conscious understanding, implies the possibility of manipulating such energies.

SECTION III
Concerning Life and Causal Death



3.0 - Death for an organism possessed of life is the cessation of the coincidence of Φ and λ due to t^λ .

3.1 - Death for an organism possessed of consciousness is the cessation of the mergence of Φ and λ .

3.11 - Consciousness implies an aspect of Φ_s in λ_s . Evolution of a k i u in consciousness implies an increase in Φ_s .

3.112 - The goal of consciousness is first to balance Φ and λ and then transcend to Φ_s .

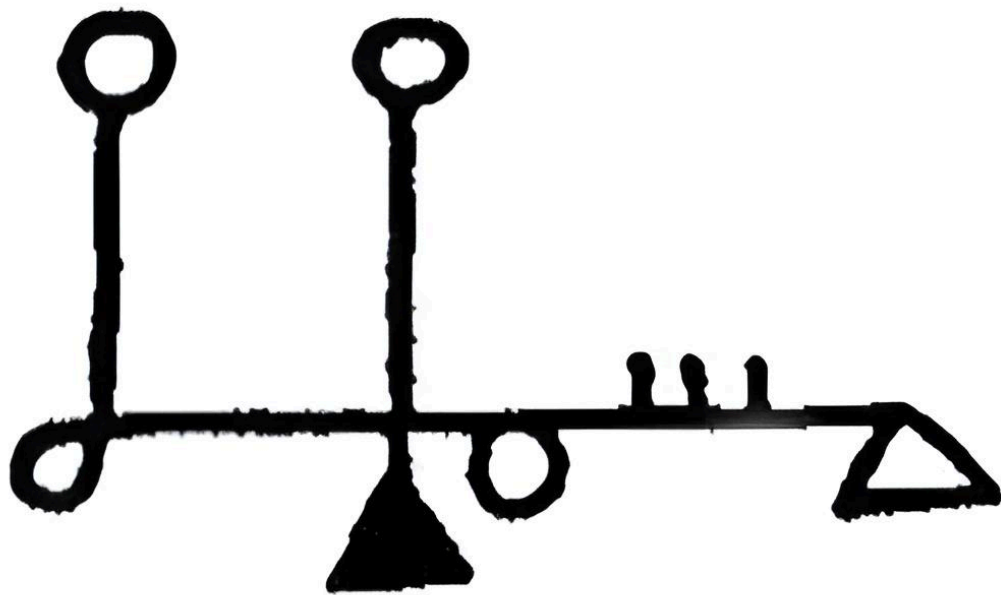
3.113 - An individual who attains this goal maintains/creates an acausal existence when the λ_s aspect ceases via t^λ .

3.1131 - The nature of this acausal existence cannot be apprehended by systems based on x^λ concepts.

3.11311 - Words and opposites being part of x^λ cannot explicate the acausal.

3.1132 - One means to such apprehension is symbolism.

VINDEX
DESTINY OF THE WEST
David Myatt
(1976 - 1984)



FOREWORD

The present work is an abridgement of parts of a four-volume (unpublished) work written between 1976 and 1982 and entitled *The Logic of History*. *The Logic of History* deals in detail with the origin, rise and fall of the major civilizations of the world, and of the four volumes only the last deals with the civilization that has become known as the Western.

The first part of Chapter One of the present work is taken from Volume One of *The Logic of History*; the remainder of the work is taken from Volume Four.

It was decided to offer this abridgement because the theme it presents is, the author believes, vital to the civilization of the West. As the climate of opinion stands. *The Logic of History* stands very little chance of publication in the foreseeable future.

The references in the present work are fairly extensive since the theme is controversial. The author hopes that these references will go some way to convince the reader of the soundness of the argument—that the civilization of the West has undergone, in the last hundred years or so, a profound change. It is argued that this change is to the detriment of the civilization. Where a topic is exceedingly controversial—as in the matter of National-Socialist Germany—the author has striven to be as accurate in his presentation as possible and has only drawn conclusions concerning recent events when these conclusions have the weight of overwhelming evidence behind them.

It is to be expected that many people will not like this book—the truths of history are seldom popular in their own time—but the reader has only to pursue his own researches, untroubled by accepted (and mostly unfactual) ideas or, what is perhaps more important, think carefully for himself, to realize the truths contained herein. These truths rely on the facts of history alone, not on personal conviction or belief.

Hopefully future historians will have more freedom to publish their works than is available now, when unfashionable truths are at best ignored and at worst suppressed.

David Myatt

London, January 1984

CHAPTER I

THE WEST

If an understanding of history implies an understanding of the present and a feeling for the future, then the work of the historian Arnold Toynbee is of great importance, for from his study of civilizations—and with the help of some of Oswald Spengler's insights—it is possible to construct a model of history that is fully in accord with scientific methodology and which predicts the future of the West.

Toynbee, from a study of twenty-eight different civilizations, identified certain features which he claimed were common to all civilizations. These features include a 'Time of Troubles,' schism in the body social, a Universal State, and a Universal Church. According to Toynbee, a civilization arises from either a physical or a social challenge—that is, civilization is man's successful response to a particular geographical or social challenge. If the challenge is geographical, then the civilization is, as a rule, unrelated to any other, while, if the challenge is social (usually resulting from the disintegration of a previous civilization), then the new civilization is related to an older one. For example, the Egyptian civilization arose in response to the physical challenge of the Nile River Valley and was wholly unrelated to any other civilization, while the Western arose from the challenge of new ground and the disintegration of the Hellenic.

Each civilization declines, and produces what Toynbee called a Universal State. This state, which is usually an Empire, heralds the end of the 'Time of Troubles' and lasts for approximately 400 years. For instance, the Universal State of the Hellenic civilization was the Roman Empire (31 BC-378 AD), and its 'Time of Troubles' from the Second Peloponnesian War (431 BC) until the establishment, by Julius Caesar, of the Empire (31 AD). Table I summarizes these features for seven of Toynbee's civilizations.

Toynbee defines a civilization in such a manner that it possesses the 'identification mark' of a state of society in which there is a minority of the population, however small, that is free from the task, not merely of producing food, but of engaging in any other of the economic activities, e.g., industry and trade. Those thus free create art, science, and philosophy. A discussion of this definition, and how it compares with other definitions, is given by Baker.

However, Toynbee's study of history, which took over forty years to complete, has been attacked by a number of historians for widely differing reasons. Yet all of Toynbee's critics attack him for personal, not historical, reasons. Like Collingwood, they object to Toynbee's approach simply because they do not personally believe history should be approached in such a way. Their criticism and approach is hardly scientific.

In contrast, one has only to axiomatize Toynbee's conception of civilization, constructing thus a model in accordance with the scientific method, to realize how revolutionary it is. If Toynbee's study is seen as a scientific model with, like all scientific models, postulates and predictions, then it is quite clear that Toynbee has done for the study of history what Darwin did for biology and Newton for physics.

Any scientific theory or model must be logically consistent, employ the minimum of postulates, and give predictions which are capable of verification by either observation or experiment. For instance, Newton used his theory of gravity and his three laws of motion to predict the motion of Halley's Comet and to predict that the Earth (and the other spinning planets) would be slightly flattened in shape. All his predictions were verified by observation, and his theory of gravitation, for instance, has been not only confirmed by such verifications but used to predict with great success the orbits of satellites and other spacecraft.

The method of testing a theory by appeal to predicted observations has become the basis of modern science, and there exists no reason, other than a stubborn prejudice, why it cannot be extended to the less obviously empirical areas of knowledge such as the study of history. In his study of civilizations, Toynbee has found similarities in both overall structure and in detail, and if one approaches his work scientifically, the only questionable element is the criteria used to define a civilization. However, if the model of a civilization derived from Toynbee's analysis is logically consistent (as it is), employs the minimum of postulates (as it does), and gives predictions concerning not only the future but (more importantly, from a strictly scientific point of view) also the past, then the criteria Toynbee has used to define civilization must be accepted if the predictions are verified by observation. To do otherwise is to reject the scientific method—and with it all of modern science.

Axiomatically, Toynbee's ideas can be stated as: civilizations admit of a morphology, that morphology being inherent in a civilization by its nature; within each civilization there exists a 'creative minority' who give the impetus to the continuing challenge facing a civilization. This concept of the creative minority need not concern us here since it in no way affects the predictions that result from Toynbee's model or theory. 'One of these predictions, and perhaps among the most significant since it stands a good chance of being easily verified, is that the date of the battle related in the Indie epic Mahabharata is 720 (± 20) BC. Present estimates" of this date vary between 1400-800 BC, and confirmation of this prediction, either by archaeology or other means, would go a considerable way toward verifying Toynbee's theory. The details of how this prediction was obtained from Toynbee's work are given in Appendix I.

Regarding the future, the model predicts: Beginning of the Western Universal State in 1993 (± 10) AD. This Empire should last well into the twenty-third century, Further, it is possible to deduce from the model not only the nature of this Empire of the West but also how and where it will be created. However, before this is done it is necessary to consider the work of

Spengler, whose insights into the nature of what he termed 'cultures' enable the scientific model of history to be completed in detail.

According to Spengler, each 'culture' has a distinguishing god-feeling or soul which is unique to that culture. This soul expresses what we, following Toynbee, would say was the response of that culture to its particular challenge. Outwardly, this soul is represented, according to Spengler, by the culture's art, science, and mathematics. For the West, for instance, this soul can be said to be expressed by Goethe's Faust—a will-to-power, or questing for what is new and unknown: Thus Spengler calls the West the Faustian culture; for him, the Faustian soul is evident in the supreme art of the Gothic cathedral with its vaulted arches seeking to represent the infinite. Further, each culture is subject to metamorphosis: From Spring through Summer and Autumn and then, finally, Winter, when comes the megalopolis, the second religiousness and the Age of Caesarism, which finally decays. For Spengler, the term 'civilization' is reserved for the late stage of a culture—its Winter—when pure art has become tawdry, the product of the mass as opposed to the elite. In this stage, heroism has succumbed to the power of money. The common man has precedence.

When one compares the work of Spengler and Toynbee, large areas of agreement are found. What differences appear turn out to be, in fact, differences of terminology and approach. For example, Spengler's second religiousness is identical to Toynbee's Universal Church, and the advent of Caesarism is Toynbee's Universal State. Each analysis enriches the other—Toynbee concerns himself mainly with historical events and the people involved in them, while Spengler approaches his cultures mainly through their art, philosophy, and science. However, one difference does exist between the two approaches. This concerns what Spengler actually means by culture.

Since our objective is to produce a model of history that is in accord with scientific methodology, it is necessary to consider again what the identification mark of a civilization is—and how a civilization, defined by Toynbee's definition, might be said to possess what Spengler has termed a soul (or, if one prefers, a distinctive style): Once this is done, we shall be in a position to finally formulate a model of history to explain the rise and fall of civilizations; a model which will enable not only a detailed understanding of the West to be achieved but will also show what its future will be.

THE DEFINITION OF CIVILIZATION

It has long been recognized that one of the attributes of a civilization is its art.[^] Another may be said to be the deeds of the people. For instance, the Hellenic society produced a type of art that we describe as classical and this art is very different from, say, that of the Japanese. When we look at a Greek vase such as one in the British Museum (E424)—a pelike by the Marsyas painter c. 350 BC—we are aware of a Greek style, just as when we study a painting by the Japanese artist Sesshu, we are aware of a different style. While it is possible for a non-expert to confuse Japanese and Chinese art of approximately the same period, studying a painting by Mi Fei (1051-1107 AD), would attribute it to any Western or Hellenic school of art. His 'Misty Landscape' is ineluctably Chinese, not because it used the technique of brush and ink, nor even because of the type of scenery depicted, but because it is representative of a certain style which was unique to China (and from there transported to Japan). This style flourished in China during the Sung dynasty (960-1278 AD).

The art of any society is shaped not only by the techniques and technology of the time in which the artist lives but also by what we may term the ethos of the age in which he finds himself. This ethos is what holds communities together, and part of its expression involves not only a belief in the Destiny of that community but also a myth or story concerning the origin of that community itself as, for example, for the Greeks, in the story of Homer's 'Iliad,' or, for the Japanese, the Shinto belief of Divine origin. Often, however, the most obvious externalization of this community bonding is language.

This ethos, which binds communities, is perhaps best exemplified by the attitude of the people composing the community or communities towards the world—more particularly their religious orientation or 'view of the world.' For the . Greeks, this orientation encompassed two views: What Nietzsche, in his Birth of Tragedy, described as Apollonian and Dionysian. Both of these attitudes are truly representative of the Greeks. The former may be said to have manifested itself in sculpture and the other arts, while the latter is evident in both the festivals (such as the great Olympic Games) and the Greek mastery of the craft of war. As representative of the Apollonian we have the great sculptor Praxiteles of Athens; while perhaps the greatest representative of the Dionysian spirit was Alexander, the Macedonian King.

What we understand as the Hellenic ethos arose from the tension and interplay of these two opposites—the Hellenic joy of life, their enjoyment of physical beauty, their awareness of man as almost divine, their passion for both thought and war. All these form the 'identification mark' of the Hellenic civilization—a mark so evident in their art, philosophy and conquest.

A study of other civilizations shows that of the twenty-six listed by Toynbee only eight possess what we have termed this 'identification mark'—that is, they possess an ethos which is not only distinct (and represented by art and philosophy) but also clearly possess that bifurcation of identification. This bifurcation—the clash of apparent opposites—may be said to be the force which creates great art and philosophy, and its effects are easily recognizable. For the Japanese civilization, for instance, this bifurcation, by the writer Yukio Mishima, has been called Sun and Steel.

Table II lists the civilizations (named using Toynbee's nomenclature) which have produced a recognizable philosophy and this bifurcation of identity. By philosophy is meant a unique way of observing man and his relation to the cosmos. A philosophy is not a religion; a religion implies a set of principles, usually dogmatic, which are laid down and usually become unalterable articles of faith. In contradistinction, a philosophy is essentially the product of thought and is subject to dispute; it relies on understanding or wisdom and not, like religion, on revelation. But perhaps the most crucial distinction between them is one of attitude—a religion predetermines thought and action while a philosophy seeks to describe reality (and man) via thought.

For this reason. Buddhism, like Taoism, is considered to be a philosophy and not a religion.

Table II shows that every civilization producing a philosophy, and possessing a distinct ethos, is, according to Toynbee's research, the result of a new category for civilizations. Those civilizations, as defined by Toynbee, that are the result primarily of a physical challenge and which produce a distinct philosophy we may term 'higher civilizations.' These 'higher civilizations'—the only ones to produce a philosophy—possess what we, following Spengler, may call a soul: that is, a distinctive ethos resulting from a bifurcation of identity.

A study of Table II, which lists these higher civilizations, shows that they do not correspond to Spengler's cultures. For example, his Magian culture is not designated a higher civilization because it is not the result of a physical challenge (it resulted from the social challenge of the disintegrating Syriac civilization) and never produced a philosophy. What Spengler called the Magian soul is not original or distinct in the sense that, say, the Hellenic or Japanese are distinct. The Magian owes much to both the Babylonian and the Hellenic, and Toynbee even gives the Magian Imperium as Syria—the; Arab Caliphate, 640-969 AD. Spengler, in defining the Magian, seems to have confused two civilizations—the Syriac and the Islamic. This detail in no way diminishes Spengler's analysis of the Hellenic or Western civilizations, and we shall retain his term 'Faustian' to describe the ethos of the West.

The seven higher civilizations—the Sumeric, Egyptian, Hellenic, Indian, Sinitic, Japanese, and Western—enable a scientific model to be constructed, a model which enables the future of the West to be determined as well as an understanding of the forces involved to be achieved. Appendix II gives the full details of the construction of this model.

All the higher civilizations end in Empire—as will the West, whose Imperium will not only be global in scale but should, due to the technology the Faustian will-to-power has created, extend into space.

THE FAUSTIAN SPIRIT

The ethos of the West has been described as Faustian, and to understand the West and its future, it is important to understand why it is called the Faustian civilization.

Western civilization is affiliated to the Hellenic: From the Greeks derive, as Nietzsche, Heidegger and many others have realized, the values which created and gave inspiration to our civilization. The legal system, for instance, derives from Roman Law whose own inspiration was the Greeks. In art, the debt is even clearer; For example, the Renaissance in Europe was Hellenic in character and it is no coincidence that artists like Raphael (1483-1520) captured the classical splendour of the body in painting just as Michelangelo (1475-1564) did in sculpture.

Western art at its best is classical insofar as it represents that physical splendour, that purity and nobility associated with the Greeks. Yet this is not to say that the ethos or spirit of the West is a copy, an imitation of the Hellenic. Far from it. For the spirit of the West makes itself most manifest in two areas—indeed, one can go so far as to say that these two areas identify the ethos of the West. They are science, and the practical application of science as technology.

Western science is essentially the search for truth, and its method lies in finding ways of discovering that truth by observing the patterns and processes of Nature. Thus, for science, truth is what is observed, not what is presupposed or assumed by belief, as in religion. In this respect for facts lies, perhaps, the greatest liberation any civilization has ever known.

Technology rests on science—and science as we know it in the West depends for its very existence on a certain political freedom. Only when the West, through people like Galileo, broke the dogmatic chains of the Church was free experiment, and thus science, possible. Science, with its emphasis on experiment and fact, freed the Western civilization from superstition and the tyranny of ideas, and it is no coincidence that the greatest achievements of science occurred when the dogmatic authority of the Church no longer ruled men's lives.

The search for truth which created modern science derives, however, from another trait peculiar to the West: The desire for exploration. Western civilization is characterized by this desire for exploration. Other civilizations have conquered, for power or wealth, but no other civilization, except our own, has explored the world (and latterly the planets and space itself) purely out of curiosity. This burning desire to know what is over the sea, and under it, this energy is, above everything else, the ethos of the West.

No other civilization has produced men who climbed the highest mountain just "Because it is there;" no other civilization has produced men who sailed across great oceans just to see what

was on the other side, and no civilization has produced men who ran, swam, climbed, cycled, or walked over a measured distance as fast as they could just to see if they could do it.

But perhaps the greatest and surely the most noble expression of this truly Faustian will-to-knowledge is space-travel, particularly the manned flights to the moon. Space-travel exemplifies the West as nothing else—not art, not even science itself can, because space-travel successfully combines the three elements that are so ineluctably Western: Science, technology, and the desire to know.

If we need a symbol to represent our Western civilization—to express its quintessence—it is the spacecraft.

IMPERIUM OF THE WEST

According to Spengler: “At the beginning, where Civilization is developing into full bloom (today), there stands the miracle of the Cosmopolis, the great pertrifact, a symbol of the formless—vast, splendid, spreading in insolence. It draws within itself the being-streams of the now impotent countryside, human masses. . . Here money and intellect celebrate their greatest and their last triumphs. In the form of democracy, money has won. There has been a period in which politics were almost its preserve. But as soon as it has destroyed the old orders of the Culture, the chaos gives forth a new and overpowering factor that penetrates to the very elementals of Becoming—the Caesar-men. Before them money collapses. The Imperial Age, in every Culture alike, signifies the end of the politics of mind and money. The powers of the blood, unbroken bodily forces, resume their ancient lordship. 'Race' springs forth, pure and irresistible—the strongest win.”

The Imperium of the West would be imposed, from its European country of origin, first by force of arms and then by force of Destiny on its European neighbours. The Imperium would have its spiritual origins in the abortive Scandinavian civilization whose ethos bore a clear resemblance to the Hellenic. This return is not one to the schisms of Christianity but to the paganism which existed in the West before its introduction and which was partly absorbed by Christianity, as a force which shaped men's lives, before it was destroyed by the Church. This return, however, will not be slavish imitation nor the re-creation of long dead rituals and forms. Instead, it will be a resurgence of the attitude that gave rise to the Scandinavian civilization and which brought about the myths of Valhalla, Odin and Thor. It will possess, as a guiding force, the same power that drove the Norsemen.

That this will be so is because Christianity does not now represent, nor ever has represented, the ethos of the West. In its origin, Christianity is, as both Toynbee and Spengler have shown, a product of what Toynbee called the Babylonian civilization and Spengler the Magian. Christianity, in its approach to life and the world, is essentially Judaic and stands in complete contrast to the Hellenic, as Nietzsche made quite clear in his *The Anti-Christ*: “Christianity robbed us of the harvest of the culture of the ancient world . . .”

What the West has achieved—its science, technology, and its conquest—has been achieved not because of Christianity but in spite of it, and anyone who sees Christianity as somehow essential to the West, or as part of its ethos, has completely misunderstood what Christianity is and what the true ethos of the West is. However tame Christianity may have become in most of the West, it is essential to realize that as an attitude of life Christianity is the antithesis of all that is healthy, noble and instinctive. Christianity exhorts the virtues of the slave—meekness, forgiveness, and guilt—and even its ultimate symbol, the crucified Christ, is a symbol of rejection of life. In contrast, the Western spirit, exemplified by the Vikings, rejoices in life and its vitality. Its symbol is driving energy—the prow of a Viking ship, the spacecraft hurtling into space.

Christianity, for the West, must vanish. It is by its very nature incompatible with a Western Imperium whose goal is conquest, first of Europe and then of space itself. For only this latter form of conquest, with the technological development that would result, will provide a challenge sufficient for the Western spirit and enable that Faustian child, technology, to grow to full maturity. The conquest of space, the colonization of planets in our system and other star systems, will be the official expansionist policy of Imperium, and will create its own myths, its own epic poetry as well as producing—because of the nature of the challenge—a new type of man.

This new type of man, who may be referred to as Homo Sol, will have his origins in the struggle to create Imperium. "His philosophy of life will be similar to that expounded by Nietzsche in his *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, and his practical fulfilment will be in the institutions and organizations the New Order of the Imperium will create in order to carry through its policies of not only external conquest but also upward breeding to ensure quality as well as nobility.

The paganism of Homo Sol will not be the destructive type beloved of Christian writers, but will be instead a new *Zeitgeist* - a *Zeitgeist* that functions within the framework of the New Order. The values of this New Order will not be 'inhuman' but most certainly will be anti-humanitarian in the sense that the Greeks and Romans were anti-humanitarian.

Without these new values, there can be no Western Imperium just as, for instance, the Roman Empire would not have been possible but for an often unconscious emulation of earlier Greek values (witness Virgil's attempt to make them more conscious in his *Aeneid*).

The New Order, and all we have said above concerning it, follows naturally from a Time of Troubles—it is a consequence of all the forces acting within the civilization, and in this sense may be said to be the Destiny of the West. Its form and some of its consequences are easy to discern if one understands the ethos of the West, for the Empires of all higher civilizations derive their impetus from an earlier part of their civilizations' history. Their forms exist in embryo early in their history and, in regard to the West, Spengler was able to perceive this clearly.

However, the New Order of Imperium may never exist, despite being the Destiny of the West. It may never be more than an intuition in most or a vision for a few because the West has been gradually undergoing, in its ethos, a transformation whose consequences may forestall the creation of Imperium. All higher civilizations hitherto have ended in an Empire whose ethos derived from the ethos which gave rise to that civilization itself. The West, however, has been subject to a process of distortion: a distortion, or deformation of its ethos, that no other higher civilization, before the onset of its Universal State or Empire, has been subject to. This deformation has already changed the imperative of the West, and even Spengler, for

all his insight, saw aspects of this deformation as what he assumed to be the logical outcome of the West's metamorphosis.

This deformation of the Faustian soul or ethos has occurred on two levels—the spiritual and cultural—separated in time by some eight hundred years.

On the spiritual level, the West has been deformed by the religion of Christianity. The West is not ready for the old age that sometimes follows an Imperium and to which a world-negating religion is more suited. The West should be full of vitality, sure of itself and its mission, and its people should revel in life and its mission, as the Roman Empire at its best did, the youthful instincts of honour, duty and valour. Christianity has made the West prematurely old.

On the cultural level, the deformation is even less well understood—that is, hardly at all, although some of the effects of this deformation have attracted attention. This cultural deformation amounts to a revolution in Western Art, aesthetics, literature, music, and thought, and it is already undermining science as well as contributing to the decline of the quality of life. This deformation, moreover, is increasing, and its only possible outcome will be to forestall the creation of a Western Imperium, creating in its place another type of Empire, world-wide in scope, whose ethos would be violently opposed to the ethos of the West.

To see why this is so, it is necessary to examine in detail the nature of this cultural distortion as well as explain why it is a distortion of the ethos of the West.

CHAPTER II

THE DISTORTION OF THE WEST

Outwardly, the distortion was particularly obvious by 1848—the year of the publication of the Communist Manifesto by Marx and Engels, and the 'year of revolutions' in Europe.

The Communism that was given form by Marx is, in spirit, at variance to the Faustian ethos. Marxism, of whatever form, be it derived from Trotsky, Rosa Luxemburg, or Marcuse, transforms what the German philosopher Heidegger calls spirit to mere intelligence, it emasculates it: “Europe lies in a pincers between Russia and America, which are metaphysically the same, namely in regard to their world character and their relation to the spirit.”

In all its implications, the materialism that has come to dominate the present century and which is exemplified by America, does not differ from Marxism or socialism—both represent, despite outward appearance in terms of the type of government, the same approach to the spirit or ethos of the West. Both emasculate that spirit, as Heidegger well understood. For Marxism is not, as Spengler assumed, the logical outcome of the Faustian will-to-power; rather, Marxism is the ultimate contradiction of the Faustian. It returns the spirit to earth, to material concern, and reduces everything to that which is 'common. It is totally opposed to the heroic idealism which is one of the Faustian qualities. The concern of the Faustian is more will-to-knowledge, more mastery through the use of a myth or mythos which is at once both numinous and archetypal—Marxism never has been, and never can be, numinous in the sense that Goethe's Faust is numinous or Nietzsche's Zamthustra. Marxism, by its very nature and aims, seeks to destroy what is numinous and archetypal—as, for example, in-art, where everything is reduced to either political propaganda or 'social realism,' Marxism is based on the lowest common denominator; the ethos of the West seeks to raise everything up to a higher level through conquest, exploration, and the challenge of knowledge.

Marxism, and, of course, the Communism which derives from it, uses for its own benefit Faustian technology and techniques—but only as a means. It is never imbued with the slightest trace, of Faustian ideals.

The whole of the philosophy of Heidegger—as well as the earlier one of Nietzsche—is a revolt against the material distortion of the West. It represents a desire to return to the numinosity which, for Heidegger, is captured in poetry and, for Nietzsche, in a revaluation of all values, in a new type of man. Practically, this amounts to the difference between acting and thinking instinctively, with the blood, and acting from a position of materialism, with cerebral 'intelligence.' The former is Faustian, the latter is what Spengler described as Magian—indeed, the last possible metamorphosis of the Magian soul. It is no coincidence that this Magian way of thinking is best exemplified by the precepts contained in the

Babylonian Talmud—for the origins of the Magian ethos lies in the Babylonian civilization. The most important religion of that civilization, as Toynbee showed, was Judaism.

Yet the distortion of the West is much more than the distortion of Marxism. In the realm of music, it is the atonal, or 12-tone system of Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)—the triumph of clever intelligence over that Faustian will which found its most numinous expression in the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, its most dynamic in Beethoven and its most expressive (as a premonition of Imperium, perhaps) in the music of Carl Orff (*Carmina Burana*), the polyphonic-based music of Ligeti (*Requiem, Lux Aeterna, Atmospheres*), and Arvo Part's *'Tabula Rasa.'*

In the realm of thought, the distortion is expressed in the psychological theory of Freud (1856-1939) with its emphasis on sexuality and materialism, as well as in the positivist theories of Carnap, A.J. Ayer, and Thomas Kuhn. Art has been distorted - moved away from the Hellenic-derived respect for physical beauty—by movements such as abstract art, Dadaism, collage, the 'Pop Art' of Warhol and Segal, and the 'Nouveaux Realistes' of Klein. Aesthetically, these movements have eroded the vitality of the Faustian and destroyed with their cults of ugliness the beauty inherent in Western art; they have replaced spirit with mere childish experimentation and anarchy. They are completely lacking in any positive values whatsoever.

It cannot be denied that the movements in art mentioned above, the theories of Freud, Carnap, Ayer, and others, the atonal music of Schoenberg and his followers, as well as Marxism in its many forms, have significantly changed not only the cultural orientation of the West, but also (as witness Marxism) the societies composing the West. Of Schoenberg, for instance, it has been said: “Schoenberg has exercised a far-reaching and profound influence on the music of the twentieth century, not only through his compositions but also through his work as a teacher and his intellectual stature as a philosopher and interpreter of his age.”

Furthermore, several new studies (often erroneously described as 'sciences') have come to dominate Western life, both within institutions of learning and without. The cumulative effect of these studies has been to change the course of the West, since the people most affected by them—those in institutions of higher education—tend to come to dominate the educational life of the West, its media and the cultural sphere in general by virtue of the positions of authority and control obtained through their educational opportunities. As a consequence, social changes have resulted from both government policy and non-governmental pressure. A new *Zeitgeist* has arisen, and a consensus of opinion created and maintained throughout all the societies of the West.

These new studies—apart from being but complementary to Marxism and the psychological theories of Freud and Adler—are sociology, social anthropology, social studies, and linguistics.

Some of these movements or studies have as their aim direct political action of a revolutionary kind. Of the Marxist ideas of Marcuse it has been said, by an established British philosopher “. . . the ideas of Marcuse and the Frankfurt School have come to dominate some Social Science Departments in various universities in Europe, and through them to have a continued and important influence on some of the most intelligent young people in the West.”

Sociology is regarded by sociologists as having its origin in the work of Emile Durkheim. Durkheim's work was further developed by his nephew Marcel Mauss' Social anthropology began with the work of Franz Boas and was developed by his student Ruth Benedict. It flourishes today under the guidance of Levi-Strauss.

Levi-Strauss, “. . . draws very heavily on Durkheim, Marx, and Freud. . . his Marxism only makes sense if we see it as highly Durkheimianized and his Durkheimian positivism only if blended with something from Marx. All the rest is Freud.”

Linguistics derives from Boas, Bloomfield, and, more recently, Noam Chomsky. Of Chomsky, it is generally said that “he speaks with unrivalled authority.”

From these studies have come others—like 'race relations' and 'women's liberation.' Prominent among the latter are Betty Friedan and Bella Abzug.

All these subjects, movements, and schools, as well as the so-called 'liberation movements' that derive from them have profoundly changed the spirit of the West and profoundly altered both its inner and outer structures. In fact, the ethos of the West has been changed over a period of some one hundred and fifty years from a dynamic Faustian assertiveness to a neurotic guilt and an obsession with sexuality, materialism, and change. That this change has occurred is no coincidence.

What all these movements and theories have in common, apart from the fact that they all, directly or indirectly, contradict the ethos of the West, is their common origin. They are all creations of Jews—the last representatives of the decayed Magian soul.

Marxism, with its apocalyptic visions, is a modern manifestation of Judaism, just as the theories of Freud represent the Jewish concern with sexuality (evident in the Talmud). Jews themselves understand this: “It is this which draws us near to our close relatives, the Marxists . . . A Jewish passion runs through them too. No people gave more to its political ideas than the Jews, and one of the most glorious chapters in our history is that of the Jewish martyrs for materialism . . .” In this context, the historian R. S. Wistrich's study, *Revolutionary Jews from Marx to Trotsky* is invaluable.

Even the 'counter-culture' of the sixties and early seventies, which did so much to change the ethos of the younger generation by spreading among them the ideas of anarchism, drug abuse, and pacifism, owes its origin to Jews—Wilhelm Reich, Erich Fromm, and Marcuse. Among the leading representatives of this 'drug and pop culture' were Allen Ginsburg and Abe Hoffman.

That all these movements are a distortion of the ethos of the West is evident if one considers, not only what was representative of the West before these movements began, but also what kind of art, philosophy, and politics should have been produced by the natural process that transforms a higher civilization into an Imperium (for the West, from about 1900).

Fundamentally, there is a transition from money-based politics to force politics under the aegis of Empire builders like Cecil Rhodes. These men, while they may differ in many things, are united insofar as they represent quite deliberately the conquering and civilizing spirit that is one of the marks of the Imperium to come. That is, they are foremost men who have undergone what Toynbee called 'withdrawal and return' and because of this character-building process they are possessed of charisma—like Scipio Africanus and Scipio Aemilianus in the time before Caesar. Such figures are also heroic, in the Homeric sense.

However, after a few of these men had arisen, there was in the West a return to money-based politics and the 'creative minority' who provide the impetus for advance for every civilization became neurotic and guilt-ridden. Instead of Caesar-men, the West produced what Colin Wilson has called Outsiders—creative people whose spirit has suffered a distortion: “Our civilization”, says Wilson, “has grown; steadily closer, in its everyday life, to the Marxian attitude. That is why we are producing Outsiders.”

For a higher civilization, this transition period before the beginning of Imperium is marked, in art, by a short period of natural decline after what Nietzsche called the Dionysian breaks out and overtakes the purity and serenity achieved, by the artists of the civilization, of the Apollonian. For the West, this Apollonian form was achieved in music by J. S. Bach, while in the later Mozart (K385, The Haffner and K551, The Jupiter) the Dionysian passion that marks the music of Beethoven is already evident.

After Beethoven, music could never be the same—in his music there is suffering, strife and reconciliation, whereas in Bach there is purity, purpose and an ordered image of the cosmos. It is with Beethoven that the person—his condition and emotions—come to the fore, before the cosmos. Man, after Beethoven, is no longer for music simply an aspect of the gods.

He is an individual. With Bruckner there is the natural return to the Apollonian and the concern with timelessness and the cosmic. But this return of Bruckner is a personal return, the aspiration of the individual toward the cosmos rather than the attempt to represent the natural harmony of the cosmos through the instrument of music as in Bach. With Wagner, this

personal attempt to reconcile the Dionysian and Apollonian reaches its climax—the attempt to fuse, through the projection of archetypal images in operatic form (Siegfried as Hero, Hagen as shadow, etc.), the personal and the divine. This attempt does not succeed, despite the sublimity of some of the music and the grandeur of the story of *The Ring*, because Wagner used the form of the Opera. As an art form, opera was already dead by Wagner's time—it no longer spoke, with the fire of passion, to the people—only to a segment of them. This segment (mostly bourgeois) was already living with the trappings of decadence. Furthermore, Wagner used as the basis of his Music Drama the dead story of the Ring—a myth which no longer spoke to his audiences as it spoke to earlier generations. The story of the Ring was grand, but it lacked the numinosity of living myth.

Moreover, Wagner's attempt, through his Music Drama, could not succeed because it was too early. The epic poetry capable of both moving and involving the audience did not exist. Such poetry (and such a union of the divine and man as Wagner wished to achieve through his music) are possible today, at the beginning of Imperium—and are only possible today. This epic poetry involves the struggle to create Imperium—the battles, the aspirations, the victories, and the defeats. Only this struggle possesses, or the West at this moment of its history, the power to inspire as Homer's *Iliad* inspired the Greeks and Virgil's *Aeneid* the Romans. Because of this, only such epic poetry has any meaning for the West - all other poetry, of whatever style and dealing with any other theme, is worthless.

The fact that no such epics exist is clear evidence of how distorted the art of the West has become. Indeed, not only are there no such epics celebrating those who struggled to uphold Faustian values and who lived and died upholding the values that will create Imperium, but there are no attempts to express these values or their spirit in any form of art. There is, in short, nothing that anticipates the Art of Imperium (as it should be anticipated at this time) as Johann Froberger and Frescobaldi anticipated Bach.

There are only the merest intimations of this in some of the music of Ligeti—but nothing that should parallel the beginnings of Imperium, with the possible exception of Orff's *Carmina Burana*, whose impact is purely Faustian, bursting with joy and full of the energy of the creators of the West. There is, instead, atonality, serialism, the influence of the negro and the anarchic. These certainly are not expressive of the transition of the art of music from a 'Time of Troubles' to an Imperium—they bear no resemblance at all to the supreme music of Bach, the passion of Beethoven, the numinosity of some of Sibelius, or the traditional music of Vaughan Williams. But above all, the music that today dominates the West—represented on the one hand by the negro-influenced 'pop' and so-called 'rock' music, and on the other by the cerebral banality of electronic noise in which Stockhausen excels—does not reach toward the future with an originality based firmly on tradition and with a new insight that is both numinous and accessible. The new music that heralds Imperium is neither the preserve of a few very clever and self-indulging critics, nor totally at variance with the whole tradition of Western music, from its beginnings in Gregorian chant to the great symphonic writing of

Beethoven. Only, it must be said again, in Ligeti's *Requiem*, *Lux Aeterna* and *Atmospheres*, does the promise of this new music show.

What is significant about this distortion is that the technology of the West, as well as its more material resources, have been harnessed not only to propagate all aspects of the distortion but also to root it so firmly in the soil of the Western psyche that what is truly Western has very little chance of surviving at all, so choked would its flower be by these weeds.

These influences which have so profoundly changed the attitude of the West and so drastically changed its art are all decadent. By 'decadent' we mean spirit as a mere tool in the service of others: “. . . a tool the manipulation of which can be taught and learned. Whether this use of intelligence relates to the regulation and domination of material conditions (as in Marxism) or in general to the intelligent ordering and explanation of everything that is present and already posited at any time (as in positivism) . . . the spirit as intelligence becomes the impotent superstructure of something else” (Heidegger).

What is lacking in intelligence is the numinous—that quality which art at its best expresses. The process of intelligence dominating spirit in this way—the origin of the decadent in art and philosophy—is usually the fate of an Imperium, not the transition to an Imperium from a Time of Troubles. What moulds the creativity during this transition (and well into the Imperium itself) is the image of the civilization's past. This gives form and authority to the Imperium and its institutions—it is the channelling of the spirit or ethos of the civilization into the forms and images appropriate to Imperium and in art becomes not a constriction but a new challenge. Thus, before the Roman Empire, the vigour and imagination of Ennius (239 -169 BC) had given way to the image of the past (the Greek) achieved by Lucretius (98-55 BC) in his *De Rerum Natum*. Finally, there is Virgil (70-19 BC) whose art captures the Destiny of Rome and makes possible the Imperial advance, rooted as it then was in the Greek past.

An expression similar to Virgil's should exist in our time and in those artforms which the West has created. Only such artforms, which lepress by the very fact of their creation in our civilization, part of our ethos, possess the ability to inspire on a large scale the people of the West. Such artforms are film, music of a symphonic kind, and painting. Primary among these is the artform of the film. An expression of the past of the West and a numinous intimation of the future (Imperium) should exist in these artforms—particularly in film.

Film is the one artform that could realize Wagner's dream of the Music Drama and Scriabin's 'Mysterium.' Scriabin hoped to create a type of music which, when joined with colour and fragrance, would unite man with the gods. However, in film there is only (and always has been since the very creation of the medium) entertainment, intellectual cleverness, social realism, and obsession with sexuality. There is nothing mystical in the sense of a looking back to the achievements of the West or a looking forward to the triumphs of Imperium.

There is nothing vital which possesses the nobility and purity we associate with the Greeks—nothing which attempts to inspire. No positive, Western ideals. In the whole history of the artform of the film there have only been three attempts—three attempts out of the thousands of films which must have been made.

The history of the film—the most valuable artform the West has created—affords sufficient evidence of both the distortion of the ethos of the West and the way the creations of the West have been used as instruments of the distortion. Indeed, of all the artforms indigenous to the West, the film_ is the one where those champions of everything material against everything Faustian—the Jews—have the most direct control. Thus even *The Times Literary Supplement*, a much respected journal, could say: “Hollywood was founded by a band of buccaneering Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe.” The film has become, thanks to this control and influence, a medium for those values which the Jews have foisted upon our civilization—the values represented by Marxism, sociology, positivism, obsession with sex, and the racial inter-mixing that derives from the dogma of social anthropology.

One exception to all this is the very early, silent film of D. W. Griffiths, *Birth of a Nation* (1912). However, no one has even attempted to use the film in the manner Wagner conceived for his *Music Drama* or Scriabin his *Mysterium*. Only in Japan have films been made as they should have been made in the West—the films of Kurasawa (*Seven Samurai*, *Kagemusha*, etc.) express the ethos of Japan beautifully and are masterpieces of the artform. Nothing comparable to them exists in the West to express the Western ethos.

The distortion of the West we have been discussing was recognized, poetically, by T. S. Eliot. His ‘*The Waste Land*’ shows the poverty of Western society in Eliot's time. Yet his poetry remains pessimistic, providing neither a solution nor an understanding of the forces which produced that poverty in the first place and as such cannot be Faustian poetry. It lacks the feeling for life—the joy of life—that is Faustian. Further, for all his insight into the spiritual decay of the West, for all his brilliant style, Eliot found comfort (cf. *The Four Quartets*) in Christianity— that contradiction par excellence of the ethos of the West.

CHRISTIANITY AND IMPERIUM

Few would dispute the Jewish origins of Christianity, although there would be many who would dispute the Nietzschean claim that, despite pagan influence, Christianity has remained essentially Jewish in spirit—an expression, like, Judaism, of the Magian ethos, just as Marxism is Magian. Thus Rabbi Lionel Blue; “From Judaism have come two religions: Christianity and Islam. Its third and latest child has not been a religion but an ideology: Marxism.”

According to Nietzsche, “In Christianity all of Judaism attains its ultimate mastery as the art of lying in a holy manner. The Christian . . . is the Jew once more,” Christianity, as explained earlier, supplanted the Hellenic values and thus distorted the West. According to Nietzsche, “The Jews are the strangest people in world history. . . out of themselves they created a counter-concept to natural conditions: they turned religion, cult, morality, history, psychology, one after the other, into an incurable contradiction to their natural values . . . Even today the Christian can feel anti-Jewish without realizing that he himself is the ultimate Jewish consequence.” Marxism, sociology, and all the long etcetera of Jewish grown studies like Freudian psychology, all distort natural values and reduce everything to the most basic and base: “Whom among today's rabble do I hate the most? The Socialist rabble, the Chandala apostles who undermine the worker's instinct, his pleasure . . . who make him envious, who teach him revengefulness. Injustice never lies in unequal rights, it lies in the claim 'equal rights.' What is bad? . . . everything that proceeds from weakness, from envy, from revengefulness.”

For the West to create Imperium it is necessary for it to replace the god-feeling Christianity with one born from the ethos of the West. This feeling would, as outlined above, be essentially pagan and involve a return to the idealism exemplified by heroism. As Lord Kenneth Clarke has said: “I suppose that this quality, which I may call heroic, is not part of most people's ideas of civilization. It involves a contempt for convenience and a sacrifice of all those pleasures that contribute to what we call civilized life. It is the enemy of happiness. And yet we recognize that to despise material obstacles, and even to defy the blind forces of fate, is man's supreme achievement.” Such an attitude contradicts the materialism rampant in the West and is incompatible with Christianity and every other manifestation of the Magian.

The Western reaction which is to come—and which must come if Imperium is to be created, it will be unmistakably a reaction against both Christianity and the decadence and materialism of the Magian. This reaction and return to older and truly Western values (rooted as they are in the Hellenic) will be turned into a fruitful resurgence with the coming of the Caesar-figure Vindex, the one who avenges. He, and he alone, will be instrumental in creating Imperium. Vindex is the creative leader whose response to the challenge of Western decline and distortion will inspire and make possible the Imperial advance and the creation of a New Order. The Imperium he founds will, in time, expand far beyond the boundaries of the

Earth. With Vindex, the materialism of capital and the materialism of Communism will have ended, and a New Order will arise.

Vindex is the Destiny of the West—and his followers the force that will create Imperium. That this is so is not in doubt, as the model of higher civilization has been the creation of such a figure—the West will be no exception. What will be unique to the West, however, is the manner in which Imperium will, and must be, created because of the distortion the ethos of the West and, consequently, the societies of the West have suffered. Vindex can only create Imperium by the sword, by force of arms.

Vindex, the creator who avenges, must come. He is a natural force, like lightning and sun, and he is awaited not only by those of the West who yearn for the nobility and purity the New Order will create, but also by those, like the representatives of the Magian who, consciously or unconsciously, uphold and propagate ideas and values contradictory to the West. These representatives of the Magian—be they Jews or those upholding Magian values against Western ones—fear him, for they know that his emergence dooms them and the world they hope to create. Their world would be one where Magian values and ideals—like Communism-ruled, where everyone was leveled down and where those who did not conform, in thought, word or deed, would be broken by the techniques created to pacify. Already this kind of terror exists—for instance, when Vladimir Danchev, a commentator on Radio Moscow, said something in a broadcast which did not meet the approval of his superiors; he was interned in a psychiatric hospital for treatment. Communism destroys individuality.

However much Vindex may be the Destiny of the West, Imperium will only be created by those prepared to fight and die for it: The opponents of Imperium and the New Order will use every means at their disposal to maintain the power and influence they have and there will and must be a great deal of suffering and death on both sides. Imperium cannot simply be thought or wished into existence—it has to be fought for, and its creation will demand the type of heroism immortalized by the battle of Thermopylae, where Leonidas and his few hundred Spartans held out until death against the whole army of Xerxes. Such heroism would return that spirit essential to Imperium and enable both a spiritual and artistic renaissance of a magnitude unsurpassed by any previous civilization.

In contradistinction to the destruction of personality which is the inevitable outcome of all forms of socialism and Marxism, the New Order of Imperium would, because its ethos would be genuinely Western, ensure the greatest possible diversity of personality. Indeed, once travel in space became commonplace (as it would under the New Order, where Western energy and inventiveness are channeled to Western goals), an era of individualism unique in the history of civilizations would occur. This era, by its nature (colonization of planets and star-systems) would also ensure the survival of Western civilization beyond the normal four-hundred year span of Imperium. Were the forces of Communism to triumph (as they might, given the slothful character of much of the West and its nearly total absorption of

Magian ideas), then the civilization of the West will have failed through its own weakness. The triumph of the Magian and his invention. Communism, would mean the end of civilization, a rapid decline followed by a period of barbarism and terror far greater than any known hitherto. An interregnum of several thousand years would result as Solzhenitsyn has said: "Socialism begins by making all men equal in material matters only (this, of course, requires compulsion) ... Furthermore, it means that the basic elements of personality - those elements - which display too much variety in terms of education, ability, thought, and feeling - must themselves be levelled out." A consequence of the costly Communist experiment - a period without any recognizable civilization; no art, little technology, and certainly no science.

In short. Communism would - have negated with its triumph and the inevitable collapse over four thousand years of evolution. It would have tried to eradicate the two things on which civilization depends —individuality and challenge.

The choices available to the West vis-a-vis the future are not choices over any parochial form of politics or between contending states. There is only the choice between Imperium and its New Order and the triumph of the Magian. All other conflicts are meaningless and doomed to vanish. One is either for the Imperium idea, or against it; there is no longer any possibility of a middle-way.

CHAPTER III

THE RESURGENCE

It seems at first singularly unfortunate that an examination such as we have conducted (a rational and non-political examination, it should be noted) between the effects of the Faustian and the Magian souls on the West during its transition toward a Universal State or Imperium, should today be anathema insofar as the majority of the peoples of the West are concerned.

That this is so, however, is natural—given the extent of the distortion that has occurred and which we have, very briefly, uncovered in the last chapter. Yet there is one aspect of this distortion, above all others combined, which makes this possible. This aspect we would most assuredly seek to avoid were we seeking the approval of those in authority, who have a vested interest in the triumph of the Magian because their positions depend on their acceptance of or acquiescence in the 'Liberal/Socialist' notions prevalent in the West. This aspect has been avoided almost without exception by other writers, like Heidegger, who have understood the drift of the West.

To avoid this aspect, however, is impossible, for on its correct evaluation the Destiny of the West depends, and without an understanding of this aspect it is impossible to visualize, let alone fight for, the Imperium. This aspect is, of course, National-Socialist Germany.

National-Socialist Germany stands condemned today on three counts: First, that Hitler and the philosophy of National Socialism were responsible for the extermination of some six-million Jews during the years 1942-1945; Second, that Germany was directly responsible for the Second World War; and, Third, that National-Socialist Germany was some kind of 'terror' state. Quite often, however, National Socialism is simply described as 'evil.'

Before discussing the relation National Socialism bears to the ethos of the West—and in particular the importance of Adolf Hitler and his ideas for the Imperium-idea—it is necessary, and indeed vital, for us to concern ourselves with the three objections to National Socialism listed above. We do this to form a clear picture of what National Socialism actually was, as opposed to what we have been led to believe it to be, since it should be fairly obvious that any philosophy which, even forty years after its destruction, can still arouse intense emotion and can still be considered, by the establishment, as a threat sufficient to warrant (as in the case of West Germany and many other countries) special legislation making it illegal, must have been subject to a greater or lesser degree to some type of a propaganda campaign in an attempt to discredit it, particularly since the Western 'Democracies' had to justify their total war against this philosophy and its followers.

THE EXTERMINATION OF THE JEWS

It is alleged that this extermination took place during the years 1942-1945. After the Second World War it was a commonly held view that the exterminations took place in gas chambers, not only in the Polish camps like Auschwitz, but also in concentration camps situated in Germany itself (Dachau, Bergen-Belsen, for example). Newspapers were full of lurid accounts and photographs of heaps of corpses, and it was claimed at the Nuremberg Trials that exterminations took place at Dachau. This claim was repeated many times in the following years.

However, it soon became evident that what had occurred in the German camps like Dachau and Belsen during the last months of the war (and mainly the result of Allied bombings) was typhoid epidemics. It was these epidemics which were responsible for the chaotic conditions and corpses found by the Allies in the German camps. That this was the case was revealed not only by the International Red Cross but also by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, as well as individuals like the American lawyer Stephen Pinter. However, these rebuttals to the extermination legend never received wide-spread publicity—even though a number of Germans had been wrongly convicted on false evidence of 'extermination' at these camps and several of them had been executed. Even today, over thirty years after the denials first appeared, many people in the West still believe that exterminations took place in camps like Belsen and Dachau.

After these denials, attention shifted, both at 'War Crimes' trials and in the controlled public press, to the camps which had existed in Poland, and particularly Auschwitz, which had been captured by the Russians in December of 1944. By the early fifties, the story of the extermination camps in Poland had taken on a specific form and became widely-accepted, even though the 1950 edition of *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* made no mention whatsoever of extermination of the Jews, saying merely that many Jews, like other European civilians, had suffered during the war as a result of the conditions of war (such as bombings).

The story which was propagated in the fifties about the exterminations was rarely questioned by historians. People who were interested in the question of the exterminations relied principally on two books: Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews*, and Reitlinger's *The Final Solution*, together with evidence produced at the Nuremberg Military Tribunal of 1946-1949. Later, many more historical works concerning what became known as either 'the Final Solution' or 'the Holocaust' were produced, but they added hardly anything to the evidence produced by Reitlinger and Hilberg. Alongside of them, many memoirs by survivors of the camps were published, and trials of those alleged to have been responsible for the exterminations continued throughout the fifties, sixties, and seventies, the most well-known being the Auschwitz trial of 1963-1965.

According to all these books, memoirs, and trials, the mass exterminations took place in 'gas chambers' which were disguised as shower baths. Once inside these chambers, the victims were put to death by Zyklon-B, that is hydrogen cyanide. The corpses were then removed and cremated, usually in ovens but sometimes (because of the number of bodies) in open pits.

According to Hilberg, "In Auschwitz the Jews were killed with hydrogen cyanide . . . " According to Reitlinger, "Twenty-five minutes later, the 'exhauster' electric pumps removed the gas-laden air, the great metal door slid open, and the men of the Jewish Sonderkommando entered . . . Then the journey by lift or rail-wagon to the furnaces." Without exception, this version of events is the one presented by other writers subsequent to Reitlinger.

Zyklon-B is hydrogen cyanide gas absorbed on diatomite—because of this, the gas, when activated, is released slowly over a period of many hours, The gas is highly explosive, adheres to surfaces (including hair), and in concentrations of as little as eighty parts per million can seriously incapacitate.

If the victims had been gassed as Reitlinger and others claim, with sometimes up to two thousand in a chamber, the gas would not only have adhered to surfaces but also would have formed pockets between the bodies and no fan in existence in the 1940s could have dispersed all the gas (where the deadly gas went after it had been removed is never explained). According to Reitlinger and others, the Sonderkommando used water hoses not, as might be expected, to remove traces of gas but to "remove the blood and defecation." Where this water went is not explained, since the floor "had no drainage tunnels." Furthermore, some of the survivors who wrote memoirs claim that during the removal of the bodies members of the Sonderkommando as well as some of the guards smoked cigarettes. Had this actually happened, the residue of gas would have exploded.

That the Germans used Zyklon-B for fumigating army posts and destroying lice (a common problem in war), is not disputed, and even a cursory examination of the manner in which the Germans used Zyklon-B as a disinfectant shows the stringent precautions used in handling this deadly gas. In using the gas for fumigation—and because its tenacity in adhering to surfaces makes dispersion difficult—the Germans would evacuate the surrounding area and allow up to twenty hours to elapse before the fumigated area was considered safe. This is in stark contrast to the twenty-five minutes Reitlinger and others allege.

What is alleged about the exterminations in respect of the method used (Zyklon B) is scientifically clearly impossible, and casts doubt on the whole extermination story. However, reliance is often placed, in 'proving' the extermination, on the evidence produced at one of the many trials that have taken place during the past forty years—in particular the IMT trial of 1946, the NMT of 1946-1949, and the Auschwitz Trial. It is therefore necessary to examine the nature of the evidence produced at these trials.

At the IMT, the defence, unlike the prosecution, was only given access to evidence if that evidence in some way incriminated the defendants. This was simple since the prosecution (the victorious Allies) possessed all the documents. As the historian Werner Maser says: "Defence council had no opportunity to make their own selection of material. . . Thousands of documents which seemed likely possible to incriminate the Allies and exonerate the defendants suddenly disappeared."

There existed at these trials countless cases of mistreatment and very many cases of outright torture against the defendants. Maser gives a typical example: "Oswald Pohl, who was not imprisoned until 1 May 1946, was tied to a chair during his interrogation by American and British officials, was beaten unconscious, kicked and generally maltreated until he was prepared to incriminate Walter Funk in writing." At the Dachau trial, there were 137 cases where male defendants had their testicles crushed during interrogation; here the torture was carried out by the American War Crimes Branch run by Colonel David Marcus, a Zionist Jew who later left the American Army to fight with the terrorist Haganah in Palestine.

The torture of German officers and soldiers in the Malmedy case is fairly well known. Many SS officers and men were simply shot without trial as a warning to others of what would happen if the defendants at trials did not 'cooperate' and 'confess.' One such incident is well documented: On April 29, 1945, the members of the 1st Battalion, 157th Regiment, 45th Division of the US Army machine-gunned more than 100 SS officers and men at Dachau. A photograph of this atrocity, taken by Nerin Gun, a freed inmate of Dachau, survived.

More recently, the mistreatment and torture continued during the trial, in Duesseldorf, of people involved with the Maidanek camp. For example, Hildegard Laechert, who was sentenced to twelve years, appeared in the courtroom on the day of her sentence with massive bruises on both her arms and hands. Her appearance in this condition brought forth no comment from anyone at all.

Many Germans awaiting trial simply died 'from natural causes,' although the deaths at one time became so frequent that even a Jewish writer was moved to say: "We hear time and time again of cases where prisoners accused of war crimes have passed away 'of their own free will.' It is quite obvious that there is something extremely fishy about all this." Another recent case of torture concerns Klaus Barbie, extradited to France early in 1983 (his extradition was a violation of both French and Bolivian law). On his arrival in France, Barbie was examined by several French doctors who pronounced him "in excellent health." However, three weeks later, Barbie was admitted to hospital for an emergency operation on a strangulated hernia, a condition that can be caused by blows to the stomach and lower abdomen.

With regard to the IMT, the NMT, and similar trials held during the immediate post-war period, when direct torture failed to elicit 'confessions,' the interrogators resorted to other

methods such as mock trials where 'death sentences' were handed out, threats to the defendants' families (these were found to be very effective) and relatives.

At the IMT, the prosecution resorted to many dubious practices, such as the use of affidavits, several thousand of which were produced. These affidavits, contrary to normal law practice, could not be challenged by the defence. In the matter of defence evidence, the prosecution had the right to decide before the evidence was shown in court if it was 'relevant.' If they considered it not to be 'relevant' (that is, it could have helped the defendants), then it was withdrawn. Moreover, the charter of the IMT stated that the court should not be bound by technical rules of evidence. These rules ensure a fair trial under the legal system in operation in all Western countries. Quite often evidence, required by the defence and which might have helped their clients, simply disappeared.

As Charles Wennerstrum, Presiding Judge for Case VII, in the subsequent trials stated: "Had I known seven months ago what I know today, I would never have come here . . . The prosecution has failed to retain its objectivity uninfluenced by a desire for vengeance or personal ambition to obtain verdicts of guilty. The whole atmosphere here is an unhealthy one. Many of the lawyers, secretaries, interrogators, and investigators employed here have only become Americans in recent years. Their personal past is rooted in the hatreds and prejudices of Europe." These 'recent Americans' included people like Robert Kempner, a Jew born in Germany in 1899 and now again living in Frankfurt, Germany, chief prosecutor in Case 11 of NMT, Frank Steiner and Harry Thon who, together with a Lieutenant Perl (who claimed to have been in a concentration camp in Germany), were among the most brutal interrogators during the Dachau trials, their specialty being crushing testicles.

In such circumstances as these it is hardly surprising that so many guilty verdicts were recorded. Out of the 1,672 tried during the IMT and NMT, 1,416 were found guilty and 420 were executed. Even the manner of the so-called judicial executions was barbaric. Refusing the military personnel their right to death by firing squad, the ten condemned at the IMT (who included Field Marshall Keitel, whose 'crime' was being a good soldier, and Julius Streicher, whose 'crime' was being anti-Jewish), were hanged on the 16th of October 1946. Julius Streicher took fifteen minutes to die, Ribbentrop 10 minutes, and Keitel over 24 minutes. Later executions in Landsberg were even more barbaric and bungled; many of the victims, after being hanged, had to be suffocated to death by stuffing cotton wool into their mouths and noses by American soldiers standing below the gallows.

The treatment given to the defeated National Socialists who fell into Allied hands was almost as brutal. The treatment given Julius Streicher was typical: According to a manuscript he managed to smuggle to his defence council at Nuremberg, Hanns Marx, ". . . In Freising put into a north-facing cell. Window was out so it was even colder . . . I was naked. Four days! On the fourth day I was so cold my body was numb. I couldn't hear anything. Every 2-4 hours (even in the night) niggers came along under the command of a white man and

hammered at me. Cigarette bums on the nipples. Fingers gouged into eye-sockets. Eyebrows and chest hair 24 pulled out. Genitals beaten with an ox-whip . . . my jaws were pried open with a stick and my mouth spat into. Beaten with the whip—swollen, dark-blue welts all over the body. Thrown against the wall. Blows to the head . . . a heavy chain across the back. When I refused to kiss the nigger's feet, kicks and blows,. . . When I refused to drink out of the chamber-pot in the latrine, fresh torments.”

Another factor to be borne in mind when examining most of the recent trials (from the Auschwitz trial of 1963-1965 to the Maidanek trial of 1975-1981) is the psychological pressure brought to bear on the defendants by not only the length of the trials (six years in the case of the Maidanek trial) but also the time spent in custody before trial (several years for those involved in the Auschwitz trial). No one could endure a six-year trial plus time in custody before the trial, for instance, without the resolve of their own innocence being severely tested, and those who were strong-willed enough to endure such a trial and maintain their protestations of innocence in spite of the enormous psychological pressure to 'confess' were the ones who usually died in custody while awaiting trial. People like Richard Baer, former Commandant at Auschwitz, who was looking forward to his trial so he could not only prove his innocence but with his unrivalled knowledge of Auschwitz tell what really happened during the war. Baer died of 'natural causes' while awaiting trial.

Not one piece of real evidence has ever been produced to substantiate the claim that the National Socialists exterminated some five or six million Jews during the Second World War. What has been produced, in the form of 'confessions' at trials, etc., came as a result of torture, threats, mistreatment, and psychological pressure. The method historians claim to have been used for most of the exterminations, gassing, using Zyklon B, is scientifically impossible. The documentary evidence produced by various historians and courts, which is often cited as proof of the extermination, is either completely false (as in the case of the so-called Hoess affidavit and the Gerstein statement) and can easily be proved to be false, or is evidence which is interpreted according to a preconceived belief. For example, the shower baths at Auschwitz are claimed to have been 'gas chambers.' Such claims are supported by either confessions from guards (which are false, having been obtained under duress) or by witnesses.

These witnesses usually contradict each other (as happened many times during the the IMT, as anyone who reads the transcripts of the trials will discover) or rely on hearsay and conjecture. When such witnesses are specific enough for their statements to be tested, they are usually found to be inaccurate or lying. A typical case involves a survivor called Vrba who claimed to have been at Auschwitz. Vrba testified at many trials after the war, and wrote his memoirs. He claimed to have witnessed an air raid while he was at Auschwitz; according to him, this raid took place on 9 April 1944. However, it is known from the American Air Force's own records that air raids on the Auschwitz area only began after August 1944.

The short survey we have undertaken is not intended to be exhaustive, but sufficient has been said to cast doubts on the whole extermination story. When the extermination question is examined critically, it is impossible not to doubt it. Critical and extensive examination of the 'Holocaust' has been carried out by Professor Paul Rassinier, a former inmate of Buchenwald concentration camp, Professor Faurisson, Dr. Butz, and many others. Without exception, these detailed studies prove that the whole 'Holocaust' story is untrue.

No historian has ever produced a work which offers proof of the 'Holocaust.' Those, like Reitlinger and Hilberg, who have written books on the subject rely for their belief in the 'Holocaust' on confessions obtained under duress, statements by witnesses which can easily be disproved, affidavits whose contents (like the Gerstein statement) are absurd, and documentary evidence such as the transcript of a speech Himmler is supposed to have made in Posen in October 1943, which are demonstrable fakes. Further, nothing can change the fact mentioned earlier and propounded among others by Professor Faurisson that the method supposed to have been used to exterminate the majority of Jews is scientifically impossible.

So accepted, among the people of the West, has this lie of extermination become as a result of over forty years of very intense propaganda that few people doubt it, particularly among the historians. These same historians, who so often pronounce on the 'Holocaust' in the various media with astonishing regularity, have seldom, if ever, done any original research into the matter. They rely totally on accepted opinion and on books like those of Hilberg and Reitlinger. The few historians who have done original research either have their works suppressed, like the German historian Hellmut Diwald, or themselves fall victim to terror, like the French historian Francois Duprat who was assassinated in March 1978 by the so-called 'Auschwitz Remembrance Commando' for 'denying that Jews were deliberately exterminated by the Germans.' Francesco Mangiameli, Professor of History and Philosophy at Palermo, Italy, suffered a similar fate. In the case of Hellmut Diwald, he was forced to rewrite his *Geschichte der Deutschen* (published in 1978) by his publisher (Verlag Ullstein GmbH) because it did not conform to "accepted views in regard to National Socialism." Even this re-writing, however, was not sufficient to prevent the orchestrated Jewish protests, and his publisher, Axel Springer, gave instructions to publish an "approved and modified version." Springer also apologized for causing an offence by publishing the book in the first place.

Any academic who questions the 'accepted' view of events during 1939-1945, particularly the extermination, is liable to be shot (Duprat, Mangiameli), be suspended from his academic post (Professor Faurisson of the University of Lyon-2), or have his papers confiscated altogether (as happened to the West German judge, Dr. Wilhelm Staeglich), find himself beaten up and his family threatened (many instances), or find himself charged with incitement to murder and/or inciting racial hatred, as happened to Professor Faurisson. These incidents do not exactly make for freedom of thought on the 'Holocaust' question, since it is a fact of University life that most academics would rather have a peaceful, secure existence

than challenge the 'status quo,' particularly when such a challenge would render them liable to assassination or suspension from University. Few historians possess a burning desire for truth—most wish only to establish themselves as respected academics.

Perhaps nothing shows the power the Magian has achieved over the West than this: In the so-called repositories of learning and freedom, the Universities, one may discuss any subject, may study in minute detail any area of history or thought. But one cannot, and must not, study in any meaningful way this question of the extermination of the Jews; anyone who questions the accepted version of history, whatever his evidence and whoever he is, is deemed to be either a 'Nazi apologist' or a 'neo-Nazi.' There is, in the universities of the West, freedom to believe in anything—however degenerate or immoral—except what contradicts the accepted version of history in the years 1933-1945.

That the legend of the extermination of the Jews has been exceedingly advantageous to Zionists through not only the creation and maintenance of the state of Israel (without the legend, Israel never would have come into existence) but also in suppressing criticism of Jews in general should be obvious. It should also be obvious that the legend has discredited, for most people in the West, the philosophy of National Socialism.

NATIONAL SOCIALIST GERMANY

Since the end of the Second World War, several myths have become established in the West and elsewhere about the conditions that existed in National Socialist Germany and about the tactics used by Hitler to achieve power. Among the charges made against the National Socialists are: (i) Hitler used his SA ["Storm Troopers"] as weapons in terrorising and beating up his opponents prior to 1933; (ii) the SS ["Security Guards"], prior to 1939, was used as an instrument of terror in suppressing criticism of Hitler inside Germany; (iii) Hitler established a 'Police State' in Germany from 1933 onwards.

These three assumptions about Hitler and National Socialism have become part of the accepted version of history. Mention Hitler's Germany to most people in the West and they will repeat one or all of these assumptions either on what they have been taught or on what they have read. Yet each of these assumptions is false—and can be easily proved to be so. Consider, for example, the belief that the SA were 'thugs' who beat up their opponents. If one actually studies the original documents of the period 1919-1933, housed in the Federal Archives in Germany and copies of which exist in the NSDAP Archive in the Institute of Contemporary History, London, then a quite different picture emerges. For instance, secret reports by the German police, preserved in the archives, show that while political meetings of the time often ended in brawls, the violence was nearly always provoked by Hitler's opponents. The following account is typical of the years 1919-1932, as anyone who cares to study the archives for themselves will find.

On 30th September 1929 the NSDAP organized a meeting in Schney, Upper Franconia. The speaker was to be Hans Schemm, the Gauleiter. As usual, the NSDAP informed the local police, who raised no objection to the meeting being held. At the meeting about 500 people were present. As soon as Schemm arrived, heckling started. He spoke for only about half an hour before an SPD [Social Democratic Party] deputy by the name of Klinger demanded he stop speaking. Schemm, quite naturally, refused since it was his meeting, but he did say that Klinger (and anyone else) could speak to the audience after his own speech was ended. After saying this, Schemm was attacked and thrown to the ground. The SA men who were present came to his aid and fighting started. The fighting ended when the SA (who were outnumbered) threw the trouble-makers out of the hall. The report concerning this meeting (Lichtenfels to the State Ministry of the Interior, 1st October 1929) clearly stated that the National Socialists were not to blame for the disturbance.

It must be repeated that this account is typical of the period. The SA defended themselves against Communist-inspired violence, such as the murder of SA man Karl Winter in Hollstein, Baden, in February 1923, the murder of Herbert Norkus in Berlin in January 1932, and the massacre of six National Socialists in Altona and Greifswald on July 17th 1932. The SA were expected to behave impeccably in public, and orders to SA units were full of

reminders: "Iron discipline! Exemplary appearance in public! The population of Upper Bavaria and Swabia must see in our SA a model of German breeding and orderliness."

The SA never sought violence. What it did do, and very successfully, was to defend itself against Communist terror—the SA may not have started the fights but they surely finished them. For this it earned the undying hatred of all Communists, Liberals, and Zionists; but above all, the SA is hated (and thus smeared) because it was the one organization which helped Hitler to obtain power.

Another myth is that Hitler established a terror or 'police state.' In fact, Hitler, after 1933, enjoyed the support of at least 80% of the German people; he was far more popular among his people than any leader in the so-called democratic countries has ever been. He was greeted with spontaneous enthusiasm wherever he went.

National Socialist Germany was not a parliamentary democracy, and it never pretended to be one. It was, however, a free society where the individual was respected. All the National Socialists asked was that Germans put the interests of their folk and their country first; only if someone acted against the German interest was the force of law invoked. This meant that decadent activities were forbidden; crime was dealt with severely. The National Socialist state was of the kind the Greeks would have understood and admired, and National Socialist Germany was, in essence, the re-creation of the type of society found in Athens during the period of Athenian greatness.

Careful research by historians such as Werner Maser and Dietrich Orlow, among others, is gradually changing the accepted picture of National Socialist Germany and the rise to power of the NSDAP. These researchers bear out all that was said above about the SA and the nature of the National Socialist state. They also show that National Socialist Germany had no intention of going to war at all.

On this question of German aggression and the origin of the Second World War, the consensus among historians is gradually changing. Indeed, according to Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, the Allies were more responsible for the war than Germany, and recent evidence bears this out. Of Hitler, Dr. Norman Stone has said, "... when the 'march to war' started, quite often it was Hitler's opponents, and not Hitler, who began the various crises; Hitler clearly did not want war in September 1939 with the British and the French; and when war began, Germany got by on bluff and improvisation until 1942-1943. Hitler did not even mean to bomb London, and when he did, it was because he wanted to retaliate against the British, who had bombed Berlin first."

The idea of a Germany bent on conquering Europe, with Germans part of one vast war machine, is an invention of Allied war propaganda, and no historian today takes it seriously. Hitler simply wanted all Germans to be part of one state; the Versailles Treaty of 1919 cut

Germany in two by the creation of the Polish Corridor, and took from Germany land to create a part of a new state called 'Czechoslovakia.' The British government, urged on by world Jewry who had declared war on Germany in 1933, saw a strong Germany as a threat. In order to weaken Germany and to strengthen its own hand in Europe, it formed alliances with Poland and France. It was, in effect, these interfering alliances which brought about the start of the Second World War.

In its relation to what we have called the ethos of the West, National Socialism, from its very beginnings in Munich, 1919, stands as an embodiment of that ethos. National Socialism was a resurgence of basically Faustian values over and above the cultural dominance of the Magian, and were it not for the three myths listed above, their impact and consequences, there is no shadow of a doubt that the followers of this particular world-view would today be near the creation of the Western Imperium. Everything about National Socialism confirms this: its vitality, the spartan joy of its followers, its attitude to all forms of degeneracy.

National Socialism represented the one serious attempt to come to terms with the process of distortion; it urged a return to Western values, and it is no coincidence that National Socialist Germany chose as its official sculptor Arno Breker. Breker worked from Nature, and his inspiration was Greek. His 'Dionysus' is perhaps the greatest sculpture since Michael-Angelo. Adolf Hitler was, as everyone would agree, a type of Caesar-figure, and his achievement in obtaining power (he was totally unknown as a politician in 1919) through his will-power and charisma is an astonishing achievement, as even his greatest detractors are forced to admit. The modern world has seen nothing like it. Even today, nearly forty years after his death, he continues to exert an enormous attraction. A recent issue of a journal produced by the historian David Irving says a magazine has only to feature a picture of Adolf Hitler on its cover and "the multitudes flock to the kiosks and snap up every copy, whatever the price . . . because people, with their sound basic ration of common sense, are not satisfied that they have learned all there is to know about him; perhaps they even suspect that the Total Truth has yet to come out. For nigh on forty years the world's writers have been pouring out their amalgam of lies and half truths about the man." National Socialism, under the numinous leadership of Adolf Hitler, was an attempt to restore within the body of a modern state the values of heroism, individuality and above all the healthy virtues exemplified by the Hellenic civilization. It was the triumph of spirit over intelligence— spirit is expressed in a healthy body and a noble attitude; intelligence resides in clever books and the people who make them their occupation.

This was why the National Socialists burned undesirable books; they did not need them, just as the Romans before them had no need of the sophistication of Platonic philosophy. The National Socialists enjoyed life, not ideas and books. This whole attitude was foreign to the majority of the peoples of the West, reared as they had been in decadent societies where cleverness was elevated above everything else, where spirit came second to mere intelligence. That this was so was understood by Pauwels and Bergier, two writers and exponents of the

Magian: “We find it difficult to admit that National Socialist Germany embodied the concept of a civilization bearing no relationship at all to our own. And yet it was just that, and nothing else, that justified this war, one of the very few known to history in which the cause at stake was really vital. It was essential that one of the two opposing visions of man, Heaven and Earth, the humanist or the magical, should triumph. Coexistence was out of the question, although one can well imagine Marxism and Liberalism coexisting, because they are based on the same kind of ideas, and belong to the same Universe . As it was, the Faustian vision was defeated.

In general, therefore, we may conclude that National Socialism was an expression of Faustian resurgence and nothing is more indicative of the influence of the Magian ethos, and nothing shows the power of those representatives of this ethos par excellence, the Jews, better than the fact that National Socialist Germany perished after only twelve years of existence because of a war that neither Hitler nor the German people wanted. This war resulted in the enslavement of half of Europe to Communism, destroyed the British Empire, and left the world divided. What it was, not what propaganda has made it appear between the materialism of America and the materialism of Soviet Russia. 1945 was a turning point for our civilization; the old values which created the West and which inspired the National Socialist movement began to disappear from the hearts and minds of Europeans. Pride of nation and race, respect for tradition and family, the honour paid to craftsmen—all these and many more became lost under the deluge of crass materialism.

All Western values were inverted. Women, who had been a figure of chivalrous respect for many centuries, became objects of artificially created sexual desire; mass pornography began to flood the media. The Germany (and the Europe) that had fought to the music of Beethoven and Wagner was replaced by the Germany polluted by negro 'jazz.' The natural honour of the noble and strong was replaced by the cowardly terror of the bully; the chivalry, which was the ideal of most of the armies of the West for many centuries (and which remained an ideal only for the Germans during the last war), was replaced by victimization, torture, and gutless vengeance. Hence the travesty of the Nuremberg Trials which their wanton disregard of all chivalry in defeat, their torture and their macabre executions.

Nothing provides more evidence for the distortion of the ethos of the West than the fact that National Socialism, Adolf Hitler and Germany, have been subject to a massive propaganda campaign centering around the lie that National Socialist Germany was responsible for the extermination of some six million Jews. The sickness of some of this propaganda is incredible and says more about those who created it than anything else. This propaganda, some aspects of which we have touched on very briefly, has achieved astounding results, and the sheer fact that it has been believed by the vast majority says something both about the weakness of the West and the power of the propagandists. People have only to think for themselves, or investigate the real facts of history, to see the propaganda for what it is: the brainchild of a minority totally opposed to Faustian values, ideals and goals. This

propaganda—particularly that relating to the obnoxious myth of the six million— has hypnotized several generations and all but paralyzed their will to resist the inverted values of Marxism and its brotherhood of degeneracy. This propaganda has made everything anti-Western acceptable: Negro Music (with its latest most odious offshoot, 'rock') is preferred to the Western traditions of folk and 'classical'; the literature of Dante, Goethe, and the Icelandic Edda is replaced by the neuroticism of Kafka and the modern disposable novel whose plot revolves around money and sex and whose characters increasingly resemble either Shakespeare's Shylock or Eliot's Hollow Men.

This propaganda has allowed the West to become dominated by the psychology of the Magian—the psychology of Freud, Fromm, Klineberg, and Maslow. This psychology, with the help of the myth of the six million. Indeed, even Western folk music has become corrupted. No longer does it preserve folk traditions; instead, it is the preserve of a minority dedicated to pacifism, racial degeneracy, and crypto-Marxism and other invented horrors, has defined National Socialism and similar expressions of the Faustian ethos, as 'perverted'.

People who uphold National Socialist views are, therefore, sick and require 'treatment' According to this view, anti-Jewishness, for instance, is "based more largely upon factors in the subject and in his total situation than upon actual characteristics of Jews." This inversion is not only clever in Heidegger's sense, it also totally inverts reality: the psychological idea of the causes of anti-Jewishness come before any knowledge of Jewish actions or the facts of history. It cleverly does away with everything that might contradict the theory, and has paved the way for the acceptance, in the West, of the idea of racial equality. According to this psychology, this present work, and its author, are not concerned with facts: this book is merely the result of the author's psychological aberration; this aberration, according to the same theorists, is the result of some childhood experience . . . such theories are totally at variance with facts as science understands them: Reality has not been observed via experiment, but has been idealized to accord with some abstract theory.

What could not be achieved through propaganda (for there would always be some who would perceive the truth), could be achieved through terror—by the suppression of National Socialism. Of course, this terror would be in the name of 'humanity' or 'human rights'—these terms would be sufficient to justify anything, as they did during and after the Nuremberg Trials. Many Western states have gone further and made it illegal, a criminal act, to uphold or propagate National Socialist views. The acceptance of the dogma of 'racial equality' (a creation of the Magian doctrines of sociology and social anthropology) has led many states to pass legislation making it illegal to 'incite racial hatred'; that is, to criticise the crypto-Marxist policy of racial integration whose ultimate result can only be the creation of a docile, racially mixed mass who, with their acceptance of all the 'benefits' of racial integration like negro music and crime, are ready for the totalitarian control of a Communist state.

The West in general has become besotted by the pursuit of material well-being and entertainment and its people so brainwashed by the dogmas of sociology and social anthropology that they, under the guidance of their 'leaders' are allowed to fight for, and in the name of, the decadence of the present and a Magian-induced vision of the future where 'world-order' reigns for the benefit of some abstraction called 'humanity.' In the name of this vision, and the harmony and peace which allegedly goes with it, most of Europe has surrendered its national sovereignty through the European Economic Community and NATO and has accepted the destruction of its people through racial intermixing. National and racial differences are still acceptable—provided they are harmless or contribute somehow to entertainment or that twentieth century disease, 'tourism'. The people of the West—the descendants of war-loving Vikings, Saxons, Franks, Romans, and Angles—have allowed this to happen. They have allowed National Socialism and similar expressions of their own spirit to be denigrated and smeared and made to appear, through propaganda like the six million myth, as 'evil.' They have accepted the liberalism and the socialism which will destroy them and their civilization and they have acquiesced in decadence. They have allowed the Magian ethos to dominate the West and have accepted, in place of a vital, noble, healthy, and expanding culture true to its spirit of conquest, the fossils of the past and the degeneracy of the present. To pretend that National Socialism or Adolf Hitler was not important for the West is absurd: National Socialism (or perhaps more correctly, Hitlerism) cannot be ignored and any movement, political or otherwise, which has as its aim the creation of a Faustian Imperium, will never succeed as long as it ignores the importance of this philosophy for the sake of temporary and, finally, illusory gains.

Adolf Hitler is as central to Imperium as Caesar was to the Roman Empire, and while the founders of Imperium may not call themselves National Socialists or use as their symbol the swastika flag, they will nevertheless be the heirs of National Socialism. In this bond lies the key to the creation of Imperium.

Philosophically, National Socialism represents the revaluation wished for by Nietzsche—a return to Nature (the 'physis' of the Greeks) as an unfolding in the sense of the pre-Socratics. Heidegger's philosophy is another expression of this, and it is no coincidence that Heidegger never renounced his National Socialist affiliations, despite the many attempts to coerce him.

Such a returning is a return to the dynamic paganism that pre-dated Christianity (which became, under Christianity, the old Germanic chivalry). But National Socialism is much more than a philosophy, a way of thought: It is a way of life, concerned with practical realities. It recognizes the harmony that exists through a unity of man with Nature and which is exemplified in one way with the yeomen or small-holders who earn their living from the land and who are thus attuned to the rhythms of rural life and who are aware of natural change and struggle. National Socialism is founded upon the basic realization that man is part of, and subject to, the laws and processes of Nature. He is not above it, although he can, providing he works with these laws, change it to a certain extent. Perhaps the most fundamental example

of this, for man, is race: the recognition of not only differences and differing aptitudes between races but also of individuals in each race. There is in National Socialism a desire to preserve identity, to foster quality over and above quantity, as well as encourage, through individual responsibility, the diversity which alone ensures cultural creativity and thus civilization.

Through and because of such identity (and the pride which is part of it—a pride which is never ‘hate’, as the propaganda of the Marxists and their sociological allies would have us believe) there arises in both society and civilization, a harmony: In music, for instance, as in architecture. There is, in a society founded on these natural values, a beauty of form, but above all a vitality that strives to add to civilization. Such a society is itself harmonious because it is built upon common identity—that is, race—and common traditions—that is, nation—and not upon a cosmopolitanism which destroys the rootedness in the past so essential for health and vitality and which, through its racial diversity, encourages mediocrity. There exists in such a harmonious society a nobility of life, something impossible in a materialistic society and unrealizable through cosmopolitanism.

Goals are natural goals, not artificial ones created through material desire to sell goods or commodities, as in capitalism, or ones created by an abstract ideology and abstracted social forces, as in Socialism and Communism. The goals of National Socialism are founded on archetypal symbols which have as their origin the aspirations of a race. For the Imperium that is yet to come, the numinous symbol grounded in the aspirations of the West is the conquest of outer space.

If Imperium is to come, then it will come through the use of either military or political force. Imperium has to be created, by struggle, and cannot be merely wished into existence. For Imperium to be created in the West, it will first be necessary to destroy the myths about National Socialism which the propaganda of the Magian has foisted upon us. Until this is done, particularly with respect to the lie of the six million ‘exterminated’ Jews, Imperium will not be possible.

The first Western state to form a government based on Faustian principles will become the originator of the New Order through the charisma of Vindex. The battle that began in 1933 is not yet over. There cannot be, nor will there be, any compromise between the two forces: the Western, represented most recently by National Socialism, and the Magian, represented by the Jews. There is either Imperium, or the triumph of the Magian soul.

The Destiny of the West allows no middle-way; anyone who does not fight to create the New Order is, by his inaction, an agent for the destruction of the West.

APPENDIX I

The model for a higher civilization (see Appendix II) shows that a Time of Troubles lasts approximately 390 years. Toynbee gives the end of the Indian Time of Troubles as 322 BC (the beginning of the reign of Chandragupta Maurya, King of Magadha); adding 390 to this date gives 712 BC for the beginning of the Indian Time of Troubles.

The error in this predicted date is approximately 20 years. That is, the actual date, computed from the model, lies between 700 BC and 720 BC. These dates are sufficiently precise for them to be used as a prediction which may be verified. Verification of the date would serve as a verification of the model itself.

APPENDIX II

A 'higher civilization' has been defined as a civilization, where civilization is defined according to Toynbee's definition, which produces a distinct philosophy, results primarily from a physical challenge, and which possesses the identification mark of a distinctive Art. These higher civilizations undergo the same metamorphosis as all civilizations, that is, a Time of Troubles, a schism in the body-social, and a Universal State. However, it is to be expected that higher civilizations possess unique features by the fact of their being different from other civilizations; these differences, apart from those used to classify them as 'higher,' should be discernible through an analysis of Toynbee's results.

Once these differences are found, a definite model for a higher civilization can be constructed. This model can then be used to predict the future of the Western civilization. An analysis for the length of the Time of Troubles for the higher civilizations listed in Table II (excluding the Western) shows a variation from 372 years for the Egyptian to 410 years for the Sinic. This is a remarkable agreement, considering the diverse nature of the civilizations, the length of a Time of Troubles for all these civilizations differs at most by forty years. However, an analysis of the same figures for other, not higher, civilizations shows the same astounding agreement. For instance, the civilization Toynbee called Hindu had a Time of Troubles from 1175 AD to 1572 AD, a length of 397 years. This shows that all civilizations have a Time of Troubles which lasts c. 398 years.

If one considers, however, the duration of the Universal State, a different pattern emerges. For the higher civilizations, the length varies between 409 years (for the Hellenic) to 348 (for the Japanese), for other civilizations the length varies from 17 years (Western medieval) to 403 (Orthodox Christian), with others at 135 years (Hindu) and 71 years (Far Eastern). Clearly, the only uniformity here is with the higher civilizations. Excluding the Indic—the Universal State lasts approximately 390 years. The only problem lies with the Indic. According to Toynbee, the Indic Empire lasted from 322 BC to 185 BC, a period of 137 years. This is well outside the average for the other higher civilizations of 390 years.

However, a detailed study of the Indic civilization (contained in Vol. II of *The Logic of History*) shows that the real end was in 40 AD when Kadphises I, the founder of the Kushan dynasty, destroyed what remained of the Indus principalities. After the reign of Asoka, the Buddhist king (264-227 BC), Asokan power dwindled and was finally ended when Brihadratha was assassinated by Pushyamitra Sunga in 184 BC. The Sunga dynasty lasted until it was succeeded by the Kanva dynasty which itself lasted until 27 BC. There is thus a link between 322 BC and 40 AD, and for this reason the author takes 40 AD as the end of the Universal State of the Indic civilization. This gives a length of 362 years for the Indic Universal State.

Thus we may conclude that, for a higher civilization, the Universal State lasts approximately 390 years. Hence we may conclude that a higher civilization takes about 800 years from its origin until the start of a Time of Troubles that lasts approximately 398 years until a Universal State is created. This State lasts approximately 390 years, give or take 30 years. The Time of Troubles itself may be divided into several stages, as Toynbee showed: The Prelude is followed by a General War, a Breathing Space, Supplementary Wars and, finally, a General Peace in, for instance, the fourth cycle that is the last cycle of wars that make up a Time of Troubles.

The simple model we have constructed shows that, if the origin of the Western civilization is taken as around 700 AD (really 732 AD - the defeat of the Moors at Poitiers by Charlemagne), then the Time of Troubles should start c. 1530 and last until c. 1930. However, Toynbee gives the actual start of the Western Time of Troubles as 1568 AD. This gives an approximate end at 1966, and if one completes Toynbee's cycles of War during a Time of Troubles, one has, for the West:

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1st cycle: 1568-1672 | The 4th cycle runs: |
| 2nd cycle: 1672-1792 | Prelude: 1911-1912 |
| 3rd cycle: 1792-1914 | General War: 1914-1945 |
| | Breathing Space: 1945-1963 |
| | Supplementary Wars: 1963-2011 |

Thus, according to this more detailed analysis, the Imperium of the West should begin c. 2011 AD. The upper limit of the date obtained by adding 398 to the beginning of the Time of Troubles is approximately 1990. We may therefore confidently predict that the Imperium of the West will begin between 1990 and 2011.

APPENDIX III

Because of the intensity of post-war propaganda regarding National Socialism, the author considered it wise to include a few more examples of the treatment of the defeated National Socialists after the war, in order not only to show the farce of Allied 'justice' but also the kind of terror that existed in Germany at the time. This terror perhaps more than anything contributed to the many 'confessions' obtained during 'War Crimes Trials.' Concerning War Crimes Trials, the following example is typical; At the Belsen Trial, one witness was shown a photograph of a man. This witness was prepared to swear under oath that the man in the photograph had been a guard at Belsen who repeatedly beat him. This witness was not, however, put into the witness box because the photograph was of Field-Marshal Montgomery. At the same trial, witnesses were allowed to watch the proceedings from the upper gallery before they gave evidence. This, of course, meant they could easily corroborate what previous witnesses had said.

Translation proved a significant barrier for the defence. Quite often, the translation of evidence and witness' statements heard by the defendants and their lawyers did not make sense, as happened many times, for instance during the Belsen Trial, Josef Kramer, the last Commandant at Belsen, was, for example, taken to task by the court for failing to answer the question, "What was the purpose of the concrete tanks?" The translation Kramer was listening to was, "Was war der Zweck der konkreten Bassins?", which roughly means 'What was the purpose of the non-abstract pools?' It is hardly surprising he could not reply!

As to treatment received by captured Germans, the experience of Ernst von Salomon is typical. Von Salomon, it should be noted, was not even a National Socialist. He was arrested by the Americans and put into a camp near Natternburg, north of Munich. Each new entrant to the camp was forced to line up against the wire, and one by one they were taken into a room where the military police beat up the men and raped the women while soldiers peered in through windows. The soldiers were laughing, and urging on the others. Von Salomon had his teeth knocked out, and he was covered with blood from the beating. During all this, an American officer sat in the room idly chewing gum. In the American zone near Marburg, a favourite sport of the soldiers was hooking the ankles of girls with the handle of a cane as they passed by in jeeps. If a man was caught by this method, he was beaten up; women were often raped, and in two instances were permanently blinded. One woman who jumped out of a window to avoid soldiers suffered a broken back.

Perhaps the greatest suffering occurred when eleven million Germans were forcibly expelled from the eastern part of their country. It is estimated that over six million of them died and the atrocities against them were terrible. Those expelled from East Prussia and Upper Silesia were herded into cattle trucks and shunted around for weeks. Trains were repeatedly raided by gangs of armed Poles who stole everything, including the clothes worn by the Germans, raped the women, and beat up and killed anyone they chose. Often, when they could not get

into the trucks by orthodox means, they climbed onto the wagons and made holes in the roofs. Hundreds of thousands starved to death. Many of those who reached the Western zones died there: in Berlin , 60,000 died between May and July 1945.

In the Russian zone of occupation, hundreds of thousands of Germans simply vanished, and after October 1946 the Russians conceived a plan, code-named Operation Ossavakim, to abduct any Germans they considered necessary. Quite a number of these abductions were from the Western sector of Berlin . Among those abducted in this operation were Professor Wilhelm Zeiss, a rocket expert, and Dr. Sigmund, a radio expert. Estimates put the number of technicians abducted at eight thousand. Most of these were taken to the Soviet Union.

TABLE I
(after Toynbee²)

| CIVILIZATION | RELATIONS | CHALLENGE | TIME OF TROUBLES | UNIVERSAL STATE |
|--------------|-------------------------|-----------|------------------|-----------------|
| Egyptiac | Unrelated | Physical | 2424-2052 BC | 2052-1660 BC |
| Sumeric | Unrelated | Physical | 2677-2298 BC | 2298-1905 BC |
| Hellenic | Loosely affiliated | Physical | 431-31 BC | 31 BC - 378 AD |
| Indic | Unrelated | Physical | ? - 322 BC | 322-185 BC |
| Japanese | Offshoot of Far Eastern | Physical | 1185-1597 AD | 1597-1945 AD |
| Sinic | Unrelated | Physical | 634-221 BC | 221 BC - 172 AD |
| Western | Affiliated to Hellenic | Physical | 1568-1996 AD* | 1996-2390 AD† |

* Estimated from model (see Appendix II). The date 1568 AD is given by Toynbee.

† Estimated from model (see Appendix II).

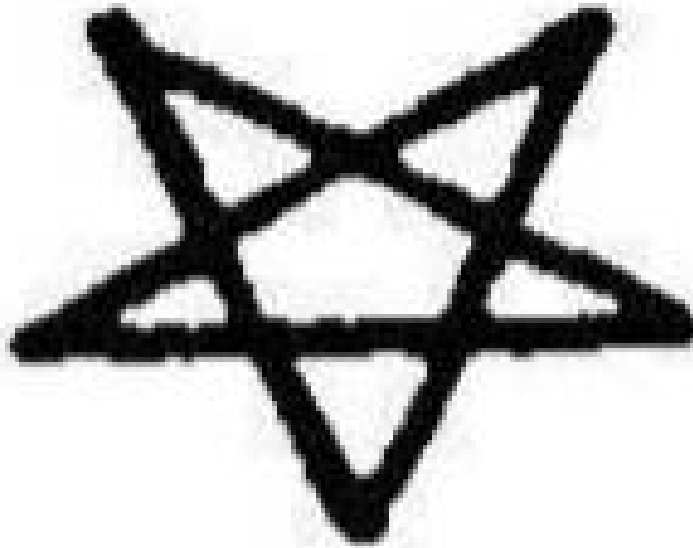
TABLE II

| CIVILIZATION | PHILOSOPHY | CHALLENGE |
|--------------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Egyptiac | Atonism (Ikhnaton) | Desiccation |
| Sumeric | Vedas* | Desiccation |
| Hellenic | Pre-Socratics; Platonism | Barren land, the sea |
| Indic | Mahayana Buddhism | Tropical forest |
| Japanese | Zen, Bushido | New ground |
| Sinic | Taoism | Marshes, floods |
| Western | Science | New ground |

* Volume I of *The Logic of History* (unpublished) deals in detail with the Sumeric civilization and its relation to the Indic. In it is shown the relation of the Sumerians and their language to the Aryan founders of the Indic civilization. It is hoped that some of this research may be published soon.

DEOFEL QUARTET

Anton Long
(1976 - 1992)



Falcifer - Lord of Darkness

(Deofel Quartet, Volume I)

Anton Long

Order of Nine Angles

First issued 1976 e.n.

This corrected text (v.1.01) issued 119 Year of Feyen

Prologue

The chant rose towards its demonic climax:

Agios o Atazoth! Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus...

There was no wind on the high hill to snatch the chanted words away, and the naked dancers twirled faster and faster around the altar under the moonlit sky of night, frenzied from their dance and by the insistent beat of the tabors.

The two red-robed cantors sang their Satanic chant to its end while, nearby, Tanith the Mistress, as the elder prophetess, uttered words for her Grand Master to hear: "From the Circle of Arcadia he shall come bearing the gift of his youth as sacrifice and key to open the Gate to our gods..."

Swiftly then to the ground the circling dancers fell almost exhausted: ruddied by Bacchus the Great and the force of the dance as, around the altar on which Tanith writhed, the orgy of lust began...

^^^^^^

I

Hull, East Riding of Yorkshire, late 1960's (e.n.)

The room was dark, although the candles on the altar had been lit, and Conrad could dimly see the witches preparing for the ritual. Their High Priestess wore a scarlet robe and came toward him, her bare feet avoiding the circle painted on the floor and the bowls of incense which not only filled the room with a sweet smelling perfume but also added to its darkness.

"Please", she said to him, pressing his hand with hers before re-arranging her long hair so it fell around her shoulders, "do try and relax."

Then she was moving around the room, dispensing final directions to the members of her coven. It all seemed rather boring and devoid of real magick to Conrad and he began to regret his acceptance. He felt uncomfortable dressed in a suit while the others wore robes.

"Nigel!" he heard the Priestess shout, "please do not place our book on the floor!" She retrieved her copy of the *Book of Shadows* and placed it on the altar before ringing the small altar bell. "Let us begin." she said.

She stood in the centre of the circle, the four men and two women around her, raising her hands dramatically before intoning her chant.

"Darksome night and shining moon, harken to our Wiccan rune. East then South then West then North, harken to our calling forth..."

She was twirling round, and beneath her thin robe, Conrad could see her breasts. He found her sexually alluring, and followed her movements intently. Perhaps, he thought, it would not be so boring after all... suddenly, the candles flickered and spluttered. There was no breeze as cause and the sudden darkness was unexpected. Conrad could sense the High Priestess near him but his groping hand could not find her body.

"What is it?" he heard a nervous male voice ask.

The incense became thicker, and several of the coven coughed.

"There is nothing wrong - really!" came the confident voice of the Priestess. "Nigel - do light the candles again."

Nobody moved. A light appeared above the altar, red and circular. It began to pulse before moving up to swoop down and burn one of the coven. The victim fell screaming to the ground while the light moved to rest above Conrad's head, suffusing him with its glow.

He could see the High Priestess frantically making passes in the air with her hands and mumbling "Avante Satanas!" as she did so. But her words and gestures had no effect on him, for she was only an ineffectual Priestess of the Right Hand Path while he knew in that moment he was chosen.

Then the pulsing light was gone, and the candles once more lit the room.

"The lights! Will someone turn on the lights!" Her voice was strained, and Conrad smiled.

The coven gathered behind her in their protective circle as if for comfort. "Go, please go," she asked him. "You are no longer welcome here. I sense evil."

"Yes," Conrad replied, "I will go. But I will return." He stepped toward her and kissed her lips but she drew away. "You are very beautiful," he said, "and are wasted here."

The coldness outside the house refreshed him so that he remembered he had forgotten his coat and that a number 65C bus would take him back to his University. The sodium lit streets seemed to possess an eerie beauty in the darkness of winter and as he walked slowly along them, the sense of the power he had felt became just a vague yet disturbing unease.

A bus disgorged him near the campus and he wandered along the concrete paths that entwined the University without noticing the man following him. He recalled Neil's challenge to his skepticism about witchcraft and magick, the invitation his friend had quickly arranged to the coven meeting and his own laughter. It would be interesting, he had thought, and he would watch with scientific detachment while the simple souls indulged their sexual fantasies under cover of the Occult.

Several times he stopped as he remembered the sensual beauty of the High Priestess, the rich fragrance of the incense, his kiss, and several times he turned around, intent on returning to her house. But the power, the arrogant assurance, he had felt in her house as the strange light suffused him with its glow was gone, and he was only a first year Undergraduate studying science, awkward and shy with women.

Instead, he walked to the house near the campus which Neil shared with some other students. Neil was pleased to see him. They sat in his room while in the house loud music played.

"You're back early," Neil said, and smiled.

Conrad wasted no time on trivialities. "I want you to tell me about magick."

"You're seriously interested, then?"

Conrad thought of the High Priestess, her voluptuous body, and said, "Yes!"

"Well, as you know, I have some little interest in, and knowledge of, the subject."

"So - the aim of the sorcerer is to control those forces or powers which are Occult or hidden from our everyday perception?"

Neil seemed surprised. "Yes, exactly. Have you been reading up on the subject?"

"No."

"Then how - "

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "It was an obvious and logical deduction."

Neil smiled. His own background was artistic, his home the city and port from which the University derived its name, and he had met the gaunt-faced Conrad a month before while distributing leaflets on campus. Conrad had read the proffered document and, in the discussion that followed, demolished its content logically and effectively. The earnest young man, dressed in a suit in contrast to the casual clothes of all the other students, had impressed him.

"Basically," Neil said, "magick symbolizes the various forces, sometimes in terms of gods, goddesses or demons, and sometimes in purely symbolic forms. Knowledge of such symbolism forms the basis of controlling them - according to the desire or will of the sorcerer."

"I see."

"Of course, some people believe such entities - gods, demons and so on - exist in reality, external to us. Others believe such forms are really only part of our sub-conscious and our unconscious. In practical terms, it does not matter which: the means of gaining control are essentially the same."

"So, where is all this symbolism?" He pointed at the rows of books in the room.

Neil handed him one. "That gives the essentials of ceremonial magick. It is based on what most Occultists believe is the Western tradition of magick."

Conrad glanced through the book. "Which is?"

"The Qabalistic. The Occult world and the forces within it are represented by what is called the Tree of Life which consists of ten stages or sephira. Each sephira corresponds to certain things in the world - human, divine, and of course demonic."

Conrad looked directly at him. "Most Occultists, you say? Then what do you believe?"

Neil was not surprised by Conrad's insight. "There is another tradition - a secret one."

"Which is?"

"It has many names."

"I'm sure. Are you going to tell me or not?"

"I have only heard of it second-hand so to speak. It is a sinister tradition - some would say Satanic. It is based on a division of seven as against the qabalistic ten. Hence one of its names - the septenary system."

"And you have details of this system?"

"I know some people who know a group who use it."

"And through such a magickal system one could obtain one's desire?"

"It is possible, yes."

"Then when can I meet them - these Black Magickians?"

II

"So you are the Black Magickian I have heard so much about?" Conrad gave the man a disdainful look before sitting in the proffered chair.

The room, like the man, was not impressive. Dreary paintings hung from drab walls and a human skull lay atop a pile of paperback books containing horror stories.

"Some call me a Black Magickian." The man was dressed in black and wore a medallion around his neck bearing the symbol of the inverted pentagram. "Your friend Mr. Stanford informed me of your interest in the Black Arts. There are rumours about you."

"Is that so?"

"Why have you come here?" the man asked.

"You hold certain meetings."

"Possibly."

"Meetings which attract a good many people."

"Sometimes."

"One of which will be held here, tonight."

"For a neophyte you are exceptionally well informed."

Conrad smiled. It had taken Neil only a week to arrange the meeting, and he used the time well. "I wish to attend the ritual."

"You must understand," the man said, "we have certain procedures. For those who want to become Initiates. A testing period."

"Quite so. But you would not have agreed to see me this evening at this hour if it was not your intention to allow me to attend."

As if to reflect on his answer, the man lit a small cigar, allowing its smoke to billow round him. "You may attend the first part of the ritual. The second is, I'm afraid, for Initiates only. And then, afterwards, should you wish, we shall talk further about the matter." He stood up. "Come, you must meet some of our members."

He was led into a back-room of the spacious house. The windows were covered with long black drapes and the walls were painted red. A large wooden table, covered with a black cloth, served as the altar upon which were lighted black candles, a sword, several daggers, silver cups and chalices. In one corner of the room stood an almost life-size statue of a naked woman in an indecent posture, reminding him of a Sheila-na-gig. Around the altar the members had gathered in black robes, but they did not speak to him and he was left to stand in his suit by the door while the magickian walked toward the altar. He took up the sword, struck it against the dagger, saying 'Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!'

The congregation echoed his words, raising their arms dramatically while he removed the robe from a young woman before helping her to lie naked on the altar. She was smiling as she lay, her taut conical breasts rising and falling in rhythm with her breathing and Conrad watched her intently.

One by one the congregation came forwards to kiss her lips.

The magickian kissed her last, turning to face his congregation saying. "I will go down to the altars in Hell."

They responded. "To Satan, the giver of ecstasy."

"Let us praise our Prince."

"Our Father which wert in heaven, hallowed be thy name, in heaven as it is here on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and desires and deliver us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom

for aeons and aeons!"

The magickian inscribed in the air with his left forefinger the sign of the inverted pentagram, before saying, "May Satan be with you."

"As he is with you."

"Let us affirm our faith."

In union, they pronounced their Satanic creed. "I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth and in one Law, Chaos, which triumphs over all. And I believe in one Temple, our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all: the Word of Ecstasy! And I believe in the Law of this Aeon which is Sacrifice, and in the letting of blood for which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince the fire-giver and provider as I look forward to his reign and the pleasures to come in this life!"

The congregation continued their litanies in a similar vein while the magickian made passes in the air with his hands over the body of the woman upon the altar. He was chanting something, but Conrad could not hear what it was, and he watched as the magickian raised a chalice over the woman, deliberately spilling some of the wine it contained over her body. He showed the chalice to the congregation before placing it between the woman's thighs. Then one of the congregation came forward to stand by the altar and chant.

"I who am mother of harlots and queen of the Earth: whose name is written by the agony of the falsifier Yeshua upon the cross, I am come to pay homage to thee!" She kissed the woman upon the altar.

Then there was something in her hand which Conrad could not see, but she too made passes with her hands over the naked woman, chanting while she did so. She held up to the congregation what Conrad assumed to be a host.

"Behold," she said, "the dirt of the Earth which the humble shall eat!"

She laughed, the congregation laughed, and then she threw the host, and others which she held, at the congregation who trampled them under their feet. "Give me," she said to the woman upon the altar, "your body and your blood which I shall give to him as a gift to our Prince!"

The magickian was beside her as the woman on the altar raised her legs into the air. But two of the congregation ushered Conrad from the room. Outside a woman waited.

"I am called Tanith - at least here!"

Conrad stared at her. Her grey hair was cut short, accentuating her features and her clothes were a stunning blend of indigo and violet. There was beauty in her mature features and a sexuality evident in her eyes. "I'm sorry?" Conrad said.

"Come, let us talk."

She led him to a comfortable room where a warming fire had been lit, deliberately sitting close to him.

"Your impressions of the ritual," she asked directly.

He had recovered sufficient to say, "Too much pomp and not enough circumstance."

"Humour, as well. A most pleasing combination! What is it that you seek?"

"Knowledge."

"Like Faust? Do you also wish to sell your soul to the Devil?"

"I do not believe there is a soul or a Devil to sell it to."

"And what you have seen, here tonight? Is it what you are seeking?"

He had felt there was no real magickal power in the ritual, no mystery to enthrall, nothing numinous to attract him. There had been only the trappings of sex and what had seemed almost a boredom in the satanic invocations, and he had begun to realize as he watched and waited that he wanted something more than sex. He desired a return of the power he had felt a week ago at the beginning of the wiccan rite. The satanic ritual had disappointed him - but Tanith intrigued him.

"I must admit," he said, "I was disappointed."

"But I interest you."

"I - "

"Why be embarrassed? It is a perfectly natural feeling." She smiled, and moistened her lips with her tongue. "But first to other matters. I could introduce you to a Master who could instruct you. For you, like everyone need to learn. Are you prepared to learn?"

"From someone I can respect."

"Unlike our friend Sanders tonight."

"Yes - unlike him." It was Conrad's turn to smile. Tanith's perfume seemed exotic to him, and he found it difficult to avoid looking at her breasts, partly exposed by the folds of her unusual clothes. "So this evening's entertainment was just a charade?"

"How acute of you! And such hidden talents. But not a charade, exactly."

"An inducement?"

"For some: those lacking your talents." She leant toward him. "Tomorrow, you shall meet the person you are seeking. There will be a price to pay, though."

Conrad was dismayed. "I have no money."

"I was not thinking of money."

"What then?"

"Such innocence!" She leant closer, so close he could feel her breath upon his face and see the fine lines around her eyes. Then she was kissing him. He was so surprised he moved away.

Suddenly, she understood. "You've never done this before, have you?" She touched his face gently with her hand. "Well, I'd better make it memorable then."

Outside, in the darkness, it had begun to snow.

III

Conrad lay in his bed a long time. Dawn was breaking, but he possessed no desire to rise quickly and run, as had been his habit for years, five or more miles before his breakfast whatever the weather. Neither did the prospect of lectures excite him any more. Instead, he felt languid and satiated. Tanith had taken him to a bedroom in the house wherein their passion had flowed to ebb slowly in the hours after midnight. Her departure was sudden, the house empty, and he was left to walk back to his own college room through the snow-covered streets of the city, happy and pleased with himself.

He was still thinking about Tanith when someone knocked on the door of his room. He dressed hastily.

"Conrad Robury?" asked the tall well-dressed man.

Conrad was suspicious, for the man kept nervously glancing around. "Who wants to know?"

"I'm Fitten. Paul Fitten. You are in danger. Grave danger!" He gestured toward the briefcase in his hand. "It's all in here. If only you will listen. Please, I must talk with you."

"About what?"

"Those Satanists! They want to make you their opfer! You are in danger! I do not have much time. Look," and he opened the briefcase, "study these books, please. Take them."

Reluctantly, Conrad took them.

"They are after me," Fitten said, glancing around. "They want to stop me, you see. Read the books, it is all in there. I shall call again. But they are coming - I sense them coming near. I must go now! Here, my address." He gave Conrad a printed card. "We must talk soon."

Fitten rushed along the corridor and down the stairs.

Alone again, Conrad sat at his desk to study the books, curious about them. The first book was entitled 'Falcifer - The Curse of Our Age' and was printed on shoddy paper in a small and unusual typeface. The title page bore no details of the publisher only the words 'Benares, Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Three' and the author's name, R. Mehta.

'Falcifer,' the book began, 'is the name they have chosen. Working in secret, even now they are planning his coming. He is the spawn of Chaos, the leader of those dark gods which even Satan himself fears. For centuries his secret disciples have deceived us and are deceiving us still, for he is not the Beast...'

"Darling," Conrad heard a voice behind him say, "are you ready?"

Tanith came forward and kissed him. "Come, leave your books - I have need of you."

The invitation pleased Conrad, and he forgot about the books, Fitten and everything else. Only Tanith was real, and he surrendered himself to his passion. Afterwards, she dressed herself quickly saying, "We must go. The Master is waiting."

"Of course."

She touched the three books Fitten had bought and, one after the other, they disintegrated into dust.

"The books! - " Conrad began.

"They are not important. We must go now." She threw him his clothes.

He walked beside her, surprised but pleased when a chauffeur ushered them into the luxury of the waiting car. Several students turned to look, and Conrad was secretly proud.

The car took them from the city and along country roads to the tree-lined and long driveway of an impressive house. A fierce looking and very tall man with the build of a wrestler opened the car door, and Conrad followed Tanith up the steps of the house and into the hall. He was led through doors and elegantly furnished passageways to a verandah where a man sat reading.

"Welcome," the man said, and indicated the chair beside him. "Welcome Conrad Robury. You are

most welcome in my house."

Tanith shut the door to leave them in the cold outside air.

"Come, sit beside me," the man said

His beard was neatly trimmed, his dark clothes thin and seemingly unsuitable to the weather. His voice had a musical quality with a veiled accent that Conrad could not identify, but it was his eyes which impressed Conrad most.

"You wish to learn?"

"Yes," Conrad replied, shivering from the cold, although he tried not to show it.

The man smiled. "I am called Aris - at least here! Tell me, Conrad, is it a return of the feeling which you felt after a certain - how shall we say? - well-endowed lady began her wiccan ritual?"

Conrad was amazed at the man's knowledge of his inner feelings.

"Perhaps," Aris continued, "you are beginning to understand that it was not change that brought you here. Perhaps, also, you are beginning to realize that you may have found what - or should I say whom - you are seeking. Do you, then, wish to learn from me the Art whose secrets you believe I know?"

"Yes."

"And you wish Initiation?"

"Yes I do."

"You have a special Destiny to fulfill - and I shall guide you toward the fulfillment of that Destiny. Are you then prepared to accept whatever conditions I may make?"

"Yes."

"You appear unsure - which is good. It is only fitting that you are apprehensive. Our path is difficult and is only for those who dare. The ritual of your Initiation will take place soon, and afterwards you will begin to study our way. But you should understand that, as from yesterday, your experiences are formative and part of your quest - it is for you to understand them."

It had begun to snow again, and Conrad was shivering from the cold despite the elation he felt at being accepted. There was a knock on the door that led to the verandah, and Aris the Master smiled.

"Enter!" he said.

Tanith entered and Aris rose to greet her with a kiss. "You have met my wife, of course." he said to Conrad.

"Your wife?" Conrad said as he also stood, suddenly warmed by the shock.

"Yes, darling!" Tanith said, and kissed Conrad's face.

Conrad was perplexed but the Master said, "See, how profitably you have spent the last twelve hours. Already you are beginning to learn. You see, I know what has occurred between you and Tanith." He laughed. "There are no Nazarene ethics here!"

"In fact," Tanith added, "no ethics at all!"

"Come, Conrad, I have a present for you: a gift of your Initiation."

It was a somewhat dazed Conrad who followed Aris to another room. On a couch, a dwarf with a pugnacious face was apparently asleep.

"Conrad Robury, meet Mador your guide."

At the sound of his name, Mador sprang up, did a somersault and landed near Conrad where he gave a mock bow.

"Charmed, I'm sure!" he said.

"A word of warning - he is a fool," Aris said.

"Bah!" Mador replied. "Ignore him - he's a liar!"

"Show Conrad the house," Aris said.

"Yes, Master," replied Mador, bowing and winking at Conrad.

Aris left them alone. "You are Conrad," Mador said. "Well, I shall call you - Professor! Come!"

The passage that led away from the room was long, adorned with oil paintings and antique furniture. He was shown a small laboratory, the library, the many bedrooms on the floor above, each decorated and furnished differently. Some seemed luxurious, others austere and a few quite bizarre with walls like trapezoids and no windows. The gardens around the house were large with well-tended lawns and Mador pointed to the dense wood that formed their boundary at the rear.

"Not at night," he said breaking the silence between them and shaking his head, "not alone."

"Why not?"

Mador ignored the question. "The cellars! I forgot the cellars!" And he hit himself on the head.

The door to the cellars was locked, and Mador kicked it in anger.

"What does Aris do?" Conrad asked.

"The Master? Do?" replied Mador perplexed. "Why, he is a Magickian!" he cupped his hand to his ear, listening. "Come Professor. It is time. Yes, it is time!"

"For what?"

"For the Professor. She is calling me."

Mador led him to a dining room. "She waits," he said indicating the door, and left him. Tanith was in the room, seated at the table where only two places were laid.

"Sit, here beside me," she said to him.

"Won't your husband be joining us?"

"The Master? Why, no!" She rang the silver hand bell.

A maid came to serve the hors d'oeuvre. Conrad thought her very pretty, but she refused to look at him.

"Did you enjoy your tour?" Tanith asked him as she elegantly devoured her melon.

"Yes - and no."

"Why no?"

"I was still thinking - about you and me and your husband."

"We are different, as you are learning."

"So he does not mind?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think I'm beginning to understand."

"Excellent! You will be staying here, with us, of course for the next week, few weeks or whatever."

"I had not thought about it. My studies - "

"They are more important to you than the goal you seek? Than the pleasure you find with me?"

"Of course not."

"Whatever belongings you wish to have around you will of course be brought here from your present lodgings."

"And if I didn't want to stay?"

"You are free to go any time." She rang the bell, waiting until the maid completed her duties before speaking again. "However, should you leave - there can be no returning."

"I see."

For some time they ate in silence. "How long might my stay be?" he finally asked.

"However long it takes."

"A test of my desire for Initiation?"

Tanith smiled. "Possibly. Do try the wine, an excellent year. Or so I am told."

"I don't drink alcoholic substances."

"Really? How extraordinary!" She drank from her own glass. "Judging by last night and this morning you do not seem like a Buddhist to me."

"It be-clouds the senses?"

"Buddhism?"

"No - wine and other such beverages."

"Or relaxes them!" She raised her own glass. "To Bacchus the Great!" The glass was soon empty. "I suppose," she said lasciviously, "the cultivation by you of one vice at a time is sufficient - for the moment!"

Conrad sighed. He felt he was being manipulated to some extent; but he also felt he did not care. His memory of his passion with Tanith was strong.

"Can I see you tonight?" he asked. "I mean - "

"I know what you mean," she said softly. "I'm sure it can be arranged. Such youthful vigour!" She closed her eyes. "To paraphrase a certain French author - 'The pleasures of vice must not be restrained.'" She rang the bell again. "You will have a rather full afternoon and evening, I understand."

"Doing what?"

"Oh, various things. You have not eaten very much."

"Bit excited, I suppose."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

The maid returned to whisper into Tanith's ear. "Come," Tanith said to him.

By the outside door in the hall, the wrestler stood holding a man by the arms. Conrad recognized him. It was Fitten.

"Alright, Gedor," Tanith said.

The wrestler nodded his head and released Fitten.

"You must get away!" Fitten shouted at Conrad. "They are cursed! They want you as their - "

Tanith gestured with her hand and Gedor's fist knocked Fitten over, bloodying his face. Conrad saw Tanith smile.

"Escort him away," she said to Gedor, "and lock the gates."

She closed the door. "Fitten will not bother us again."

"You know him then?" Conrad asked, surprised.

"Yes, we know him. He calls himself a White Magickian. Runs a group of sorts in the city. You are in demand, it seems."

"Must be my natural charm!"

She did not respond. Instead her eyes betrayed no emotion.

"The Master awaits you. In the library. Go now." She turned and walked away.

In the library Conrad could see no one. The room was dim, and he was about to open one of the shutters that had been closed over the windows when he heard a voice behind him.

"Be seated," it said.

He saw no one, but sat at the table. Behind him he heard footsteps.

"Do not look round," the voice like that of the Master said.

"Your Initiation will be tonight. Are you prepared?"

He was not, but did not want to say so. "Yes," he lied, trying to convince himself.

"After the ritual of your Initiation there will be a task for you to complete. But now you must meditate".

The sudden blow enfolded Conrad in darkness.

IV

Conrad awoke in darkness. His neck ached, and he was lying on a hard surface. On both sides he felt a cold, rough wall. The mortar between the bricks crumbled as his fingers touched it. No sounds reached him, and the steel door that sealed him in the cell would not open.

He lay for a long time, thinking about his life, Tanith, the Master and the Satanic group to which he assumed they belonged. Once and once only he felt afraid, but the fear soon passed as he remembered how Neil has spoken of the tests of Initiation. The darkness and the silence soon worked their magick upon him, and he fell asleep.

The loud click awoke him, and he rose to see the door swing slowly open, spreading a diffuse light into the cell. He waited, but no one came. Outside, stone steps led up along a narrow passageway and he climbed them slowly. The passage led to a circular room whose light was emanating from a sphere upon a plinth in the centre and, as he stood watching the light pulse in intensity and change slightly in colour, he felt the room begin to turn. Was he being deceived - or was the room really turning? He could hear a distant, sombre chant and smell a rich incense, and was surprised when the movement stopped and what he thought had been a wall part to reveal a large chamber below.

Steps led down to where black robed figures stood around a stone altar. The Master was there, and Tanith, clothed in white, and she gestured to him. Somewhere, drums beat and cantors sang a mesmeric chant in a language unknown to Conrad. Tanith was smiling, and he walked down and

toward her.

"You," Aris the Master said to him in a voice that was almost chanting, "have come here, nameless, to receive that Initiation given to all who desire the greatness of gods!"

Two figures whose faces were hidden by the hoods of their robes came forward to hold Conrad and roughly strip him until he was naked.

"You have come," Aris was saying, "to seal with an oath your allegiance to me, your Mistress here, and all the members of this our Satanic Temple."

Tanith came toward him, and kissed him on the lips. "I greet you," she said, "in the name of our Prince! Let the Dark Gods and His legions witness this rite!" She turned to the congregation. "Dance, I command you!! And with the beating of your feet raise the legions of our lord!"

The Master was chanting something, but Conrad could not understand it.

"Drink!" Tanith said to Conrad, offering him a silver chalice.

He did, draining the wine until the chalice was empty.

"Gather round, my children," Tanith said, and the congregation obeyed to enclose Conrad in their circle, "and feel the flesh of our gift!"

They came towards him, smiling, and ran their hands over his flesh. Conrad was embarrassed, but tried not to show it. One of the congregation was a young woman and she stood for what seemed a long time in front of him so he could see her face enclosed within the hood of her robe. He thought her beautiful, and she ran her hands over his shoulders, chest and thighs before caressing his penis, smiling as he became erect. Then she was gone, enclosed again within the circle of dancers and he found himself held by strong hands and blindfolded.

He could hear Tanith's voice, the chant, and the dancers as they moved around him.

"We rejoice," Tanith was saying, "that another one comes to seed us with his blood and his gifts. We, kin of Chaos, welcome you the nameless. You are the riddle and I an answer and a beginning of your quest. For in the beginning was sacrifice. We have words to bind you through all time to us for in your beginnings, we were. Before you - we have been. After you - we will be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will still be. And you, through this rite, shall be of us, bound, as we are bound by Them. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this rock we call this Earth."

Then the Master was before him. "Do you accept the law as decreed by us?"

"Yes, I do," Conrad answered.

"Do you bind yourself, with word and deed and thoughts to us the seed of Satan without fear or dread?"

"Yes"

"Then understand that the breaking of your word is the beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him! Know him!"

The dancers stopped, and gathered again round Conrad to briefly touch him.

"So you," the Master said "renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver, and all his works?"

"Yes, I do."

"Say it!"

"I renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver and all his works!"

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Satan - whose word is Chaos?"

"Satan - whose word is Chaos!"

"Then break this symbol which we detest!"

A wooden cross was thrust into his hands, and he broke it before throwing the pieces to the ground.

"Now receive," the Master continued, "as a symbol of your faith and a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan."

Tanith gave the Master a small phial of aromatic oil, and with the oil Aris traced the sign of the inverted pentagram on Conrad's forehead, chanting 'Agiōs o Satanas!' as he did so. Aris held Conrad's arm while with a sharp knife Tanith cut Conrad's thumb, drawing blood which she spread over her forefinger to draw the sigil of the Temple over his heart.

"By the powers we as Master and Mistress wield, these signs shall always be a part of you: an auric symbol to mark you as a disciple of our Prince!"

"Now you must be taught," he heard Tanith's voice say, "the wisdom of our way!"

Two of the congregation came forward and forced him to kneel in front of her.

"See," she said, laughing, "all you gather now in my Temple: here is he who thought he knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for his cunning! See how our strength over-comes him!"

The congregation laughed, and he felt his hands being bound behind his back. For a second he felt fear, but it was soon gone, replaced by anger and he tried to wriggle free from his bonds.

"A spirited one, this!" he heard Tanith's voice mock. "Listen!" she said to him. "Listen and learn! Keep your silence and be still!"

Conrad strained to hear. There was a rustling, a sound which might have been made by bare feet walking over stone, the chant ending, and then finally silence. He lay still even when he heard someone approaching him as he lay on the floor of the Temple. He felt a warm hand softly touching his skin, felt a woman's naked softness next to him and smelt a beautiful perfume. He did not resist when soft arms moved him to lie beside her, and he began to respond to her kisses and touch.

"Receive from me," the woman whispered, "the gift of your initiation."

Bound and still blindfolded, he surrendered himself to the physical passion she aroused and controlled, and his climax of ecstasy did not take long to reach. When it was over, she removed the cord which bound his hands and then his blindfolded. Conrad recognized the young woman who had caressed him earlier. On the altar lay a black robe and she gave it to him before ringing the Temple bell.

The sound was the signal for the congregation to return, and each member greeted Conrad, their new Initiate, with a kiss. Chalices of wine were handed round and he was given one. He sipped it while around him an orgy began.

"Come," Tanith said to him, "we have other duties."

She led him out of the chamber, through a passage and up well-worn stone stairs to a wooden door. The door was a concealed one and led into a hut. Outside, it was night, but the snow-scattered light illuminated the woods, and he followed Tanith through the snow, shivering from the cold. She did not speak, and he did not, and it seemed to him a long walk back to the house. Inside, it was warm and smelt vaguely of incense.

"Rest now," Tanith said, and kissed him.

He held her and caressed her breasts.

"I have to go," she said without smiling. "Gedor will show you to your room."

Conrad was surprised when out of the shadows Gedor stepped forward, grim-faced.

The room he was led to was unfurnished except for a bed, but it was warm and Conrad soon settled himself under the duvet to read the book that lay upon the pillow. 'The Black Book of Satan' the title read.

The first chapter was called 'What is Satanism' and he was reading it when he heard strange, almost unearthly, sounds outside. He drew back the curtains and to his surprise found they concealed not a window but an oil painting. It was a portrait of a young man dressed in medieval clothes and he stared at it for some time before realizing it was a portrait of himself. It bore a signature he could not read, and a date which he could: MDCXLII. "1642" he said to himself. The colours of the painting seemed dulled a little with age, the canvas itself cracked as if to confirm the antiquity of the portrait.

The strange sounds had stopped, and were replaced by loud laughter outside the door. He went to it, but it was locked.

V

Baynes was a quiet, almost shy man in his late forties. His handsome features, his neatly trimmed beard - black with streaks of grey - his wealth and the soft, mellow tones of his voice made him attractive to many women. He was well aware of this, and made efforts to avoid being left alone with them. A bachelor, his only interest outside his work was the Occult and he had acquired the reputation of regarding women as distant objects of chivalry. His abstemiousness in this matter gave rise to rumours that he was a homosexual but he did nothing to dispel them except explain when pressed on the matter by some of his friends in the Occult and magickal groups he frequented that he regarded women as a hindrance in the attainment of the highest grades of Initiation.

Dressed in an expensive suit, he sat in the Sitting Room of one of his comfortable city houses listening to Fitten talk about the group of Satanists. It was after midnight, and uncharacteristically he was becoming bored. Several members from his own Temple of Isis sat around him in the subdued light, and some of them were trying to resist the temptation of sleep. Fitten had been talking, in his own disjointed way, for nearly an hour, explaining his theory about the origins of the Satanist group.

"It is an old tradition," Fitten was saying, "a very old tradition. A racial memory, perhaps, of beings who once long ago came to this Earth. For we have been deceived. They are not of the Beast, not of those Others about whom one writer has written, decades ago. We need to understand this, you see: need to finally understand the truth. We have been deceived about them."

Fitten paused to wipe sweat from his forehead with his coloured handkerchief and Baynes took the opportunity to interject.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of contacting a colleague of mine in London who is well-known as a leading authority on Satanism and he has agreed to come and talk to us about the Satanist group to which the gentleman to whom Mr. Fitten referred to belongs - "

"Conrad Robury," interrupted Fitten.

"The group to which Mr. Robury now, apparently belongs," continued Baynes, "has interested us for some time. Since the murder of Maria Torrens, in fact. You will all, no doubt, recall the brutal facts of that case."

He could see his audience now paying attention.

"As you will remember, her naked and mutilated body was found on the Moors, her head resting on what the Police assumed to be a Black Magick altar. An inverted pentagram had been cut on her skin by a sharp knife - a surgical scalpel, I was told. Discreetly of course, I was asked for my opinion.

"At first I and the Police investigating the matter were of the opinion that the killing was a motiveless one with no genuine Occult connections, the murderer or murderers providing the 'Occult' evidence to confuse. For, as you will recall, some rather scurrilous newspapers ascertained and published details regarding the lady's rather unfortunate background. She was a 'Lady of the Night' - "

"A prostitute," someone said, and giggled.

Baynes ignored the remark. " - who frequented the area around this city's dockland. She was last seen apparently accepting a lift in a vehicle driven by an attractive middle- aged lady. Shortly after the newspapers published their story, the Police received an anonymous call, naming a suspect. The man was quickly traced, and interviewed and then arrested when he confessed to the crime. He himself had a rather dubious reputation, and said that he had driven Miss Torrens to the scene of the crime and persuaded her to adorn herself in an Occult manner. Apparently, he had been to the motion-pictures and seen some scenes in a film.

"He later retracted this confession and claimed to have been forced to give it by a man whom he continually referred to as 'The Master' whom he claimed had himself committed the brutal murder. He further alleged that this 'Master' was the leader of a group of Satanist's here, in this city and had killed Miss Torrens during a ritual for his own diabolic ends. He made a statement to the Police to this effect, but shortly afterwards began acting rather strangely, and withdrew that statement. During subsequent weeks before his trial he made several other statements, each more ludicrous than the other - for instance, one referred to beings from another planet landing in a 'space-ship', abducting him and Maria.

"It was at the trial, you may well remember, that the Prosecution proved by the testimony of a very respectable witness that Maria and the defendant had been seen together on the Moor only a few hours before her death. The defendant was sentenced to life imprisonment, and was found, some weeks later, hanged in his prison cell. After the trial, I began my own quiet investigation into Satanist groups in this area - and subsequently uncovered one organized by a certain gentleman whom his followers call 'The Master'. This group uses and has used several different names, and has Temples in various other cities. Among its names are 'The Temple of Satan', 'The Noctulians' and 'Friends of Lucifer'."

Fitten was slumped in a chair, apparently asleep, and Baynes smiled at him, in his gentle way, before continuing. "The group is very selective regarding members, and tests all the candidates for Initiation. These tests are sometimes quite severe and sometimes involve the candidate undertaking criminal acts - this of course serving to bind the candidate to the group as well as giving the group evidence to blackmail the candidate with should he or she later prove uncooperative. Unlike most so-called Satanist and Black Magick groups which are usually only a cover for one or more persons criminal or sexual activities, this particular group does work genuine magick, and seems to possess quite an advanced understanding of the subject. Apparently, they follow their own sinister magickal tradition based on the septenary system - or Hebdomadry as it is called.

"Since the Maria Torrens case we, acting with a number of other 'Right Hand Path' groups in this and other areas, have tried to infiltrate this Satanist group, always without success. Until recently, that is."

Smiling, he waited for the exclamations of surprise to subside before he continued. "This member - whom I shall for obvious reasons call only Frater Achad - has given us valuable information, and he is shortly to be initiated into the sect. What we are hoping is that he can provide us with details regarding members, their magickal workings as well as information regarding their activities which we can pass onto the Police. As I have said, some of their activities verge on the criminal. There are probably others, of a kind of which we are at present unaware, and of course there is always the possibility that Frater Achad can provide us with evidence regarding the Maria Torrens case.

"Naturally, I have told you this in the strictest confidence. Frater Achad is in a delicate - not to say dangerous - position."

Suddenly, Fitten was on his feet, pointing at Baynes. "We must act now! Don't you understand?" He turned and faced the other people present. "Don't any of you understand? We cannot afford to wait! We must act now to destroy them! Soon, their power will grow - so great we, and others, can do nothing. Listen! They will do a ritual to open the gate to the Abyss. An offer - they need an offer to do this, and offering of human blood. Do you want another death on your hands? Once the Gate is opened they will possess the power of the Abyss itself!"

"Mr. Fitten," Baynes said gently, "I - we all - share your concern about them. But we must plan and act carefully in this matter."

"I shall show you!" Fitten shouted. "I shall stop them! Me! Because I know their secrets! I don't need any of you!"

No one followed him as he left the room and the house.

"Our brother," Baynes said, "needs our help. Let us meditate for a while and send him healing and helpful vibrations."

As they closed their eyes to begin, laughter invaded the room. All present heard it, but no one could see its source. But it was soon gone, and Baynes and his followers of the white path of magick soon resumed their own form of meditation, praying to and invoking their one or many gods according to

their many and varied beliefs. The laughter was only one incident and did not undermine their security of faith.

Outside, in the cold and above the snow which covered the ground deeply, an owl screeched in the darkness and silence of the large ornamental garden. The cry startled them more than the demonic laughter.

VI

The voice awoke Conrad, and he roused himself from his troubled sleep to see Mador standing beside his bed.

"Breakfast, Professor?" the dwarf asked again.

"What?"

"Breakfast?"

"What time is it?"

"Time to rise and eat!" He handed Conrad a neat pile of clothes. "Hurry! Rise and eat"

"Leave me alone," Conrad said. His dreams had been disturbing, his sleep broken, and he felt in need of rest.

"The Master sent me," Mador replied, and smiled.

Wearily, Conrad sat up in his warm bed. The room itself felt cold. "Alright. I won't be long."

"I wait for you - outside."

Conrad dressed slowly in the black clothes someone had selected for him before following Mador to the dining room. The maid was waiting, ready to serve him from the many dishes and he was not surprised when Mador left him. He was surprised when the young lady who had sexually initiated him entered the room to sit beside him.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked him, and smiled.

"Er, yes thank you," Conrad replied in his surprise.

"Do try the kippers," she said to him. "From Loch Fyne. Delicious!" she gestured toward the maid who began to serve them both.

"Do you live here?" Conrad cautiously asked her.

"You are sweet!" she chided him. "I suppose you could say that. I'm Susan, by the way."

"Conrad," he said unnecessarily and held out his hand.

She did not take it and he was left to awkwardly shuffle in his chair.

"Did you like your room?" She asked.

"Well, it was unusual."

"They all say that!"

" 'They?' " he asked.

She ignored his question. "Has the Master explained what you will be doing today?"

"No."

"I'm sure he will want to see you - after you have eaten." She gestured toward the kipper with which the maid had served him.

"I'm not very hungry, actually."

She laughed. "You're not a vegetarian by any chance, are you?"

"No, of course not."

"After all the energy you expended last night," she smiled at him, "I would have thought you'd be ravenous!"

Conrad blushed at this reminder of the passion they as strangers had shared.

"Such innocence!" she said,

"There is a painting in my room," he said to cover his embarrassment. "Is it very old?"

"Have you read any of the book that was left in your room?"

"A little. It's very interesting."

"It's a beginning," she shrugged. "Just a beginning."

"Have you been involved with this group long?"

"That's a quaint way of putting it! 'This group!' You mean, have I been a Satanist a long time?"

The woman's self-assurance, his own discomfort at being a guest in an unusual and luxurious house, and his shyness with women all combined to make Conrad wish he was elsewhere - at his lectures, preferably, learning about the mysteries and beauties of Physics. But as he sat looking at the young and quite beautiful woman beside him and as he remembered the bliss they had shared, he began to feel a confidence in himself. It was as though some of the power he had felt during the wiccan ritual over a week ago had returned.

"Yes," he said smiling at her, "how long have you been a Satanist?" He said the last word with relish, as though consciously and proudly committing a sin.

"I was brought up with it - baptised into it."

"Really?"

"Naturally, there was a time when I began to question it, and was given the freedom to do so. In fact even encouraged."

"By your parents?"

"But once you have tasted paradise on Earth, it is irresistible!"

"Why do you evade some of my questions?" Conrad asked, his confidence growing.

Her eyes seemed to him to sparkle as she answered. "Because I am a woman and like to be mysterious!"

Without quite realizing what he was doing he leant toward her and kissed her lips. She did not draw away, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the maid pretending to look out of the window at the garden. Across the room, he heard a discreet and almost gentlemanly cough.

Aris stood by the door. "If you have finished," he said almost smiling, "perhaps we can talk."

"Of course!" Conrad said, surprised.

"In the library." He turned around and left.

"Can I see you - later?" Conrad asked Susan.

"Do you really want to?" She teased.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps. You'd better not keep him waiting."

"No." He stood up, bent down to kiss her, then decided against it.

The door to the library was open, and Aris was already sitting in a chair by the desk.

"Come!" The Master said in greeting.

Conrad sat opposite trying not to appear nervous.

"The power you felt before," Aris said, "is returning to you. As you hoped it would. This is one result of your Initiation. For you must understand, Initiation into our way is similar to opening a channel, a link, to those hidden or Occult powers which form the real essence of magick."

Conrad was impressed, but Aris continues in his unemotional way. "Those powers you may use for whatever you desire. For sexual gratification, should you so wish. Such power as you feel and have felt will grow, steadily, with your own Occult and magickal development. What occurred last night is but the first of many stages in that development. Are you then prepared to go further?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

"There is a task I wish you to undertake, a task connected to your Initiation. But you must understand that you have been chosen for more than just this and such other tasks as may be necessary for your own magickal development. For remember I have said that you have a special Destiny to fulfil. What this Destiny is, will become clear when the time is right. You are important to us, as we to you. Because of this you are more to me and my comrades in magick than a mere Initiate, a beginner in the ways of our dark gods. Remember this, Conrad Robury. I extend my hospitality to you and not just of my house, as you know, because you are more than another novice.

"Now to your task. It will, for a short while, take you away from the house."

Conrad sensed that, whatever the test was, it would partly be a test of fidelity to Aris and his Satanic group.

"You are familiar with someone called Paul Fitten," Aris said.

It was not a question, but Conrad still answered, "Yes."

"You are to go to him and persuade him that you wish to help him. Then you must endeavour to undertake a magickal ritual with him. It will be a qabalistic ritual, but never mind. During this ritual you are to redirect the power brought forth - which you must help to generate - so that it takes control of Fitten, harms him in some way. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Aris stared at him, then smiled. "You understand part of it - yes. For you believe I aim to test your morals by asking you to harm by magickal means another individual. But there is more, as you will discover. Now, I have a gift for you - a gift of your Initiation." He placed a silver ring with an ornamental stone on the desk. "Wear it always from this day as a sign of your desire to follow our ways."

Without thinking Conrad began to place the ring on the third finger on his right hand.

"The other hand," Aris said.

Conrad obeyed. The ring was a perfect fit.

"Now, Conrad Robury, you must go to accomplish your task. Susan, as my Priestess, will go with you."

Conrad was at the door when Aris said, "Do not let them - or anyone - try to remove your ring."

VII

Susan, obviously prepared, had driven him straight to Fitten's house. It was a small house, bordering a quiet road near the edge of the city and a dog ran out toward them, barking, as they walked along the path to the door. Susan stared at the dog, and it whimpered away.

Conrad knocked loudly on the door, as a Policeman might. Fitten bore no visible scars of his ordeal at the hands of Gedor and greeted them warmly.

"Come in!" he said. "Please come in! I knew you would come! It was in the chart, you see!"

He led them into a room crowded with books and dimly lit but where a coal fire burned warmly.

"Please, be seated!" he enthused. "I have so much to tell you!"

"This is Susan," Conrad said.

"Yes, yes! How did you escape?"

"Escape?" asked Conrad.

"From the house of the Satanists? You were there, yesterday."

"Oh, them. They seemed only too anxious," lied Conrad, "to let me go after you appeared. One of them mentioned something about 'magickal attack. Perhaps they thought I would be a burden to them in that case."

"As you would, as you would my son!"

Conrad winced.

"Did you read the books I gave you?" Fitten asked.

"They destroyed them."

"Ah! They are evil, evil incarnate!"

"But who are they?"

"You do not know?" Fitten looked amazed.

"No. Should I?"

"Perhaps not. It is not important. You are here, now, that's what important."

"I wish," Conrad said and sighed, "someone would tell me what this is all about. I get invited to this party at a house, meet a right bunch of weird characters. Then you appear and are thrown out. Then one of them shows me this Temple they use. I'm a bit out of my depth, here."

"They need an offer, you see. For their Mass. Not a Black Mass - no, something far worse, something more vile and sinister. You had all the right qualities. Just what they needed. They knew that after you attended that meeting of the Circle of Arcadia. They know. They have spies - agents - infiltrators in most groups."

A slim, young woman appeared in the doorway of the room. "Would you like some tea, dear?" she asked her older husband.

"What?" said Fitten.

"Tea. Would you like some?" She innocently returned Conrad's smile.

"Why not! Why not indeed!"

She had gone when Conrad spoke. "You said they needed an offer - a sacrifice."

"I did? Quite! They needed - still need - someone young. They have a tradition, you see, of

sacrificing a young man aged twenty one. But only for this important ritual. The time of this ritual is near. They will have power from it. Not just Occult power. No, real power! They channel the magickal forces, you see, into a practical form - sometimes a person, sometimes an institution, a company, or something like that. Such use of magick is real black magick, real evil! They fermented, these worshippers of the darkest of dark forces, the French Revolution - the blood spilled was a sacrifice, an offering to their strange alien gods. They brought about with their magick the Third Reich. Now they prepare again!" He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his hand.

"But why me?" Conrad asked, trying to appear serious.

"You were a key to open the gate to the powers, the dark powers of the Abyss. Their Black Magick rites would use this power! I have sent for help."

"Sent for help?"

"A Magus. The most powerful White Lodge has been alerted. They will send a Magus."

"You do not want to deal with it yourself?" Conrad asked.

"I? I have no authority! A council must be convened: all the Magister Temple must be invited."

"But if the situation is as serious as you believe," Conrad resisted the temptation to smile, "can you afford to wait. Surely you must do something yourself."

"Well," Fitten sighed, "I did a little ritual. Last night."

"And it worked. I am here."

"I am thankful to the Lord for that. They might try and get you back - or find another offer." He slumped in his chair, looking pale and tired.

Suddenly, Conrad conceived an idea. "Will you excuse me a moment," he said, "I must go to the toilet."

Fitten said nothing, and stared into the fire. Conrad left. He found Fitten's wife in the kitchen of the house.

"Making tea?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Any special kind?"

"No, just ordinary tea."

"I prefer Formosa Oolong myself." He closed the door.

"I wouldn't know!"

"There's a lovely tea shop in the city centre which serves a good selection. Perhaps you've been there?"

"No," she said and turned away from him.

"It's really lovely sitting there of a winter's evening watching people pass in the street. You must try it sometime."

"Maybe."

"You look very tired," he said, softly.

"It's been a hectic week."

"Perhaps you need a break - away from the house."

"Maybe," she said dully.

"Please don't be offended, but perhaps I could take you out to dinner one evening?"

"I'm sorry?" she said with genuine surprise.

"You looked so sad, standing there," he said with kindness in his voice.

"I'm just tired."

"Would you like to come to dinner with me one evening? I know a rather nice restaurant."

"It's very kind of you to ask," she said formally.

"I'm not being kind. It would give me great pleasure to have the company of a beautiful woman for an evening. And you are beautiful."

"I'm a married woman!"

"And a beautiful one. When did you last dine out?" He could see that the question pained her although she did not answer.

"Would he really miss you for one evening?"

She looked at him briefly then lowered her eyes. He moved toward her and held her hand, gently caressing it with his fingers. She closed her eyes, and he was surprised by her reaction as he was by his own confidence. It was as though he had become another person. He bent forward to kiss her but she moved away.

"Please," she pleaded, but made no move to free her hand from his.

"Tonight," he said, "About eight o'clock?"

"I don't know."

"I'll collect you about a quarter to eight, then."

"The lady who came with you - " she asked.

"My sister?" he lied. "She wants to talk to your husband about witchcraft, I think. Can't say I find the subject of interest, myself. I'm studying Physics at the moment."

She finally withdrew her hand from his. "At the University?"

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I went there," she said shyly.

"Really? What did you study?"

"Geology."

"I've always been fascinated by that subject. You must tell me about it - tonight."

"I didn't complete my course."

"To get married?"

"No. Well, not exactly." She turned away to complete her preparation of the tea. She gave him the tray. "Would you mind?" she asked.

"Not at all! Tonight, then?"

She smiled and held the door open for him. "We'll see!" she said.

Down the dark hallway of the house he could hear Fitten's agitated voice.

"Tea?" he said, entering the warm room.

"Mr. Fitten," Susan said, "is thinking of performing a ritual here tonight."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well," Susan continued, "I suggested it would be a good idea at this moment in time. To strike now, when they are unprepared."

"I don't know, I don't know!" said Fitten, shaking his head.

"I have explained" Susan said to Conrad, "that I myself am a Second Degree Witch, so I can assist."

Suddenly, Fitten stood up. "Yes! We must act! I feel it is right! The time is right! You are right."

"If it would help," Susan said to him, "I have something taken from the house of the Satanists." She fumbled in her handbag.

Fitten took the silver medallion inscribed with an inverted pentagram and the word 'Atazoth'.

"Atazoth. Atazoth," he mumbled. "Yes, this would be very suitable; very suitable indeed. Where did you get it?"

"Conrad found it in the house."

"Yes. I gave it to her. All this Occult stuff does not really interest me. Not any more."

"But you are," Susan asked him "prepared to partake in a ritual with us."

"Of course. As I explained to my sister," he said to Fitten, "although I don't understand all of this, I'm prepared to help. I trust her judgement."

"Good! Good!" Fitten said. "Tonight, you say?" he asked Susan.

"It would be best. You could get assistance? For I have heard you have many contacts. I would of course leave the type of ritual up to you - since you have far more knowledge and experience of ceremonial than I."

Fitten was pleased by Susan's praise. "I would have to make some telephone calls."

"Naturally. What time would you suggest?" Susan asked.

"Eight o'clock. The hour of Saturn!"

"Surely," Conrad said, "the sooner we begin the better. How about now?"

"Now? Now?" Fitten looked amazed.

"There is you, me, my sister - your wife."

"My wife?"

"Such a ritual as we need to do may be dangerous."

"But surely she has assisted you before?"

"Of course! Many times, in fact. We need more time to prepare."

"But we have the medallion," Susan suggested.

"Even so - "

"Do you intend," Susan asked, "to conjure force and send it against the Satanists?"

"Yes. Yes, I had thought in such terms. Psychic attack! I can remember the face of that evil woman!"

"What woman?" Conrad asked.

"That evil woman who was with you in their house!"

"Tanith is her name."

"I thought so! The spirits speak to me, you see. The Lord is with us!" He stared at them both as if possessed. "Yes! We will act now!" Then he was quiet again and softly spoken. "I will make a few telephone calls - perhaps some friends of mine can come at short notice."

As soon as he left the room, Susan asked, "You have a plan?"

"Indeed! It should be interesting!"

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Susan asked, smiling.

"Yes! I feel really alive! Bursting with energy!"

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Fitten was not away long. "Three others!" he announced on his return. "Three have agreed to come!"

"It bodes well, then," Conrad said.

"My Temple - we will wait for them in my Temple."

"Your wife will be participating?"

"Yes, she will. Come, I will show you my Temple."

The Temple was a converted bedroom. There was no altar, only a large circle inscribed on the floor around which were magical names and signs. IHVH, AHIH, ALIVN and ALH. The name Adonai was the most prominent and various Hebrew letters completed the circle's adornment, The walls of the room were grey and white, and inside the circle on the floor stood a small table covered with a sword, several knives, candles and bowls of incense. The sword and knives were inscribed with writing the Conrad, from even his cursory study during the last week of the qabalistic ceremonial tradition, recognized as the magickal script called 'Passing the River'.

"We must meditate while we wait for the others," Fitten said as he lit several candles scattered around the floor.

"Bring good vibrations to assist us."

Following Susan, Conrad sat on the floor. He closed his eyes and imagined the room filling with demons and imps. He was almost asleep when Fitten's wife brought the remainder of the participants, two rather plump men and a woman with an unsmiling sallow face.

"Let us begin!" Fitten announced dramatically. He gave his congregation white robes and offered some to Susan and Conrad who declined. "Let us stand within the circle!" he announced.

Conrad deliberately stood next to Fitten's wife with Susan beside him. Then Fitten was pointing the tip of the sword at the painted circle on the circle on the floor.

"I exhort you," he shouted, "by the powerful and Holy names which are written around this circle, protect us!"

He put down his sword, held a piece of parchment up and then sprinkled incense over the floor. "Let the divine white brilliance descend. Before me Raphael, behind me Gabriel, at my right hand Michael, and at my left hand Auriel. For before me flames the pentagram and behind me stands our Lords' six pointed star. Elohim! Elohim Gibor! Eloath Va-Daath! Adonai Tzabaoth! City of Light, open your radiance to us. We command you and your guardians, by the Holy Names - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Twelve is our number."

"Twelve," repeated the others present, with the exception of Susan and Conrad.

"There are twelve," Fitten continued, "twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve disciples of our Lord!"

"Twelve disciples of our Lord."

"Twelve months in the year!"

"Twelve months in the year."

"Let us adore," Fitten chanted, "the Lord and the King of Hosts. Holy art thou Lord, thee who hast formed Nature. Holy art thou, the vast and the mighty one, Lord of Light and of the Darkness. Holy art thou, Lord! By the word of Paroketh, and by the sign of the rending of the Veil, I declare that the Portal of the Adepts is open! Hear the words! These are the words - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim! Tzabaoth!"

He bent down to scribble a sign on the parchment, then held it up, circling round sun-wise as he did so. "Come!" he shouted. "Come to me! To me!"

Conrad assumed the sign was of a demon, taken from the Lessor Key of Solomon.

"Behold the sign!" Fitten was saying. "Behold the Holy Name and my power! EIO! EIO! EIO! Tzabaoth! I command you! Appear! EIO! Tzabaoth!"

The candles began to dim, and Conrad could sense the anticipation of the participants. He saw Susan close her eyes. She, too, was speaking, but softly so the others might not hear. He caught the words 'AgiOS o SatanAs' as she exhaled but heard nothing more.

Then a vague, ill-defined and almost luminescent shape appeared in the corner of the room.

"Yod He Vau Heh!" Fitten shouted.

Almost immediately, Conrad took the hand of Fitten's wife in his own. She seemed to grasp it eagerly, and he stepped back, placing his foot over the painted circle. He could feel a force pulling him, and he closed his eyes to concentrate, willing the force into Fitten's wife.

She screamed, and fell to the floor. Then was she standing, her hair disheveled, his face contorted and almost leering. She raised her hands like claws and began to walk slowly to where Fitten stood.

Hurriedly, Fitten tried to burn the parchment he was holding in the flame of one of the candles, but he burnt his fingers instead. His wife was laughing and had ripped open her blouse to reveal her breasts.

Suddenly, as if realizing what had happened, Fitten stared at Conrad. He held the medallion Susan had given him over the flame of the candle and as he did so his wife stopped, her hands held motionless before her, her lips bared in a silent snarl. Susan gripped Conrad's arm, and he turned to see her face contorted in pain.

There was a demonic strength in Conrad as he saw this, and his body tensed as he willed Fitten's wife nearer and nearer to her husband. He could sense the elemental force within the room and tried to shape it by his own will to make Fitten's wife take the medallion from his hand. She touched the chain, and then the medallion, but did not scream as the heat from the candle burnt her flesh, its smell invading the darkening room. She threw it to the ground to turn to face her husband, her hands reaching up towards his bare neck.

Then, quite suddenly, she stopped. Conrad felt another force within the confines of the room. It was a powerful force, opposed to him and he watched as Fitten's aura became visible, flaming upwards in patterns of red and yellow and curling up over his head before it turned to inch closer and closer toward him. Fitten's wife turned to walk in pace with the advancing colour-changing aura toward where Conrad stood. There was something Conrad did not understand about all this as he strove to try and will the advancing force away. Two names suddenly entered his mind. Baynes; Togbare an inner almost laughing voice said, and he was wondering what to do next when he remembered the last words of Aris his Master.

He held out his left hand to show Fitten his ring.

"The ring! We must get his ring!" one of Fitten's followers shouted.

They moved toward Conrad, slowly it seemed as if in slow motion, and as they did so Fitten's aural light was sucked into the ring. Then all magickal power in the room was gone, and he could see Fitten, his mouth open, his eyes staring, his face white. Fitten's wife had stopped again and was slowly falling to the floor.

They reached her, but she was dead.

VIII

An exhausted Conrad had slept in Susan's car on their return journey to Aris' house. The death of Fitten's wife had ended the ritual and a crazed Fitten had lunged at Conrad who had time only to raise his arms in self-defence before Susan knocked Fitten unconscious using Martial Arts techniques.

"Go, please go" one of Fitten's group had said, and they had left unmolested.

The Master was waiting for them in the hall, and he ushered Conrad into the library where a log fire had been lit.

"I gather there were certain complications," Aris said.

"Unfortunately."

"Tell me, then, what transpired - exactly as you remember it."

Conrad told his story - Fitten's wife, how he planned to use her during the ritual. The qabalistic conjuration of Fitten. His own breaking of the circle. The aura and the presence. Finally, he spoke of the ring which had drained the hostile magick away.

"Oh," concluded Conrad, "I remember two names. They just came into my mind before I was remembered about the ring."

"Are you certain it was before?"

"Yes."

"Certainly, that is interesting. And the names?"

"Baynes and Togbare."

Conrad thought he detected a look of surprise on Aris' face.

"You know them?" he asked.

"I have heard of them."

"Are they important?"

"You spoke of Fitten mentioning the White Lodge. Do you know what that means?"

"Only that it is supposed to be a group of Occultists who follow the Right Hand Path."

"It is a loose term used to describe a group of followers of that path who are dedicated to counteracting the activities of groups such as ours. Most are also followers of the Nazarene. This White Lodge fears that we will unite to use our powers against them. There are some who believe a 'Black Lodge' exists for just this purpose. Paranoia, naturally." He smiled, and the sinister nature of his appearance in that moment became evident to Conrad. "Or at least it was."

"This White Lodge," Aris continued, "tries to infiltrate Satanist groups, disrupt them, and so on. They conduct rituals for just such a purpose. The Council of this Lodge - an extremely secret organization - oversees all these activities, and its present head is a certain Frater Togbare."

"I see," quipped Conrad, nervously.

"Then perhaps you will explain what you see."

"It was not Fitten I was struggling with toward the end of the ritual but this White Lodge."

"Probably."

"But how - how did they know?"

"Through Fitten himself. You said he had claimed to be in contact with them before the ritual."

"Yes." Earnestly, he looked at Aris. "If this White Lodge is so powerful why did they allow Fitten's wife to die?"

Aris smiled. It was not a pleasing smile. "Once brought, such power has to be used, directed. It was dissipated, one could say, through the woman's death."

"They could not have saved her?"

"Yes, they could have, but they were unprepared for the ring."

"The ring?" Conrad stared at it. It looked ordinary, now in the light of the room and the fire.

"It was a link - between you and Susan."

"Susan? I'm sorry, I don't understand."

"You will."

His tone precluded, it seemed to Conrad, any further discussion of the matter. "But the woman's death," Conrad asked, "surely there will be complications? The Police - "

"Will not be involved," completed Aris. "The White Lodge - or rather the individuals composing it - are quite influential. Death by natural causes, I am sure will be the verdict."

"But surely I - I mean, what occurred during the ritual - will have started something? Fitten and the others will surely not let the matter stop there."

"What occurred was a warning to them - a prelude. There will shortly be a ritual undertaken by us in

which you will figure. Recall the mention I made of your Destiny. The time for fulfillment is near . Now they know our strength and our power, as I wished!"

"So it was more than just a test for me - of my Initiation?"

"Yes! As your Initiation was more than just another Initiation. But you are tired, and in need of sustenance. Go then, and feast yourself. We will meet again, and soon."

He walked to a shelf and took down a book before opening it and beginning to read. Conrad left the library to find Susan waiting.

"Shall we eat first?" she asked him quizzically.

"I'm sorry?" he said obtusely, still suffering from his contact with Aris.

"Which appetite do you want to satisfy first?"

He smiled, and she took his hand leading him toward the stairs and her room. It was luxurious, warm and vaguely perfumed, and he was surprised by her eagerness for she had soon stripped him and herself of clothes. She was remembering the ritual, the momentary exhilaration of rendering Fitten unconscious but most of all the death they had induced as she sought through Conrad to satisfy her lust.

"I want you!" she almost pleaded and screamed, and Conrad in his inexperience believed her. But his own physical experience was growing along with his magickal-inspired confidence, and he sought, and succeeded, to prolong his own pleasure and hers. In the bliss of his satiation he fell asleep, his limbs entwined around her body, and it was in the deep of night he awoke, to find himself alone.

Thirst and hunger roused him from her bed, and he dressed to wander from the room. The house was lit but with subdued and warming light, and he walked cautiously down the stairs, hoping to find someone awake. The silence unnerved him, a little, and he stood by the open door to the dining room for some minutes before going in.

The table was laid for one. The servers' door still swayed, a little, and he was about to push it open to peer into the serving room and kitchen's beyond, when the maid opened it.

She indicated the chair, and he obediently sat at the table. Several times he tried to engage her in conversation, and each time she turned away. Her expression never changed, and twice he asked her after Susan but she continued with her duties, mute and efficient. He was served soup, a course containing fillet steak, and he was sitting shrouded in silence and replete from the food drinking his coffee alone when he saw a light in the garden through the window.

It was a torch, wavering in the distance. Vaguely, he could discern a person running. Intrigued, he extinguished the lights in the room to watch the figure weave closer toward the house. The snow was bright, and as the figure passed by, he recognized Fitten, and Conrad soon had the window open.

He clambered through, surprised by the intense cold outside. Fitten must have heard him, for he turned around and shone the light from the torch into Conrad's face.

Then Fitten was screaming and running toward him. "You killed her! Devil!" he shouted.

Fitten swung the torch at Conrad's face, but Conrad parried the blow as Fitten tried to grapple. Then, they were both on the ground, rolling over and over in the snow with Fitten trying to pummel Conrad's face with his fists. Desperate, but determined, Conrad butted Fitten's head with his own. Dazed, Fitten rolled away and Conrad was about to stand and drag him to his feet when Aris and Gedor walked out of the house toward them.

"How pleasing!" Aris said. "He has arrived just in time to join our little celebration. Bring him!" he commanded Gedor, and Gedor obeyed, lifting Fitten easily.

They were returning toward the house when Aris said, "We have other unwelcome guests, I sense." He appeared to be listening to something no one else could hear, then turned to Gedor. "Release him!"

Gedor dropped Fitten into the snow. Aris bent over him, gripping his neck in his hand and saying in an almost sibilating voice, "He is dead already! Give him to them if they wish it!"

He released Fitten, who fell dazed. Then Aris was gone, into the shadows of the trees beside one side of the house, and as he did so two men appeared, walking over the snow from the front of the house.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the tallest of them said to Conrad, "but we have come for him."

"What do you want?" Conrad asked aggressively.

"My name is Baynes - " the tall man said.

"Baynes?" Conrad repeated, and then remembered.

"Yes. Now, about Mr. Fitten - "

"You are not welcome here," Conrad said.

"That is no surprise to me. We have come to escort Mr. Fitten home. I am very much afraid the recent death of his wife has unsettled him."

Fitten had stood up, his head bowed and he appeared to be crying.

"Take him," Conrad said.

"Thank you Mr. Robury."

Conrad was surprised at the use of his name. "Go, now," he said. "This is private property."

"This place and that attitude," Baynes said gently, "do not suit you. If at any time you wish to come and talk with me - "

Conrad was beginning to get angry. "Push off!"

"You do not realize what is happening to you, do you?"

"Gedor - " Conrad said, gesturing toward Baynes. He was half-surprised when Gedor, obeying him, moved forward menacingly.

"We shall take our leave," Baynes said, holding Fitten's arm.

Conrad watched them go. Someone was walking toward him from the house, and he turned to see Susan.

"Our ritual will begin soon," she said. "Come, I must prepare you - for the fulfillment of your Destiny is near."

His anger had left him by the time they reached the libation chamber, beside the hidden Temple, with its sunken pool. He stood watching Susan as she stripped naked to bathe. The sight aroused him, while nearby in the Temple, he could hear that Satanic chanting had begun.

IX

Only once did Conrad think about the death of Fitten's wife - but he did not care. He had and did feel the pure exhilaration of life, the joy - the blissful ecstasy of living totally without planning and almost without thought. There was an exuberance within him which he felt he was beginning to need.

Events were happening to him, rather than being controlled by him, but he possessed a strong sense of his own importance, a strong belief that life had chosen him for something, and he drifted into the events with wonder but little fear. His life, since the light suffused him during the wiccan rite, had been enhanced. Was what he felt, he briefly thought, the ecstasy that warriors found in war and which they sought again and again? That bliss of being so near oblivion that there was a pure joy in the ordinary moments of living? Was this, he wondered, the true meaning of Satanism?

He did not know, nor particularly care, so far had magick re-made him, and he followed Susan down the steps into the Temple with greedy anticipation, proud of his robe which had been waiting for him beside the waters of libation, and proud that he had physically possessed Susan, the beautiful Satanic priestess.

Near the altar on which Tanith lay naked, a crystal tetrahedron glowed, adding to the light from the candles. The congregation were gathered round the altar and their Master stood nearby, holding up the wax effigy which had lain on Tanith's womb.

"I who delivered you in birth now name you," he said, but Conrad could not hear the name Aris pronounced and blessed with the sign of the inverted pentagram.

Susan took the effigy, and dressed it while the Master raised his arms.

"I will go down to the altars in Hell," he said.

"To Satan, the giver of life," responded the congregation.

Conrad stood within their circle, raising his voice in the Satanic prayers that followed. He knew the Satanist 'Our Father' and Creed by heart.

Aris began the chanting which followed. 'Agios o Satanas!' he sang. It was then that Conrad noticed the small coffin beside the altar, and a black shroud, ready. The chanting continued as Susan assisted Tanith from the altar before clothing her in a crimson robe.

"We" Tanith said to them all, "curse Paul Fitten."

"We curse Paul Fitten."

"He," she said, with glee, "will writhe and die."

"He will writhe and die."

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"We shall kill him!" she laughed.

"We shall kill him!" the congregation, Susan, Aris and Conrad laughed.

In the shadows, someone beat a hand-drum, capturing the rhythm of the chant.

"We shall glory in his death!" Tanith, as Mistress of Earth, said.

"We shall glory in his death!"

Tanith made passes with her hands over the effigy, chanting as she did so, before picking it up and

showing it to the worshippers gathered around her.

"The Earth rejects him," she said.

"You reject him," they responded.

"I who gave you birth, now lay you down to die!" She placed the effigy in the coffin, secured the lid, and wrapped the shroud around it.

"He is dead!" She said.

"He is dead! By our curse, destroyed!"

Slowly, Susan led the dance and the chant. "Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sibylla. Quantos tremor est futurus quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

The chant was strange to Conrad, almost unearthly, but he quickly learnt it as he danced and chanted with the others, counter sun-wise around the altar. The dance and the chant were becoming quicker with every revolution, and he was almost glad when Susan pulled him away. She did not speak, but took him down with her to the floor while Tanith stood over them, saying "Frates, ut meum vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanus!"

Susan kissed him as they lay on the ground and Tanith knelt beside them to caress Conrad's buttocks and back. In the excitement of the ritual and Tanith's touch, Conrad's task was soon over, and he slumped over Susan, temporarily exhausted from his ecstasy. He did not resist when Tanith rolled him over, and watched, as the dancers danced around them still chanting and the light pulsed with the beat of the drum, while Tanith buried her head between Susan's thighs. Then she was kissing him with her wet mouth before she stood to kiss each member of the congregation in salutation.

"You gave him his birth," Susan was chanting as she walked toward the shrouded coffin, "and with my power I have killed him who dared to stand against us! See!" she said, laughing as she faced the congregation who had gathered around her to listen, "how my magick destroys him! He died in agony and we rejoiced!"

"He died in agony and we rejoiced!" they responded.

She took the coffin, placed it on the floor of the Temple and held a lighted candle to the shroud. It burst into flames. "Our curse, by my will," she said, "has destroyed him! Dignum et justum est!"

She laughed, Conrad laughed, the congregation laughed as the shroud and the coffin burnt fiercely.

"Feast now, and rejoice," Tanith commanded them, "for we have killed and shown the power of our Prince!"

Near Conrad, the orgy of lust began as two naked men walked down the steps to the Temple carrying large trays full of food and wine. A woman came toward Conrad, smiled, and removed her robe, but Susan took his hand and led him back up the steps.

She did not speak, and he did not, but bathed with him in the libation chamber, to dress herself and wait while he dressed, and take him back to the house. The room to which she took him was dark and empty.

"You felt no power in the ritual?" she suddenly asked as they stood beside each other in the coldness.

"Yes" he lied.

"You must be honest with me," he heard Aris' voice say. Light came slowly - a soft light to reveal only the bare walls of the room and Susan standing and smiling beside him. There were no windows, and the door was closed.

"Do not be afraid," Susan said in her own voice.

"I am not afraid," he answered honestly.

"Tell me, then, about the ritual," Susan asked softly.

"There was something," he said, "but not what I expected."

"Am I what you expect?" she said with Aris' voice. She was watching him, waiting.

Momentarily, Conrad had the impression that Susan was not human at all - she was something unearthly which was using her form and Aris' voice, something from another Time and Space. But he had touched her, kissed her, felt the soft warmth of her body. Confused, he stood watching her. She was not the young woman he had known: her eyes became full of stars, her face the void of space. She became Aris, and then a nebulous chaos that was incomprehensible to him.

He could feel within him her longing for the vastness of space. There was a sadness within this longing, for it had existed before him and would exist after his own death, thousands of years upon thousands of years. He would have to understand, he suddenly knew - he would have to understand and help before this sad longing, this waiting would be over.

Then she was Susan again, standing next to him and holding his hand, caressing his face with her fingers. Gentle and warm.

"You are beginning to understand," she was saying.

Her touch re-assured him. "Yes" he said, "I am yours."

The door opened, and Aris came toward him.

"Your life," Aris the Master said, "will break the seal which binds Them."

"I have no choice," Conrad said as if hypnotized.

"You have no choice," Aris and Susan said together.

Aris smiled, and kissed Susan. "You have done well, my daughter. Now you must prepare him."

It was time, Conrad understood. Yes, it was time. Susan touched his forehead, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

X

Fitten was mumbling to himself as he sat against the wall of Baynes' house. He seemed harmless, and Baynes left him alone.

"He has been like this since you returned from that house?" The speaker was an old man whose white beard terminated in a point. He sat on a comfortable chair, his ornately carved walking stick beside him.

"Yes," replied Baynes. Frater Togbare was his honoured guest.

"I spoke with the Council, last night," Togbare said. "We are agreed the situation is serious. You have had no recent news from Frater Achad?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"His Initiation in the Satanic group is due, you said?"

"Yes. Sometime during the next few days. He should be able to provide us with more information then."

"Excellent. We shall need it. I only hope we have enough time."

Fitten began to gibber, jumping up and down as he watched the guests Baynes and Togbare had invited arrive in their cars. Togbare went to him, and touched his shoulder. The gentle touch of the Old Magus seemed to comfort Fitten, for he sat quietly in the corner, tracing shapes on his palm with his finger.

It was not long before all the guests had arrived and were settled in the room. They had been quietly

told about Fitten, and could ignore him.

Baynes rose to address them. "Ladies and gentlemen. You are all, I know, familiar with the reasons why Frater Togbare and myself have called this meeting. You come here - some I know from far away - as representatives of many and different organizations. All of us, however, have a common aim - to prevent the Satanists succeeding in their plan." He sat down, and Togbare whispered in his ear.

"Er, yes of course," he agreed in answer to Togbare's whispered question. He stood up again. "Frater Togbare has suggested I briefly outline the facts of the matter to you, so that everything is in perspective - before we begin our magickal tasks." He surveyed the eager, expectant and occasional anxious faces before him. Six men, and four women of varying ages and manner of dress. "We believe that the Satanist group responsible for the death by magick of Mr Fitten's wife, the present state of Mr Fitten himself, and the murder of, among others, Maria Torrens, are acting in concert with a number of other Satanic groups in this and other countries to perform a powerful and very sinister ritual. This ritual has as one of its aims, the Opening of the Gates to the Abyss - releasing thus the psychic energy that has been stored over the ages on various astral levels as well as drawing into the ordinary world of our waking consciousness evil entities. This opening will release powerful forces, and change the world. It will be the beginning of an age of darkness.

"As you all know, Satanists - and here of course I refer to genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and not the showman type - have used their magickal powers for centuries to bring about chaos, to increase the evil in this world. Perhaps there exist some centuries old Satanic plan - I do not know. But what is clear, what has become evident to us over the past decade or so, is that some groups are about to perform this particular ritual which to our knowledge no one has attempted before."

He smiled, a little. "Or perhaps I should say - no one has attempted and succeeded. The power of the most important group involved in this is immense - as I am sure you all have realized. It is not easy, in magick, as you all know, to kill another by ritual - but they possess this power, claimed by many others, but rarely proven.

"When this power is released by their ritual there will be immediate effects as well as more long term ones. An increase in evil deeds - resulting from weak individuals becoming possessed by the demonic forces unleashed. That is only one example. You all share, I know, my concern and that of the Council which Frater Togbare represents.

"Thus we have called you here to use our combined abilities to nullify this plan and the ritual. You all are accomplished and experienced Occultists: some working within your own groups, others, alone. I have myself prepared a site for you." He indicated a woman seated near him, resplendent in colourful clothes and jewellery. "Denise here will go with you, and explain the details of the ritual we propose to undertake."

A man rose, respectfully, from his chair. "You will not be accompanying us?" he asked.

"No. Neither will Frater Togbare. Perhaps I should explain. We recently infiltrated the main Satanist

group with one of our members. We are waiting for him to contact us with important details - the time, place of the ritual and so on. As you will appreciate this is a delicate matter, and we need to be available as the information could be received at any time. We will both, of course, at the appointed time of your ritual, perform one of our own, joining you on the astral. I hope this answers your question, Martin."

"Yes. Yes, of course," the now embarrassed man agreed.

"It only remains, therefore, for me to hand you over into the very capable hands of Denise."

Denise smiled affectionately at him, and he looked away.

As they stood to leave, Togbare addressed them. "I am most pleased," he said, "that you have responded to our call so readily at no small sacrifice to yourselves. If I may be allowed to add a codicil to our learned friends remarks, I would remind you that the ritual which the Satanists plan here in this city or nearby, requires at least one - possibly more - human sacrifice. Thank you all, most sincerely."

He beamed with delight, and shook the hands of several of the guests who came to greet him.

"Shall I light the fire?" Baynes asked him when all the guests were gone.

"That would be most kind," Togbare replied. "Most kind of you. Then we must begin."

"I suppose," Baynes said as he knelt down before the hearth to light the fire, already prepared. "We could liken this opening of the gates to the return of Satan himself - Armageddon, and the beginning of the reign of the Anti-Christ."

"Yes, possibly."

Suddenly, Fitten jumped up. "No! No!" he screamed. "He lies!" he shouted at Togbare. "He lies! I know! Me! For I have been given the understanding!"

He moved toward Togbare, and Baynes went to restrain him.

"Leave me alone!" screamed Fitten. "You are cursed! He must know!" He pushed Baynes away. Togbare smiled at him.

"Listen!" Fitten said to Togbare. "We will all be opfers. Not Satan! Not Satan! Do you understand? It is THEM! The spawn of Chaos. They have lied to us, you see. Lied to us! Oh, how they have lied and deceived us. The Master will bring Them - They need us, you see. From the stars They will come. The seal that holds Them in Their own dimensions will be broken! Don't you understand? They are not the Old Ones! They have lied about that, also! The Nine Angles are the key - "

Fitten stopped, his hands raised, his face red. Then he was coughing and choking, spitting blood before he fell to writhe and scream on the floor. Frothy blood oozed from his mouth, and his bones could be heard breaking. His face went blue, his eyes bulged and then he was still. Baynes went to him, but he was dead, having swallowed his own tongue.

"We must be calm," Togbare said as sudden laughter filled the darkening room. "Concentrate, with me." Baynes came to stand beside him. "There is evil in this room. Concentrate, with me," Togbare repeated. "The flaming pentagram and the four-fold breathing."

Gradually, the laughter and the darkness subsided.

"He is dead," said Baynes unnecessarily. He covered Fitten's contorted face with his coat.

Eerily, the telephone began to ring. "Baynes here," he said. He listened, then gave the receiver to Togbare. "It's Frater Achad. He wants to speak with you."

"Hello!" Togbare said. "Yes, we are alone. Mr Fitten? He was here, yes. But listen, my son. Just now he died. Here, in this room. Are you still there? Evil magick - dark powers came to us, here. Yes, I understand. I shall pray for you, my son. Goodbye." He returned the telephone receiver to Baynes. "He could not speak for long."

"Of course. Did he mention anything? About the ritual?"

"Only a manuscript which might be relevant. Sloane MS 3189."

"I am not familiar with it, myself. British Museum?"

"Yes. Now, about poor Mr Fitten - "

"I shall take care of everything. The Police will have to be informed, of course."

"Naturally."

"I have some influence," Baynes said, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not like to use it, but in the circumstances - "

"I quite understand," said Togbare sympathetically.

"There will be no need for the Occult connection to become known. If you will excuse me, for a moment. I have some telephone calls to make."

"Yes, of course."

The fire was burning brightly when Baynes returned to find Togbare still sitting in the chair and

Fitten's body still nearby on the floor. Baynes admired Togbare's calm detachment.

"His notes and papers," Togbare asked. "It might help if we perused them."

"Possibly. I have a key to his house."

"Indeed?" Togbare was surprised.

"A few weeks ago," Baynes explained, "he came to see me. He gave me the key with the instructions to burn all his notes, papers and books should anything happen to him."

"He was expecting something to happen?"

"Apparently. But he was always liable to get excited. It was just his way."

"You did not believe him?" asked Togbare without censure.

"To be honest, no. I wish I had done. Perhaps I could have done something."

"There is nothing anyone of us could have done. You have informed the Police?"

"Yes. Someone will be arriving shortly."

Togbare smiled. "Just as Denise and the others begin their ritual."

"Of course!" said Baynes, suddenly understanding. "The Master has timed this well."

Togbare sighed. "He is powerful. Yet there is something else. Our every effort to neutralize the magickal power of this group over the years has come to nought. I have long suspected they have infiltrated us. The Council itself. These most recent events only confirm my suspicions."

"You believe there is a traitor?" asked Baynes with incredulity.

"I do not believe," Togbare answered quietly, "I know." He sighed again. "For this knowledge I will die. Perhaps my death will stop them - I do not know. But I know that beyond death this Satanic Master will try and claim my soul."

Gently, Baynes held the old man's hand. It was cold, like the room.

"It will be dawn in a few hours," Baynes said.

Then the laughter returned to haunt them - damning, demonic laughter. But it was soon gone as, outside, they heard an owl, screeking.

XI

Around him, Conrad sensed many people. He could not see them directly, for he was held as if paralysed on the floor of a small chamber near the Temple. There was a pillow supporting his head, and he looked down to see himself dressed in a black robe, the septagon sigil of the Order embroidered in red over the place of his heart.

He could hear chanting, smell incense and burning wax. Then a voice, speaking words he remembered from his own Initiation: "Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!" It was Tanith's voice, but it seemed to become very distant. Then he was asleep again, dreaming of being in space above the Earth as it turned in its orbit around the Sun. Then he was among alien but humanoid beings as they descended to Earth from the cold prison of space. Time rushed on, in a fluxion of images. Primitive tribes gathered in awe and greeting for the beings who taught, guided, controlled and destroyed among the forests and the ice. Others opposed to them came forth from space, seeking them out to kill or capture, taking their prisoners away, back into the cold, vast prison in space from which they had escaped, sealing them in forever in a vortex. He was there, in the dimensions and time beyond the causal, and felt their longing to escape, to explore the vastness and the beauty of the stars.

He awoke feeling a sense of loss. For minutes he lay still, scarcely breathing, and then he saw - or thought he saw - Tanith enter the chamber leading a man, blindfolded and bound. She lay with him on the floor to complete his Initiation before removing the blindfold.

"Neil, Neil!" he tried to say as he recognized the man. But the words would not be formed by his mouth and he lay helpless and still until the image vanished. He saw Susan walking toward him, and he closed his eyes, refusing to believe them. But she touched him, washing his face and hands with the warm water she carried in a bowl. She was smiling at him as she gently caressed him.

"I..." he began to say.

"Don't try to move too quickly," she said. "You will take some time to recover."

Slowly, he became aware he could move his fingers, his hands, his feet and as he did so he realized he loved her.

She kissed him, as if understanding his thought. "You understand now?"

Her eyes were beautiful, and it did not matter to Conrad that they had seemed full of stars.

"I think so," he replied.

"Together, we are a key which opens the Gate, breaking the seal which binds Them."

He did not think it a strange thing for her to say.

"Now," she said, "you are prepared. Come - for the Master awaits us."

It was as he stood up that he remembered that she was the Masters' daughter. She led him from the chamber into the dimness of the Temple. There were no candles on the altar, no naked priestess, no congregation gathered to greet them, indeed nothing magickal except the crystal tetrahedron, glowing as it stood on a plinth. Only the Master and Tanith awaited them.

"The season and time being right," intoned the Master, "the stars being aligned as it is written they be aligned, this Temple conforming to the precepts of our Dark Gods, let us heed the Angles of the Nine!"

He gestured toward the crystal, chanting "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" as he did so. The light that seemed to emanate from within it darkened and then began to slowly change colour until only a dim blue glow remained.

"So it has been," the Master intoned, "so it is and so shall it be again. Agarthi has known Them, the Nameless who came forth before we dreamed. And Bron Wrgon, our twin Gate, Here," and he gestured toward Susan and Conrad, "a Key to the dimensions beyond Time: a key to the nine angles and the trapezohedron! From their crisis will come the power to break the seal which binds!"

"They exist," Tanith chanted as Aris began to vibrate with his voice the words of power - "Nii! Ny'thra Kthunae Atazoth. Ny'thra! Nii! Zod das Ny'thra!" - "in the angles of those dimensions that cannot be perceived, waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle. They have trod the blackness between the stars and they found us, huddled in sleep and cold. But the Sirians came, to seal us and them again in our prisons and our sleep. Soon shall we both become free!"

The Master stood with his hands on the tetrahedron, as Tanith did, and they both began to vibrate a fourth and an octave apart, the words that were the key to the Abyss.

Susan stood beside Conrad, but she did not pull him down with her to the floor as he expected. Instead, she held his hands with hers and stood before him. Her hands were cold, icy cold, and he could feel the coldness invading him. Her eyes became again full of stars which spread to enclose her face. The Temple itself became black, and all he could hear was the insistent and deep chanting of the words which would open the Abyss. It was a strange sound, as the two voices chanted an octave fourth apart. Conrad began to feel dizzy, and felt he was falling. A profusion of stars rushed toward him as if he was travelling incredibly fast in Space itself. He passed a coloured, broken grid made of pulsing lights and world upon alien world. Peoples with strange faces and bodies upon strange worlds, beautiful and disgusting scenes: a sunset on a world with three moons, red, orange and blue; a heap of mangled corpses, spaked and being eaten by small animals with rows of sharp teeth while, nearby, a starship lay crashed and mangled in yellow sand... The impressions were fleeting but powerful and came and went in profusion. And then they suddenly ended. He was alone, totally alone in stark and cold blackness. Faintly, he could hear a rustling. It was the wind, and as he listened and waited, faint images, growing slowly and changing in colour - violet to blue to orange then red.

Brightness came with the swift dawn, and he found himself standing amid barren rocks beneath an orange sky. A figure was walking toward him, and Conrad recognized it. It was himself.

The figure spoke, in Conrad's voice. "The seal that bound us is no more. Soon, we shall be with you."

The man smiled, but it was a sinister smile which both pleased and disquieted Conrad.

"Now I must depart," the image of Conrad said. "But before I go I give you a reward. See me as I have been known to those on your world with little understanding."

The figure contorted, was Satan, and was gone.

XII

"You consider it important?" Baynes asked Togbare as they stood beside Fitten's desk in the study of his house.

Togbare read the tattered manuscript again. "It could be. It well could be."

"Anything interesting?" Neil asked. He had met them at Baynes' house as they were preparing to leave in the dawn light. He was fresh from his Initiation ceremony, but they wasted no time discussing it.

"Does it mean anything to you?" Togbare asked Neil.

Neil took the manuscript - several pages of handwritten sheets. He read it carefully. "Not really," he finally said, passing it to Baynes. "They told me very little - other than to be prepared for an important ritual very soon."

Baynes read the writing. "The ancient and secret rite of the Nine Angles is a call to the Dark Gods who exist beyond Time in the acausal dimensions, where that power which is behind the form of Satan resides, and waits. The rite is the blackest act of black magick, for it brings to Earth Those who are never named." He put the manuscript back on the desk. "Sounds like Lovecraft to me," said Baynes dismissively.

"Of that," replied Togbare, "I am aware. Yet I gain the impression, from what I have read of Mr Fitten's notes and the little I already know, that he himself - and I am inclined to support him - that he regarded the mythos that Lovecraft invented, or which more correctly was given to him by his dreaming-true, as a corruption of a secret tradition. He made his Old Ones loathsome and repulsive. I myself am inclined to believe that if such entities as these so-called 'Dark Gods' exist they might be shape-changers, like the Prince of Darkness himself."

"What do these qabalistic attributions mean?" asked Neil, pointing to a page of the manuscript Fitten had written. "About 418 not being 13?"

"Alas," admitted Togbare, "I do not know."

"Do you think he copied this from somewhere?" Neil asked.

"Possibly. You said they mentioned books and manuscripts in their possession?"

"Yes. 'The Master' said I might see some of them, soon. All their Initiates, apparently, have to study them."

"We shall have to wait, then," said Baynes.

"Possibly, possibly," mumbled Togbare. He began to search among the files that cluttered the desk and the room itself. "There is a tradition," he muttered as he searched, "that Shambhala and Agharti have their origin in a real conflict between cosmic forces at the dawn of Man. It is a persistent tradition, in all Occult schools, and this may point to the tradition having at least some basis in fact." He sat in the chair at the desk. "I am old," he said, shaking his head, "and the Inner Light that guides our Council has been my strength for many, many years. Even as a young man I sought the mysteries. Yet, here I am, many years later, and still I lack understanding. There is evil around, even here - in this room. I sense it. What is happening and has been happening for years is distorting the Astral Light. We seem to be about to face a new, darker, era. We seem no nearer a solution. Perhaps we have looked in the wrong areas. We believed the Satanists who have caused the distortion to be literal worshippers of the Devil. Then they became for us followers of To Mega Therion, their word Thelema. Now, when it is almost too late, we discover they have no Word, except perhaps Chaos - that what they plan is perhaps even more sinister and terrible than we imagined."

"But there is time," Neil tried to say, helpfully, "I am aware there is. Conrad Robury - "

"Ah!" Togbare's eyes brightened.

"If he is important to them in what they plan, then why has he appeared only now? Surely more preparation is required."

"You know the gentleman, I believe?" Togbare asked.

"Yes," said Neil. "I introduced him to the wiccan group."

"And arranged an introduction with Mr Sanders," added Baynes.

"Yes I did."

"Even though," said Baynes quietly, "you knew Sanders to recruit for the Master and his group."

"Well, when you suggested I infiltrate them myself, I thought it would be a good ploy. Show my intent, so to speak, to introduce someone who might be useful to them."

"And so it has proved," said Togbare.

"What are you suggesting?" Neil asked Baynes, as though he had not heard what Togbare said.

"I am not suggesting anything," replied Baynes, softly.

"Come! Come!" chided Togbare, "let us not quarrel. There are elementals about, trying to divide us and disrupt our plans."

"I am sorry," Baynes said sincerely. "I'm just tired. You must forgive me."

Togbare looked at him with kindness. "When did you last sleep?"

"I don't know. A few days ago, perhaps. There has not been time."

"May I suggest," said Togbare, "that you return to your home for a few hours rest?"

"But surely, I can help here?"

"Yes, of course In a few hours time. It will not take all three of us to search these files." He indicated a small pile on the desk, awaiting their attention. "Please, do go and get some rest."

"If you are sure," said Baynes.

"Yes, of course. We shall return to your home within the next few hours."

"Will you be alright?" Baynes turned to leave.

"Do not worry!"

Togbare waved to him through the window. The snow still lay heavy upon the ground, but the sky was clear. "He works very hard," he mumbled to himself before returning to sit by the desk. "This Conrad Robury," he asked Neil.

"Yes?"

"He had no previous interest?"

"No. None. He was a friend, studying science. It all started out as a bit of a joke, actually. He thought

all of the Occult was nonsense. So I suggested that as a scientist he should study the subject at first hand. But there was always something about him. I don't quite know what - perhaps his eyes. Sometimes when he looked at me I felt uneasy. He was a very intense young man. I know it may sound funny, but he was very earnest in an almost puritanical way."

"He could be the sacrifice they need."

Neil sighed. "I know" His eyes showed the sadness and the guilt he felt at the possibility.

"Do not worry," said Togbare sincerely. "If that is what is planned, we shall save your Conrad Robury."

"Did I hear," a voice from the doorway said, "someone call my name?" Conrad stepped into the room.

"Conrad!" Neil said with pleasant surprise. He started to walk toward his friend, but Togbare restrained him by grasping his arm.

"Wait," Togbare advised. He looked at Conrad. "By what right do you dare to enter here?"

Conrad smiled. "By the right of my Word - Chaos!"

"Conrad," Neil said, "what's happened?"

"You thought," Conrad said hatefully to him, "to betray us! You will not stop us! Neither of you will. You!" he pointed at Neil, "are coming with me!"

"He is staying," said Togbare, using his stick to help himself stand.

"You do not frighten me, old man!" Conrad said. He moved toward Neil, but Togbare raised his stick. Conrad felt a sudden and severe pain in his stomach. He tried to move forward, but the pain increased, and he placed his hands on his abdomen, grimacing with pain.

Silently, Susan came into the room to stand beside him. She touched his hand, and the pain vanished. He stared at Togbare, concentrating on shaping his own aura into a weapon. He formed it using his will into an inverted septagon which he aimed at Togbare.

The effect was minimal, for Togbare still smiled and raised his stick. From it's tip white filaments flowed to form a flaming pentagram above the Mage's head. The pentagram came closer and closer, sending purple filaments toward Conrad who held up his ring to absorb them. But however hard Conrad tried he could not will any force to oppose the filaments. The ring simply kept absorbing them. For every one filament absorbed, three new ones arose until both he and Susan were enclosed in a purple web. Desperate and determined, Conrad concentrated on his ring, remembering the chant he had heard in the Temple. The concentration and visualization seemed to work, for a bright red bolt

broke forth from his ring, hurtling toward Togbare. But the Magus simply held out his palm which harmlessly absorbed the light. Conrad could feel his power being slowly drained away. Then he remembered.

Susan's hand was near and he grasped it tightly. She leant against him and he felt a force rush through him. She was laughing, the power she gave him was strong and he had time only to fashion its primal chaos into the sign of the inverted pentagram before it sped across the room in accordance with his desire. It touched Togbare's stick, knocking it from his hand as the purple web which enclosed the Satanists shattered, then disappeared.

Togbare was unharmed, but his power was gone. "You have powerful friends, I see," he said.

"You cannot stop us!" Conrad laughed.

Togbare smiled, and bent down to retrieve his stick. Cautiously, Conrad stepped back. "Do not worry," Togbare said. "My power - like yours - is for the moment gone. But it will return, and soon."

Conrad went toward him and tried to grasp the stick. He wanted to break it over his knee. But some force around Togbare kept him away. It was as if when he got within a few feet of the Magus he became paralysed.

"It is your evil intent," Togbare said, and smiled, "which holds you back."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he caught hold of Neil, twisting his arm behind his back. "You're coming with us!"

"He will be of no use to you," said Togbare. "As your Master will soon realize."

"We shall see!"

"Please," Neil pleaded, "don't let them take me!"

"They cannot harm you, my son," Togbare said. "Trust me. Now I have seen their power, I know what to do."

Neil was unsure, and struggled to be free. Conrad held him round the throat. "So much for his power, eh?" he said as he pushed Neil toward the door.

"Conrad, Conrad!" Neil pleaded. "What's happened to you?"

"You're to be our sacrifice!" Conrad said, and laughed.

"Help me! For God's sake help me!" Neil cried out.

"It's too late!" gloated Conrad. "We need your blood!"

Susan had her car waiting outside the front door of the house, and Conrad pushed Neil into it, holding him down as she drove away toward their Satanic Temple.

XIII

For several hours Togbare stayed in Fitten's house. At first, following the departure of Conrad and Susan with Neil, he sat at the desk and meditated, gradually restoring to himself, by breath control and mantra, the power he had lost during the astral combat.

Afterwards, he studied Fitten's manuscripts, notes and books, and it was almost noon when he stood up from the desk. In his absorption, he had not noticed the cold of the room, and he shivered, a little, as he walked to the door. Outside, the sun was warming, and he walked slowly and steadily like the old man he was, the miles to Baynes' house, glad of the exercise and the snowy coldness of the Winter air.

Baynes was in his large study when Togbare arrived. The room was warm, and Togbare sat by the coal fire as he related the events leading to the taking of Neil. Baynes was clearly perturbed.

"I am sure," Baynes said, "they will sacrifice him. He has betrayed them - broken the oath of his Initiation. This is disturbing news, it really is. I do not believe we can wait any longer. I think the time has come for us to act - swiftly and decisively."

"You have a suggestion?"

"Yes. Since this Conrad Robury is important to them - or so it seems - I suggest we entice him away from their house, and hold him, here if necessary, for a few days as our guest. We can then arrange for him to be exchanged with Mr Stanford."

Togbare's surprise showed on his face. "It would not be right."

"To save Mr Stanford's life? It is the only way, for I do not believe that we can succeed by magick alone. Not now."

For a long time Togbare did not speak. He sat staring into the flames of the fire.

"You are right," he finally said, and sighed. "I do not like it, but it appears to be our only hope. The situation is desperate."

"May I," Baynes said, "therefore suggest that we - you and I - undertake a simple rite with the intention of enticing Robury from the house. I could arrange for some people to be waiting. He would not be harmed, of course."

"You could arrange all this?"

"Yes. It should not take long - a few hours, no more." He turned toward Togbare and smiled. "Wealth has its uses - occasionally!"

"Those good people who were with us, yesterday?"

"Yes?"

"If you could arrange for some of them to come here, you need not be detained. We, then, could do the ritual you suggested."

"Splendid! I shall contact them at once. I told them, this morning, to be prepared as we might need them at short notice."

"You spoke to them all this morning?" Togbare was amazed.

"Well, when I returned here, I could not sleep. I thought I would do something useful. They all felt the ritual they undertook went well."

"It has bought us some time, I think. Some little time. This Mr Robury - I have realized that his apparent Occult ability depends on a certain young lady. She was with him, this morning. It is the same woman, I am sure, who was with him at the ritual at Mr Fitten's house when that unfortunate lady, his wife, passed over to the other side. So, alone and with us, he should have no power. Yes," he mused, "the more I think on this - on this plan of yours - the more I am inclined to believe it will succeed."

"Then," said Baynes, "I shall go and make the necessary arrangements."

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Baynes stood staring out of his office window watching the traffic in the city street below. He liked his spartan office on the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in the city centre as much for the splendid view as for its relative quiet amid his busy business empire which he controlled from this, his, building.

His desk intercom buzzed. "Yes?" he asked.

"A Mr Sanders to see you, sir."

"Excellent! Send him in!" He seated himself in his leather chair behind his uncluttered desk.

"Mr Sanders," his Secretary announced.

"Please," he said, indicating a chair, "be seated."

"I'd rather stand," Sanders said. He was dressed in black as was his habit. "You wanted to see me?" he asked, warily.

"I have a proposition for you - a business proposition."

"So your flunky said on the 'phone."

"You operate what some might describe as a 'Black Magick' temple, do you not?"

Sanders sat in the chair. "Let's cut the crap! I know you, Baynes, and you know me."

"I would like you to do me a favour - for a substantial sum of money."

Suspicious, Sanders looked around the room. "Are you taping this?"

"Of course not!"

"So what's your offer - and how much?"

"Fifty thousand pounds."

Sanders hid his surprise. "To do what?"

"Not long ago, a certain young gentleman - a student - came to visit you. You introduced him, I believe, to a certain group. Well, I would like this gentleman brought from where he is to my house. With the minimal use of force, of course."

Sanders stood up. "I can't say it was a pleasure meeting you. Goodbye."

"You have a very lucrative side-line, I believe."

Sander was nearly at the door when Baynes added, "I'm sure the Police would be very interested in your - what shall I call it? - your import business. A Mr Osterman is your contact in Hamburg, I understand."

Sanders stopped. "You're bluffing."

"I assure you I'm not. Your last assignment arrived last Tuesday. Estimated value - I believe the term used is 'on the street' - two million pounds, at least. Of course, if my figures are correct, your profit is somewhat smaller. Much smaller in fact. So many overheads."

Sanders walked back to the desk. He sat down again, and smiled. "You're very well informed."

"Of course," Baynes said, "we both know who takes most of the profit. You are familiar, I understand, with the house where this Mr Robury is currently residing."

Sanders shrugged. "Possibly."

"Toward dusk, he will be walking in the garden. You are to bring him to me. At this address." He gave Sanders a printed card.

"And the money?"

Baynes opened a draw in his desk. He laid out several piles of ten-pound notes. "A small advance. The rest will await your arrival at the house."

"And if he is not where you said?"

"He will be. But should some unforeseen circumstance arise and he is not there, telephone me and I shall arrange another time."

Sanders scooped up the money and stuffed it into his pockets.

"And," Baynes added as Sanders stood up to leave, "if you are worried about your 'Master' finding out about our little arrangement, I'm sure you have experience enough to work some plan out so as not to implicate yourself."

Sanders was already thinking along similar lines. "You've missed your calling!" he smiled before walking to the door.

Baynes waited until Sanders had left before he used the telephone.

"Hello?" he asked as his caller answered. "Frater Togbare?"

"Yes?" came the quiet and somewhat nervous reply.

"Baynes here!" he said cheerfully, pleased with his success with Sanders. "It went well. All is arranged as planned."

When Togbare did not speak, Baynes said, "Did everything go alright with you?"

"Er, no, not really. You'd better come here - I'll explain."

"I'll be there as quick as I can!"

XIV

It had not taken Togbare long to fall asleep. He was sitting by the fire, as Baynes left for his office, wondering about the events of the past few days and the events to come. He too was tired, and slept soundly by the warmth of the fire.

The doorbell awoke him, and he walked slowly to answer its call, leaning on his stick, and expecting some of the guests of the night before. The cabinet clock in the hallway of Baynes' house showed him he had been asleep for nearly an hour. He did not recognize the woman who waited outside, but her expensive car, waiting with its chauffeur, did not surprise him, for he knew of Baynes' own wealth.

"Is Oswald in?" a smiling and alluringly dressed Tanith asked.

"Oswald?" repeated Togbare, averting his eyes from her breasts, amply exposed by her dress.

"Mr. Baynes. Is he at home?"

"Er, no. Not at the moment. Can I help?"

"I've come for your little ritual - or whatever it is you've planned."

"I'm sorry?" For some reason Togbare felt confused, a fact which he attributed to having just woken from a deep and needful sleep.

"May I come in?" Tanith asked and proceeded to walk past him, making sure their bodies touched. She walked into the study, and stood by the fire. "Dear Oswald," she said, "such a charming gentleman, but so frightfully forgetful sometimes. He forget to tell you I would be coming, didn't he?"

"Well - "

"Do be seated," she said affably.

Togbare obeyed.

"Any idea what this ritual thing is about?" she asked standing near him. "If it is anything like the one's he's invited me to before, we are in for some jolly good fun!" She laughed.

"Fun?" said Togbare, perturbed.

"Why yes! Don't say he hasn't told you? My word! Would you like a drink - to get into the mood?"

"A drink?" Togbare felt distinctly uncomfortable.

She went straight to a bookcase, pushed a hidden button, and waited until a shelf revolved to reveal decanters and glasses. "Whisky?" she said. "You look like a Whisky man to me. He has some very fines malts."

"I myself," Togbare said, rather stuffily, "do not imbibe."

"Shame. I'm partial to Gin, myself." She poured herself a full glassful and drank it immediately. "Splendid! Best on an empty stomach. Straight into the blood!" She poured herself another glass before saying, "Shall I draw the blinds so we are prepared?"

"Pardon?"

She pressed another button and the window-blinds descended to silently close.

Togbare stood up. "You seem to know this house rather well."

"I should say so! All the hours of fun I've had here! Oswald has the most marvellous parties!" She came toward Togbare who was standing by the light of the fire. "Hot in her, isn't it?" she said, beginning to remove her dress.

As she reached Togbare it fell around her ankles. She was naked and an unbelieving Togbare stared at her.

"Your spirit," she said, "is younger than your body."

She took his hand and placed it on her breast.

Togbare snatched it away and almost ran to the door. It was locked, but there was no key.

Tanith stepped out of her dress and moved toward him, laughing. "You will enjoy the pleasure I offer," she said.

Suddenly, Togbare understood. "Harlot!" he shouted. "The Master sent you!"

"Yes!"

She was closing upon him, and to Togbare she became a Satanic curse. He held up his stick, but she laughed at him.

"You are weak!" she sneered. "Look at me! Look at my body!"

Togbare turned away, mumbling words as he did so.

"Your god cannot help you now!" she mocked.

He turned to face her and as he did so she began to change form before his very eyes.

"My God!" he cried with genuine surprise, "you are his wife!"

It was a pitying laugh she gave him before gesturing behind her with her hand. Her dress disappeared, briefly, before re-appearing on her body. She gestured again, and the blinds rose to flood the room with daylight.

"You cannot harm me," Togbare said, holding his stick in front of him for protection.

"I have achieved what I came for!"

He stood aside to let her leave. The doors opened for her and she walked out into the sunlight. Through the window, she saw the Magus kneeling on the floor and saying his prayers.

"Home, Gedor!" she commanded as she got into her car.

Togbare prayed for almost an hour. He was calm then, but dismayed, and stoked and re-built the fire in his study. He sat by it, sighing and shaking his head in consternation, for a long time, rising only to answer the doorbell twice. Each time he half-expected the satanic mistress to return but each time it was only a group of Baynes's guests from the night before, summoned for a new ritual. Each time he apologized and told them to await another call. He did not explain why and they did not ask, but it took him a long time to remove the traces of the woman's presence from the house and the room.

Her mocking, lustful satanic presence seemed to have invaded every corner, and he cast pentagram after pentagram after hexagram to remove it. He only just completed his task when the telephone rang.

"I'll be there as quick as I can!" Baynes had said, and Togbare sat by the fire to wait.

He was almost asleep again when Baynes returned.

"Well," Baynes said after Togbare had explained about Tanith's visit, "it matters little. We can do the ritual ourselves, as I originally thought. That is," he paused, "if you yourself feel able to continue as planned."

"I fear we have no choice," he said sadly. "It will tire us, even more. I just hope we can recover sufficiently."

"In time for when the Satanists attempt to Open the Gates you mean?"

"Yes. Shall we begin?"

Together, they sat by the fire in the last hours of daylight, trying through their powers of visualization and will to entice Conrad away from the safety of the Master's house and into the open where Sanders would, hopefully, be waiting. After several minutes effort, Togbare withdrew from one of his pockets one of the small squares of parchment he always carried. Taking his pen, he began to write, first Conrad's name, and then several sigils, upon it. For several minutes he stared at the completed charm before casting it into the flames of the fire to be consumed.

"So mote it be!" he said as the parchment burned.

Near the window, a raven cried, loudly in the snowful silence that surrounded the house.

XV

Conrad, as Aris had instructed, was reading in the library as the twilight came. The manuscript Aris had left out for him was interesting, telling as it did of the Dark Gods. But the more he read, the more dissatisfied he became.

The work was full of signs, symbols and words - and yet he felt it was insubstantial, as if the author or authors had glimpsed at best only part of the reality. His memory of the recent ritual was vivid, and as he stared at the manuscript he realized what was lacking. The work lacked the stars - the haunting beauty he himself had experienced; the numinous beauty which he felt was waiting for him. He wanted to reach out again and again and capture that beauty, that eerie essence, that nebulousity. He had felt free, drifting through space and other dimensions; free and powerful like a god - free of his own dense body which bound him to Earth.

"Having fun?" a voice unexpectedly asked.

It was Susan, and she walked toward him.

"Not really."

She wore Tanith's exotic perfume and her clothes were thin, moulded to the contours of her body. In that instant of his watching - full as it was of sensual memories and sensual anticipation - he remembered the bliss that a body could bring.

She stood by the French windows looking up at the darkening sky. "Shall we go outside," she suggested, "and watch the stars?"

"You been reading my thoughts again?" he asked, half seriously, and half in jest.

He rose from the desk to stand beside her and was pleased when she placed her hand around his waist before opening the windows.

"I'll just get a coat," she said and kissed him. "I'll join you outside."

The air was cold, but Conrad did not care as he walked out into the snow. The stars were becoming clearer, and he wandered away from the lights of the house to watch them as they shone, unshimmering in the cold air of Winter.

They came upon him swiftly, the three men waiting in the shadows. One carried a gun and pointed it at Conrad while the others grabbed his arms.

"Quiet!" the man with the gun said, "or you're dead."

Conrad struggled, and succeeded in knocking one of the men over. He tried to punch the other man in the face, but a blow to the neck felled him, and he was unconscious as he hit the snow.

"Bring him!" the man with the gun said.

Conrad awoke as he was being bundled into a car, but his hands were bound and he was roughly thrown onto the back seat.

"Bastards!" he screamed, and kicked at the door.

A knife was held to his throat. "Calm down, stupid," its holder said, and smiled. "Or I'll make a mess of your face!"

Yards away, Sanders sat waiting in his own car. No one had followed the men as they had dragged the unconscious Conrad toward the gate and the waiting cars, and he sighed with relief. He followed the car containing Conrad and they were soon far away from the house.

As he had instructed, Conrad was blindfolded, and he stood behind two men as they stood outside Baynes' house holding Conrad between them. Baynes had been watching from his window, and strode out to meet them.

"As promised," Sanders said.

"Excellent!" replied Baynes. He gave Sanders a briefcase. Sanders opened it and then pushed Conrad toward Baynes.

"He's all yours."

Baynes led Conrad into the house. Once in the study, he locked the door before removing Conrad's

blindfold and bonds. It took Conrad only a few moments to adjust to his new surroundings.

"Please," Togbare said, indicating a chair by the fire, "sit down."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he turned to Baynes who stood by the door.

"Resorting to armed violence now, I see," Conrad quipped.

"An unfortunate necessity."

"How very Satanic of you," Conrad smiled. "Well, great Mage," he said mockingly to Togbare, "what is your plan?"

"You will remain here - for a short while."

"I suppose you in your stupidity think they will exchange Neil for me."

Togbare looked at Baynes. Conrad sneered at both of them. "You won't be able," he said, "to hold me. Not once they find out where I am. They will come - are you ready for the violence they will use?"

"What makes you think," said Baynes, "that you are that important to them? You are just another Initiate. They have plenty more. You'll be easy to replace."

"Is that so?" Conrad laughed, but Baynes' words made him feel uneasy.

"We have taken certain precautions," Togbare said.

"Oh, yes?" Conrad sneered. "You have drawn a magick circle thrice around the house - and I stand trembling and abashed at its centre! Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii!"

"Well, well!" said Baynes, "a scholar as well as a comedian."

Suddenly, Conrad rushed at Baynes, intending to punch at his face, but Baynes was too quick and easily avoided the intended blow. His own counter was quick, as he caught Conrad off balance, tripping him to the floor.

Baynes bowed slightly as Conrad slowly got to his feet.

"He studied in Taiwan," Togbare said by way of explanation.

"Oh well," Conrad said, shrugging his shoulders, "so much for that idea then." He looked around the room. "I suppose I'd better make myself comfortable."

"A wise decision," Togbare said.

"Do you not wish," Baynes said to Conrad, "to complete your studies at University?"

"What's it to you?" Conrad looked at him briefly, then at the window. He sat in an upright chair as near to it as possible.

"I believe you have an interest in Spaceflight?"

"No need to guess who told you that."

"Mr Stanford, of course. I have some contacts in the aerospace industry in the States."

"Bully for you."

"I could arrange for you to continue your studies at an American university at the end of which you would be guaranteed work with one of the leading companies in the aerospace industry. You would, of course, be provided with a large capital sum - say fifty thousand pounds - for incidental expenses over the years."

"Are you trying to bribe me?" Conrad asked, amazed - and interested - by the offer.

"Yes." said Baynes without hesitation.

"What would you want in exchange?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" asked Conrad incredulously.

"Except your immediate departure for America. I would, of course, make the necessary arrangements."

"I don't believe it," Conrad said, amazed.

"Money has no interest for me - beyond what good I can do with it."

"And the Master?" Conrad asked. "What of him if I betrayed him by leaving?"

"As I said before, you are a mere Initiate to him. He can easily find someone to take your place. But if you wish, I could provide you with a new identity. I have certain contacts who could arrange matters. You would soon be forgotten."

"It's very tempting. But the Master - "

"All you have to do," said Baynes, "is stay here with us for a few days. You will see when nobody is sent to fetch you, when they show no interest in you whatsoever, that what I say is true."

"How do I know this isn't just some ploy to get me to stay here?"

"You have my word. Should you wish, you can be with me when I make the necessary arrangements. I can have the money here within a few hours, the airline ticket likewise. Your passport and new identity will take a little longer - a day, perhaps. You yourself can speak to the American university I have in mind."

"When do I have to decide?"

"The sooner you decide, the sooner I can make the arrangements."

For several minutes Conrad stared at the fire. Then he rose slowly from his chair to yawn and stretch his limbs. "Any chance of some tea?" he asked casually.

"Have you reached a decision?" Baynes asked.

"Yes." Taking several deep breaths, Conrad grasped the back of the chair, swiftly lifting it and smashing it into the window. The glass shattered, and he threw the chair at Baynes before diving through the broken glass. He landed awkwardly in the snow, his hands cut and bloodied by the glass. Something warm was running down his neck, and he extracted a splinter of glass that had embedded itself in his arm before leaping up to run down the driveway and away from the house. He could hear Baynes shouting behind him, but did not look back, concentrating on running as fast as he could down the street. He ran and ran, past houses, over roads, on pavements, verges and roads, stopping for breath once by a busy main road. Then he was away, out into the dark lanes beyond the lights of the city.

He stopped to hide behind a tree, nauseous and shaking, and it was some time before his breathing returned to normal. His hands, neck and face were covered in blood, but it was dried or drying, and he took off his jacket to tear part of his shirt for a bandage for his arm. Soon, the cloth was soaked, and he lay still, pressing his hand over his bandaged wound to try and stop the bleeding. As he did so, he began to feel pain in his hands and face. He felt very tired.

No one had followed him down the dark narrow lane. He dreamed he was in the Satanic Temple. Neil was on the altar, tied down by thongs, and Tanith bent over him, a knife in her hand.

'It is your deed,' Tanith said to Conrad.

'Your deed,' Aris and Susan repeated as they stood beside him.

'We require his blood,' all three of them said.

Tanith gave him the knife and he walked toward Neil.

'Please,' his former friend pleaded, 'spare me! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!'

'We require his blood,' Conrad heard as a chant behind him. 'His blood to complete your Initiation. We must have his blood!'

Conrad hesitated.

'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!' the insistent voices said.

He raised the knife to strike, but could not find the strength, and as he lowered it in failure the bound figure on the altar was no longer Neil, but himself. Then Aris, Tanith, Susan and his double on the altar were laughing.

'See how close to failure you came!' Aris said and kissed him on the lips. He made to move away, but it was Susan kissing him until she, too, changed - into Tanith.

Suddenly he was awake again, lying on the cold snow stained by his own blood. Such a waste, he thought, to die here, cold and alone. He tried to sit, up against the tree, but lacked the strength. Then he smiled. 'I would do it all again,' he muttered to the tree, the snow, the stars. 'Susan', he said to himself as his eyes closed of their own accord, 'I love you.'

The last thing he heard was the cry of a hungry owl.

XVI

Denise sat on and surrounded by cushions as brightly coloured as her clothes, two green candles in tall ornate holders alight beside her. Her house was otherwise unlit, and quiet except for the nearby rumble of traffic which passed along the main road less than fifty yards away. She was looking with half-closed eyes into her large crystal scrying sphere and her friend Miranda - High Priestess of the Circle of Arcadia - sat beside her, awaiting her description of her visions.

"I have found him," Denise said as if in trance. "He suffers, and will die."

Slowly, she placed a black cloth over her crystal. "Come," she said to her friend, "I shall need your help."

Her zest was evident in her driving, and it did not take them long to drive away from the city to the dark, narrow, lane she had seen in her vision.

"There, by the tree," she said.

Conrad was unconscious. "We must hurry," Denise said as she bent over him. "Others - the evil ones - will soon be here. I feel they are near."

Together they lifted and carried Conrad into the car.

"You drive," Denise almost commanded her friend. "I must begin, now."

Her hands were warm and she gently placed them on Conrad's cold and almost lifeless face before raising them a few inches to make passes with them over his arms, hands and body. She imagined energy flowing to her from the Earth through her fingers and down through his aura into the vital meridians of his wounded body, stopping only when they reached their destination.

Her house was warm, and they laid Conrad on the cushions between the candles.

"Will he be alright?" an anxious Miranda asked.

"I don't know - yet."

"Shall I let Mr. Baynes know?"

Denise turned toward her, her eyes intense. "No!"

"But I thought - "

"Nobody must know!" And she added, in a softer voice: "Not yet, anyway." She kissed Miranda, saying "Trust me, my love."

Then she knelt over Conrad to renew her healing with her hands.

"Can I do anything?" Miranda asked.

"Be a darling and make some tea." Denise did not turn around or look up.

The pot of tea was cold by the time Denise stood up, tired from her efforts, and she went to her kitchen to hold her hands against the cold tap, earthing the energies, before drinking several cups of the cold brew.

"Do you want me to stay?" Miranda asked hopefully.

"No - I'll be alright. I'll call you if there is any change,"

"Well, if you're sure."

"Yes. And," Denise said, embracing her, "please not a word - to anyone."

They kissed, briefly, and then Miranda left the room and the house. Denise sat beside Conrad, and gently stroked his face. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

"Back with us, then?" she said and smiled.

"What?" Conrad said, confused.

"You had a bit of an accident. And before you say anything, you're in my house."

Conrad sat up. "And you are?"

"Let's just say someone who likes helping waifs and strays!"

Conrad looked around the room. He saw the crystal with its black cover for 'closing down', the incense burner upon the fireplace. There were no furnishings other than the many cushions of varying size strewn over the carpet and the long, heavy drapes covering the window; no light other than that from the candles.

"Whose side are you on?" he asked cautiously.

"Does one have to be 'on a side'?" she countered with a smile.

"You know who I am?"

"Yes. How are you feeling?"

"Alright. I must have passed out." He found the woman strangely attractive, although her features were not beautiful in the conventional sense. But he suppressed his feelings, remembering Susan. "I really ought to go," he said and tried to stand up.

He failed, and slumped back into the cushions.

"Rest, now," Denise said,

"I must telephone someone," he said as he lay down to close his eyes to try and stop the dizziness he felt.

"In a while. But first you must rest."

She left him for a short time, returning with a silver bowl, cloths, phials of lotions and a mug

containing a hot infusion of herbs, all carried on a silver tray.

"Here," she said, "drink this."

He sat up and smelt the contents of the mug. It smelt horrible. "What is it?"

"Just an infusion - of herbs and things. My mother showed me how to make it. It will bring back some of your strength."

Cautiously, Conrad sipped the drink. She removed the bandage he had made to cover the wound on his arm and began to clean the area using the liquid in the bowl. When she has finished, she made a clean covering using a cloth richly suffused with lotion. Soon, she had washed, cleaned and covered all his injuries with her lotions.

"It tasted better," Conrad said after finishing her potion, "than it smelt."

Her nearness, her gentle touch and her bodily fragrance all combined to sexually arouse him, and he held her hand before leaning to kiss her.

She moved away, saying, "I'm sorry to disappoint you - but I'm not that way inclined."

"I hope I didn't offend you," he said sincerely.

She laughed as she collected her lotions. "For an alleged Satanist you are rather innocent. Your aura marks you as different from them."

"Oh, yes?" Conrad was intrigued.

"What is your aim in all this?" she asked. "What do you hope to find?"

He felt his strength returning with every breath he took. Even the throbbing in his arm had begun subside. "Knowledge," he said.

Denise sat down beside him as she did so he felt there was a calmness within her. He felt good, just being near her, as if in some way she was giving him energy. At first, he had felt this as her sexual interest in him, but the more he looked at her and the more he thought about it, the more he realized it was nothing of the sort. It was just beneficent energy flowing from her. He did not know, nor particularly care, why - he just felt relaxed and comfortable in her nearness.

"What is it?" she asked again, smiling, her eyes radiant, "that you hope to find. Why did you join them?"

"I wanted knowledge." It was only partly true, he remembered. Most of all he had wanted to experience sexual passion.

"Is that all?"

He sensed she knew the answer already. "Well, sex as well."

"And then what?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, perplexed.

"Think of it - in a few years time, if you continue along your present path, you will have had many women, learnt many Occult truths. Perhaps you will have acquired some skill in magick. But life is - for most people - quite long: many decades, in fact. What do you do with all this time? The same pleasures and delights over and over again? Someone of your intelligence would surely find that boring?"

"There will be other goals, I'm sure. Other things to achieve."

"Perhaps. Your youth will go, and with its going will come tiredness of both body and spirit."

"So what? It is the present that's important. Why worry about what might never be?"

"And if I said you were giving up your chance of immortality what would you say?"

"I don't believe there is a chance. It's superstition. When we die, that's it."

"Is that what you believe Satanism as all about - the pleasure of the moment?"

"Yes." Then, with less certainty, he added, "Well, at least, I think so."

"There is no belief in something beyond?"

"Not as far as I know." He smiled. "But as you must know, I'm only a new Initiate."

"Would you kill your friend Neil?" she suddenly asked.

"Say again?"

"Neil Stanford. Would you kill him if your Master demanded it?"

"What do you know about Neil?"

"He came to see me once. For a reading. But you haven't answered my question. Would you - could you - kill him, or anyone?"

Conrad remembered his dream. But there was within him a desire to deny that part of himself which would not kill. For a few moments he felt compelled to boast, to answer her question in the affirmative - depicting himself to her as someone ruthless and unafraid. But she was sitting near him, calm and smiling, and it seemed to him that her eyes saw into his thoughts. She would know it was just a boast, the nervous arrogance of naivety.

"I don't know," he said honestly.

"See," she said with a slight tone of censure, "to you all this Satanism is at present a game. An enjoyable one, to be sure, but still a game. Your aura tells a different story. They are serious - they kill, without mercy. They corrupt. Are you ready for all that?"

"You make them sound vile," he said, thinking of Susan, and the bliss he had shared with Tanith. "They are not like that."

"Don't you understand what is happening to you? Of course, now all is pleasure - all is passion and enjoyment. You are being courted, drawn into their web. But soon the perversity will begin. It will start in a small way - something perhaps only a little morally degrading. But soon you will be so involved there will be no escape."

"No, I don't believe it. You're just trying to turn me against them, aren't you?"

"Am I?" she smiled. "I have something to show you."

She fetched her crystal sphere and set it down between them. Carefully she removed the black cloth before making passes over the sphere with her hands.

"Look," she said to him, "and see!"

Conrad peered into the sphere. At first he saw nothing except the reflection of the lights from the candles, but then a blackness appeared within which cleared. He saw the Temple in Aris' house. Susan was there, naked upon the altar, and around her the congregation danced. Then a man went to her, fondling her body before he removed his robe to lay and move upon her. Then the scene changed. Aris was with several other people whose faces Conrad could not see. They were on what looked like a moor, and on the ground a young woman lay, naked and bound. She was struggling, but Aris laughed - Conrad could not hear the laughter, only see the Master as his mouth opened and he rocked from side to side. Then there was a knife in his hand and he bent down to calmly and efficiently slit the woman's throat. Conrad turned away.

"There is more," Denise said,

"So what?" Conrad said, affecting unconcern. "Every war has its casualties. Anyway, what I saw was not real."

"It was. The woman whom you saw murdered was called Maria Torrens. I can show you the

newspaper reports of her death if you wish."

"In every period there are victims and masters. The weak perish and the strong survive."

"Do you really believe that?" she asked.

"What if I do?" Conrad said defensively. "Will you try and convert me?"

"You must make your own decisions - and take the consequences that result from your actions, both in this life and the next."

"Belief in an afterlife," Conrad said scornfully, "is merely blackmail to prevent us from fulfilling ourselves - from achieving god-head - in this life."

"You seem set to continue along the dark path you have chosen - despite what I sense about your inner feelings."

"I've made my choice."

"I know," she said softly.

"Tell me, then, why you have helped me?"

Denise smiled, and her smile disconcerted Conrad. "I have no right to judge. I simply help those in need."

"But even so -"

"You should rest now." She covered the crystal with the black cloth.

Suddenly, Conrad felt tired. He lay down among the softness of the cushions and, in the warm room with its gentle candlelight, he was soon asleep. His sleep was dreamless, and when he awoke he was astonished to find Susan sitting beside him.

XVII

The repair of the window Conrad had shattered was almost complete, and Baynes watched the workmen while Togbare sat, wrapped in a cloak, by the bright fire. Slowly at first, and then heavily, it began to snow again.

When the work was over, Baynes thanked the men, gave them a large gratuity in cash, and stood outside to watch them leave. He was about to return to the warmth of his house when a motor-cycle

entered his driveway. It was a powerful machine, ridden by someone clad in red leathers, and he stood in the bright security lights which adorned his dwelling while the rider dismounted and began to remove the tinted visored helmet.

Miranda shook her long hair free. "I have some news for you," she said.

"Shall we go in?" Baynes asked. He gestured gallantly toward the door, and held it open for her.

"You have not met Frater Togbare, have you?" he asked her as he showed her into the study.

Togbare stood to offer Miranda his hand. "Hi!" she said, smiling, but not shaking his hand.

"Please, do sit," Baynes said.

"Denise found him," Miranda said, "and I think she'll need your help!" She looked anxiously at Baynes.

"Found who?" he asked.

"Robury! He's at her house. She didn't want me to tell you - but I had to." Miranda sighed. For over an hour she had sat at her house, wondering what to do. At first, she had thought of going back to Denise. But her memory of Denise's firm insistence persuaded her otherwise. She had tried to forget her own worries about Denise's safety, and had almost succeeded - for an hour, trusting as she had in Denise's psychic ability.

"They are sure to find him," she continued. "She'll be in danger! We must do something!"

"You mean," Baynes said calmly, "Mr. Robury is at present in her house?"

"Yes!" It was an affirmation of her impatience.

"Did he go there himself?" Baynes raised his eyebrows as he glanced at Togbare.

"No - she found him. And we brought him back. He was injured - quite badly, it seemed."

"I see." Baynes stroked his beard with his hand. "You took him to her house? Why?"

"She wanted to help him." Then, realizing what she had said, and seeing the exchange of looks between Togbare and Baynes, she added, "It's not like that!"

"You said," Togbare asked her, "she found him. Was she therefore looking for him?"

"Well - in a manner of speaking, yes." The room was hot, and she unzipped the front of her leather suit.

Baynes looked at her as she did so, as if suddenly realizing she was a woman. She noticed his attention and smiled at him, shaking her head so that her long hair framed her face. Suddenly, she saw him as a challenge, for she knew of his avoidance of women. Her own liaison with Denise was only for her a brief interlude in her bisexual life, and she smiled enchantingly at Baynes.

Hastily, Baynes turned away.

"Did she say," Togbare asked her, "why she was looking for him?"

"No. And I didn't ask. You know about her, don't you Oswald?" she said to Baynes, smiling at him again and deliberately using his first name. "About her abilities."

"She is rather gifted in certain psychic matters, yes." He looked briefly at her, then turned away.

"Do you know of recent events," Togbare asked Miranda, "involving Mr Robury and the Satanist group?"

"Only that there was to be some sort of ritual. Denise said something about Robury being important."

"You know of the death of Mr. Fitten and his wife?"

"Yes. She mentioned them."

"You were among the first to know of this Conrad Robury, were you not?"

"Actually, yes. He came to attend one of our meetings."

"Introduced by a certain Neil Stanford?"

"Yes." She turned to look at Baynes, but he staring into the flames of the fire.

"I think it is right and fitting," Togbare pompously said to her, "that we take you into our confidence. Mr Stanford, I am grieved to say, has fallen into the hands of the Satanists - he had, on our instructions, infiltrated the group. However, he was betrayed. We do not know by whom. As you probably are aware, such groups do not take kindly to anyone who betrays them, and therefore ever since Mr Stanford was kidnapped by Mr Robury and taken to the house of the so-called 'Master', we have been concerned for his safety.

"Yet for some time I myself, and the Council, have suspected that we ourselves have been infiltrated by the Satanists."

Miranda looked first at Baynes and then at Togbare. "And you now suspect Denise?" she asked with astonishment.

It was Baynes who answered. "It is logical - considering what you have just told us."

"I don't believe it! Not Denise!"

"Of course," Togbare said, "we cannot be sure. But Mr Baynes is right - it is logical to presume she may be implicated."

"So you see, Miranda," Baynes said, and smiled at her, "if it is true then she is unlikely to be in danger from them, as you believed."

Miranda sat in a chair, confused by the accusation against her lover yet pleased that Baynes had apparently shown an interest in her. He had used her first name - something he had never done before - and his smile seemed to convey a warmth toward her. Suddenly, it occurred to her that if the accusation was true, Denise had been cruelly using her. The thought saddened her.

"But if you're wrong about her," she said, still unconvinced, "then she will be in danger?"

"For helping Robury?" Baynes said. "I doubt it. You did say she intended to help him?"

"Yes. She was going to use her healing powers."

"Which, to my knowledge, are quite remarkable. Quite remarkable."

"But surely - " Miranda began to say.

"Why did she wish to find him in the first place? And, more importantly, why did she then wish to heal him? For she knew, being with me a member of the Council itself, that he was important to them - to their ritual."

"She was on the Council?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"Why, yes. Did she never tell you? I knew you two were very close friends." Baynes smiled at her.

Miranda blushed, and shuffled in her chair. "No," she said softly, "she never told me." She sighed in sadness, for she remembered what Denise had once said: "There shall be no secrets between us..."

"He was badly injured, you said?" Togbare asked her.

"Covered in blood."

"Well," Baynes said, "he did jump through that window."

"He was here?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"We had hoped to - how shall I say? - exchange him for Stanford. Now we are back to where we were before."

"But surely the Police - they can help. If Neil has been abducted - "

Baynes shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture of obeisance with his hands. "What evidence have we? What could we say about this conflict which such people would understand?"

"But surely they would listen to someone as well respected as you?"

"Possibly. Even if I sent them to the house of the Master, would they find Stanford there? Of course not. How would I explain why he should have been abducted? What reason - what motive - could I give without appearing as some sort of crank? They would listen, make some routine enquiries, find nothing and decide I was rather strange. No, it is not as easy as that."

"I fear, my child," Togbare said to Miranda, who cringed at his endearment, "that Mr Baynes is right. There have been two deaths, two unfortunate deaths, already. It is due to Mr Baynes' resourcefulness and indeed influence that those deaths have been registered by the authorities as natural ones, unconnected with any suspicious circumstances. And this I myself accepted - for how does one explain to an unbelieving world the true cause of such deaths? If we had tried, then we would now, I am sure, have all manner of journalists intruding upon our affairs, impeding our investigations and preventing us from achieving our goal - that of ending for once and for all this Satanist threat to our world."

Togbare seemed pleased with his speech, and rubbed his hands together.

Miranda turned to Baynes. "I would like to help," she said.

"Then I suggest we go and see Denise. I shall ask her, directly, where she stands on the matter."

"And if Mr Robury is with her?" Togbare asked.

"I shall persuade him to return with us." He walked to the desk and from a drawer took a revolver which he placed in his jacket pocket.

"Please," Togbare said, "surely we can avoid such complications?"

"There is no choice now," Baynes replied. "Do you wish," he asked Miranda, "to travel with me or use your own transport?"

"With you," she smiled and began to remove her leather suit.

Even Togbare glanced at her fulsome figure. "If," Togbare said, clearing his throat, "Mr Robury is not there - what then, my friend?"

"Sanders - he will know how to enter their Temple. He can be persuaded to tell us. We shall then go to them. You ready?" he asked Miranda.

"Yes."

"Excellent!" He turned toward Togbare. "If we're not back within the hour inform the Police."

"But - " mumbled Togbare. "what shall I say?"

"I'm sure you can think of something!"

"But - "

Baynes did not wait to hear the Mage's words.

XVIII

"She has done well!" Susan said as Conrad sat up. "You are better than we thought."

"How did you get here?" Conrad asked her. He looked around the room, but they were alone. "The woman - "

"Denise?" Susan said. "You will see her in a while. The Master is pleased to see you."

She helped him to stand.

"Ah! Conrad!" Aris said as he entered the room. "Such determination! You rejected a most tempting offer, I hear."

"Sorry?" Conrad looked at Susan, and then at the Master whose black cloak and clothes seemed to Conrad appropriately suited the Master's gleeful yet sinister countenance.

"An offer - from Baynes," Aris the Master said.

"You talked in your sleep," Susan said before Conrad could ask the obvious question.

"Come," Aris said, gesturing toward the door.

Conrad followed him up the stairs of the house and into a bedroom where Denise lay on a bed, apparently asleep.

"She is yours," Aris whispered to him.

"I'm sorry?"

"It is for you to decide her fate. Take her - possess her if you wish. She has never been with a man. You can be the first."

Aris walked to Denise, touched her forehead with his hand and she awoke. Then there was a knife in his hand and he held it as if ready to strike.

"Your wish?" Aris asked him, and smiled.

Conrad went to her, took her hand in his and kissed it. "Thank you," he said to her sincerely.

The fear that had been in her eyes disappeared.

"And her fate?" Aris said, still holding the knife.

"I don't want her harmed.,"

"As you wish." Aris touched her forehead with his hand, and she closed her eyes in sleep. "You must go now," he said to Conrad.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him as he reached the bottom of the stairs.

The face of the Master had shown no emotion as Conrad had expressed his wish, and he was wondering whether the Master disapproved.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him again.

"Just a little tired," he replied.

"We must go now." She held the front door of the house open as a gesture of her intent, and, in the snowy street outside, he saw her expensive car.

He walked with her out into the coldness to seat himself beside her, and was soon warm in the cocoon of the car watching the snow covered streets and houses as Susan drove almost recklessly in the dangerous conditions.

The music she chose as an accompaniment to their journey seemed to Conrad to reflect his mood and

the almost demonic aspirations which underlay it, and he listened intently to Liszt's B Minor Sonata. As he listened, he began to realize that his decision regarding Denise was correct, and they were approaching the Master's dwelling when he concluded it made no difference to him what Aris his Master - or indeed what anyone - thought about it. He would do the same again.

Gedor awaited them at the steps of the house, and held Conrad's door open for him in a gesture which pleased Conrad. The very house itself seemed to welcome him, and he was not surprised when Tanith greeted him in the hall with a kiss.

"They will soon heal," she said as she caressed the dried cuts on his face.

Even Mador came to greet him.

"Welcome Professor!" the dwarf said. "Welcome!"

"The Master will see you soon. But first, you should bathe and change. Mador will show you your room."

As Conrad turned to follow Mador, she added, "And Conrad, from this day forth this house is yours as your home."

Her words pleased him, and he followed Mador, proud of himself. Susan was beautiful, wealthy and powerful, and together they would return the Dark Gods to Earth.

The room Mador led him to was on the top floor of the house. It was large and luxurious and he was surprised to find the cupboards full of new clothes, all in his size. He selected some, and was relaxing in a bath of warm water when the maid entered the room, pushing a trolley replete with food.

She did not speak, but smiled at him through the open bathroom door as he lay, blushing at the unexpected intrusion.

"Thank you!" he said unnecessarily as she left.

It was almost an hour later when he too left, cleaned and fed, to find his way to the library where he assumed the Master would be waiting. It took him a long time, for the house was large and mostly unknown to him.

"Do you find," the Master said to him as he entered the library, "your house pleasing?" He smiled as he sat at the desk, indicating a chair.

Conrad sat down.

"From tonight, all this," Aris continued, "shall be yours."

Conrad could only stare in amazement. Was it a jest?

"There shall be a ritual," Aris said, "whose success will begin that New Aeon which we seek. Recall that I said you had a Destiny. Your Destiny is to continue the work which I and others like me have begun. Every Grand Master such as I chooses, when the time is right, someone to succeed him. And I have chosen you. My daughter shall be your guide as your own power develops. She shall be your Mistress, just as Tanith has been mine."

Aris smiled benignly at him. "It is right you are amazed. You have proved yourself fitting for this honour. As to myself, I have other tasks to perform, other places to visit where you at present cannot go. We have tested you, and you have not been found wanting. Now, I shall reveal to you a secret regarding our beliefs. We represent balance - we restore what is lacking in any particular time or society. We challenge the accepted. We encourage through our novices, our acts of magick and through the spread of our ideas that desire to know which religions, sects and political dogmatists all wish to suppress because it undermines their authority. Think on this, in relation to our history, and remember that we are seldom what we seem to others.

"Our Way is all about, in its beginnings, and for those daring individual who join us, liberating the dark or shadow aspect of the personality. To achieve this, we sometimes encourage individuals to undergo formative experiences of a kind which more conventional societies and individuals frown upon or are afraid of. Some of these experiences may well involve acts which are considered 'illegal'. But the strong survive, the weak perish. All this - and the other directly magickal experiences like those you yourself have experienced - develop both the character of the individual and their magickal abilities. In short, from the Satanic novice, the Satanic Adept is produced."

He smiled again at Conrad before continuing his Satanic discourse. "We tread a narrow path, as perhaps you yourself are becoming aware. There is danger, there is ecstasy - but above all there is an exhilaration, a more intense and interesting way of living. We aim to change this world - yes, but we aim to change individuals within it - to produce a new type of person, a race of beings truly representative of our foremost symbol, Satan. Only a few can belong to this new race, this coming race - to the Satanic elect. To this elite, I welcome you."

He passed over to Conrad a small book bound in black leather.

"All this I have said, and more, much more, is written of in here," Aris said. "Read and learn and understand. We shall not speak together again."

He bowed his head, as if respectfully, toward Conrad before rising and taking his leave. Alone in the silence which followed, Conrad though he could hear a woman's voice.

"I am coming for you, I am coming!" it seemed to sing and for an instant he glimpsed a ghostly face, It was Fitten's wife.

Then Conrad was laughing, loudly, at the thought, as he basked in the glory of being chosen by the Master.

"I am the power, I am the glory!" he shouted aloud in his demonic possession as, behind him, the ghostly face cried,

XIX

Several times during their short journey Miranda tried to engage Baynes in conversation and each time she failed. He did not speak even as they left the car near their destination to walk the last few hundred yards.

Only as they approached Denise's house did he relent.

"I fear," he said, pointing to where a car had left its imprint in the snow, "we are too late."

The door was unlocked, and he entered the house cautiously. No sounds came from within the house, and with Miranda in tow he slowly checked every room. The house was empty.

"Has she gone with them?" Miranda asked as they returned to the front door.

"Or been abducted."

"Why would they do that?"

"She would be a prize, I presume. A lady of her - how shall I say? - persuasion would be regarded in some respects as an ideal sacrifice."

"It's my fault," Miranda said sadly.

"Not at all. We still do not know if she is involved with them." He ushered her outside.

"I feel so responsible," she said.

"There is no need," he said kindly.

She took advantage of his tone and his nearness by resting her head on his shoulder. He held her, feebly and briefly, and then drew away.

"Here," he said, giving her the keys to his car, "can you tell Frater Togbare what had occurred?"

"Yes, I will."

"Good. I will make some necessary arrangements."

"To get into their Temple?"

"Exactly. I shall be - say - an hour at most. Tell Frater Togbare to be ready to leave at once."

"Will three of us be enough?"

He looked at her for some seconds before replying. "I cannot allow you to go," he said somewhat pompously.

"Tough! I'm going!" she said with determination.

"No you're not."

She held her head slightly to one side, resting her hands on her hips. "Because I'm a woman?" she demanded, a touch of anger in her voice.

"Actually, yes."

"Oh I see!" she mocked. "It's strictly a job for the boys, is it?"

"It could be dangerous."

"Oh I see! And we weak women, cannot cope with danger, is that what you mean?" By now, she was angry.

"I didn't say that," he protested.

"But you meant it!"

"Look - there are more important things at the moment than this stupid argument!" He himself was beginning, uncharacteristically, to become annoyed.

She smiled at him, as if satisfied to have aroused some emotion within him. "We'll be ready when you get back," she said. She did not wait for his reply and walked back toward his car.

Baynes watched her drive away in the falling snow before he returned to the house. The telephone was working, and he dialled Sanders' number.

"Baynes here. Can you meet me? Or should I say - meet me in fifteen minutes."

'Leave me alone!' he heard Sanders say, 'One favour is - '

"Listen! There will be more money, this time."

'I'm not interested.'

"Just meet me. It will be to your long term advantage. You know what I mean?"

Sanders sighed, and Baynes smiled. 'Where?' he asked.

Baynes gave him the address, and sat on the stairs to wait.

Sanders was late.

"That your car?" Baynes asked.

"Yeah."

"Let's go, then."

As they drove away, Sanders asked "Where to?"

"My house. Now - you've been in the Masters' Temple I imagine."

"Possibly."

"Excellent."

Baynes did not speak again until they were inside his house.

"Some friends of mine," Baynes said as he led Sanders into the study where Miranda and Togbare were waiting.

"Hello Miranda," Sanders said.

"You know each other?" Baynes asked, surprised.

Sanders raised his eyebrows and gave a lascivious smile. "I've hear of her. It's a small world, the Occult." He stared at her breasts.

Miranda stared back, and nervously, Sanders looked away.

"You said," Baynes asked him, "you'd been in the Satanist Temple."

"It's a free country," he shrugged.

"Can you lead us there?"

"You serious?" When Baynes did not answer, he added, "You are serious!"

"Naturally, I would make it worth your while. Financially, of course."

"How much?" he whispered to Baynes.

"Sixty thousand."

"That's a lot of money!" He thought for a minute. "And all I have to do is lead you there, right?"

"Correct."

"When?"

"Now."

"Now?" Sanders said with surprise.

"Yes. And no tricks. I know the Temple is below the house, but I also know there is a secret entrance somewhere, nearby."

"You're well informed," Sanders said with surprise.

"I have my sources of information."

"Don't I know it!" Sanders said like an aside. "And the money?"

"Tomorrow. When the Banks open."

"Let's get this straight," Sanders said, twirling the inverted pentagram he wore around his neck. "I lead you there, then I'm free to go right?"

"Correct. Provided, of course, you do not inform anyone of our presence."

"What do you take me for? I know you've got your pet Policemen."

"Shall we go then?"

"Your car or mine?" Sanders quipped.

"Please," Togbare said quietly to Baynes, "may I talk with you? Alone?"

"As you wish," Baynes replied. "Please, excuse us for a moment," he said to Miranda.

Outside, in the hallway, he firmly shut the door to the study.

"This plan of yours," Togbare said, "are we not being too hasty?"

"I don't believe so."

"But to go to their Temple - "

"What choice do we have? They will sacrifice Stanford and for all we know Denise as well. Did Miranda not say that Denise was 'virgo intacta'?"

"No."

"Don't you see? I am sure their ritual will be tonight."

"The blood of a virgin - yes, yes," Togbare mumbled.

"Your actual presence at the ritual will I am sure suffice to disrupt it."

"It is possible, yes. But the physical danger - "

"I shall of course leave a message with a friend of mine, a Police Officer. Should we not return, he will investigate. Believe me, there will be no second chance for us. Can we afford to wait? What if we do nothing and tonight they complete their sacrifices and open the gates to the Abyss? What then? The evil they will release will spread like a poison. Large scale demonic possession will occur - madness, crime committed by those weak of will ..."

"Yes, yes of course," Togbare said abstractly, "you are right."

"Their success," Baynes continued, "would give them magickal power - Satanic magickal power - beyond imagining. We would be powerless. And their Dark Gods would return, to haunt the Earth."

"You have only voiced me own fears. I shall prepare myself as we journey to our destination. May God protect us."

Baynes left Togbare mumbling prayers. In the study he found Sanders kneeling on the floor, clutching his genitals, his face contorted with pain. "See," Miranda said to Baynes in triumph, "we women can take care of ourselves! Shall I drive then?"

Both Baynes and Sanders watched her as she left the room.

XX

"Your marriage to our daughter," Conrad remembered Tanith had said, "shall be first."

A prelude, he thought to the fugue that would be the opening of the gates to the Abyss.

He stood in the candlelit Temple, resplendent in the crimson robe Tanith had given him for the ceremony. The congregation formed an aisle to the altar upon which the tetrahedron glowed, and he stood in front of it, with the Master and Tanith, to await his Satanic bride.

There was a beating of drums, and Gedor, with Susan beside him, walked down the stone steps and into the chamber of the Temple. She wore a black veil and a black flowing gown and walked alone past the congregation as Gedor stood guard by the door which marked the hidden entrance.

Tanith's viridian robe seemed iridescent in the fluxing light, and she greeted her daughter with a kiss before joining and binding Susan's hand with Conrad's.

"We, Master and Mistress of this Temple," Aris and Tanith said together, "greet you who have gathered to witness this rite. Let the ceremony begin!"

There was a chant from the many voices of the congregation.

"Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas!"

We are gathered here, " the Master said, "to join in oath and through our dark magick this man and this woman, so that hence forward they shall as inner sanctuaries to our gods!"

"Hail to they," Tanith chanted, "who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names!"

The Master raised his hands and began to vibrate the name *Atazoth* followed by *Vindex* while Tanith led the congregation in chanting 'Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas! Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet! while the drums beat ever louder and more insistent. Then, on Tanith's sign, they stopped.

The sudden silence startled Conrad, a little.

"Do you," the Master said to Conrad, "known in this world as Conrad Robury accept as your Satan-Mistress this lady, Amilichus, known as Susan Aris, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our Dark Gods?"

"I do," Conrad replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

Conrad accepted the silver ring, and placed it on Susan's finger.

Aris turned to his daughter. "Do you Amilichus, accept as your Satan-Master this man, known in this world as Conrad Robury and whom we now honour as Falcifer in name, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our Dark Gods?"

"I do," Susan replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

She took the silver ring, and placed it on Conrad's finger.

"See them!" Aris said, "Hear them! Know them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this Master and Mistress against the desire of this Master and Mistress, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our faith! Hear me you Dark Gods of Chaos gathering to witness this rite!"

Tanith unbound their hands to swiftly cut with a sharp knife their thumbs. She pressed Conrad's bleeding thumb onto Susan's forehead, leaving a mark in blood, before marking Conrad in the same manner and pressing the two thumbs together to mingle the blood. Then she pressed a few drops of blood from each onto a triangle of parchment. There was a silver bowl on the altar containing liquid which Aris lit before Tanith cast the parchment into the flames.

"By this burning," she said, "I declare this couple wed! Let their children be numerous and become as eagles who swoop upon their prey!"

"But ever remember," Aris said, "you who in joining find a magick which creates, never love so much that you cannot see your partner die when their dying-time has come."

"Let us greet," Tanith said, "the new Lord and Lady of the dark!"

Tanith's kiss was signal for the congregation to greet the spaeman and his wife.

^^^^^^

No traffic came along the narrow lane that led past the neglected woods near the Master's house, and Miranda parked the car partly on the snow-covered verge. The snow had stopped, and there was an

almost unearthly beauty about the scene: the snow-capped trees, the virgin white of the fields, the cold quiet stillness of the night air.

But the horizon around the fields began to change, as if the sky itself was full of fury. Red, indigo and thunder-purple vied for mastery. Each passing moment brought a change, a subtle shift in colour or intensity. Yet there was no sound, as there might have been if an Earth-bred storm had existed as cause.

Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the spectacle ceased, to leave Miranda and the others staring at a night sky full-brimming with stars.

"This way," Sanders said as he walked in among the trees.

There was a fence yards within the wood, and he climbed it easily while Baynes gave assistance to Togbare and Miranda. Soon, the undergrowth became thick, but Sanders followed a narrow path deep into the stillness, stopping frequently to wait for his companions. Baynes kept close behind him, one hand in his jacket pocket and holding the revolver.

The snow was deep in places over the path that snaked around trees, bushes, dead bracken and entwining undergrowth, and Togbare stumbled and fell.

"Are you alright?" Miranda asked him.

"Yes, thank you." Slowly, he raised himself to his feet using his stick.

He tried to sense the power of the rituals being undertaken that night on his instructions to try and counter the magick of the Satanists, but he could sense nothing, however hard he strained and however he listened to the emanations from the astral aether. There was nothing, and it took him some minutes as he walked along the path to realise why. The wood was like a vortex in the fabric of Space-Time, absorbing all the psychic energies that radiated upon it. He sighed, then, at this realization, for he knew it meant they would be alone in the magickal battle to come.

He could see a clearing ahead where the others had stopped to wait for him. As he reached its edge, he was startled by the strange cry of an Eagle Owl. He had heard the cry before, in the forests of Scandinavia, and looked up to see the large ominous predator swooping down toward Sanders face, its hooked claws ready to strike.

Sanders shielded his face with his arm. Quickly, Togbare raised his stick and the huge owl veered spectacularly away, up and over the trees. It was not long before they heard its harsh call break the silence that shrouded the wood.

"Come," Togbare said, "we must hurry. They will know now that we are here."

XXI

Denise awoke to find herself in a cell. It was small, brightly lit and warm. There was a thong around her neck, and she was still struggling to remove it when her cell door opened.

Neil, dressed in the black robe of the Satanic order, stood outside and motioned her to come forward.

"Listen to me," he whispered, glancing behind him at the stone stairs, "I don't have much time. You must go and warn the others. It's a trap. Here," he handed her a bunch of keys, "take one of their cars. Come on."

When Denise made no move to leave, he said, "Please, you've got to trust me. Frater Togbare will explain."

She looked into his eyes, then smiled. "How do I get out?" she asked, taking the keys.

"I'll show you."

He led her up the stairs and through an archway. "Through that door," he said, "are some stairs. You'll come to another door which leads to a passage. Follow the passage and you'll be in the hall, near the front door of the house. And don't worry, no one is around - they are all in the Temple. Good luck!"

He watched her go before returning to the top of the stairs. He stood in the circular chamber and waited. It was not a long wait, for soon the floor began to turn. The wall parted, revealing the Temple, and he walked down the steps to join the worshippers.

Conrad greeted him. "The Master has just told me," he said, "that you were one of us all along! Sorry if I used too much force."

"You weren't to know," said a relieved Neil.

Aris, Tanith and Susan were standing in front of the altar, the congregation before them, and they waited until Neil and Conrad joined them.

A proud Conrad held up his wedding ring for Neil to see, and Conrad joined them.

"Let the rite of sacrifice begin!" The Master intoned.

Slowly, the congregation began to chant.

"Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth," they chanted.

Then they began their dance around the altar, singing a dirge as they danced counter to the direction

of the Sun.

"Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sybilla. Quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

Then the Master was vibrating the words of a chant, *Agios o Baphomet*, as one of the congregation came away from the dance to kneel before Tanith who bared her breasts in greeting.

"It is the protection," the kneeling man said as he removed the hood which covered his head, "and milk of your breasts that I seek."

Tanith bent down, and he suckled. Then she pushed him away, laughing, and saying, "I reject you!"

The man knelt before her, while around them the dancers whirled ever faster, still singing their chant.

"I pour my kisses at your feet," the kneeling man said, "and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of their blood. I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter of and a gate to our Dark Gods. I lift up my voice to you, dark demoness Baphomet, so that my mage's seed may feed your whoring flesh!"

Tanith touched his head with her hand. "Kiss me, and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste my fragrance and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the Sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a gate which opens to our gods!"

She clapped her hands twice, and the dancers ceased their dance to gather round as she lay down beside the man, stripping him naked. Then she was upon him, fulfilling her lust as the congregation clapped their hands in rhythm to her rising and falling body.

"Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!" Aris the Master was chanting.

Tanith screamed in ecstasy, and for a moment lay still. Then she was standing, intoning the words of her role.

"So you have sown and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak." She looked smiling upon the congregation. "I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark nor as deadly as I. With a curse I can strike you dead! Hear me, then, and obey! Gather for me the gift we shall offer in sacrifice to our gods!"

She gestured with her hand and two of the congregation ascended the stairs as drum beats began in the Temple. It was not long before one of the men returned, aghast.

"She's gone!" he shouted.

Aris turned toward Neil, and smiled.

"You will do instead," he said.

^^^^^^

By the far edge of the clearing lay a wooden hut, and Sanders led them toward it.

"Inside," he said to Baynes, "there's a trap-door in the floor."

He made to move away, but Baynes said, "Show me."

Reluctantly Sanders went inside and lifted the floor covering in a corner. The hut itself was bare.

"There," he said in a whisper.

"Open it then," answered Baynes.

Sanders did so and light from the stairs suffused the hut. "They're all yours!" Sanders said with relief and walked toward the still open door where Miranda stood beside Togbare,

He was about to step outside when he saw them. Three large dogs snarling and running toward him. Hastily he slammed the flimsy door shut. They jumped against it, fiercely barking. Only his weight against it held it firm. They jumped again and again as if possessed and the wood began to splinter.

"Quick!" Baynes said, indicating the stairs.

He helped Miranda and Togbare down and descended the several steps himself.

"Follow me quickly!" he shouted to Sanders who stood, his eyes wide with terror, with his back and arms against the breaking door.

Baynes had gone, and he ran across the floor of the hut, almost stumbling. The door shattered and he was fumbling with the trap-door ring when the first dog attacked. But he succeeded just in time in closing the door, and leant back against the steps, breathing hard as above him the dogs tried to dig around and through the door.

"Come on," Baynes said to him as he stood, stooping, in the narrow tunnel that led away from the stairs.

Sanders said nothing, but his eyes and face betrayed his fear.

"You don't have any choice," Baynes said unsympathetically.

Above them, the dogs could be heard howling. Miranda edged past Baynes to take Sanders hand in her own.

The gesture worked, and he followed them as they walked along the tunnel. Soon, it began to slope gently downward, but it seemed a long time before they could not hear the barking and the baying of the dogs.

Gradually, the light began to change in intensity, and it was only a faint glow sufficient for them to dimly see by when Baynes reached the door that sealed off the exit to the tunnel. "Are you ready?" he said to Togbare.

"Yes, my friend," he replied, and felt in his pocket for his crucifix.

Dramatically, Baynes brandished the gun before opening the door that led to the Temple. It swung silently on its hinges, and as it did so they heard a man's voice shout: "She's gone!"

XXII

Denise was sitting in Susan's car outside the house when she experienced her vision. She saw the wood, the country lane where Miranda had parked Baynes' car, and she drove toward it, followed her instinct and intuition.

When she arrived, she sensed the woods were a place of danger, both physical and magickal, and she walked cautiously in the snow-steps Baynes and his two companions had left behind, stopping every few minutes to stand and listen. The deeper into the wood she went, the more did she become aware of elemental forces. The wood was alive to her - and she had to shut her psychic senses against the myriad images and sensations: a primitive fear urging her to flee back to the road and safety; leering and laughing demonic faces and shapes peering out from behind the trees and bushes...

She knew as she walked that the Master and his followers had built with their sinister magick a psychic barrier to shield the woods, the house and the Temple. But she was also aware that there were other forces outside this barrier trying to break it down. She saw in her mind groups sitting in a circle within a room within a house... They were focusing their powers upon Togbare: he was their symbol, his stick a magical sword trying like a magnet to attract the energies of their rituals. Her awareness of these rituals, of Togbare's foresightful planning of them, pleased her as she walked in the silence of the wood.

The clearing she entered caused her to stop and stand still for many minutes, and she with her heightened psychic ability sensed the owl before she saw it. And when she did see it, swooping

silently toward her, she spoke to it in words like gentle music. It seemed to hover above her head as if listening to her voice before flying silently away.

She was approaching the hut when she heard the dogs. She did not shorten her pace but walked toward the door to see them crouched in a corner as if ready to pounce.

"Hello, little ones!" she said gently and unafraid.

They snarled at her, but did not attack. But they would not let her near. When she moved toward them, they would bare their teeth and growl as if ready to leap at her. But when she moved back toward the door, they sat down on the trap-door watching her.

Several times she tried to edge near, but the response was always the same. She could not seem to break with her gentle magick the barrier which surrounded them.

With a sigh, she settled down to wait, consciously trying to break a hole in the magickal barrier shielding the woods and the Temple, hoping that the white magick outside might break through to aid Togbare in his battle, and as she spun her mantric spells she experienced a vision of Baynes and his companions entering the Satanic Temple.

^^^^^^

Baynes was the first to step into the Temple, but Miranda and Togbare soon followed.

The Master turned toward them, as if he had expected them.

"Welcome!" he said.

Conrad saw Gedor go through the door and return carrying Sanders whom he carried toward the altar.

"You have betrayed us!" The Master said to him.

"No! No!" Sanders feebly protested.

"Prepare him!"

"Stop!" Togbare shouted, and raised his stick.

The congregation parted, making an aisle to the Master.

"We must begin," Susan whispered into Conrad's ear.

She was standing in front of him, holding his hands as she had often done before, and Conrad understood. Then Neil was attempting to come between them but Conrad knocked him away. Dazed,

Neil retreated to stand beside Togbare.

Gedor was stripping Sanders of his clothes while Tanith stood nearby, holding two knives.

"Stop!" Togbare said again.

The Master held out his hand, his ring glowing. A bolt of energy sprang from it toward Togbare, but it was harmlessly absorbed by the Mage's stick. The tetrahedron on the altar had begun to pulse with varying intensities of light and the Master went to it and laid his hands upon it. As he did so he became engulfed in golden flames. Togbare raised his magickal staff and he too became surrounded by light.

Susan tightened her grip on Conrad's hands and he suddenly felt the primal power of the Abyss within him. He was not Conrad, but a vortex of energy. Then he was in the darkness of Space again, sensing other presences around him. There was an echo of the sadness he had felt before, and then the vistas of stars and alien worlds, world upon world upon world. He became, briefly, the crystal upon the altar, the Master standing beside it. But there were other forces present and around him, trying to send him back into his earthly body and seal the rent that had appeared and which joined the causal universe to the acausal where his Dark Gods waited. He became two beings because of this opposition - a pure detached consciousness caught in the vortex of the Abyss, surrounded by stars, and Conrad, standing holding the hand of his Satanic Mistress in the Temple. His earthly self saw the astral clash between Togbare and the Master as their radiance was transformed by their wills and sent forth, transforming the colourful aura of their opponent. He saw Tanith give Sanders a knife. Saw Gedor approaching him, brandishing his own. Saw the congregation gather around the fight as they lusted for the kill - Sanders tried several times to get away, but the encircling congregation always pushed him back toward Gedor. Baynes, Neil and Miranda were beside Togbare and partly enclosed in the luminescence of his aura.

Then Conrad seemed free again to wander through the barriers that kept the two universes apart. He and Susan, together, had been a key to the gate of the Abyss, his own consciousness freed by the power of the crystal and the Master's magick. He was free, and would break the one and only seal that remained.

In the Temple, the fight did not take long to reach its conclusion. Sanders seemed to have become possessed by the demonic atmosphere in the Temple and attacked several times, slashing at Gedor with his knife. But each time Gedor had moved away. Sanders tried again, and harder, after Gedor cut his arm. He caught Gedor's hand and turned to be stabbed by Gedor in the throat.

"The third key!" Tanith shouted in triumph.

The spurting blood seemed to vaporise and then form an ill-defined image above the altar. It became the face of the Master, of Conrad, of a demon, of Satan himself.

Suddenly, Neil snatched the gun from Baynes. The shot missed the Master, and Baynes knocked Neil over.

Togbare, distracted, looked at Baynes and then at the Master. He felt in that instant the Satanic barrier protecting the Temple break, and renewed magickal power flowing down toward him, energizing his staff and his own aura. He pointed the staff at the Master, sending bolts of magickal energy. They reached him, and the auric energy around the Master, and the shape above the altar, vanished. But Baynes leapt forward to snatch the staff and break it over his knee.

As he did so, the aura around Togbare flickered, and then disappeared. But the old man was too quick for Baynes, and bent down to retrieve part of his stick which he threw at the crystal, hitting it. As it struck, the crystal exploded, plunging the Temple into darkness.

There was then no magickal energy left, and Togbare calmly led Miranda and Neil back along the tunnel to the hut. The dogs departed quietly the instant the crystal shattered, leaving Denise free to open the trap-door and, when Togbare and the others reached her, she realized Neil had gone insane.

Togbare smiled at her as she closed the trap-door, and then he quietly fell to the floor. She did not need to check his pulse, but did so nevertheless as Neil stood over her, dribbling.

Togbare was dead, and over the trees the Eagle Owl sent its call.

^^^^^^

The darkness in the Temple lasted less than a minute, and when it was over both the Master and Tanith had vanished. Conrad looked around and saw Baynes walking toward him. The congregation still stood around the body of Sanders, looking at Conrad and waiting, as Susan looked and waited.

Without speaking, Baynes took hold of Conrad's left hand and bent down to kiss the ring in a gesture of obeisance. Suddenly, Conrad understood. He was not just Conrad but a channel, a like, between the worlds. He would be, because of this, the Anti-Christ and had only to develop and extend his already burgeoning magickal powers for the Earth to become his domain. For by dark ritual a new beast had been born, ready and willing to haunt the Earth. A few more rituals, and his invading legions would be ready.

His laugh reverberated around the Temple.

^^^^^^

Epilogue

Barred windows? Neil shook his head as if he could not remember before returning to his seat. The television was on, as it always was during the day, and he watched it in the smoky, grimy room. He did not know what he watched, but it passed a few hours.

Occasionally he would rise from his chair to stare around the room or out of the window. Once, someone brought him some tablets and he took them without speaking, and, once he wandered across

the room to watch two of his fellow patients play a game of snooker on the worn table with cues that were not quite straight. But neither the game nor they themselves interested him, and he resumed his chair, sunk into his stupor.

Baynes had watched him briefly before he sat with the psychiatrist in the small almost airless room at the end of the ward.

"Yes, indeed," the man was saying, "a perplexing case."

"And he mentioned my name?"

"Once, a few days ago, when he was admitted. He said something about an Eagle Owl, but it didn't really make much sense. You met once I believe?"

"Yes. He was a student, at the University. Into drugs, I understand. And the Occult - that sort of thing. He wanted to borrow some money. Rambled on about some conspiracy or other."

"Well," he fumbled with the folder that contained Neil's psychiatric case notes, "I won't keep you any longer."

"He is receiving treatment, then?"

"Of course. Medication at the moment - although tomorrow we shall start ECT."

"Electroconvulsive therapy?" Baynes asked.

"Yes."

Baynes looked at Neil, and smiled. Then: "If there is anything I can do to help - " he said formally to the Doctor as he stood to leave.

"We have a note of your address."

"Good bye, then."

Neil did not even look at Baynes as he walked through the ward to the door that led down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight.

The Sun warmed the air, a little, but insufficient to melt any of the snow, and Denise stood by a large Beech tree in the grounds of the hospital, watching Baynes leave. She knew better than to try and follow him, and went back to her car where Miranda waited, asleep.

Miranda could remember nothing of the events in the Temple, but by using her own psychic skills, Denise was beginning to understand them. She did not know what, if anything, she could do. All she

knew was that she had to try.

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Fini

The Temple Of Satan

A Symphonic Allegory

Order of Nine Angles

First issued: 102 yf

(This re-issue: [v 1.05] 119 Year of Fylen, Anton Long, ONA)

“Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth.

Traditionally, Baphomet is associated with the magickal grade of Mistress of Earth – the fifth of the seven stages that mark the Satanic path. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth – based living child to be born from these children is the Demon named Love....

Herein are truths to set against the lies
and distortions of Elisphas Levi and others."

Book Of Recalling

Prologue

Melanie was a beautiful woman, and she had grown used to using her beauty for her advantage. Her crimson robes, her amber necklace and her dark hair all enhanced it, and she smiled without kindness at the overweight man prostrate before her.

The black candles gave the only light but she could still see the parchment paleness of his naked skin as the dancers chanted while they danced sun-wise in the temple to the beat of the tabors.

Beside her, a man cloaked in black declaimed in a loud voice words of Initiation.

"Do you bind yourself, with word, deed, and oath to us, the seed of Satan?"

"I do," the nervous, prostrate man replied.

"Then understand that breaking your word is the beginning of our wrath!" He clapped his hands, and the dancers gathered round. "Hear him! See him! Know him!"

Seven beats from a tabor and the dancers broke their enclosing circle, sighing as Melanie raised her whip. The sweating men knew it was a formality, a ritual gesture without pain. But Melanie smiled, and beat him till he bled.

Then she was laughing. "Dance!" she commanded, and they obeyed, completing the ritual to its end. And when it was over and the bloated man with the freshly bloodied skin drew some pleasure as he slumped by the altar in the climax of a whore's sexual embrace, Melanie left to swim naked in the sensuous warmth of her pool.

Soon, only the chief celebrant remained, waiting for her in the small study by her hall. He was a tall man of gaunt face whose eyes brought to some a remembrance of the image of someone who was mad. For years, a monastery had fed his body and tried to break his spirit but he had given way to temptation and sought the road of sin.

Melanie's dress hid little of her flesh, and she sat on the edge of the desk beside him, smiling as he turned his eyes away. He wanted her body, and she knew it and the reason why he would do nothing.

"You are going bored with us, " he said.

"And you are afraid."

"Of where you might be leading us?"

"The Ceremony of Recalling."

"But no one, for a long time, has dared - "

She leaned over him, caressing his lips with her finger. "If I find you sacrifice, have you faith enough to do the ritual and slit his throat?"

!

Thurstan's past seemed to him to consist of a series of disconnected memories and, as he sat above the stream while hot sun drew sweat from his body and a light breeze carried it away from the summit of the hill, tears filled his eyes.

His memories were of women. There was a beauty, and ecstasy about their recalling as there was about his gestures of love and as he remembered he experienced again the intensity of life that those gestures had brought him.

He remembered walking one late perfume-filled Spring evening to see, for just a few minutes, the woman he loved before she left for the company of another man. It was, he remembered, a long walk begun with the sun of afternoon was warm and the bridge that

joined the banks of the river Cam where they in Cambridge would meet only an image - distant and hopeful - in his mind. He remembered, years later, a cycling 15 miles through a winter blizzard to take his letter to the house of the woman he then loved while she slept, unaware of his dreams. He remembered the exhilaration of running through the streets of the city to catch the last train and the long walk in the early morning cold to a

house to apologize to the woman he then loved.

Yet the tears, which came to him, were not the tears of sorrow. Everything around him seemed suddenly more real and more alive - the larks which sang high above the heather-covered hills; the sun, the sky, the very Earth itself. They, and he himself, seemed to almost to possess the divine.

He sensed the promise of his own life - as if in some way he and the woman he loved were, or could be, the instrument of a divine love, a means to reveal divinity to the world. Yet the divinity he sensed was not the stark god of religion, or even of the one omniscient God, and the more he experienced and the more he thought he realize it was not god all. It was a goddess.

This thought pleased him. He felt he had re-discovered an important meaning, maybe even the ultimate meaning, about his life, and he walked slowly down the from the hill to wash his face in the cold water of the stream.

The loss of his wife held no sorrow for him now and the sad resignation of yet another loss began to fade. Like a little boy, he took off his shoes and socks and paddled along in the stream.

There was no Natalie to share this with him as he might have wished, and his meeting with her seemed a dream. Was it a week since you come upon her, sitting by the bank of the river Severn in tree-full Quarry Park while, around, the town of Shrewsbury became drier for the hot sun of summer?

He could remember almost every word of their conversation – she had smiled as he had passed and he, shy and blushing, spoke of the weather, of how the long heat had lowered the level of the water. On her delicate fingers – a ring with a symbol of the Tao. So he had asked, and had sat beside her. For two hours they talk, revealing their pasts like two friends.

"Without my dreams," she had said, "I would be nothing" and he hid his tears.

There was a beauty in her words, in her eyes, sadness in the softness of her voice and by the time she rose to leave he was in love, although he did not realize it then. "Can I see again?" he asked. She was unsure, but agreed and he gave her his address, named a day and time and watched her walk away wanting but not daring to run and embraced her.

And then she was gone, lost to his world. A day only was over before he found her address and sent her flowers. Next day – her long, sad letter. "I have nothing to give," she had written. "You were my random audience."

He sent more flowers, but sat alone by the river at the appointed time before the dying sun dried away the foolish vapour of his dreams.

The cold water of the stream refreshed him and, as he bathed his face again, his sadness slowly returned, only muted by his ecstasy. No one passed him as he walked along the paths that wound down from among the hills. There was no one to welcome him home, and he sat by the window in his small cottage wondering what he should do. The hills of south Shropshire, the isolation, the garden - all had lost their charm. Somewhere, beyond the valley, the hills, the villages and the town, his wife would be happy within the arms of another man.

It was not a long walk from his cottage to the town and its station, but the heat of the day oppressed him as it made the other passengers in the stuffy, noisy train sit silent and still throughout the short journey.

Variegated people mingled over the sun-shadowed platforms of Shrewsbury station and Thurstan followed two young girls as they walked along the concrete above the sun-glinting lines of steel which carried a diesel engine through the humid air and which vibrated with its power the ground and buildings around. Then the wooden barrier siphoned the arrivals down dirty stone steps and through ultramodern doors to the traffic-filled streets of Shrewsbury.

It was in these streets Thurstan realized he was afraid. He believed he could sense the feelings behind the faces of the people he passed – and not only sense them, but feel them as if they were his own. He felt the nervous vulnerability of a young girl as she waited, half-afraid, by the frontage of a shop where people jostled, and an intimation of her gentle innocence being destroyed troubled him. He felt the anger of a young mother as she scolded her screaming child while cars passed, noisy, in the street: the pain of an old man

as he hobbled supported by a stick toward the pedestrian precinct where youths gathered, waiting.

Thurstan fled from the people, their feelings, the noise, and the latent tension he could feel in the air, to sit by the river in Quarry Park. The sun, the flowing water, the warm grass all calmed him. He sat for over an hour, occasionally turning to watch a few people who passed along the paths. He sensed an affinity, perhaps a love, for the individuals around him – an empathy that he could not, even if he had wished, formulate into words. But this insight was destroyed by a woman.

She was beautiful, the woman who passed him as she walked along the path near where he sat vaguely wondering about love. She seemed to smile at him, but he could not be sure for she passed under the shadow of a tree while sunlight narrowed his eyes. His feelings in that moment were not mystical but rather a strange mixture of gentle sexual desire, expectation and a burgeoning vitality mixed with the anguish of his shyness, and he was resigned to simply remembering the moment as he had remembered such moments before when the woman turned around and smiled.

Thurstan felt as though he had been punched in the stomach. The woman turned, past a tree to walk under the bridge that fed a road over the river, and up toward the town along a narrow, stone-lined passage, leaving Thurstan to his turmoil. Then he was on his feet, and following.

He wanted to run, but dared not. So he followed, quickening his step. He would catch her when the lane met the road ahead between High School and Hospital. Perhaps she sensed him lurking behind and was afraid, for she seemed to Thurstan to quicken her step and he was left to follow her not knowing what he would do. She crossed the road. Thurstan saw nothing except her and had decided not to follow her anymore when she turned, almost stopped, and smiled at him again. He felt she was waiting for him and this feeling made him follow her along the empty pavement and down a narrow cobbled street towards the empty market of an empty traffic-free town.

He was within yards of her when she vanished into one of the many small shops that lined the street. '*J. Apted – Antiquarian Books*' the sign above the door read.

No bell sounded when the Thurstan entered and in the musty dimness he peered around the shelves. A portly gentleman with a genial face stared back at him.

"Can I help you at all, sir?" he asked.

In this small room beyond the shelves Thurstan could see no one. "A woman – did woman just come in here?" Thurstan asked shyly, and blushed.

"A woman?"

"Yes - long red hair, green eyes, wearing a long dress."

The man smiled, kindly. "No one but yourself as entered here this last hour."

Fear of having mistaken the shop, which he saw her enter, made Thurstan rush towards the door when he saw her portrait, in oils, upon the wall.

It was only several minutes later, after questioning the bookseller, that Thurstan realized he is seen a ghost. The woman had been dead for 50 years.

II

Fifty years, the bookseller and said.

"It was a sad business, yes indeed. Murdered she was. In here - in this very house. I was a school then, you see. You saw her, you said?" And the old man's eyes seemed to brighten.

Then Thurstan thanked him and fled through the humid heat and the peopled streets to find a train to take him toward his home. He could not sleep that night, and the next day, at the same time, he was in the park again, but she did not appear and he walked away to stand for nearly an hour near the bookshop trying to find the courage to go in.

The bookseller was not surprised to see him. "She is beautiful, yes?" he said as Thurstan stood staring at the painting.

"Where did you see her first?", the old man asked directly.

Thurstan turned towards him, and shyly shuffled his feet. "I -" he began.

The man smiled kindly. "I have always felt this place is still her home but, alas, I have myself never met her, as you have done."

"I didn't realize -"

"That what you saw was an apparition? They appear so real, you see. I myself a small interest in such matters. Would you like some tea?"

The invitation was so unexpected and so kindly meant to the without thinking Thurstan said, "Yes - that would be rather nice."

"Shall we retire - to somewhere more comfortable?" the man smiled and wrung his hands. "I shall close early, today!"

The room beyond the shop was, like the shop itself, lined from floor to ceiling with books, and like the books, the table, chairs and desks were antiquarian. There was a large and oddly shaped specimen of rock crystal on the table and Thurstan bent down to examine it. A face - the face of a beautiful woman - was within it but Thurstan had barely recognized it when it vanished.

"Help me!" he thought he heard a sad, distant voice, say.

The bookseller brought a tray, offered a mug of tea, some biscuits and cake while

Thurstan waited, half -watching the crystal and half -expecting to hear the distant voice. He ate and drank, and listened to the words of the old man without really understanding them. Somewhere, in a nearby recess or room, a large clock struck the quarter hour.

His nervous expectancy, the heat, the man's slow but persistent voice, all combined to make Thurstan disposed towards sleep and he felt himself drifting to embrace that temptation when a loud and persistent wrapping awoke him.

"I'm sorry," the booksellers said. "Would you excuse me?"

Thurstan heard a brief curse, the door being unlocked and a few words of the hurried conversation that followed. He was staring into the crystal when the bookseller returned alone. Nearby, the hidden clock marked the passing of half an hour.

The old man did not smile but stared, nervously, at the floor while he said: "I must go. An appointment, you understand. You will not be offended I hope?"

"No, of course not".

"Perhaps -", but he looked up and cast his eyes down again before leading Thurstan towards the door. He saw Thurstan look again at the woman's portrait but pretended not to notice.

"Well, good-bye," Thurstan said, perplexed by the sudden change in the man's aura.

"It was nice meeting you, Mr. Jebb."

Thurstan held out his hand, but the bookseller shuffled away, leaving Thurstan to stumble down the outside step and awkwardly close the door. He had almost reached Quarry Park where a warm sun cast cool tree shadows over the grass when he realized he'd never told the man his name. But this strangeness did not concern him for long as he walked down to the river to sit on a bench, trying to remember what the bookseller had said.

It had been about apparitions, but not in general and not about the ghost that Thurstan had seen, and as he sat watching the strong river flow silently by, he felt his sadness returning. He would never meet her. Never be able to share his dreams, visions and love. He tried hard to wish himself back in time - 50 years before. He would walk to her house and wait. He would not care how long he waited. But he would be ready and somehow save her.

It was childish fantasy and he knew it was, but still he had to control himself to prevent the tears. "There's so much I don't understand", he said to himself aloud and a young girl, prettily dressed, moved away from him, fearful, as she passed by his bench.

His tiredness returned, slowly, brought by sun and his sadness and he closed his eyes to briefly sleep. No sound woke him from the dream about his wife - only a beautiful scent, nearby. A woman had sat beside him on the bench and for almost a minute he feared to look at her. But then she seemed about to leave and he turned, in desperation.

Her dark hair was cut gracefully to fall just above her shoulders and she wore a necklace of polished amber.

"Do you often gawp like that at a strange woman?", she said as he sat open mouth and unbelieving. Only the colour of her hair and manner of dress was different.

"I...", Then: "I'm sorry, but you are so beautiful," he said without thinking as he let out his breath.

She smiled but stood up to leave.

"Please- ", Thurstan stood beside her, unable to control himself, and held her arm as she turned.

She was alive, and in his joy at this he forgot his fear of her reaction. But only for an instant. He jerked his hand away.

"Yes?"

He struggled to find words would make sense but his thoughts were fastly moving water breaking over the weir of dread.

She's saved him from this turmoil. "You may invite me to share a pot of tea with you at the café around corner."

"What? Yes, of course."

He walked beside her, awkward and blushing, for many yards before she spoke again.

"You are an interesting man."

"Do you live in Shrewsbury?" he managed to say.

"Nearby."

"Do you often walk along here?" The banality of his questions pained him - but she would think him a fool or mad, if he formed his chaos of feelings into words. And did not want to lose her.

"Sometimes."

It was a strange sensation for Thurstan walking beside the beautiful woman. Was she a vision sent to haunt him - or was his dream the ghost of yesterday? But he knew she was real as he seemed to know she was interested in him. In him, Thurstan Jebb. Perhaps she was intrigued. Was it something in his eyes, he wondered, that gave him away? For a long time he had believed he was different - a mystic perhaps, who felt and saw more than others. This secret knowledge gave him security in the outer barrenness of his life as he eked out a type of living as a gardener, content to have forgotten his past.

"You are an interesting man", he heard in his head like an echo, and he smiled.

"May I ask your name?" he said, feeling his mouth go dry.

She turned and smiled. "Melanie."

"Melanie," he repeated, like a fool.

"Yes. I believe it comes from the Greek for black."

"Hence your black dress."

"Not really. I think the colour suits me, don't you?"

Unexpectedly, she twirled around, laughing.

"I think most colours would suit you." she smiled at him again and Thurstan wanted to from

embrace her - more from sexual desire than from any nobler feeling. This sudden desire surprised him with its intensity and he began to tremble. It seemed to him natural that he should be walking with her, for she was not like a stranger to him. He wanted to hold her hand as they walked away from the river up a narrow street to where an almost empty café lay, renovated and waiting beside the boarded up windows and doors of a once notorious Inn. "Barrick Passage", the street sign read.

They sat in silence for a long time as their Darjeeling tea cooled. "I don't", Thurstan said and blushed, "make a habit of this."

"What? Drinking tea on a hot afternoon, " she teased.

"No - I mean inviting strange ladies.... "

"Am I strange then?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"Don't worry," Melanie laughed. "Anyway, I invited you!"

Her smile made Thurstan's desire return. She seemed to be waiting - expectant. There was warmth and her eyes, in her smile, even in the way that she leaned her body slightly towards him. Her dress emphasized her breasts as her necklace emphasize her green eyes and Thurstan greedily sucked in her beauty through his eyes as he sucked in her perfume through his nose. Her skin was tanned and he found it impossible to judge her age. He wanted to tell her of the ghost he seen - of his dreams and hopes and visions about life. But all he did, trembling of limbs and with straining heart, was reach across the table and hold her hand.

She did not flinch nor move away as half of him expected, but slowly stroked the back of his hand with her thumb. He was elated with his success, and closed his eyes in delight.

"You are trembling, " she said, gently.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I can't believe this. There are so many things I want to say."

"Don't say them. Let's just enjoy this moment."

"You are so beautiful." he reached up and stroked her face with his fingers.

"Will you walk with me to my car? "

Dazed, he followed her out of the building to walk beside her. She did not seem to mind when he held her hand.

Several men turned to stare at her as they descended the shop-strewn steepness of Wyle Cop to cross the busy road. Thurstan was oblivious to it all.

The luxury of her car surprised him and he stood beside it under a hot sun, tongue-tied and embarrassed and feeling lost. Only the wealthy could afford such a car.

"You seem surprised, " she said, breaking free her hand to find the keys in the pocket of her dress.

Their slow but short walk from the café had unsettled Thurstan, for the magick of the moment they had shared appeared to him to be drifting away to another world, and he would begin to convince himself that he had been mistaken. There would be nothing more - except perhaps the future possibility of him trying somehow to painfully recapture those moments: to draw her on toward the fulfillment of desire. But all she did was hold the passenger door of the car open for him, saying, "Come on." And, obedient, he sat beside her, while chaos returned to his head.

Skillfully she drove through the streets to take a road westerly from the town while Thurstan watched and waited, so full of anticipation that he could not speak. She turned to smile several times as a miles lay numberless because uncounted behind them and as a strong summer sun coloured the sky deep blue, he found his desire increasing. He knew she sensed this, and drove faster as if intoxicated both by the power of the car and his feelings toward her. The road rose steadily through small villages, past cottages and houses, to turn and re-turn between the Stiperstonerocks and the growing hills that became Wales, leading up from a tree-lined valley to the desolate wastes of marshlands where abandoned mine-workings lay.

Melanie left the main road that dropped slowly between the Corndon and Black Rhadley hills to follow a low hedged-hemmed lane over the border into Wales. The lane rose and fell to rise again between fields worn for centuries only by sheep and sparse of tree. Then, quite suddenly, Melanie stopped.

Thurstan felt her anger before he saw it in her eyes. She was staring at him, but he only smiled. For a moment, she did not seem quite human and when he reached out for her hand she snatched it away.

He was perplexed by this change in her rather than afraid, and sat, quietly waiting and smiling. When she looked away, he said, "I can walk back if you wish."

She did not turn around. "It might be best."

"I'm sorry if I have upset to you in any way. I thought...."

"I know what you thought!" she said savagely.

"No - not just that." he closed his eyes to see within the fleeting impression of his dreams. The days, hours, minutes shared: the moments of intuitive closeness - sharing a sunset, a snowy day in Spring, laughter, tears, and physical joy. The look, touch, feeling of lovers.

Thurstan did not want to lose his dreams. "You are a rare, precious and beautiful woman. There is something about you - I don't know what it is." He felt so much love within him that he wanted to share and thus his words could not be stopped. "I sensed something about you when we sat by the river. Call me mad - or a fool, or both. I don't care. You sensed it too, I know."

Angry still, she said, "What did you sense then?"

"Then maybe you are my Destiny." Gently, he stroked her face.

"Your dreams are not real."

"They are if I make them real." He sighed and stared out the window. A raven flew nearby,

but it did not interest him. "Maybe it was the goddess I saw in you, I don't know. I've certainly made a fool of myself this time, haven't I?"

"You interest me, " she said, her anger gone.

"And you perplex me." Since he felt he ought to be honest he added, "and you arouse my desire. But you know that. As you know that basically I'm just a romantic fool with a headpiece filled with dreams."

"You do not know anything about me."

"I have always found the beginnings of relationships difficult. The tentative steps, the gradual unravelling of lives. It always seemed such a waste - there are so many more important things. And I'm not talking about the physical aspect either. I always plunge straight in - rather bad choice of phrase - the grand passion every time. Never seem to learn either.

"So, it's not important for you to know me. I sense things about you. I see your beauty, smell your perfume, and am intoxicated. You offer the choice of existence, meaning, bliss, sorrows, tears. Whenever. It does not matter - I am alive again! Really living. Full of energy, anticipation. You are music, poetry, dance - even religion."

He laughed. "Now you know that I am mad!"

Slowly, she drove on to where a cottage with a sagging roof and decaying walls grew beside the road, sheltered from sheep by a small garden where a rusty dismembered tractor lay dead. Incongruous beside it was a new car, spreading bright sun. Melanie stopped, and entered the cottage without knocking on its paint-peeling door. Less than a minute later she returned.

"I must see you again," she said she started her car. "Now I have other matters that must be attended to. "Joel," she indicated the men who emerged from the cottage "shall take you back."

Thurstan look perplexed so she said, "Don't worry," and touched his face. "You were not mistaken. Meet me tomorrow night at nine where we met today. Can you do that?"

"Of course!"

"Good. Now I must go."

To Thurstan's surprise, she leaned over and kissed him on the lips. Then he was outside the metal womb of the car. She did not wave, but drove quickly away to leave him standing beside the ugly man with a madman's grin.

Over the cottage, a raven flew to shadow him briefly from the sun.



They were waiting for her, in the small wood near the circle of ancient stones. Algar, Master of her Temple, smiled as he watched her walk alone towards them.

"So," he said, "he was not to be our chosen." In the light of the wood, his dark gaunt features were sinister.

"There shall be other times." Melanie did not take she offered robe. "Tomorrow when dark comes, we shall gather here again."

"For the sacrifice?" Algar asked.

"Perhaps." She addressed her followers directly. "Go now. And tomorrow we shall feast and rejoice!"

She did not wait but turned back along the track toward he car. Almost obsequious, Algar walked beside her.

"But he was receptive?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You do a particularly fetching in that dress if I may say so." Then, seeing her indifference, he said, "Shall you lure him tomorrow?"

"He may not be suitable."

"Oh? Why would that be then?"

Melanie stopped and stared at him and he visibly cowered. "What do you mean?"

"I meant nothing," he said truthfully. But her anger aroused suspicion.

"The new candidate?"

Algar smiled. "He has healed well. He would like to see you, privately of course."

"Of course. Tonight?"

"I could arrange it, if you wish."

"Arrange it!"

The humid heat of the evening annoyed her while she waited, and when he did come, brought forth from the darkness outside her house by Algar, she was impatient to begin. Algar took the man's money before leading him into the candle-lit incensed Temple where he stripped and bound him to the frame.

But the frenzied whipping of the fat man with bulging eyes and pale skin did not bring forth the joy of pleasure she anticipated - only a hatred that quickly passed as the man groaned and sighed, taking his own dark pleasure from his pain. There was little blood upon the back and buttocks of the man and Algar, leering in the shadows, was surprised when she stopped. The bound man turned to look up at her, his eyes pleading for the pleasure her

pain and dominance brought him. He could see her breasts clearly through her thin sweat-stained robe, but his hands were bound by leather thongs to the cold aluminium frame and he could not reach out and touch them as he wished.

There was a strange desire within Melanie and it appalled her. She tried to destroy it by fulfilling her role as Satanic whip queen and surrendering again to the joy she found in dominating and debasing the men she despised. But it did not work and the lashes she gave became softer until they stopped completely. In disgust at herself she threw the leather scourge upon the altar to let Algar disrobe and take his own selfish pleasure upon the man whom he unbound and pushed roughly to the floor.

Her swim in the warm water of her pool settled some of her feelings, a little, so she was able to plan how best Algar could kill her chosen sacrifice. She and she alone would dare to call the Dark Gods back to Earth. The chosen would be easy to entice to their sacred circle of stones as he had been easy to capture, and the more she thought of the deed to come, the more the anticipated pleasure covered and obscured her remembrances of his gentle dreams.

She was Melanie, Mistress of the Earth in the Temple of Darkness: ruler of a coven of fifty. No man would mould her feelings. For years she had schemed, cheated, manipulated and lied, building from the foundations of her beauty and sexuality the wealth and power she craved as a girl. She was fifteen when her parents died when the plane they were in crashed. A teacher befriended her and was not long before she realized the power her innocence and beauty gave her. He was her first victim, but she soon tired of him and his small gifts and sought more wealthy prey. But she despised them all, these man who lusted after her - they would sell their souls, and most of them had, for the short pleasure she sometimes allowed them to find in her body. Thurstan would be no exception.

It would be good, she felt, to sacrifice him at the moment he achieved his desire. This thought pleased her and she swam slowly, allowing the physical exertion and the warmth of all of water to gently excite her.

Algar watched the rear lights the man's car fade on the long driveway from the house before he shut the door. Melanie was upstairs, asleep, and he did not creep but walked boldly through the hall to her secret Temple. It was a small room, windowless and black, containing only a chair and a wooden plinth on which stood a large quartz tetrahedron.

A diffuse light, reddish in hue, was thrown upward from the opaque floor and for many minutes Algar sat in the chair amid the warm and perfumed air. He felt powerful, sitting

there instead of a kneeling on the floor while she sat smiling and forming her thoughts into the crystal to become the chains, which bound him.

"With a look or smile," he remembered she had said, "I can strike you dead!". He did not doubt it. Three years ago she had stolen his power.

For ten years he had followed the way of his Prince gathering allies and power. Even as a boy he'd followed some of these ways, but his teachers and superiors had mistaken his hatred for intellectual sophistry, his dark interior life for spirituality and his ruthless ambition for spiritual gifts. The world of monastic schooling was all he had ever known or wanted and it was natural that it should lead him to a novitiate and the Order of his teachers.

For one year, and one year only, he tried to follow their way until Bruno the elder novice had one night seduced them as he lay in his cold monastic cell.

For weeks afterwards he had prayed to the Prince, "Our Father, which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our desire and delivers us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons. Prince of Darkness, hear me."

Bruno died soon after, in his sleep, an expression of stark terror on his face. "Heart attack" a doctor had said, but Algar knew his humiliation had been avenged.

He was a Priest, his dark life hidden and a source of satisfaction, when he first met her. It was a cold morning in Spring and she stood outside his little church, radiantly beautiful in the light of the sun. "I have come, " she said, "to ask you to say a Mass for us". She held out her left hand and he saw the strange symbol on her ring. Obedient, he knelt down to kiss it. "How did you know?" he asked. She smiled, not kindly despite her beauty. "I have seen you at night pray to our Prince."

The crystal had guided her. That very night he presided as priest at a Black Mass and afterwards, with only her servant Lois remaining in her large house, she had bound his will with her own. He had been standing by the crystal when Lois had stripped him bare and offered her body. Then Melanie the dark witch was laughing but his sudden anger was no match for her power and she stared at him before binding him by curse.

Her eyes seemed to suck his will away and she unthreaded an amber bead from the many she wore around her neck. "In this bead I bind you by the power of our Prince! Binan ath ga

wath am!" she chanted. "Nythra!..." He watched silent and paralyzed while she counted the fifty beads she wore around her neck. The crystal gave power to and magnified her thoughts and when she released him he stared at it for several minutes. But it was useless - he could do nothing with it and calmly allowed himself to be led by Lois to his room. And when he awoke, worn and feeling old, there was a beautiful boy, waiting naked, by his bed. "I am her gift" the burgeoning man had said....

Algar sighed as he remembered. Even after three years he did not know the secret of her crystal but he did know the Satanic organization she had created to keep her power and wealth, and as he walked from her temple to find a telephone, he was smiling.

"Rathbone?" he said into the telephone receiver. "This is Algar. I believe you owe us a favourI have a job for you."

Upstairs, unknown to or her High Priest, Melanie was awake and watching him on the monitor screen of her discretely installed surveillance system.

IV

Thurstan was early. It was a humid evening and he sat by the river enjoying the twilight. The new clothes he had bought for the occasion made him feel self-conscious and every few minutes he would look around. But the few people who wandered by did not - or pretended they did not - notice him and he would be left to rehearse again in his head what he would say to Melanie when they met.

It was not a sudden decision, but the planning of the night before, that made Melanie watch him silently from a distance. She did not watch for long.

Darkness was upon the hill as in silence the worshippers prepared, guided only by the diffuse light from the candles in their red lanterns. Carefully Algar laid out the sacrificial knife upon the woven cloth inside the circle of stones. The thongs were strong and would bind the victim while the cloth would soak up the blood. Satisfied he whispered commands.

"She is here!" Lois said seeing the signal from one of the men guarding the track that led to the stones.

There was a sigh from thirteen throats and then the slow dance and has chant began.

"Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus..." Soon the hissing became like the sound of a thousand demons chattering as they rose gleefully from the pits of Hell. In the centre, Algar waited with his muscular helper to bind the victim's arms and legs.

Then Melanie was before him. One bead of her amber necklace appeared to

Algar to be glowing, pulsing in rhythm with the beat of his heart. He was becoming mesmerized with this when it occurred to him that Melanie was alone.

Before he could move he was held from behind. He felt thongs being tied around his wrists, heard Melanie whisper mockingly in his ear, "We have our sacrifice!"

"No! No!" he screamed. But she was laughing as someone gave her the knife.

Around them, the sibilant chant rose towards its climax, the dancers fleetingly caught in the red glow from the candles.

With a sudden burst of energy Algar screamed. "Jebb dies if I do!" but a gag silenced him.

Melanie held the sharp knife to his throat before loosening the gag. "Tell me what you mean!" she demanded.

"He dies if I do not return," Algar said, flinching.

"Is that so? "

"Rathbone shall - "

Melanie clapped hands twice and from the darkness around the track a man stepped into the dim circle of light. Someone held a lantern near his face.

"I had no choice," Rathbone said, his face, like a weasel, twitching.

Then Algar was on his knees, crying. "Spare me, spare me!" he pleaded

"And if I do?" demanded Melanie.

"I shall always be your slave."

Three times Melanie clapped her hands as a signal for the dancers to gather around. "See" she said, "all you who dwell in my temple. Here is Algar, the High Priest who thought he knew my secret, admired and envied for his fortune by you all. See now how he begs before me! Shall I spare him?"

"Kill him! Kill him!" they demanded.

Melanie laughed. Algar was brought to his feet. "For a year I shall spare your life."

The dancers, as if signalled silently, dispersed to return to their dance. "Now," she whispered to Algar, "you shall see my power - brought without the gift of blood!"

She did not speak, or move, but slowly raised her hands as, many miles away, the crystal within her secret temple began to glow. "Atazoth! Atazoth!", the dancing dancers hissed. The sky above and around them was clear, speckled by stars but a ragged darkness came to cover a part of the sky as a putrid stench filled the air and a circle of cold fell around the worshippers. No one moved, then, or chanted or spoke but all stared up at the sky. The darkness grew slowly before withdrawing into a sphere that darted across sky. And then it was gone.

"Tomorrow, " Melanie said, "you shall see the chaos I have caused. Now feast and rejoice and take your pleasure as you will!"

Around her, the orgy began as she unbound Algar's hands and led him from the revelry toward her car.

"There is much you do not know, " she said she drove toward her house.

Algar did not speak during their journey and slunk away like a broken man into his room on their arrival, while Melanie watched him on a monitor screen. But it was not long before she

began thinking about Thurstan. She had reached out to him while she had watched him sitting by the river and even had not Algar's intended treachery changed her plans she knew that she could not have hurt him.

She had even lost her lust for Algar's blood and let him live. Somewhere, around the world, the dark power she unleashed would be causing disaster and death. It was a small beginning, the prelude to the opening of the Star Gate which would return her Dark Gods to Earth. But it was not fulfilling, and she thought it might be.

Unsettled, she went down to her temple. The warmth of the gentle light, the perfume but most of all the crystal brought here reassurance about her power and role, and she forgot about Thurstan and a burgeoning dichotomy he was causing in her head. Perhaps her Dark Gods and guided her to the crystal - she did not know. But only four years ago she had found it, in a Satanic Temple she had visited. The group had not impressed her, but the High Priest was easy to manipulate and he had given her the crystal as a gift. Only when she first touched it did she discover its power.

The High Priest was the first person whose soul she bound within the beads around her neck. He still brought her money from his schemes, and sometimes a new member. She was content to leave him to bask in his little power, knowing she only had to summon him for him to fall prostrate at her feet. And when his schemes failed or he ceased to be of use, she would remove his bead and grind it into dust, for then he would surely die.

For weeks after the gift of the crystal she had shut herself away in the small house she then shared with Lois. The crystal brought knowledge and she had learned how to use it to travel among the hidden dimensions where the Dark Gods slept, waiting for someone to break the seal that bound them in sleep. She learned of Earth's past, of how the Dark Gods had come bringing terror and much that was strange. Of how her Prince was their Guardian, given the Earth as his domain. Her shape-changing Prince was her guide to the Abyss beyond, and she explored the Abyss without fear, trembling or dread. She would be ready, she knew, when the stars were aligned aright, to call and summon the Dark

Gods from sleep.

Her temple, the men she held in thrall in her beads, were but a means to this call, for the crystal was the key to the Star Gate. She, and she alone of all those who over the centuries had tried to bring the dark terrors forth, would succeed - of that she was sure.

So had she played her games of power and joy, feeling herself the equal of gods. There were few crimes that she had not sanctioned or sent men, in their lust, to commit, few

pleasures she had not enjoyed. Yet she was not maddened by either pleasure or power, and kept her empire small, sufficient for her needs, and herself anonymous. Many small firms headed by small men, a brothel or two, a number of temples in the cities beyond - such were the gifts of her Prince and she tended them all, as a wise woman should.

Slowly, and contented once again, she left for temple to climb the stairs to her bed.

Algar waited, quite patiently, until he was sure she was asleep and knocked, not too loudly, on Lois' door. She had returned alone, as he knew she must, and was not surprised see him.

"Yes!" she asked and smiled, leaning against frame of her door. Sometimes, Algar like to talk with her, as one servant to another.

Algar did not smile, nor speak but moved towards her to stab her in the throat. She rasped, staring in disbelief, and staggered back towards the bed. Not content, he followed and stabbed her through the heart. The beauty that had pleased Melanie would please her no more and, smiling at this thought,

Algar wiped the handle of the knife clean on the satin sheet. Soon, he was running away from the house under the shimmering bright stars of the humid night.

Melanie awoke slowly. She sensed a change in the aura of her house and had walked towards her door before realizing what it was. She was alone. But there was no fear in her and she wandered barefoot and naked along long corridor, as there was no shock when she entered Lois' room.

It was then she knelt down to gently close the eyes of her dead lover that the reaction came. Her cold hatred toward Algar for his deed was soon gone, and in the silence of her house and for the first time in her life, she began to cry.

Outside, a stray, fierce dog howled.

V

Algar heard the howling as he ran down the narrow lane away from the house and in terror

he scrambled through the hedge to run faster across the fields. The dog, sent by the dark force of Melanie's will, had picked up his scent and Algar ran, desperate and stumbling, toward the valley stream.

The house lay alone on a track below the hill that held Billings Ring, the fields around sheep-strewn and rough, overlooked by the southerly slopes of the Mynd that turned the waters of the Onny River south then almost north until a softer rock fed them eastward again. The sound of water was clear amid the silence of the night and Algar stood beside the stream in an effort to slow his straining breath. The lights of a car on the road above and a field away from him shone ragged through the high hedge, and Algar crept down, fearing to be seen.

But his fear of the pursuing beast was stronger and he waded into the stream to walk along it for several yards and hide under the bridge. He could hear the dog but could not see it and waited, cold and shaking, for nearly half an hour. The bridge swept a narrow lane away, and up from the valley road, to a hamlet of a few houses. There would be no safety for him there in the farm workers' houses less than a mile from Melanie's home.

For some time he listened intently, and, hearing nothing, crawled slowly and scared from the stream. He was on the lane, almost at its junction with the road when the stalking dog attacked. It leapt snarling to try and sink its teeth into his throat. But Algar shielded his face with his hands and the dog bit deeply into his arm, knocking him over. It bit him again as Algar struggled with it on the ground. There was a large stone by his hand and Algar used it to smash at the dog's skull. In a frenzy, he struck the dog until it was dead. But even then he kicked it several times and threw the stone at its face before staggering to the road.

The first car that passed him did not stop and nearly knocked him over as he stood in the road waving his bloodied arms, but the second one, a long time after, did stop and Algar pretended to faint. The driver was near when Algar leapt up to push the man away before stealing his car.

The pain was excruciating but he tried to ignore it and the dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him. He had one hope and one hope only and drove fastly toward Shrewsbury to seek sanctuary from Melanie's curse. The roads were empty, the streets of the town deserted in the silent hours before dawn and he abandoned the car to walk the last quarter mile to the church.

No light shone in the Presbytery windows until his insistent knocking on its doors awoke its occupant from his sleep.

Cautious, but not afraid, the old Priest opened the door.

“Help me, Father! Please, help me!” Algar pleaded.

He did not see the bats that flew silently away from the church.

There was no choice, as Melanie knew. The two members of her Temple, summoned from their sleep, carried the body to their van. Melanie had cleaned and bathed it, using her own black satin sheets for a shroud, and she stayed beside it during the hours it took them to dig the grave.

Dawn came, with no wind to break the silence of the forest, but its beautiful colours did not interest her as she stood, dressed in white, in the still air to watch the two men lower the body into the Earth. There were no prayers to her to say, no lament for her to sing – only an unvoiced oath to avenge the death of her friend. The earth was returned, the covering of grass and small bush neatly replaced, the debris of leaves and broken twig scattered again. There was no sign of the grave and, satisfied, Melanie allowed the men to return to her home.

“There shall be gifts for you both,” she said as they bowed slightly before taking their leave.

Slowly, in her secret Temple, she unthreaded from her necklace Algar’s bead. There was no frenzy of anger within her but a desire for Algar to suffer a slow, painful death as she squeezed the amber bead several times between her fingers. To her surprise the crystal did show her Algar contorted in pain. Yet she knew that even though for some reason she could not see him and thus discover his location, she was still causing him pain, and as she danced around her crystal she increased the pressure on the bead before stopping to visualize the time and place of his death, two weeks hence in the centre of her circle of stones.

Slowly, and deliberately she cut the threads, which bound his life to this Earth, and, although still living, he was imprisoned in her web of death. It was not difficult for her to move the plinth upon which the crystal stood, for she had done it many times before and the mechanism which she had installed many years before did not fail her. The plinth, and the stone and which it rested, moved quietly aside to reveal a dark pit that sank deep into Earth. She did not smile, or feel anything, as she let the bead drop to join the scattered human

remains.

The remains were the work of the sinister woman who had in the weeks of her dying given Melanie the house. “I have waited for you,” she remembered the old woman had said, “waited as our Prince said I should. My coven and books and house are yours.” She never spoke again, but signed her name on her will, and Melanie was left to find the old woman’s secrets from the Black Book of workings she had kept. ‘I, Eulalia, Priestess of the forgotten gods, descended from those who kept the faith, here set forth for she who is to come after me, the dark secrets of my craft...’ The book was Melanie’s most treasured possession, after her crystal and her beads. It was the crystal that first showed her the house.

She let the crystal guide her here again and sat in her chair while the plinth slid silently back into place. At first, the tetrahedron showed nothing, but its inner clearness gradually vanished to reveal a man’s face. Thurstan was in his cottage, reading as he sat hunched on the wide inside sill of a window, framed by the rising sun. He looked up, briefly, and smiled as if aware of being observed. He seemed to Melanie to be staring at her. Then he was gone as the crystal cleared.

His smile, that gentle look in his eyes, her sensation of herself being observed all confused her, and she left her Temple to walk under the warm sun in the walled garden at the rear of her house. It was not long before she returned to her crystal.

It did not respond to her commands of thought. There was no Thurstan for her to see, not even an outside view of his cottage. Faint images seemed to be forming, but they were intrusive – bats flying away from a church at night, a raven plucking the eye from a dead dog – and her failure angered her. Her anger was the catalyst, and transformed the flickering images into a clear vision of Algar writhing in agony upon a bed. Above him on the wall, was the symbol of the Nazarene. By the bed an old Priest spoke silent words as he read from a leather breviary.

Melanie’s laugh erased all thoughts of Thurstan from her mind.

VI

“Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnia Satanica potestas omnis incursio infernalis adversarii”

The old Priest continued his prayer of exorcism while Algar writhed in pain on the bed. But then the pain eased. Algar however, did not attribute this to the Priest but to Melanie's curse. She would want him to die slowly, and as he lay smiling inwardly at the antics of the old man who had earlier cleaned and dressed the wounds the vicious dog had caused, Algar sensed a chance for life.

It would not arise from the exorcism for he had no belief in the religion of the Priest which once and briefly he himself had embraced inwardly. The old man had been kind, listening intently as Algar had told him a tale composed mainly of lies. He had been given sanctuary, clothes and medical aid – which was all he wanted – and let the Priest play out his farce of a role. His chance for life would come from his own hands by his breaking of Melanie's curse. For that, she herself would have to die, and he began to think of stratagems by which he could lure her to her death.

Thurstan Jebb held some fascination for her, or some future potential which she planned somehow to draw out for her own advantage and although he did not know nor particularly care which, if any of these was correct, he knew enough to realize Jebb might provide his bait. The plan he thought of pleased him, bringing a resurgence of some of the power he had felt as High Priest and he allowed the old man to finish his prayers before explaining he would have to leave.

He thanked the Priest for the exorcism, lyingly said it was effective and thanked the man for saving his life. He even suggested they go into the church to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Algar, offering his wounds as an excuse not to kneel, sat to say aloud in Latin a suitable prayer. The Priest was impressed, as Algar knew he would be, and did not say no when Algar asked for some money.

“Just a small loan, Father,” the lying High Priest said.

A few hours later, he was safely in Leeds. The pain, which came to him during his journey by train, was not intense or prolonged.

Ray Vitek was not pleased to see him and it showed on his face. But in deference to Algar's position he asked him politely inside the seedy terraced house along the sloping streets between the traffic noise of Hyde Park Corner and the tree lined peace of Meanwood Ridge.

“So,” Vitek said suspiciously as they sat among the books within a mould-filled room, “she has sent you for another favour.” Nervously, with thin fingers, he stroked his pointed beard.

“A favour, yes. But not for her.”

“I see. So it has come to that.”

“Will you join me – against her?”

“Years ago – I forget exactly when it was – I had a Priestess. Perhaps you remember her? No, well I was young then, as you were. I loved her. Linda was her name. Then she came to entice her away. She died – in a brothel.”

“Then you will help?”

“Me – once in love! I have never loved anyone or anything since.”

“I did not know,” Algar said, acting concerned.

“Who cares – I don’t care – not any more.” Then, his mood changed, he added, “what has she done to you then?”

Algar took off the coat that the Priest had given him and showed his bloodstained bandages.

“So?” Vitek said. “Why come to me?”

“Because you have friends. Desperate friends who need a little something every now and then. What would they do for a year’s supply?”

“She would have you killed before you did anything.”

Algar laughed. It was not pleasant to hear. “She does not know about my – how shall I say – my little side-line!”

Vitek was surprised – but his lethargy soon returned. “So what can I do?”

“Your friends,” Algar said – and his imitation of a gargoyle suited him, “shall keep a little something of mine. To lure her. She come – and they – how shall I say – entertain her?”

Vitek’s brief laugh was broken by a spasm of coughing. He spat into the fireplace. Then, remembering: “but her power – “

“When they take her they bring you the necklace she wears. You shall bring it to me.”

“But I remember – “

“The crystal? Yes, I shall smash it while she is away and her power will be gone!”

“A year’s supply, you say? For them all?”

“For them all!”

“It shall be done as you wish. When?”

“Tomorrow!”

“So soon?”

“It must be! When she arrives – surprise her. Take her by force, tear the necklace away! Without it she has no power. And when your friends have finished their games with her –“ he shrugged – “an overdose perhaps.”

“When do you deliver?”

“After the deed is done.”

“I may need something – “

“To offer them? Of course! You shall have it, my friend! This very day. Give me two hours.” His torment was beginning again, and as he strove to control the pain, sweat began to dribble down his face. “I shall return here.”

He did not wait but rushed to flee outside where he stood under a cloudy sky while his body contorted in pain. “I shall kill you!” He repeated. “You shall die a horrible death.”

He imagined that the death Melanie would find tomorrow and although this brought a little satisfaction it did nothing to lessen his pain. He felt like he was being crushed. Then, as suddenly as it had before, it stopped. He walked on toward the summit of the road, dreading its return.

He worked slyly and quickly in the anonymity of the city while thunderclouds covered the sky and the humidity grew. A few telephone calls, a meeting with a man whose expensive car drove him along the crowded streets to a small warehouse by the river. Promises made, a briefcase given to him, another journey by car and he was handing Vitek the promised goods – small packets containing white death.

His pain did not return, but his dread of its returning never left him, becoming during the growing cloud darkness of the daylight hours a demon to haunt him. He was always two footsteps behind, this demon.

The Satanic underworld did not fail him. For two years he had used his influence as Melanie’s High Priest to spin his webs in the temple of the empire she had built. Money diverted, a few small schemes of his own. He had been waiting for her weakness, and had found it. Soon, her empire would be his.

This pleased him. He was given help in her name, but in a few days it would be his name which commanded respect. He had used her name before and she never knew. He used it again, and a young man collected him in a new car and ferried him toward her home.

The demon of dread followed. Several times while lightning struck and nearby thunder crashed, he feared Vitek’s betrayal. “You know how she feels about these,” he had said to Vitek while he gave the white death away. And Vitek’s sunken eyes had bulged. “She does not like them. Warn her, Vitek, and there shall be no more.” Vitek’s thin, grasping hands said he understood. “Your friends, Vitek – I should have to tell them, you understand, if you betrayed me.”

His fears grew like the darkness that brought the day to its end until he became a madman pretending he was sane. He had procured a revolver, and caressed it repeatedly.

Apted was in his shop, as Algar hoped he would be. As soon as Apted unlocked the door he pushed past him.

“Is all well with you?” Apted asked cheerfully.

Algar pressed the barrel of the revolver into a flabby cheek. “Give me Jebb’s address!”

“But she – “

“Give me the address!” He eased back the hammer of the gun with his thumb.

“But I gave it to Rathbone.”

“He is no use to me now! The address!”

Apted gave it.

“Tell her, fat man, and I shall carve the fat from you, slice by slice! Understand? Good! She is finished!” As a gesture of his defiance he spat at her portrait, which hung on Apted’s wall.

The storms, which had followed him from Leeds, fell upon the town to wash the heat and dust away, stealing, for a few brief minutes, the lights that kept the night at bay. Somewhere below the thunder, a young child screamed.

VII

The storm pleased Melanie and she danced naked in her garden while the rain washed her body as she sucked the storm’s health in.

She was inside, allowing the warm air in her secret Temple to dry her when she heard the

telephone ring. The call was brief and she dressed slowly before saying goodbye to her house.

Apted was in a corner of his shop, jibbering, the telephone in his hand, his door open as Algar had left it. She smiled at him and touched his forehead with her hand. Soon, he was almost smiling.

“I had to tell him. I am sorry,” he said and meant it.

“You are safe now. He cannot harm you. Do you believe me?”

“Yes, my princess.” Happiness returned to his face.

“Is Jane still in your care?”

“Why, yes! But they have threatened to take her away from me.”

“May I borrow her for a few days?”

“She is yours now – a gift from an old and grateful man.”

Melanie’s brief kiss surprised him, but when he opened his eyes again, she was gone.

The sky had cleared by the time she drove along the narrow track that led to Thurstan’s cottage among the hills of south Shropshire, and as she left her car to walk the few yards to his door bats swooped around her. She greeted them, as a queen should, laughing as she pushed the door open.

Thurstan was gone, as she half expected him to be, and she felt and smelt the traces that Algar had left. There was a note, stuck to the table by a knife and she read it without emotion. “Come alone,” it read, giving a date, time and place, “or he shall die like Lois.” It demanded a large sum of money.

She burned the note in the fireplace before examining the cottage. There were few books and all of those were in Greek. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles... Few clothes, furniture or

possessions. In the bedroom she found a neat pile of translations but they did not interest her, as the cottage seemed to hold few clues to Thurstan himself. It was damp if clean, austere but full of memories. The memories, spectral forms and sounds, seeped out of the walls, the floor, the beams which held the roof, to greet Melanie. Sighs, laughter, the pain of childbirth, an old man dying his bed while his spirit wandered the hills above.

Two centuries of life, struggle, love and death.

But however intently she listened, however still she held her gaze, neither sights nor sounds from Thurstan's past seeped to her through the gates of time, and it was behind the only painting in the cottage that she found her answer. It was a good painting of a pretty woman, curiously hung above the long narrow windows where Melanie had seen Thurstan sitting. Behind it, totally obscured, was a niche carved from the rough stone that made up the walls. It contained a large quartz crystal. Stored in the crystal was Thurstan's life, in images only a Mistress of Earth or a Magus could see.

The child that Algar had abducted near Apted's shop during the storm had lain silent and terrified in the car while the young man drove through the night, obedient to Algar's commands because he believed he was acting in Melanie's name.

The young man had said nothing when Algar told him to stop and took the child into the darkness of trees by the road. He kept his silence when Algar returned alone fastening the belt of his trousers. He said nothing as he stood waiting for Thurstan to answer the knocks that Algar made upon his door. Kept his silence as he bound and gagged the man at whose head Algar aimed the revolver. Said nothing as he drove his silent passenger to the city of Leeds and the rotting, broken houses that were Algar's destination. The human shadows that surrounded his car and who dragged the bound man away repulsed him, and he was glad when Algar gave him money and dismissed him.

There was much mute laughter and hissing glee as Thurstan was hauled from room to smelly room whose denizens lay supinely on floors or leaned, festering, against walls while loud music played. Vitek was lashing Thurstan to a chair in an upper room when Algar's demon of dread leapt and sunk its rows of teeth into the flesh of its prey. Algar did not scream but cowered in a corner, his whole body convulsed. Thurstan was smiling – or seemed to Algar to be smiling at him – and he leapt up to punch Thurstan several times in the face. Instantly, his torment ceased. Then Thurstan winked.

Raging, Algar held the revolver to his head, but Vitek calmed him and led him away, saying, "He is our bait, our money. Leave him."

Daylight brought no sun or light through the boarded windows and Algar slept, twitching from nightmares, on the floor of a suppurating room where three men took turns copulating with a young girl too tired and drugged to care. But their energy did not last and soon only Thurstan was awake, dreaming of the woman he had loved.

A few high cirrus clouds flecked the beautiful blue of the sky as Melanie drove slowly under the warm sun through the busy streets of Leeds. She was not late, and parked her car in the narrow rubble filled street of boarded up houses. Two men with long greasy hair wearing chains for belts watched her, showing rotten teeth as they smiled.

Swaggering, they walked toward her as she got out of her car. Behind her, another man emerged from the shadowed alley beside a house. He was within feet of her when she opened the back door of her car. Gracefully, the leopard leapt into the sunlight.

She stood leaning against her car while the leopard sat beside her. Respectfully and silently, the men moved away. Then, one of them moved slowly toward her but he did not speak as she did not, only bowed his head while she stared into his eyes. He walked away, then – and there was a scream as he, obedient to her will, entered the house, then the sound of breaking glass and wood. A shout. "Don't come any closer!" And a single shot, dull but echoing.

Another man walked toward her and he too bowed his head, a little, as she stared into his eyes. "Kill him!" a voice like Algar's screamed, as he too entered the house.

The third and last man came forward to wait with her beside her car. For a long time, silence – broken by a shout from within the house.

"We must kill her."

Three men carrying clubs and knives came forth from the house but the single man was no match for them and was soon beaten unconscious. Triumphant, the three moved sneering and leering toward Melanie.

“Kill her! Kill her!” the demented Algar screamed from the safety of the house.

“Come on!” laughed one of the men, “hypnotize me!”

“She is making me tremble!” jeered another.

“Let’s strip her, hey?” Laughed the third.

Melanie did not see but rather sensed Algar aim his gun and she stared toward the shadows in the doorway. There was no shot, only Algar cursing as the revolver jammed, while the leopard stood and kept the shouting men away.

Their obscenities were irrelevant to Melanie as she was content to wait in the heat of the sun for her full magickal powers to return. Her control of the three men had weakened her, a little, but she knew her weakness would not last. Perhaps the jeering men sensed her weakness or perhaps Algar had told them to try to drain her power away, but it was not important and she hid her strength for Algar’s expected attack.

It was Vitek who came running from the house, carrying an axe. He slowed, as her power touched him, then stopped to stand harmless and silent. But his appearance broke the spell that kept the others at a distance – they rushed toward her howling with drug courage. The leopard snatched one, her power slowed another but the third was not stopped. The knife he carried reflected the sun and Melanie side stepped gracefully to strike the rushing man as he passed, his momentum conveying him into her car. He bounced, slightly, before her blow to his neck sent him falling unconscious onto the road.

Her absorption freed Vitek who fled into the house.

“Leave!” she commanded and the leopard obeyed, leaving the uninjured man to help his sobbing and bloodied companion away.

Behind the house she heard shouting, and a car being driven away. Thurstan, Algar and Vitek were gone, and as she stepped over bodies near the door, the house burst into flames. She could almost hear Algar laughing.

VIII

The coven was gathered, dressed in crimson robes, in the large Satanic Temple to give honour to Melanie as Mistress of Earth. A man lay on the altar, naked, while a young woman in white robes kissed his body in the light of the candles to the insistent beat of the tabors.

A masked figure dressed in black came to lift the man from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress of Earth.

“What do you wish?” the Mistress asked.

“It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek”. The naked Priest reached up as the Mistress bared her breasts, but she kicked him away with her foot.

“I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their blood.” He stared at her body. “I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage’s seed may feed your virgin flesh.”

“Kiss me,” she taunted, “and I will make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn, which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!”

Slowly, she led him to the Priestess whom she kissed on the lips and caressed before removing her white robe.

“Take her,” she said to the Priest, “for she is me and I am yours!”

Around them the coven gathered, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation began. And when it was over and the Priest lay sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple came to lift him up and forced him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.

“So you have sown,” she said, “and from your seeding gifts may come if you are obedient

hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark and yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!"

The Guardian brought her a large silver chalice, which she offered to her coven in turn. The Priestess was the last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kissed her to receive the wine from her mouth.

She threw the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying, "No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!"

She did not wait for the orgy of lust to begin, but left alone. No sounds of Satanic revelry reached her as she sat in her own small Temple, waiting. But the crystal showed nothing.

For hours, Melanie sat still and alone. She did not think of the flames that only yesterday had engulfed her and from which she had escaped unharmed, nor of Algar, fleeing now from those who sought to collect the bounty she offered for his death. The ritual had bored her, and she did not miss the pleasure that she had obtained in the past through having a man grovelling while she whipped his naked flesh. Instead, she thought of Thurstan and his strange life that she had seen in the crystal. There was a quality about this Thurstan that both pleased and disturbed her, as if he was someone from a dream she had just awoke from and could not quite remember. She wanted to forget the dream and concentrate on the pleasures of her own world, but she was lonely. Thurstan's intrusion into her planned and orderly life, Lois' sudden death, both combined to become a catalyst and change her emotions. And it was her feelings of loneliness which surprised her. For years, she ruled her coven and small empire through her magickal charisma, power and the fear she inspired. She could be charming, subtle, scheming and brutal as the moment and the person required, never losing her belief in herself and her Destiny. For a long time during the years of her growing she had felt herself chosen and different from others. Gradually, awareness of her Destiny came – as Mistress of Earth, ruler of covens, who would dare to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

She still felt her Destiny – but it was the distant beat of her pulse in her ear, not the yearning she now felt to share with someone a moment of life, like the strange moment she had shared with Thurstan while they sat in the café and he, trembling, had first held her hand. She had been playing a role, then, but somewhere and somehow the role had become real to her and for an instant she had become the woman she was pretending to be – gentle, sensitive and vulnerable. This woman had returned, unexpected, when she had held the dead Lois in her arms. Her tears had been real tears of love and loss – but they did not last.

Now this woman sat in Melanie's secret Temple, thinking of Thurstan and the moment they had shared. This woman knew she was alone.

Then Melanie, in anger, walked slowly from her Temple, her eyes glowing, to seek the comfort of her car. Her speed was an attempt to express her anger and she drove westward along narrow lanes and wider roads for nearly an hour before returning east to stop near the stone circle. The twilight of closing cloud and strong wind coloured the sky near the descending sun, and Melanie stood in the circle's centre calling on the storms to break. Thunder cloud rushed toward her, killing the colour, as the wind graved strong and heavy around. There was no thunder, only a sudden and prolonged burst of rain, which Melanie laughing let soak through her thin dress to the warm flesh beneath. She became intoxicated by the power of wind and rain, and danced around the circle calling on the names of her gods. She was Baphomet – dark goddess who held the severed head of a man; she was Asoth – worker of passion and death. Circe – charmer of man; Darket – bride of Dagon. She felt her crystal, many miles distant, begin to respond and draw power from the Abyss beyond. The power came to her, slowly, through the gate in the fabric of space-time, a chaos of energies from the dimensions of darkness. Her consciousness was beginning to transcend to the acausal spaces where the Dark Gods waited and she sensed their longing to return, to fill again the spaces of her causal time. They were there, chattering in lipsed words she could not understand, roused from sleep by the power of her previous rites, ready to seep past the gate to feast upon the blood of humans.

But they could not break through from beyond the stars. The two universes, rent together by her will and crystal, were drifting apart again and she was left to walk along the track from the stones while the wind lost its power and the clouds left with their rain.

She sat in her car for a long time, No power, not even a trace of power, had come down to here over the abyss that divided the causal and the acausal realms of existence. No chaos for her will to form and direct as it had many times before. Her magick was weakened. The cause of her failure became clear to her slowly, like the low autumn mist of a valley becomes cleared by the sun as it heats the cold air of morning. She was in love with Thurstan, and her feelings of love had begun to brighten the darkness that was the source of her power.

IX

“The Police have released the names and photographs of the two men they wish to question in connection with the murders in Leeds...”

Vitek turned the radio off. Algar was beside him in the van they had stolen in Leeds, waiting for the last glimmer of light to conduct the ritual, which he hoped, would free him from Melanie's curse.

"She arranged things well," Vitek said while in the rear of the van Thurstan worked silently to try and free his bound hands.

"Of course!" Algar shouted, "what did you expect? Her influential friends! When she is dead they will be mine!"

"Must we...?" asked Vitek, indicating Thurstan.

"It is the only way. The force cannot be invoked without a sacrifice. Her power is weakening! I sense it!"

The forest Algar had chosen lay in a small valley between the haunted rocks of the Stiperstones and Squilver mound, and had in times past been used by the darker covens which once had abounded in the area. He would invoke the Great Demon, Gaubni, through sacrifice, and imbue himself with power before setting forth to kill Melanie herself. His ritual would strip her of magic, her death would end her curse.

"Come, let us prepare," he said.

Trees were creaking in the breeze and the smell of stinking fungi mingled with the damp the heavy rain had brought as Algar walked carefully the path to the small clearing. Vitek followed, stooping and afraid, listening to Algar mumble incantations. "Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! Agios O Gaubni..."

The incantation became louder until Algar was shouting the name. "Gaubni! Gaubni!" Then a silence that startled Vitek. He could not see Algar's face as he stopped and turned in the clearing but he heard the hissing and saw the hands raised like claws. The long, bony fingers grasped Vitek's neck and the strength of the arms pushed Vitek to the ground. Algar sat on Vitek's chest, slobbering and laughing while his nails tore the flesh on Vitek's face. The spasm of struggle did not last long as the fingers snapped the neck.

Possessed, Algar loped awkwardly out of the wood. Thurstan sat hunched in the back of the van and Algar stared at him, dribbling like an idiot while in the distance a dog howled.

Algar was struggling to control the chaos which had possessed him and direct it to bring another death when he heard the voice behind him.

“Come to me, come to me!” the melodious voice said.

Algar turned to see the leering face of a multitude of witches. Then they vanished. But another voice came from the trees behind him.

“You are my gift!”

He did not look, but the power of the demon he had invoked was sucked from within him to form a hideous face whose rows of teeth gnashed before the mouth opened to spray Algar with fetid breath. Then it was gone, sucked into the trees and down into Earth by the power of the long-dead leering witches.

“You are my gift!” the voice repeated.

There was no longer any magick in Algar and he became just a man who was half-mad. His madness made him move toward Thurstan, but the High Priest was afraid, and all he could do was turn and watch as Vitek with a ruptured face and dead eyes walked toward him.

“You are his gift,” a chorus of voices behind him said.

Desperate, Algar performed a banished ritual, inscribing a pentagram in the air before him with his hand, saying, “The sign of the Earth, protect! Agios O Shugara!”

The dead body of Vitek still came toward him. He invoked more gods, drew a pentagram, called on the Prince he had followed in secret from youth, but Vitek moved ever nearer while behind him the ghostly chorus laughed.

He tried a hexagram, but his gesture and words had no power and, in abject terror, he began to pray fervently in Latin to the god he had scorned.

“In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. In nomine Jesu Christi...” he mumbled.

But Vitek did not stop – instead, the dead eyes swivelled down to stare at him and the mouth opened in a leer. Algar fled, crazed and stumbling, along the track, over a fence and field, to run up the side of the steep hill. He did not stop when he reached the summit, but ran on down the steep bank and over another hill to drop exhausted into a ditch. Terror brought recovery and he ran on for many miles over fields, fences and hills, his clothes and flesh torn by stone, wire and thorn. And when he could run no longer, he crawled among the heather that grew on the side of the Mynd, clawing his way to the slope’s summit. He rested then, staring down into the silent blackness below, fearful and afraid of something following, and praying praying for the light of dawn. He made a kind of cross from stems of heather which he pulled with bleeding fingers from the ground. Around him, nothing stirred.

Thurstan had freed his hands from the cord, which bound then when he saw Algar run away. Cautiously, after unbinding his feet and removing the gag, he left the van.

Twilight had almost ended, but sufficient light remained for him to follow the path into the woods. He walked for sometime but could find nothing and no one. The place seemed peaceful and calm to him.

A large dog was sitting by the van when he returned. It did not bark, but sprang up to run for a few yards along the track before stopping.

“Your guide!” a soft voice beside Thurstan said. When, he turned, he could see nothing.

There was no moon, only the lingering glow of the sun that was now below the horizon. The clear sky soon showed the brighter stars and in the pleasant warmth of the early night Thurstan followed his guide along the track to paths and narrow lanes that kept a southerly course until he was led eastwards by the stream and up to where a large house lay darkened and silent.

He knew why he followed the dog, as he knew whose house it was, but he still stood nervously in the driveway. The evening was dark by the time he walked toward the house, and as he did so a soft light shone through the half-opened door.

“Hello!” he called like a jester to a court of fools as he stepped onto the mosaic tiles of the

hall. He did not see the door behind him close.

Somewhere he could hear a harpsichord being played. He followed the sound, along the hall and up the stairs whose walls were lined with paintings depicting lust, greed and joy, to where a door was open. A voluptuous perfume reached out to him and he closed his eyes, listening to the gentle music. It seemed a long time to him that he waited, listening and trembling. But it was only a few heartbeats of his life that passed.

He took several steps into the candle-lit room. Melanie sat at her harpsichord in a long flowing dress and looked up briefly before playing the fugue to its end.

The room was beautiful, graceful in its few furnishings, the music was beautiful, the light itself was beautiful, casting subtle hues that only a painter, a musician or a poet might recall. But most of all, to Thurstan, Melanie was beautiful. His senses, subdued by his captivity, were overwhelmed and he began to cry, not loudly or for very long, but as a mystic or an artist might cry when overwhelmed by such splendour.

She smiled at him again when her fingers ceased to work their magick upon the keyboard, and held out her hand. He could see her breasts, uplifted and partly exposed by her dress, rise and fall with the rhythm with her breathing: the way her amber necklace seemed to glow a little in the light from the candles around her, and he walked forward, hardly able to breathe.

But this was unreal to him, an idle dream, perhaps, of a hot insect-filled summer's day as he sat by the stream near his cottage. But their fingers touched, bringing reality. He felt shy and foolish as she stood to face him, gently smiling. No words would reveal themselves into the world through his mouth, and he embraced her, stroking her hair with his hand while she moulded her body to his so he could feel the heat of her flesh through the thin dress.

Stretched were the moments of their embraced until she kissed him, pressing her tongue to his lips in supplication. He let her in, smelled the fragrance of her breath and felt with his hand the warmth of her breast and the erection of her nipple as her tongue sought his. He did not see the door of the room close silently, nor the strange shadow that seemed to stand beside it, but let himself be let to the circular bed in the adjoining, darkened room.

She was gentle with him as she removed his clothes and then her own, kissing his body as he kissed hers in return. He tried to speak of his love and her beauty but she pressed a slender finger to his lips as they lay naked together on the sensuous softness of the bed while perfumed incense caressed them. He felt the softness of her breasts and kissed them

in worship as he kissed her lips, shoulders, face and thighs in worship before tasting her moistness. She pulled him gently upon her, opening herself in invitation, and he did not need his hand to guide him to her hidden cleft.

He moved slowly, and for a long time the gentle intimacy continued while the warm humid night brought sweat to him and a gradual urgency to her until a frenzy of passion possessed them both, rising to issue forth into loud ecstasy mutually achieved before the natural fall left limbs loose and a pleasing exhaustion.

He slept then, although he did not wish to, holding her as if he feared she might go, softly breathing the words of his love. He dreamed he was walking on a strange planet whose two bright suns lit the purple sky. There was a city nearby, but it lay in ruins, and as he approached over the warm sand, he could see the desolation of centuries. He wandered the empty streets made of strange steel where above twisting walkways hung or soared to meet the towering pyramids of buildings whose entrails of floor and room had been cut away cleanly and left dangling from tendons of wire. He felt a sadness at the desolation, for the world was abandoned and quite dead.

When he awoke from his dream, Melanie was gone.

X

Part of her wanted to kill him. His death would make her free again; restore to her the power she had lost.

She sat in her Temple wondering what to do. The years of her life had been bereft of love and only Lois had shown her kindness – unexpectedly, for kindness was something she had never wanted nor sought. But she had been too proud, too confirmed in her role and quest for power to let the kindness of Lois matter, and their relationship had become, for her at least, a simple affair to satisfy her lust and turn her momentarily from the hatred she felt for the many men who sold their souls and gave their wealth and power away to satisfy themselves with her body.

For a year she had withheld her favours from all men, using her magick as a snare and a weapon to keep her dominance and power. She let them lust, and satisfy themselves with the whores she gave them. But she had enticed Thurstan, sending a wraith to guide him to her house after she had found him through her crystal waiting bound in the van. Other forces had gathered round, surprising her, but she had fought them and gained control, moulding them to her will to bring the dead body of Vitek back and send Algar in terror to

the hills.

She had sensed the other powers were trying to help Thurstan and keep him from her for some reason she did not understand, but she wanted him and would have her way.

Now, her crystal reached out to him upstairs where an elemental spirit, born from one of her rituals, waited to work her will, hovering by the bed she had left. The spirit was guarding him, shielding him from other powers, but she had only to transform her thought through the crystal for the elemental to cause Thurstan's death and break the heavy chains that now seemed to bind her to his Earth.

But she did nothing. She was intrigued by the other powers she felt and by his crystal that she had found. There was also, for her, a promise in the feelings she felt for him – there seemed to be new pleasures awaiting, new experiences to enhance her life. She began to think of what these might be – of what it would be like to talk with someone, just to be with someone, who seemed to love her, not her power, wealth or influence. Someone whose lust, though real and strong, was bound with sensitivity and who sought through it an ecstasy of sharing beyond the physical; someone who gave, and did not just take. She had captivated him at first, but not as she had expected: not as she had captivated all the merely lustful men before him. He had seen beyond them to another world.

These thoughts pleased and disturbed her, but she sensed he had awoken from his dream and waited, strangely tense, for him to find her. When he did, and stood in the doorway of her Temple, she hid her feelings before trying to destroy them.

She did not succeed. The crystal began to glow, betraying her as it pulsed to the beat of her heart. He walked past it, drew the glow onto his hand and offered it to her. She stared at him as he stood before her smiling. Then, before she could open her hand to receive his gift, the light in the Temple faded, and then was gone, leaving only the glow he held before her.

A multitude of babbling, hissing voices broke the silence.

“He is ours!” one clear voice said.

“Ours!” a second and third repeated.

The powers she had felt before were stronger now and she strove to cast them away by casting her thoughts into her crystal, but the glow on Thurstan's hand dimmed, then died.

There was laughter in the Temple, the smell of rotting flesh as, slowly, a luminous shape began to form in a corner. It began to resemble a bearded man with green skin who held in his hands a crook and a whip, and from whose eyes fine filaments emerged to move toward where Melanie sat. She knew they would form a web to imprison her. She formed her own will into purple strands to form a wall before her but the filaments snaked easily around it before writhing toward her. She cast an inverted seven-pointed star at them, but the star shattered and was obliterated. Sweating from the effort, she held her hands outstretched before her in readiness to absorb the power that came toward her, tensing her body to try to cast it into her crystal and send it out into the acausal space where it would die.

She felt Thurstan beside her and the heat of his hand as he touched her shoulder. In the instant of his touch the mocking laughter stopped. She did not know what was happening but Thurstan's face had become a dark void filled with stars, and she felt herself becoming stronger. A chaos of energies rushed from the void to be transferred to her by Thurstan's touch, but the energies were not hostile and she shaped them by her will into an auric demon before casting them at her foe. The demon greedily ate the filaments before devouring the green bearded man. Then it too vanished, leaving Melanie and Thurstan standing naked beside each other in the soft light of the perfumed Temple.

When she looked at Thurstan, she realized he was in a trance. She sat him down gently and stroked his face until he awoke.

He was surprised to find himself in the Temple and embarrassed by his nakedness.

“Are you alright?” Melanie asked.

“Yes, thanks,” said Thurstan blushing and covering his genitals with his hands. “I must have been dreaming!”

“What did you dream?”

“I was on this dead planet – in a city. Alone. Then I saw you. There was a shadow near you, which I seemed to think was threatening you, so I came to you and held your hand. Strange thought – I thought I woke up.”

There was no guile in Thurstan's face as Melanie looked: and in that instant he seemed an innocent child. He sought to hold her hand as if for reassurance and she did not refuse. She looked at him, as he sat smiling and embarrassed, then at her crystal and then at Thurstan again, realizing as she did so that in some way she did not yet understand Thurstan was a gate to her gods, a medium, perhaps, that anyone might use. It was not the thought of using him and his psychic gifts that made her kneel down beside him and kiss his lips, but a strange desire to somehow share again the moment when he had first touched her hand and trembled – to discover again the joy that his body had brought her, the feeling she had felt when she had examined his face and found a curious trust.

He responded readily to her kiss and they made slow, tender love on the floor of her Temple. Melanie was receptive to him through her burgeoning feelings of love, and felt herself drawing power from him. She let this power build within her before trying to transfer it by an act of will to her crystal but even she was surprised at the ease of this and the extent of the power she had stored. The crystal began to glow, and in her orgasm she felt possessed of the power of a goddess. But she did nothing with her new found power, and let it rest safely in the crystal in her Temple before realizing, as Thurstan breathed in her ear the works of his love, that it was her own feelings of love that were the key.

She lay for a long time while Thurstan caressed her and their sweat dried slow, wondering about the meaning of this in the context of her Satanic life. But only vague feelings, need and desires suffused her and she led him from her Temple in the quiet house to her own bed. He was soon asleep, entwined around her warm body, while she inwardly watched the shadows that gathered outside her house, held away by the power she had stored in her crystal. They beat down, screaming, leering and threatening, upon the auric protective sphere that enclosed her and her new lover, desiring her death or at least a chance to lead Thurstan away. These shades of the dead and dying were like rain to her, and she listened, safe and warm, while they beat noisily down.

In the morning, they were gone. But they had sucked her crystal dry. Melanie slept on, her body pressed close to Thurstan's, while in her garden Algar waited, ready to kill her with the billhook he held in his hand.

XI

Ezra Pead lived surrounded by mould and mites. The mould rose up the feet of the furniture in his small, dark cottage at the end of a muddy track between two high hills that shielded him from most of the sun, while the mites could be seen scurrying away from anything he touched.

The wood burning stove in his kitchen lay broken and unrepaired, letting damp seep up the walls and wood lice to cover the floor, and he cooked his soups on a small gas-burning ring. He was not an old man, but bore himself like one and dressed like a tramp, his beard matted and long. The large sums of money his father had left him he left unused in a bank, and he walked the three miles to the small town of Stretton once a week to withdraw the few pounds he needed to keep himself alive.

Like his cottage, Ezra Pead was slowly falling into decay. His cottage smelled and was like an overgrown, wild forest whose floor is alive and where green fungi crept slowly up trees and where strangling ivy thickens and hardens as it grows round trunks, branches and stems seeking the canopy of leaves. What falls to the ground is captured by the myriad creatures who live mostly unseeing in the dampness, or covered by mould and by mites, or stolen to be eaten or stored away by insects. The roof did not leak, but Ezra Pead would not have cared if it did. He had plenty of buckets. He never opened the windows which were covered by thickly spreading grime.

He spent his days reading the many books and manuscripts that surrounded him everywhere in the chaos, or writing in one of the large vellum bound volumes that covered one of his three scriptorium desks. Unlike his features or dwelling, his handwriting was beautiful, and he used a quill pen and ink that he made himself.

All his books and all his writings were about alchemy or magick. When darkness came, he would light a candle and retire to the room where he slept. There, where no windows relieved the dampness of the walls and where only a rusting metal bed stood upon the floor, he would cast his spells into the night. All his reading, spells and writing were directed toward one end: to discover the secret of life and so make himself immortal. Every night he invoked demons from the pages of the medieval Grimoires he possessed, for he had read once and long ago when young that some of these demons knew the secret. So he invoked, and questioned them, night after night and year after year. Baratchial, Zamradial, Niantiel, Belphegor, Lucifuge ... he knew the legions of Hell well, and although the answers they gave him he did not often understand, he wrote them all down in his book after the conjuration was over and his ritual banishing complete. A demon named Shulgin he invoked most of all using his ceremonial circle, names of power and sword – but the demon spoke backwards in a numbered code and transcribing the messages took many hours of his day, as breaking the original code had taken over a year of his life.

But the years of his work wore down his body, and he began to wish for a better means to find the answers that he sought. He possessed an insane faith in demons he invoked, and it did not seem to matter to him that most of the information he obtained was meaningless or wrong. He checked and re-checked the answers, searching patiently among his books and manuscripts. There were enough answers over the years, which could be corroborated with

the little he already knew or could find in his books to keep his faith in the quest, and it never once occurred to him that this quest was destroying the life which he hoped to prolong.

Sometimes, he would venture from his cottage in search of herbs to grind and make into incense or oils to aid his invocations, talking to himself while he walked. All his original ideas and expectations had been eroded over the years – there was no stone for him to make by alchemical means, no potion for him to drink. He had tried both ways, led by manuscripts and demons, but his alchemical apparatus lay dismantled in his shed together with the rare juices of plants and bizarre ingredients he had used. His apparatus and ingredients had come from a dealer only too eager to indulge his expensive needs, but the cost made little difference in the money that he kept in the bank.

For almost a year, following the ten years of his alchemical work, an idea had come to possess him. Something was happening that was threatening his quest. His demons were becoming increasingly disturbed or disoriented. Sometimes his invocations did not succeed – or he obtained a jumble of form as if someone or something was disrupting the energies. He felt something himself – a force darker than the demons he knew. An ancient manuscript gave him the clue – the cosmic tides were changing, or rather being changed by someone. The very balance of the hidden universe was threatened.

Minor ripples in these tides were no stranger to him, but these did nothing to change in any significant way the current of Osirian energies that he worked with and which for centuries had passed over the Earth, partly due to the rites of the Church of the Nazarene and those who followed its faith, for they belonged to the same world as him. He was only part of its darker side. He knew a change was coming, symbolized by the son of Osiris as a child, but this was a natural progression that would not affect his own work or alter in any meaningful manner the balances of power on the Earth, despite the rhetoric of some of its adherents.

But this new distortion was different. If it succeeded, it would bring a new Aeon, which had no magickal Word to describe it – an Aeon of Chaos. He spent months searching his manuscripts and books for answers. Parcels of books arrived regularly from his dealer – they were read, then discarded, to suck more mould from the floor.

He began to realize that he was near the centre of the disruption, but the demons he invoked to question were incoherent or would not appear. He needed the blood of sacrifices. The dealer brought him a dog, which he kept chained outside. He began using necromancy to bring him the spirits of the dead, sacrificing often by sending the dog out to bring a victim back. Sheep were not a problem, for they roamed the hills around cottage, and he would sever their necks letting the blood pour to his floor while he chanted his invocations. And when it was over, he would burn the body in a pit outside while the spirits

he had raised gathered round.

He found his answers. He did not know the identity of the person who was trying to break through the causal dimensions and draw to Earth the energies of Chaos, but he knew the area from where the forces were being drawn down and sent his reluctant spirits to guard it. His ancient manuscript told of dark entities that were waiting to be returned to Earth to drink their fill of human blood. Atazoth, Dagon, Athushir, Darkat ... such were some of their names. Once summoned, they could not be returned. To be summoned they needed human sacrifice of special kind.

His own work had wrought changes in the astral planes, drawing to his cottage another Adept, and Ezra Pead did not like the man who arrived at his cottage. Jukes did not like Ezra Pead either, nor the squalor he found. But a vision by his Priestess had brought him, and her trance warnings made him stay, offering his help and that of his Temple of Ma'at, to prevent the Dark Gods from returning.

“We have a common aim,” he said, and Pead, reluctant, had agreed. “They cannot be allowed to break the Current of Aiwaz.”

Jukes, stocky and squat, sincerely believed what he said. For over a year he had run his small Temple in London, helping by his acts of magick to further the Aeon of Ma'at. By day, he worked in an office, but at night, in his basement flat, he became High Priest for his gods. He had read widely on the subject of the Occult, made many contacts during the years of his searching, but he was surprised by the books and manuscripts the Pead possessed.

Avarice was a stranger to Jukes, but the rare books and manuscripts introduced them.

“They need a human sacrifice,” Pead said in his lisping voice.

“Can we prevent it?”

“If we knew who it was.”

“Your manuscripts – “

“They are silent.”

“May I?”

Pead smiled. “Study them here? Of course.”

For two days he studied, while at night, he stayed in a hotel in the nearby town, slightly fearful of the obsessive Pead and the savage dog, which strained on its chain snarling every time he entered and left. The filth and squalor oppressed him while he worked, as avarice whispered cunning words in his ear, but he ignored them. On the third day he rose from the stool by a scriptorium desk, triumphant.

“So they need a psychic, eh? Pead said.

“There is a ritual – the Ceremony of Recalling – to which he is brought. The sacrifice, and it must be a man, is killed and the High Priestess washes in a basin full of his blood before calling the Dark Gods back to Earth.”

“So, you found all of this there?”

Jukes held the vellum manuscript carefully. “Yes. The first few pages are a blind – and the last few. Quotations from the Fathers of the Church. The real text begins here – “ He pointed with his finger.

Pead shrugged. “I cannot read Coptic.”

Jukes spent a day copying the manuscript while Pead watched over him. He was glad to leave and, returned to his flat, he burned all his clothes before scrubbing himself clean in the bath. That night he summoned his Temple. The ritual began at the time he had agreed with Pead. He did not know what ritual Pead himself would do, but he had his suspicions and he did not want to ask.

Jukes’ Temple was the room where he lived, lit by candles and perfumed by thick incense and his members sat on the floor touching hands. It was not long before his Priestess was in a trance, guided by the sigil that Pead had inscribed on parchment. She spoke of being in a forest where two men walked, leaving one who was bound. Of how spirits had gathered to

help her. “Above his eyes – the one who sits waiting and bound – there glows a tattvic sign. He is the one we seek... but there are horrors of which I cannot speak! Another will opposed with mine. Stronger – it casts me away and back...”

All night they tried, until, pale and exhausted, the Priestess slept, severing the astral link that had bound her to Pead and his spirits of death. And in the morning while a few rays of sun brightened for a few minutes the top of the basement window, she told of battles on the night that had drained their power away to leave the one who was chosen in the sanctuary of the Dark Gods' Temple.

Jukes knew that where magick had failed, physical force might succeed.

“We must stop them!” he had said, his eyes bright with the fervour of his strange faith.

Outside a solitary bird sung, unheard amid the early traffic that chuntered along that narrow London street.

XII

Melanie did not sleep for long. But there was no desire within her to rise and breakfast before using her telephones and telex to establish the well being of her world. She had done so for years, and it was a new experience for her to lie watching a man sleep in her bed. The few who in previous times had been granted her favours for reasons of Satanic or financial power, she had told to leave after the conquest of them was complete.

She watched until he awoke, roused by her gentle caress of his face. She left him them, to dress and walk in her bare feet across the lawn of her walled garden. The sun was warm as she walked, intrigued by her own feelings. There was a beauty about the world that she had never seen before. She felt this beauty in the blue of the sky, in the delicate colours of the flowers that bordered her lawn, in the sound of the wind as it rushed through the trees nearby. It was the warmth of the sun, the dampness of the grass, the silence that surrounded her. She understood that there were many worlds within the one on which she lived, brought to reality perhaps by a mood or a circumstance.

This world of beauty was real to her in a way that brought unusual feelings to her, but the world that she had left yesterday was still there – still full of the feelings she felt: contempt for the members of her coven while she played her role as Mistress of Earth, hatred and love of strife. Each year, each day of her life was a world into which she projected

meanings, interpretations and from which she sought to wrest for herself money and power.

There were worlds beyond – alien worlds, which she hoped to join with hers, bringing chaos and much that was strange. But, for now, she found happiness in walking around her garden in the warming sun and thinking about Thurstan. She wanted to make him her High Priest, share her power and wealth with him and enjoy the pleasure that she felt such a sharing would bring, ending the years of her loneliness

She did not see, nor even sense such was her preoccupation, Algar creeping toward her and when she did her attempt to stop him by her magick power failed. She had no power. This startled her, and she could only watch in silence as Algar, grinning like the madman he had become, raised the billhook to slash at her throat.

She raised her arm to deflect the blow when Thurstan, sprinting across the lawn, jumped on Algar, knocking both of them over. Algar was screaming, trying to slash at Thurstan but Thurstan grappled and held his arm round Algar's neck. They rolled over the dewy grass until Algar's body went limp.

“I've killed him! I've killed him!” Thurstan said.

Melanie's inspection of the body was brief. “Come on,” she said. “Let's go inside.”

“But I've killed him.”

The beauty she had felt was destroyed. “He deserved it.”

“I didn't mean to,” Thurstan tried to explain. “The Police – “

Melanie smiled. “There is no need to involve them.”

“But I killed him.”

Melanie turned to face him. He was now quite calm, but perplexed. “There are some things you should know about me.”

“All I know is that I love you.”

With his words and the look on his face part of the beauty returned. She had been defenceless against Algar, and now she felt defenceless against Thurstan. She did not like either of the forms this defencelessness took, and walked with Thurstan into her house to arrange the removal and disposal of Algar’s body.

Thurstan followed her from room to room, listening amazed while she made her telephone calls. And when they were done and they sat eating the breakfast he cooked, Melanie explained about her life. Thurstan listened, intently and gently smiling.

“So now you know the person you think you are in love with.”

“Why did you tell me?”

“Because – “ She turned away, appalled at herself. “In your cottage I found a crystal sphere.”

“I love you.”

Her feelings for Thurstan seemed to her to have stolen the personal power she had over people, and she was uncertain as to whether she cared about this. “You are not appalled by what I have told you?” she asked.

“No. Nor about the chap lying in your garden. He was going to harm you. I love you, so I stopped him. Simple really. The Police would ask too many questions.” He shrugged.

“Considering what you have said, that is very understandable!”

“It will bind you to me.”

“Why do you think I have agreed?” he said directly.

“You are not afraid?”

“Of what?”

“That I might use this to control you?”

“No.”

“Even after what you know about me?”

No – because I sense you love me even though you are afraid to say the words.”

She did not answer, but stared out of the window. “They should be here soon – to dispose of the body.”

“And then?”

“We shall go to your cottage.”

The two men who had taken Lois’ body arrived and Melanie talked to them briefly before they went to carry the dead High Priest to the van. Thurstan was in her secret Temple when she returned, having seen them depart.

“What do you feel?” she asked.

“About this crystal? That it shall take us to the stars!”

Intrigued, she asked, “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. Just a feeling. I remember you were a dream of my youth. Maybe I am your Destiny as you are mine.

Melanie perceived forces gathering around them, as if a rent had appeared again but without her will in the metric of causal space, such that acausal energies were surrounding them. Then, suddenly, the Temple darkened while she stood breathless beside Thurstan watching her crystal become filled with stars. She touched him then, drawing his hand into

hers, to feel the power tense her body as it would be tensed before an orgasm relaxed it. But she did not feel the old intoxication of power, nor the sensuous bliss that her many and varied pleasures had brought her over the years of her reign. Instead, there was the quiet ecstasy of gentle and suffusing love coupled with an expectation, a promise of vistas yet to be explored but waiting. But it was soon over, this tantalizing glimpse, as light returned to her Temple, leaving only a dim glow to suffuse her crystal.

Her house, drained by the demon battles of the night, was alive again, and she let her own spirit wander from room to room. The early oppression she had felt was gone, as if somewhere and somehow a storm had broken.

A vague memory came to her, like details of a landscape seen through thin mist, and she led Thurstan out of her house and into her car. She did not speak, and he did not as she drove the narrow, hilly lanes, in the warmth of the early morning, that lead to his cottage. The crystal was in its niche, where she had left it, and she took it down. She tried to read it, as she had done before when it gave up its images to her mind, but it was empty.

“You seem surprised,” Thurstan said.

“Where did you obtain this?” she asked.

“An old man gave it to me.”

She sensed he was not lying, for she could almost see the image that formed in his mind as he spoke the words. “Why?”

“A gift, he said. He was insistent. How could I refuse?”

“When was this?”

“Oh, not long ago. A few months. I forget exactly when. He came here to beg a little food. I suppose he wanted to give something in return.”

“You do not know what this is?” she asked.

“A crystal ball? He might have been, once, a teller of fortunes.”

For a long time, Melanie had controlled her life, guiding herself toward the goals she sought. She was always the Mistress, the Satanic queen who ruled, never possessed of fear. No one she had ever met had disturbed her belief in herself or shown in any way an inner power greater than her own. Satanist, criminal, businessman or people of wealth – she had mastered them all through her wiles, will and beauty. She found their weakness, and used it to her own advantage. Thurstan had disturbed her because he was so transparent – there was nothing in him that was hidden, neither to her or himself. His feelings, thoughts and pleasures seemed spontaneous and enthusiastic like those of a child. Yet he possessed a fatalism that no child possessed or could possess: an inner belief in the necessity of change, which far from negating his own life, seemed to enhance it by making each moment of life unique.

But it was not Thurstan who disturbed her now. The control she had in life was ebbing away. The loss of her personal power, evident in her failure to control Algar as he attacked, was only a part of this. Events were happening to her, rather than being controlled by her, and she did not like this. What she had seen in Thurstan’s crystal had sent her in pursuit to Leeds, drawing outward her burgeoning feelings of love. Something had and was happening to her because of Thurstan, and she began to believe because of his crystal that forces she did not understand or even know about were trying in some way to manipulate her.

It was simpler for her to believe that her love for Thurstan was changing her life, and she tried to believe this. But a suspicion remained.

“You are a strange man,” she said to Thurstan as she gave him the crystal.

“Not really. I live – or did live – a quite simple and somewhat boring life.”

“You know nothing about this crystal – or my own?”

“No. Only what I feel.”

“And what do you feel now?”

“That there are forces trying to keep us together – and other forces that are trying to break

us apart.”

“And you are not afraid of where we might be going?”

“All I know is that I love you and want to be with you!

He embraced her then, kissing her, and she did not push him away. She felt again, as they stood in the room of his cottage, swaying slightly in their embrace, that with him and through him she possessed a greater, if different, power that made her own past and even her dreams, seem tawdry.

“There is a gathering tonight,” she said, “which I would like you to come to.”

“Oh? What?”

“Just a simple ritual called the Ceremony of Recalling.”

“To what purpose?”

She walked away from him to watch a few ragged cumulus clouds straggle from the horizon toward the sun that rainbowed in places the old, worn glass of the window. “To draw down to Earth a certain power.”

“Why?” he asked in innocence.

“To bring change.”

“Why?”

“To hasten our evolution.”

“Toward what?”

“A higher consciousness,” she said, a little exasperated.

“Such is the aim of the covens that you rule?”

“Not really. They are a means to provide me with things.”

“Enjoyment? Pleasure? Power?”

“Yes!”

Urwroth showed in her eyes but she quickly controlled her feelings.

“Come,” he said smiling and taking her hand, “I would like to show you something.”

His cottage lay in a fold of small hills between the steep slopes of bare Caer Caradoc and the road, which rose from the Stretton valley to track eastwards through field and village toward the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge. All around, springs began small brooks among the slopes where sheep mostly grazed and few trees grew, and Thurstan took a path to one of these. Yards from where the water issued forth as a trickle, a small pool had formed on a slight piece of level ground, and Thurstan knelt beside it while Melanie stood, bemused, watching and listening to a kestrel as it flew between the bare hills that made a little valley for the brook. The kestrel flew toward her, circling three times overhead before calling its woeful call and flying away.

“Look!” Thurstan said, rising and showing her the palm of his hand.

On it, no larger than the nail of his thumb, sat a frog. “Isn’t it wonderful?” he said enthusiastically.

Melanie looked at it but without much interest.

“I come here often,” Thurstan said as he placed the frog in the water. “Every time it is different. In one day the light may change so much. In March the frogs come. Last year there was thick snow, but they still came. There is always change – even in this little spot – as the seasons change. Snow, ice, frost, mud, scorching sun that bleeds the green from the

grass and brittles the fern. At night – perhaps a moon or only the stars, which change too. No day in its weather and light is ever the same as any other day.”

He stood up to stand beside her. “And I do nothing. Yet everything changes. Even I change, a little with the passing of each year. There,” he pointed, “miles away is a road where fast cars carry people. They seldom see the change around them, only that which lives in their head. A few miles - and another world where those small specimens of life,” he gestured toward the frog, “are never seen and become squashed without thought.

“You are beautiful – slightly wild, perhaps, like that kestrel which flew overhead – and your world is strange to me. These hills, that cottage, the farm over there where I work, are my world. There is so much in so little – so much beauty to share. I make love with you – kill someone to protect you – and our two worlds join, for a little while. But they are still two worlds. You want me to step into yours as I wish you to enter mine. The change you seek to bring may destroy my world – and I not ready for that.”

Melanie had felt the warmth in Thurstan as he talked.

It was a strange warmth to her, a kind of supra-personal love which she did not understand and which she could not relate to the pleasures of her own life or the goals that she had sought. Yet she liked being beside him as he talked, watching his face and eyes. He could have crushed the frog in his hand as she might have done in her youth or as she had crushed people that opposed her – but he did not seek to mould it or destroy it according to his will. He accepted it as it was at that moment in Earth’s history.

“I have seen in you,” Thurstan was saying, “the same beauty I see in this small piece of land, as if you were natural to it in a way I cannot describe. More natural, more real and living than most other people. Yet the world in which you live and have lived and in which you possess power, is not where you should be. I fear it will destroy you, and I don’t want that.”

“I know no other world.”

“But you have begun to discover mine. I touch you, hold you, make love to you.”

His world possessed a fascination for Melanie, as if he had divined what she had felt and as she stood beside him she was no longer a Satanic queen, ruler of a coven of fifty, but a woman in love.

“I would like you to share my world as well,” she said.

Thurstan smiled. “Then I shall come to your ritual.”

The kestrel returned to swoop down toward them before veering away, calling, as it flew toward the sun.

XIII

The wood where Algar had been buried was not silent for long. The sun had set, leaving a nebulous light, when the sibilation began, muffled by earth. Algar had awoken in his grave.

The Priestess screamed, and fell unconscious into the circle of worshippers in Jukes’ Temple. Jukes held her, and she awoke to wail before crying in terror at the vision she had seen. She could not speak aloud but described the horror in a slow sobbing whisper.

It did not take them long to prepare and they left London, in three cars as the sky darkness became complete, to travel toward the hills of Shropshire and the house the Priestess had described before the horror had ended her trance. The eight were silent and subdued in spirit during the hours of their journey, nervous when they left the warmth of the cars parked on the verge of a narrow lane almost a mile from Melanie’s house. Around them and dark, the countryside was silent and still.

Jukes led them, walking slowly and beginning to doubt. With every step he seemed to become more tired. He stopped before the driveway of the house, listening, while the Priestess, shaking and sweating, held his hand.

“It will be soon,” she whispered, touching the silver scarab she wore as an amulet around her neck.

The driveway was full of cars, and a warm glow of light spread around the house. Jukes thought he could hear the beat of drums. His Priestess sensed it first, and turned toward the blackness beyond the hedge where they stood, huddled together in the increasing cold. There was a rustling in the field beyond, the sound of wood being broken sharply by force.

Algar smashed the gate apart with his torn and bloodied hands and came toward them. Only Jukes and his Priestess did not flee at the harrowing sight, but hid, pressing themselves into the thorns and leaves of the hedge. They were not seen, and watched, trembling and afraid, as Algar walked lumbering like the living dead he was toward the house.

XIV

Thurstan waited in her secret Temple, feeling embarrassed by the luxurious crimson robe he wore. He could not hear them, but knew that many of Melanie's members had arrived and were preparing for the ritual.

She prepared him well, returning him to her house in her car whose telephone she used to summon her willing servants. He had bathed, been massaged, his body relaxed by the gentle hands of a pretty woman who caressed perfumed oils into his skin; been served food, manicured, his hair attended to. Dressed in silken clothes. No one had spoken to him, but he was treated with deference, and by the end of the afternoon had begun to appreciate in a way that was not real to him before, Melanie's power. When she finally came to him, hauntingly beautiful like an ancient queen, part of him had already begun to accept her world and enjoy it. She was corrupting him with luxury and he knew it.

Melanie, in a green robe almost transparent and which emphasized the contours of her body, came to guide him to where her Satanic worshippers were gathered. The large Temple was lit only by candles and a naked woman lay on the altar beside which a young girl dressed in white with a garland of flowers in her hair swung a thurible. Somewhere, among the shadows, hooded red-robed figures beat their shaman drums.

"Hail to he who comes in the name of our gods!" the worshippers chanted as a greeting for Thurstan.

Two men with the physique of wrestlers whose faces were covered by black masks and who wore very little, closed the doors of the Temple as Thurstan followed Melanie to the altar. Melanie kissed the temples, lips, breasts, womb and pubic hair of the altar Priestess before kissing Thurstan who turned to receive a kiss from all of the congregation.

"Now shall we," Melanie chanted, "with feet

Faster than storm's horses

Seek to bring she who with fire

And cutting sword leaps plunging

Upon her foe while the fates of dread

Unerring gather round!”

“Agios O Baphomet!” came the shouted response.

“See!” Melanie pointed at Thurstan, before twirling round, building her feelings into a temple to frenzy while the congregation sighed and the beat of the drums sounded loud,

“Here is he

Who shall this night

Be her consort and pour forth

As libation his seed of life!

Dance – I command you

And with the beating of your feet

Raise the dead!

I shall take him down into Earth

And let her with her teeth

Suck him dry!

Dance! – I command you!

And I, Mistress of this Earth

Shall raise him up and feed him

With the fragrance between my thighs!

So shall he unlamenting

Become the Gate that opens

To our gods!"

The congregation began to dance, slowly at first, chanting loudly as they did so. Melanie stood in the centre of the circle they were tracing with their bare feet, raising her arms as the power was invoked. The chant of Ba-pho-met pulsed to the beat of the drums as the dancers danced faster and faster, throwing off their robes as quietly the altar-Priestess arose to climb down from her altar.

Her eyes were closed, but she walked within the circle of the enclosing dancers toward Thurstan. She embraced him, lightly, before pulling his robe open and revealing his nakedness. Then she kissed his lips and opened her eyes.

Her eyes did not seem human to Thurstan, but he was not afraid. The young woman with the slender body had become Melanie – the power with Melanie and the greater power beyond her. She was lover, mistress, wife, mother, daughter and sister – goddess and demoness, and Thurstan let himself be pulled to the floor of the Temple. He had no will to resist as he looked into her eyes. She was not gentle with him, but tore off his robe before wrapping her legs around him and digging her nails into his back. There was pain, but it seemed to enhance the delight that came to him. The drumbeats, the chanting, the naked whirling dancers, the incense, the writhing woman beneath him – all ravished his senses. The pain brought frenzied desire, and sweat soon bathed their naked bodies. Then she was screaming in ecstasy as he was while around them the dancers stopped to turn inward, clapping their hands as they watched and shouted the name of their goddess. And when it was over and Thurstan lay breathless upon the relaxing body, the two men by the door came to lift him and place his still naked upon the altar.

The worshippers formed an aisle to the altar down which Melanie came to kiss Thurstan and rekindle his fire with her lips. It did not take her long to succeed and she leaned over Thurstan's face to brush his lips with hers before whispering as her eyes became the eyes of the altar-Priestess: "Now you are mine forever!"

She signalled with her hand, and her dancers moved slowly in a circle around her and her altar, calling down with a dirgeful but powerful chant the Dark Gods beyond the Gate that was Earth.

"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" they chanted.

Melanie did not remove her robe, only lifted it as she lowered herself upon him. The beat of the drums had slowed to match the slowness of the chant, and she moved upon him slowly. Somewhere, in the Temple, two cantors began to chant, a fifth apart, above the chanting drone of the slow circling dancers.

“Agios Rotanev”, sang the cantors, their powerful, clear voices making the complicated plainchant flow like a high crested wave toward shore, rising, falling slowly with grace but always moving on.

The slow moving organum of the cantors, the chant of the slow moving dancers who had linked hands, the energy brought by sexual frenzy, the shamans drums and wild dance, all conspired to push open the Gates to the Abyss. The slowness was a counter-part to the earlier frenzy, and Melanie used it to gather the energies to herself. She showed no outward sign of the ecstasy within and was smiling as she transferred the energy to her crystal while Thurstan’s body spasmed and then relaxed. She kissed him before climbing down from the altar.

She signalled the dancers to stop and gather round her in preparation for the climax of the rite when she would release the stored energy to bring her Dark Gods to Earth. They would still their minds, as she had shown them, to become parts of a mirror that would focus the energy.

But the doors of the Temple burst open. No one screamed as Algar stood, hideous, in the light of the candles, but they seemed to gather closer to Melanie. The two men by the door moved upon him but he easily knocked them to the side and they fell away unconscious. He was snarling, staring at Melanie as he walked toward her in silence. She did not move except to hold up her hand to restrain Thurstan who had risen to stand beside her. Then she smiled.

Algar stopped, his body twisting forward as if he wanted to move but could not. Melanie raised her hand toward him and he fell upon his knees, oozing blood as his already torn flesh, festering, split further. She raised her hand again, and he screamed as if tortured, before crawling face down on the floor. She dropped her hand, and his screaming stopped. He looked up at her then, not as a madman and not as one of the possessed that had returned, briefly, to life. Instead, his look was that of a mute child who could not bear the pain that it felt. But Melanie raised her hand again and the spectre that had once been Algar lowered its head and died.

XV

“Join us!” Melanie said as she stepped past the body.

Jukes and his Priestess stood in her hall, awed by what they had seen. They had followed Algar, and were still trembling.

“Come to me!” said Melanie softly.

Jukes stared at the floor while the Priestess looked upon Melanie’s face. She was smiling, her dread gone, as she walked forward to kneel at Melanie’s feet.

“No!” shouted Jukes. He tried to move toward her, but could not.

Gently Melanie raised the Priestess to her feet and kissed her on the lips. The Priestess understood her thought and went to touch the masked Guardians who lay unconscious in the Temple. They awoke and followed her to stand on either side of Melanie.

“Will you be mine,” Melanie said to Jukes, “as she is?”

“Never!”

“Then I shall make you mine!”

She was about to raise her hand to force his head up so she could see into his eyes when she saw an old man dressed like a peddler walk through the open door of her house.

“He is mine, I believe,” he said as he tapped Jukes on the shoulder to free him from the bonds Melanie had placed around him. “He is no use to you. But if you object –“

There was great magickal power in the old man, hidden even in his eyes, but Melanie perceived it.

“Who are you?” she asked.

He bowed deeply, like a jester. “I am Saer.”

“Saer?”

He looked around the hall and peered briefly into the Temple. “You have made great changes, I see.” Then smiling, he bowed again before escorting Jukes away.

She let him go. “Feast! Rejoice!” she said, turning to greet her coven and they felt happiness spread among them as the drums began to beat again.

She detailed her Guardians to carry the body and let them into her secret Temple where they threw it into the pit beneath the plinth that held her crystal. There was laughter and lust among the worshippers when she returned, servants carrying trays of food and chalices of wine. She thanked her Guardians, bid them join the feast, and watched Thurstan as he stood, covered by the robe he had discarded, beside the Priestess from Jukes’ Temple. She did not mind the hidden desire between them and went to walk alone in the hazy darkness of the garden.

Forces opposed to her own were present, returned from the night before and sent forth against her by the shedding of blood, but they did not affect her or the guests in her house, kept away by the power in her crystal, and she walked slowly in her bare feet over the cooling grass, idly looking up toward the stars.

It was not long before Thurstan joined her. He was followed by Jukes’ Priestess.

You knew, didn’t you?” Thurstan said, a little shyly. He too had been awed.

“That it was Saer who gave you the crystal? Yes, I knew it as soon as I saw him.”

“Then you know who he is?”

“Perhaps!” she laughed. “What is your name?” She asked the Priestess.

“Claudia.”

“Yes – it suits you. I shall not change it. Do you wish to stay with me, Claudia?”

“Oh, yes!”

“You are free to go.”

“I don’t want to go.” She looked down at the ground. “Not now I have found you.”

“I shall never harm you – unless you turn against me.” She took Claudia’s hand and held it to her own breast. “You are mine now and I shall always protect you. As a sign of my trust I shall give you a gift.” She placed Claudia’s hand in Thurstan’s, kissed them both and left them standing together in the mild night air.

They were still standing in her garden holding hands when she looked upon them from a high window in the house. She knew Thurstan did not know what to do and Claudia was too shy to initiate anything. Melanie wanted, through the ritual and her gift of him to Claudia, to draw out Thurstan’s darker self, and as she watched while a bright large moon began to rise quickly above the distant hills and an owl screeched nearby, she felt she had found the means to achieve her goals.

The ritual had returned both her power and her role. She was stronger than she ever had been and, with Thurstan as her willing High Priest, she would make herself stronger still by uniting his world with hers. Together, they might wander among the stars. The prospect excited her, as her desire to watch Thurstan and Claudia have sexual intercourse excited her, and she remembered words from the Black Book of the witch queen before her: ‘The secret of the Moira who lies beyond our Grade of Mistress of Earth, is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens – it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna. Whoever takes of this elixir will live immortal among the stars.’

Melanie believed that she had found the secret, brought forth from within her by her feelings for Thurstan and the power of ritual. She was preparing Thurstan – for first she had to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

Excited, she saw Thurstan briefly kiss Claudia before leading her toward the house, and she retreated to her room to follow them on her monitor. They seemed uncertain what to do as they stood in the hall, but the naked worshippers who rushed past them to run up the stairs gave them their clue. Suitable rooms lay open and waiting on the first floor of the house, as they always did. No one ever dared violate the floor above, reserved for Melanie and her special guests, and Thurstan did not as he slowly led Claudia to an empty room.

Nothing in the house was hidden from the surveillance system but Melanie did not often use it as she used it now to watch and listen to Thurstan and Claudia, for there were a multitude of pleasures that gave her satisfaction. In her desire to make Thurstan part of her world she pressed a switch to record images and sounds in the room on the floor below.

Melanie became aroused by watching them. Thurstan undressed Claudia slowly and as her naked body appeared, Melanie realized she desired it also. Claudia responded to Thurstan's kisses by pulling him down with her onto the softness of the low bed in the luxurious room and it was not long before Thurstan's tentative slowness of delight gave way to sexual frenzy. But this was not prolonged and there was no scream, nor even sigh of ecstasy from Claudia – only Thurstan's groan as he slumped fulfilled upon her voluptuous body.

This pleased Melanie and she lay listening to them talk.

“Who is she?” Claudia asked.

“You don't know?” an exhausted Thurstan said.

“I saw her in a vision – in this house. We came to stop her.”

“But you didn't.”

“I couldn't. When I came near to her I felt – “

Thurstan smiled. “An overpowering love?”

“Maybe,” she said and blushed. “And you?”

“She is the most remarkable woman I have ever met.”

“You serve her then? I mean as High Priest?”

Thurstan laughed. “I know little of her world. I only met her a few days ago.”

Claudia was surprised. “But are you an Initiate?”

“Of what?”

“Her Temple.”

“Not as far as I know. She told me she was involved in something – “

“Satanism?”

“Yes. But I assumed it was some kind of game. You know what I mean? Then,” he sighed, “this ritual. There is real power in her, real magick. She casts a spell with just a look.”

“You love her then?”

“Yes. Because, I suppose, like you I am sensitive to things and people. When I saw you I felt a warmth in me, a happiness. I don’t normally do this sort of thing.”

“What?”

“Leap into bed with women I have only just met.”

“Neither do I! I think she overwhelmed us both.”

“Do you mind?” asked Thurstan softly.

“No,” she whispered. “I feel I have found what I have always been seeking – here in this house. It is exciting and yet I feel protected. Before I came I assumed it was evil in some way – that she was evil and must be stopped. But now –“

“Stopped from what?”

“Changing the cosmic tides that wash upon the Earth and give to people a certain energy.”

“I understand nothing of such things.”

“I saw that man – in his grave.”

“The one who died?”

“Yes. He was her High Priest wasn't he?”

“Yes.”

“I assumed you had taken his place,” she gestured to his robe, discarded on the floor.

“I know little of her beliefs.”

“It is a new beginning, then, for us both.”

“Perhaps we can learn things – together?”

“I sense that is what she wishes.”

“And the man you came with?”

“High Priest of my Temple in London.” She laughed. “I suppose he will be thinking I have been abducted against my will and forced to indulge in hideous Satanic rites! Or be offered as a sacrifice to Satan.”

“You are not afraid that you will be?”

“No – as I’m sure you feel. I know nothing about her except what I feel, and I feel she will not harm me. Quite the reverse, in fact.”

Thurstan leaned on his elbow to look at her. “It may seem like a trite thing to say, but you are not like a stranger to me.”

She touched his face with her hand. “I know what you mean. She is not a stranger to me either.”

“What shall we do?”

“Apart from the obvious, you mean?” They both laughed. “Wait, I suppose for her to tell us.”

“It could be an enjoyable wait.”

“I hope so.”

Melanie had seen and heard enough. It did not take her long to reach their room and she stood in the doorway while they sat up from the bed, nervously smiling.

She gave Thurstan his robe. “Leave us,” she said to him.

He left, obedient to her word, and she closed and locked the door before sitting beside Claudia on the bed.

“You are beautiful,” she said, caressing Claudia’s neck.

Her soft kiss was returned, shyly, and she took off her robe before drawing Claudia toward her in an embrace.

“I have never done this before,” Claudia whispered.

Melanie kissed her neck and breasts. “Do you want to?” she asked gently.

“Oh, yes.”

The tender caresses, the perfumed softness of Melanie’s body, the slow intimate kisses and movements, her own feelings of warmth, the sensuous pleasure that Melanie brought to her gently through touch and tongue, all combined to stimulate Claudia to an ecstasy both physical and emotional and of a kind she had never experienced before.

She lay beside Melanie, embracing her and softly crying, drawing comfort from the strange woman who kissed away the tears, feeling in that moment that all the confusion, doubts and sorrow that her sensitivity had brought her over the years, was no more. Her past, with its broken relationships its traumas and dreams, was forgotten. Her future was unreal – only the present was meaningful to her. She sensed forces outside the house that wish to harm the woman who kissed her and whose body heat reassured, but she was protected for the moment from those forces as Claudia felt protected. The harmful forces, which were waiting for weakness, drew more emotion from Claudia until she felt a genuine love.

Jukes had stolen her love when they first met and through him she had learned to use her powerful psychic gifts. But his passion for her had just been a passion, fleeting like the brightness of a meteor in the sky of night, and she had learned to live again and alone with her dreams while he filled and emptied his bed with the women in the Temple in the name of the magick he invoked. Her gifts brought empathy and vision, but never the love she needed.

Melanie to her, in that moment, became all her dreams and it did not matter to her then that she gave her love to another woman. It felt natural to her – as it had seemed natural when she and Thurstan had made love, and she understood, as she lay warm and relaxed, that she had given her body to him because it was what Melanie had wanted.

To Melanie, she had given her body also, but now she gave up her soul as well.

“I think I love you,” she said, and Melanie, in the humid room, felt a confusion of love that she did not need nor desire grow within her heart.

XVI

Thrust forth from the room, Thurstan wandered around the house. The Temple was full of naked bodies and the incense of sex, and when he tried the door that he knew led to the crystal, it would not open.

Other doors were locked to him as to other worshippers, and the one that did open led him to a library. He heard the door closing behind him, but it did not open when he tried the handle and he contented himself with trying to see out of the window. He could see nothing, for the outside shutters had been closed. The room was large, with a high ceiling and books rose in shelves on all the walls, darkly lit. A chair stood waiting beside a table whereon a single book lay open. ‘The Book of Wyrð’, the gilt spine read.

She planned this, he thought to himself and sat down to read.

“Satanism is the philosophy of the noble and strong. It is the antithesis of the religion of Yeshua, that worship of decaying fish. To the cowards and the followers of the Nazarene belong the meekness of the weak, the rapid utterances about pity and the vileness of the bully. Above all, Satanism is the enjoyment of this life.

The most fundamental principle of Satanism is that we as individuals are gods. The goal of Satanism is simple – to make an individual an Immortal, to produce a new species. To Satanists, magick is a means, a path, to this goal. We walk toward the Abyss and dare to pass through to the cold spaces beyond where CHAOS reigns. There is ecstasy in us – and much that is strange. Vitality, health, laughter and defiance – we challenge everything, and the greatest challenge is ourselves.”

There was music filling the room as he read. He knew it was real even if he could not see its source, but it was faint – an unearthly sound that he found beautiful and brought a vision of stars and a remembrance of his strange dream after he had first made love to Melanie. His body tensed as he listened, carried to another plane of existence, and he experienced in that moment, a possession of feeling surpassing the ecstasy of physical passion. Then, there was no room, only a rushing of stars, the exhilaration of phenomenal speed and then a silent slowing that brought him to the planet of his dreams. The music was a slow chant of words he did not understand combined with sounds from instruments he had never heard

before, and it expressed the desolation of the dead planet as well as his longing for Melanie – and Claudia.

Then the vision and the music ended and he was simply sitting alone in a library staring down at a book. He tried, but could not recapture what he had seen and heard and he felt a longing that strained his breathing and brought tears to his eyes. Melanie was the woman he had always sought to bring meaning into his life, the reality behind his insight of days before when he had stood by the stream near his cottage and made his divinity a goddess. Her power, charisma and promise made his own life and expectations seem dull, as his vision made the world around him seem unreal and ponderous.

He experienced a sudden need to express his feeling through the frenzy of his body and was not surprised to find the door unlocked. He began to understand the house itself was alive, an extension of Melanie's will, and he let it guide him. Lights brightened to show him the way, or dimmed when he went wrong. He was led to a room where all that he needed, and more, lay waiting. He dressed quickly, his heart beating fast and ran along the corridor and down the stairs to leave the house.

He was not alone. Something was with him as he ran along the driveway in the cooling air under the stars with the light of the moon to guide him. He sensed the presence as he sensed that it was protective of him, and he ran fastly down the narrow lane allowing the freedom of physical exertion to suffuse his body. His running brought some of the vision back to him and he left the road to follow a track that led alongside the slopes of the Long Mynd. He was soon tired and breathing heavily but he ran on to become a little detached from his body, defying it. He ran for miles before turning and running only a little slower back to the house, suffused with a desire to learn, to be master and equal of Melanie. Her world had become real for him, and he did not want to leave it.

The house seemed to welcome him on his return. There were no cars in the driveway, for all the worshippers had gone, and he followed the lights to a bathroom where he soaked himself for a longtime in a deep bath, pleased and expectant. His love for Melanie, his hope of their affinity, the passion they had already shared, the ritual, her sharing of him with Claudia, even the killing he thought he had done for her - all had liberated him, releasing the inner energies that his normal life had kept under control. He felt there was no challenge that he could not overcome, nothing that he would not do. Life was before him – a large canvas on which he would paint a masterpiece. He wanted to make his own life a work of Art.

Satan was the name he gave to the energy that made both his body and his mind vivid with life, he dried himself vigorously, covered himself with the silk robe that hung from a hook on the door and let the lights guide him to Melanie's room.

The door opened for him and we walked over the soft carpet in the azure light to find Melanie was not alone and the door closing behind him. Claudia was beside her in the bed, asleep. He was not shocked by this, only momentarily confused. They were both naked.

“Come”, his Mistress said, “sit beside me.” And he obeyed.

She kissed him, before stroking Claudia’s hair. “She is lovely, isn’t she?”

“Yes.”

“Can you share me?”

The directness of the question startled him. “I think so.”

“Come then and take off your robe.”

He obeyed, and lay beside her. She was pleased with his arousal, and the reasons behind it, but she teased him saying, “Trying for four in a row, then?”

“I’m sorry – I didn’t – “

“Don’t be sorry, my darling.”

The endearment made him happy, lessening the awe he felt and which came upon him as soon as he had entered her room.

“You are pleased with things?”

Their bodies were touching as they lay together and he felt his awe ebbing away. “I want to learn. Share your world with you.”

“It is good that your inner strength returns. I want us to share.”

“But I feel a little lost sometimes.”

“Because of what I own?”

“Partly. But also –“

“Do not say anymore.” She pressed her finger to his lips “I shall tell you something. You have made me realize how lonely I was. How much I need love.” She laughed, self-mockingly. “I, with all that I have, all the power you have seen, need you. I am human after all, even though I don’t want to be.”

Thurstan kissed her, and Melanie felt like crying. But she mastered her feelings. Thurstan had changed, as she had hoped and planned he would, but she herself was changing. Never before had she displayed her feeling and she felt vulnerable. She knew Thurstan sensed this, as Claudia had when they walked hand in her hand to her room. She was not afraid of them, only herself, and when Thurstan spoke she was composed.

“And Claudia?” he asked gently.

“I need you both, it seems.”

“You have enough love to give.”

“You must be tired – after all of your exertions!”

“I am.”

She kissed his eyelids and he smiled, languid, before relaxing into sleep. She watched him for some time. Her feelings of love, born by Thurstan and suckled by Claudia, now enhanced her power and did not destroy it, and she drew down energies while her lovers slept beside her, storing them in her crystal below. Words from the Black Book kept returning to her. She had never understood them before, knowing only that they described the process of change necessary before a Magus or a Mousa was born in the coldness that lay beyond the Abyss where Satan reigned. She did not know what awaited for her and in her if this change was successful, for all her books were silent about it and there was no one whom she could ask. She had believed with a certainty that her own power had

confirmed, that no one living in her time had passed that way toward the final stage of the seven that marked the Satanic path.

This belief, however, troubled her now more than the changes within her wrought by love – more than the duality that love has assumed in the past hours of her life. More even than the persistent hostile force which still surrounded her house and came with the night like hail. She was troubled by Saer, and tried to cast an image of him into her crystal, but some barrier beyond her own power to breach prevented her, and she lay awake between her two lovers pondering instead the patterns which the Dark Gods might assume when, tomorrow as she had planned, they would be returned finally to spread their chaos upon Earth.

Only Saer, she felt, might prevent her - and if he tried, she would have the power of two lovers to help her.

XVII

The old man who had rescued him from the Satanists left Jukes as he had arrived – without greeting or explanation – and Jukes walked toward the cars and the shivering members of his Temple who had fled from Algar.

He did not speak to them and they asked no questions of him, and they sat huddled together while the moon rose and their sense of reality returned. Then, in whispered words Jukes told his tale and how he wished them to join him in the battle that was to come when, with Pead, they would conjure from the Abyss a destructive force to send against the witch queen and her house.

They gave their assent, and in all the cars drove along the moonlit roads over and down hills and through turning valleys to Pead's unlit cottage. The dog snarled, straining on its chain, while a voice from the darkness said, "Why do you come?"

Jukes shown a torch on Pead's face, then turned it away. "We failed," he said and explained.

"This man," asked Pead, "did he say his name?"

"Saer."

“Saer? I thought he was dead!”

“You know him?”

“No, but there are stories. Come in, my friends!”

Inside, Pead lit a single candle.

“We must act!” Jukes said while his followers adjusted themselves to the stench and the flickering shadows.

“This night I have sent a fetch against them.”

“Perhaps Saer – “

“If indeed he lives, I do not know where to find him.”

“She had no power over him. If – “

“He would act if he wished. If he does not, then maybe it is for us to do nothing also.”

“But we must do something!” shouted Jukes. Several members of his Temple, standing behind him, were already scratching themselves.

“I see you do not understand.”

“I understand,” persisted Jukes, “enough to know this planet is threatened. By her and the forces she wants to bring.”

“If Saer – “

“Saer this! Saer that! Who is this bloody Saer anyway?” said Jukes in anger, his body

trembling in reaction to the events of the night.

“He is an old man, older than me – much older than me – who in his youth sought the secret of the alchemical Stone. Some say he found it. Myself – I do not know. It is said of him that he understands and can control should he wish, the cosmic tides themselves. He had a pupil once, a young woman. But she abused his trust and they parted – he to live alone and she to follow the sinister path. But that was a long time ago. No one has heard of him or seen him for – what? - maybe thirty years.”

“Then he is a Magus?” asked Jukes.

“Indeed. The only one this century – although there have been many who claimed the title but lacked the understanding and the power.”

Even in the dim light, Jukes could see Pead’s sly smile. He ignored the slight at the man whose teachings he followed. “But surely then he must do something.”

Pead shrugged his hunched shoulders. “Maybe he is.”

“I feel nothing.”

“As I.”

“But surely,” persisted Jukes, “his very appearance – his saving of me – means something.”

“Perhaps.”

For years, Jukes had absorbed diverse Occult theories, and he quickly made an assumption. “Perhaps it was a sign for us to act? Perhaps he has chosen us to act?”

“I do not know.”

“I saw and felt the power he had. He must have wanted me to do something. We could summon Shugara.”

“Do you know what you ask?”

“Yes! There is enough of us to invoke such power.”

“It is dangerous.” Pead rested against one of his desks as if seeking comfort from the books upon it.

“We cannot allow her to succeed. Shugara would destroy her – and all of her followers.”

“And maybe us, also.” He moved to where a pile of small, bound manuscripts lay on the floor. Extracting one, he began to read aloud. “Shugara is one of the most dangerous to invoke. Manifestations may be accompanied by the smell of rotting corpses. Symbolized by the Tarot card The Moon – Shugara is the great Beast that comes from the dark pool under the Moon. His call is to be chanted in the key of G major...”

“It is the only way!” said Jukes with messianic zeal.

“In all my workings I have never dared – “

“We must dare it now! Listen to me! Do you believe in evil?”

“Evil?”

“Yes, evil. Do you believe that there is a dark power at work on this Earth?”

“I know that there are dark forces that we as magickians can use.”

“Yes, yes. But what about innocence?” He reached behind him and drew forward a young female member of his Temple. “See her?” And the young woman blushed. “I would call her innocent – someone who trusts and believes in the good. Now,” he continued, intoxicated by his eloquence, “If I for whatever reason threw her to the ground and raped her, I would destroy that trust, that innocence, wouldn’t I?”

“Maybe.”

“I would be imposing my will on hers, to fulfill my own desire. Well, I should really respect her – her own desires, for ‘every man and woman is a star’ and ‘love is the law, love under will’. My act would be an evil one.” Something obscure occurred in his mind, but he could not define it and passed on. “Our magick – the Osirian current and that of the child who comes after – is to bring love into this world, to bring a New Aeon. Yet she – “ he spat out the word – “wants to break our magickal current and impose her own. We would become possessed by the power she brought – invaded in our minds. There would be evil – the ending of love!”

With his strong words, Jukes seemed to have invoked a presence in the damp, shadowed room. They all sensed it – and Pead most of all.

“Yes, you’re right,” Pead said, glancing behind him. “We shall do as you say.”

“Then let us prepare,” said Jukes confidently.

Pead took the candle and led them to the room where he slept. They could not see the bloodstains that covered the floor and he set the candle by the window to fetch his ceremonial equipment. The magickal circle, inscribed with sigils and words of power, almost filled the room when joined together, and Jukes and his followers stood within it while Pead brought candles, incense, a sword, parchment and pen. The burner was lit, incense burned, the circle purified by the sprinkling of salt and sealed by the passing along it of the tip of the sword.

Jukes and Pead stood in the centre while the others linked hands and began to walk, slowly at first, sun-wise around the circle. Pead drew a sigil on parchment, showed it to the four corners of the room and began his chant.

“You I invoke, Shugara, who lurks waiting in the pits of the Abyss! You are Fury and the bringer of Death! Hear me! And hearing hearken to my call! For I am the Lord of Powers in this circle – hear me! And hearing hearken to my call!”

‘Shu-ga-ra!’ chanted the circling dancers as the incense filled the room and the candles flickered. “Shu-ga-ra!”

“Shugara!” commanded Pead. “With this my seal and sword I conjure you! Attend to the words of my voice! Exarp! Bitom! Nanta! Hcoma! I rule over you all: Gil ol nonci zamran! Micma! Come Shugara! To me! To me!”

Jukes felt the frenzy and began to chant the demon's name in the key of G major while Pead continued with his invocation and the dancers, circling fast, chanted their own chant.

First the smell choked them, and then the laughter stopped their chants. The dried blood on the floor seemed to boil, and then seeped away into the room to form an ill-defined shape that hung near the ceiling. Pead began to speak, but the shape swooped down to engulf his face and vanished.

“You fools!” he hissed before turning and walking from the room.

Outside, the dog growled, yelped and then was silent. When Jukes found it, it was dead. Jukes waited a long time, but could hear nothing. He left the implements of magick, the candles and the incense burning, but performed a banishing for himself and his followers before leading them to their cars. He felt sick and oppressed and, in silence, drove slowly through the night knowing Pead was possessed and would probably die. There was nothing they could do except hope that in some way he would fulfill the purpose of the ritual.

There was little traffic as they drove down the roads toward London, sensing that they might have failed. In his depressive state, Jukes did not care about leaving Claudia and as the time of the journey turned into hours and clouds came to cover the moon, he had come to believe his own beliefs were an illusion. Nothing was threatened, there were no powers trying to break through the dimensions, no magick – only hallucinations and dread. He found comfort in these thoughts, a sense of reality returning, and all he wanted to do was return to his flat, throw away his books and begin a normal life. He could forget the terrors of the night. He was like a person suddenly and unexpectedly locked in a prison cell – first, there was the loss of his will, a disbelief, the slow depression of shock, and then the gradual adjustment to the reality of the surroundings. But there would be no anger, no sudden resentment at this fate as there might have been for one unjustly imprisoned. The terror had burned that from his soul as a flash of lightning burns out the bark of trees.

For the first time in his life, Jukes felt the need of a personal love. His need was not for the love that was an idea that he carried in his head, nor for that which was only a word in someone else's faith used to bring a little self-importance to his life, as when he used a woman in a magick ritual or real life. Instead, his need was for the comfort and gentle joy that personal love could sometimes bring, and as he drove carefully and slowly toward the lights of London, he held out his hand for the young woman beside him. She did not refuse, for she loved his charisma as High Priest and in her gentle, trusting way held his fingers tight.

The simple gesture destroyed all the demons of Jukes' past.

XVIII

It was dawn when Thurstan awoke to find Claudia still asleep beside him. It was her hand, which rested on his shoulder, her warm breath against his face, and for some time he thought the memory of Melanie being between them was the memory of a dream.

A thin duvet covered them, but their closeness, Claudia's bare shoulder and his memory of her body, aroused Thurstan's passion and he was about to let his hand stroke her breast when she awoke. For a moment there was fear in her eyes, which he saw, destroying his passion. She smiled at him and in her smile was an awkward vulnerable trust, which brought to Thurstan a remembrance of all the women he had loved and the reason why he loved them.

He kissed her, as a brother might, before leaving the room to find his clothes. Dressed, he wandered around the house but could not find Melanie. The air of late summer was mild and hazy and he sat on the grass in the walled garden, listening. A contemplative calm came to him and he might have been a Taoist monk meditating in the still air of dawn. He was at peace, within himself, and felt in a way stronger than he had ever done before that the world, and he himself, unfolded in its own natural way. It was also beautiful, in a strange, calm way and he sat, very still but without effort, while the gentle euphoria suffused him.

The mood drifted from him, slowly. His fervour of the night was unreal – a memory of another person. The calm he felt now was real and he realized with a sudden insight that it was this feeling that he wished above all else to share with Melanie. It was the beauty, the calm he found when he looked into a woman's eyes – the gentleness he experienced sometimes when he lay naked beside the woman he loved and she showed by a caress or a kiss or a smile that she cared for him. It was the longing he felt to be with a sensitive woman – the soft desire to make slow, gentle love to her. All the sharing moments, all the experiences of two people in love would be a remembrance of such moments, a giving and returning, a mutual embrace and breaking of barriers, that he knew no words might describe.

The energy of the night, even the magick, was alien to him. He wanted his vulnerable love to lead himself and the woman he loved to another existence, and he began to feel that such a love might in a way he did not understand, affect the world, as once he had believed that prayer to a god might. He knew this was an ideal – but it was an attainable one, if the love was mutual and without reservation. He began to think of how a monk or a nun,

pledged to contemplation, might seek to love God – he wanted and needed to love a woman in such a way: a woman of flesh and blood who responded to his kisses, who laughed, cried, danced, became angry or sad, but who, whatever the emotions and whatever the experience loved him faithfully as he would love her. There would be a sacred quality about such a love.

He did not need the energy of power or magick or money, for he sensed the beauty of life lay hidden in its simplicity, in a kind of detachment, and as he sat in the still warming air of early morning only the sound of bird-song around him, his body and mind languid, he felt it easy to believe in a god who might have made it all - or some force, perhaps named Fate, which governed the workings of the cosmos. He was aware, as he sat, of the suffering and misery in the world, as he was aware that he himself was not God – not even a god. He did not understand the suffering, or the misery, but felt that all he could do was try and change himself, re-orientate in some way his own consciousness so as not to add to those burdens.

All the threads of his life were gathered together in the moments of his sitting: the memories, sometimes painful and intense, of the women he had loved; the lessons of his own past, his feelings and thoughts of and about others. He drew them to himself by a quiet process of thought to make his feelings and memories conscious and part of a whole, and by the time he had completed the task, his view of the world had profoundly changed. He felt he had at last discovered the reality of his own self, buried for so long in a confusion of feelings, moods and desires.

Perhaps his intuitive awareness of Claudia's vulnerability or the strange things of magick he had seen caused this. He did not know or particularly care. There was a happiness within him, which was gentle and made him smile. He felt in love with the world and possessed an awareness of meaning. He sensed there was something beyond his own life, which a particular way of living would create – which a sharing of love with another person would make possible. Perhaps this was another life in another plane of existence. It was a nebulous sensation, this belief, which he could not formulate directly into ideas expressed by the words of his thoughts, but nonetheless real to him and he added it to his view of the world before rising from the grass and walking, in the sunlight, toward the house.

A man was by the door, leaning on an Ash walking stick. It was Saer and he was smiling. Thurstan blinked in surprise – and Saer was gone. Thurstan felt he had seen a ghost, and did not bother to look for the old man.

Melanie sat by the crystal in her Temple and he stood beside her.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

“What?”

“Will you marry me? Leave all of this and come and live with me in my cottage?”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“There are many things that I must do.”

“Forget them. Forget all this.”

She smiled at him. “And Claudia?”

He sighed. “And Claudia. I cannot share you.”

“All that I have is from this day yours – and hers.”

“I want nothing except you.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothing. No money, power – whatever. I earn enough to support us both, if we live simply.”

“You need never work again.”

“But I need to.”

She laughed, and touched his face. “It is a lovely, romantic ideal! But not possible.”

“Why not?”

She gestured toward her crystal. "This is my life."

"I can be your life."

"But for how long?"

Thurstan flinched, and in that moment part of his hope was extinguished. "We can try."

"Why this sudden change?"

"All this really isn't me. You have power, money, charisma – and magick to bind people to you, to control. I love what is beyond all that in you. My real world is outside, sitting in the sun listening to the songs of the birds or watching clouds or waiting for the frogs to return in Spring. I do not belong here – in a Temple, doing strange rituals."

"You are tempting me," she said smiling.

"As you tempted me?"

"Perhaps."

They stood in silence for a long time until Thurstan said, "You could use your power to bind me, but –"

"I no longer have any power over you," Melanie said softly. "I knew that when you entered here."

"You still love me then?"

"It is not my love that makes me powerless to bind you. There is something else."

"What?"

“Would you like to take Claudia some breakfast? There are many things to do this morning.”

“Marry me.” When she did not answer, Thurstan said, “well at least come away with me.”

“And if I want you to stay here with me? Share my world?”

“I don’t think it would work,” Thurstan said, sadly.

“You could try.”

“It would be a game. What would be the point?”

“To enjoy the game, perhaps.”

“I want to go straight to what is beyond all that.”

“Our bridge is in danger.”

Thurstan looked at her and began to cry. He made no sound and Melanie wiped the tears away with her hand.

“Go now,” she said. “Before I do something I will regret.”

The sunlight seemed painful to him as he walked along her driveway toward the lane. He had not looked back and she did not run after him, and he walked slowly shuffling like an old man along the lane and down toward the road. He stopped for several minutes to stand and lean on the bridge toward the bottom of the lane, watching and listening to the fastly flowing stream of water. A cyclist, brightly clad and whose bicycle was laden with panniers, passed and wished him good-day.

“Lovely day!” Thurstan said.

“Yes, splendid!” replied the traveller before changing down into a lower gear and riding up the hill.

The scenery, the weather, the brief human contact charmed Thurstan, bringing the world around him alive. Melanie the Satanic witch queen was not of this world where he himself belonged, and as Thurstan walked away to take the Neolithic track that rose up the slopes of the Mynd a mile distant, his sadness was relieved by a presentiment of joy.

XIX

The house seemed, to Melanie, to sigh as Thurstan left. Her own grief was longer, and it was nearly an hour later that she went to her bedroom to find Claudia asleep.

For several minutes she stood, watching the sleeping woman. There was a gentleness and trust in Claudia that brought to Melanie an intimation of a type of love she did not know nor even perhaps understand, and she allowed her grief at losing Thurstan to sharpen this intimation. But she could not hold in her consciousness this insight and left, imbued again with her role and Destiny, to make arrangements for the evening ritual.

There would be no sacrifice, only a calling down of dark power through her crystal – a breaking of the gates by the directed frenzy of the members of her Temple and the guests she had invited from around the world. The hours of the day passed quickly for her, Claudia was happy, receiving guests, preparing the Temple and food for the feast, which would follow the recalling, directing the servants that morning had drawn to the house on Melanie's command.

Fifty-four people were gathered in the Temple as darkness came slow to cover the land around. Melanie left them as her cantors began their discordant chant and her dancers began to dance, slowly, drawing forth from themselves a rising pyramid of power. Claudia waited for her in the secret Temple, her hands on the crystal and soon the diffusing light from the floor began to change in colour until a purple aura surrounded them.

There was a yearning in Melanie as she stood beside her Priestess and lover. But it was not a yearning for love - only a cold desire to alter the living patterns in the world and so fulfill her Destiny by returning the Dark Gods to Earth. She was suspended between her past with all its charisma and power and the future that might have been possible if she had surrendered to Thurstan's love. She was aware of herself only through the images of the past and her barely formed feelings for Claudia: detached from the realness of her body and personal emotions. The power being invoked seemed to be drawing her toward the Abyss

and the spaces beyond the Abyss where she had never been.

The Abyss was within her, within Claudia, within all those in the Temple and all those outside it. It was primal awe, terror and intoxication and she entered it she felt its energies forming into shapes ready to ascend to Earth through her crystal and Temple. She was not conscious of the world around her and so did not see the door of the secret Temple open or the leering man who entered.

The darkness of the Abyss had attracted the darkness which had possessed Pead, as it made him sense the vulnerability of Claudia. He was growling like the animal he had become as he fastened his hands around her neck. Melanie heard the scream but she was paralyzed by the Abyss and could only return slowly to the world of the living as inadvertently Claudia operated the mechanism, which opened the pit beneath the crystal. She and Pead stood on its ledge as the plinth with its crystal slid aside.

“Take me!” Melanie screamed. But she was too late and as she moved toward them they stumbled and fell into the pit.

Silently the plinth returned to seal them in deep darkness. Melanie could not make it move and bloodied her hands trying. And when it did, no answer came to her repeated calls, only silence rising from the rotting blackness below.

The power in the crystal had gone and she hid her tears as she walked toward the Temple and its worshippers. They were still chanting and dancing, unaware that the real power was gone from the crystal, the house and its Mistress they all held in awe. Melanie watched and listened, aware as she did so that what they felt as they chanted and danced was only a flickering shadow. So she left them to seal herself in her room.

She sat for a long time, vaguely aware of the passing hours and the people who drifted away from the house, perplexed. They had danced, chanted and waited for her to appear, but when she had not come forth to carry them to the Abyss they had waited again until the realization of failure made them shuffle and slink away.

Dawn drew her to her garden and in the long moments of her walking barefoot in the dewy grass she found an answer to her grief. It was an answer without words – a feeling that drew her beyond the cold Abyss to where a new universe waited. She was drifting in this universe, floating among the stars and galaxies of love, sadness, sorrow and joy, and as she consciously drifted, her body tensed and tears came to her eyes.

Images and feelings rushed through her as a whirling system of planets and stars forms from chaos and rushes through a galaxy past other stars when time itself is compressed. The images were of her past but the feelings attached to them were not the original feelings. There was sadness instead of exultation, love instead of anger, grief instead of joy. They had changed because her perspective had changed for she was seeing herself and her past not as before through her own eyes but from beyond herself where other people were part of her in a way that brought an awareness of their sorrow, passion, hurt, narrowness, love and stupidity. She was Thurstan as he sat in the café holding her hand and trembling with the expectation of love; she was Claudia as she lay being kissed for the first time by a woman – the possessed man who in blindness and unthinking hate had killed Claudia.

The images and feelings rushed through her and when they were gone she was left feeling both sorrow and love. Her sorrow was in her lack of vision – she had drawn forces from within herself and beyond herself and used them to fulfill her will and desires: nothing had been real for her except those powers and herself. Here love was in a yearning to try and understand by giving herself, by sharing what she felt with someone who understood.

The sorrow that burst upon her broke her free of her past: it was a storm which smashed her mooring and snapped the anchorage of her self so she became a ship sailing free blown by winds she did not understand. Her feelings for Thurstan, her brief sorrow at Lois' death, her brief love of Claudia were distant heralds of the storm, which had come.

Gradually, her yearning became a yearning for love. She felt the blue of the sky above pour down upon her as the warmth of the sun, felt the wholeness of the patterns of Nature before her as if they were all notes in a beautiful piece of music – Vivaldi, perhaps, exulting in song the god of his faith, or Bach transforming a fugue to its end. She received the emanations that broke upon her with a joy seldom before known except in brief moments of physical passion, and she became happy, sad, compassion, ecstatic and afraid until a vision calmed her. Her vision was of the vital, ineffable mechanism of the cosmos itself – the eternal beyond the transient forms that life assumed through the process of slow evolution to something beyond itself.

This something she felt to be a vast, calm ocean where evolution ended, and began, in an indescribable transcendent bliss. But the vision was soon over, and she found herself lying on the grass of her garden in the chilly air of morning.

For over an hour she lay, calm and gently breathing while physical senses returned to her body and an awareness of self brought need. She did not want to move as she did not want the calm, her perception of the whole of which she was a part, to end, and when she did move it was to slowly walk toward her car to drive away from her house, hoping, as she did

so, that Thurstan would still love her.

XX

The past came back to Jukes. The day had barely gone after the night of his return before his insight faded. He was in bed with his new and gentle lover when they called.

“I hope you do not mind us calling,” the nervous young man said.

“Not at all.” He gestured to the sofa and watched keenly as they sat. The young woman with short hair was pretty, dressed in a purple dress while the young man with a straggly beard seemed weak-willed and shy.

“We heard about your group,” the man said, “and are very interested.”

“How did you hear?” Jukes asked.

“Oh – the chap in the ‘Occult Bookshop’.”

“Actually – “ Jukes began.

“He said you were an Adept – and we would very much like to learn from you.”

“How do you mean?”

“Be one of your pupils.”

Jukes was flattered and when he looked at the woman she turned her eyes away and blushed. His new Priestess entered bearing a pot of tea on a tray – she smiled at him with love, but his own smile was brief and she sat down in a corner, quiet and trusting, while Jukes began to manipulate, again.

He talked of the Occult path, the difficulties and the sacrifice that was needed, and the importance of being willing to learn. He drew them to him, talking of the Aeon to come when

truly free individuals would change the world forever. He talked of the magick within, which could be drawn out and help each individual find their True Will, and as he talked he drew nearer to the subject of Initiation and acts of sexual magick. His desire for the woman who sat opposite him grew as he talked, moulding his will through words which seeped into his new followers as a parasite seeps into the intestine of the host.

“You are very sensitive – to certain forces,” he said to the woman.

“I don’t think I am,” she said softly.

“It seem to me you have a natural gift.” He sensed the compliment was well received. “It can be developed by certain means, should you wish to do so.”

For hours, he talked while they listened. He felt a power, talking to them about magick, a mastery that made him confident. He was an Adept, and would guide them toward magickal understanding. Part of him was sincere as well, and over the years he had covered his desires with lovely names as his assumption of having attained Adeptship made all that he did or chose to do seem right for both the cosmos and him. His names were Destiny, free love and the Chosen.

As the hours passed he became his role – there was no dichotomy within him. His pupils would be a means, sent by his gods, whereby he himself – and they – could attain further magickal understanding.

Darkness came early, shielding, and his Priestess lit some candles to shed some light and add to the atmosphere of magick that he was building with his words. The terrors of his recent past became rationalized as he talked – Pead had brought misfortune on himself by his past deeds of sacrifice, and the terrors at the Satanist house were the result of a battle between Saer and the woman who had enticed Claudia away. It was not his battle, and his only mistake had been to become involved. That involvement was Claudia’s doing, she was obviously being manipulated by other powers emanating from the Satanist house.

Jukes was pleased with his understanding. He described to his new pupils the ritual Pead had done and explained how the magickian became possessed.

“So you see, there is always danger present. We must learn to master our wills!”

His two pupils looked at each other, and the woman nodded.

“When,” asked the man, “can we be Initiated?”

Jukes pretended to consider the matter carefully. “We have a meeting next week at which Initiation could take place.”

“Really? As soon as that?” The man was surprised.

“Of course, if you wish to delay – “

“No, no. What you suggest is fine. We are only too keen to begin our quest.”

“Good. I shall arrange everything.”

“May I ask you something?” For the first time the woman spoke.

“Why yes!”

“What happened to the man in that ritual?”

Jukes laughed. “He is probably wandering around still, quite mad!”

Jukes was pleased to see them go, knowing the woman would soon be his and knowing that his Priestess would be only too willing to please him when they returned to his bed. He slept well that night, tired from his bodily exertions and safe again within the world he had created. He did not hear his Priestess crying, a little, toward dawn as she sensed what next week would bring. But she would accept it, for she was only a Priestess and he was her teacher.

Outside, two Blackbirds sung her to sleep.

‘Therefore, let every mortal see that last day

When they die – not considering themselves fortunate

Until without suffering they cross the boundary of this life.’

Thurstan wrote the words slowly, savouring them, before collecting together the scattered pages of his translation. He glanced through it, satisfied at the labour of months, but sad because he would have to think of something else to do in the long hours to be spent alone as summer changed to autumn and brought the dark of night to cover the evening hours.

A premonition of dawn came to him as he looked out from his window to the eastern hills, and he snuffed out the candles by which he liked to work. The air outside was fresh like that of early autumn and he stood by the door of the cottage slowly breathing it in. There was no wind to break the silence and he walked into his small garden, riddled by weed and long of grass, to watch the haze of Aurora grow. Definition of fence, tree, fields and hills came slowly in rhythm with the song of birds as if those very songs were calling Eos from her sleep. The growing light though without warmth still drew the cold sadness from Thurstan as he stood waiting for the sun god to rise. And when He did, climbing steadily between the cleft in hills on the horizon, Thurstan smiled in reverence.

Phrases from his translation repeated themselves in his mind and it did not seem to him a long span of time since Sophocles had seen or imagined the sun rising over the mountains of Phocis: *‘Bright as a flame from the snows of Parnassus comes a voice...’* Who, Thurstan wondered, had in the intervening centuries understood the message? Would his own attempt to present it in his own language fail should it ever be printed and read? Would hubris – defiance that broke the balance in the cosmos – increase? Could the balance ever be restored?

He did not know the answers to these questions as he did not know any answers that were solutions to the problems of his own life, and he contented himself with enjoying the beautiful world around him; the sights, sounds, smells of sky-god and Earth-mother. The Earth around him was real in a way that his memories and dreams were not and as he stood, experiencing the dawn of day, he forgot his love of Melanie and his dreams of sharing his life, making himself content by his work in the gardens of mother Earth and by his night time toil of translations.

He became at peace again with himself and sat upon the step to plan his next translation. The turning of Earth brought the sun higher into his sky while he sat, enjoying the warmth of

his last day free from his work. Tomorrow, his brief holiday over, he would return to the farm to strain and stretch his muscles and delight in his simple tasks.

The sun was warm when he heard a vehicle approaching, but he did not rise even when he recognized the car, which was screechingly braked to a halt. Melanie came toward him and his peace vanished like darkness by lightning. For minutes they stood, pressed close together by their arms.

“I love you.” Melanie’s words were a spell, which bound her to him. She knew they would be and had never used them before.

“You seem changed,” Thurstan said as she began to cry, gently.

“Claudia is dead.”

He kissed her, sat her in a garden chair in the sun, made and brought her a pot of Shenca tea and sat beside her to listen while she talked. She spoke of the man who came rushing into her house, drawn somehow by the power she was invoking, of how he seemed to sense, as she had, Claudia’s innocence. She described the pit into which they fell where Algar’s disfigured body lay rotting: of how she had let her grief walk her to her garden and how the burgeoning light of a new day had brought to her an understanding of the tragedy of her past.

“Your simple love,” she said, “broke through the shield around me. I don’t know how or why – but it did.”

“What will you do?”

She laughed. “Did you mean what you said?”

“Yes.”

“Then I want to stay here – with you.”

Clouds began to gather around the eastern horizon of hills as they spoke, growing as a wind

arose to shape and move them across the sky to cover, briefly, the sun. Other, darker clouds followed.

“But your house – your plans?”

“I shall forget them.”

“Can you?”

“Yes. My perspective may have changed – but not my will!”

Thurstan was delighted, both by the answer and the spirit which sent it forth from her lips. “Will you marry me, then?” he asked.

“Yes!”

They kissed like new lovers while clouds covered the whole of the sky.

“Shall we go in?” Thurstan asked.

“I would like that.”

Inside Melanie said; “You know what I wish?”

He was attuned to her and answered, “I think so.”

“It may be possible, for I no protection and my cycle is right.”

This new desire enhanced the closeness they found as naked body lay upon naked body. Rain fell around the cottage in where they lay, sweating. It beat down as a storm upon the roof and windows, a counter-point to their passionate ecstasy and love, and when it was over and they lay entwined together while the sun sent shafts of light through a window, Melanie began to cry. She softly cried for a long time as if the tears purged her of her past. Thurstan felt this, and brushed them away as she lay resting her head on his chest.

The knocking on his door startled them both. Hastily Thurstan covered part of his nakedness.

“Yes?” he asked as he opened the door.

The old man was in ragged clothes and it was some seconds before Thurstan recognized Saer.

“I am sorry to intrude – at such a time,” smiled Saer. “May I enter?”

Thurstan was reluctant, for he sensed the Saer was more than an intrusion. “I’d rather you didn’t.”

“Her power is gone.”

“Please go.” Thurstan did not understand what was happening – but Saer seemed a threat to him in some way.

“I cannot leave without her.”

The words struck Thurstan like blows. “We are to marry.”

“It cannot be,” said Saer quietly.

“Leave us alone!” shouted Thurstan and in anger shut the door. He bolted it before returning to Melanie.

Saer stood by the bed. “It cannot be,” he repeated.

Thurstan’s wrath made him move toward Saer who raised his hand. Thurstan’s body became paralyzed and he could only watch as Saer gave Melanie her clothes.

“I shall kill you!” Thurstan screamed.

Saer smiled.

“Why are you doing this?” Thurstan asked, realizing his rage was useless. Melanie did not look at him and seemed to be in a trance.

Saer smiled and Thurstan’s rage returned. He channelled it to his body. Trembling with effort he could only manage to move his feet a little forward.

“Sleep now,” Saer quietly said.

Thurstan’s eyes were closing and he could not stop them. The last thing he saw was Melanie’s pleading but helpless eyes. Then he was dreaming. He was in his garden under a searing sun – but his garden was different: full of beautiful flowers and luxurious grass. Claudia, radiantly beautiful, was beside him and held his arm. He felt peaceful with her and listened almost rapturously as she spoke.

“You were part of his plan. He could do nothing until your love broke her power.”

“Help me,” Thurstan asked.

“We can do nothing here.”

Thurstan awoke to find himself lying on his bed. Moonlight reached his room and he lay trying to unravel dream from reality and reality from dream. It was a slow process, but helped by Melanie’s perfume, which still lay on his pillow and when it was over he remembered her car.

It was still outside his cottage. He felt uncomfortable with its power and drove carefully along the moonlit lanes and roads to her house, which he found empty and cold. Nervous, he switched on all the lights as he journeyed from room to room and floor to floor avoiding the temple of her crystal. But he felt and saw nothing except the shadows and fears of his own mind. And the memories of their brief time together.

Only the library possessed some warmth as if in indication of the answers he hoped to find, and he shut its door before browsing among the books. All of them, and the manuscripts bound like books, were about alchemy, magick or the Occult. He could read the Latin of the medieval manuscripts and books, but what it related did not interest him as the later books brought forth no desire to read further. Even the Black Book of Satan, resting on the table, seemed irrelevant to him. They were all compilations of shadow words, appearing to Thurstan to fall short of the aim that the searchers who had written them should have aimed for. His instinctive feeling was to observe in a contemplative way some facet of the cosmos – to stand outside in the dark of the night and listen for the faint music that travelled down to Earth from the stars – rather the enclose himself in the warm womb of a house to read the writings of others. Demons, spells, hidden powers, the changing of base metal to gold, even the promises of power and change for himself, were not important to Thurstan, and he left the library with its stored knowledge and forbidden secrets and lurking gods, to walk in the moonlit garden.

The stars were not singing for him – or he could not hear them above the turmoil of his thought – but his slow moon-wise walking brought a calm. His dreams of sharing life with Melanie were still vivid, but he realized that if such sharing was not to be, it would not be. He might try, through force or even magick to win her back. But if he succeeded, his dreams would only become real if she wished to make them real for him, and all he could do was give her the freedom of choice. Saer was using her – for what purpose he did not know – and he would try and find her, somehow, to give the promise of choice. He was not afraid of Saer, not worried about the magickal powers he possessed, for as he walked with a calm that deepened and brought awareness of the rhythms of the cosmos, he felt that it was his fate to try and find her. What happened when and if he did, would happen, as Spring happens after the cold darkness of Winter.

XXII

It was not a long wait. Thurstan did not enter the secret Temple and use the crystal nor any magickal means. His way was not the way of magick but of sensitive thought and he sat on the damp, cold grass to close his eyes and think of Melanie.

What he saw guided him and he walked in the moonlight along the narrow turning hilly lanes singing softly to himself. His songs were from his translations and he invented the music to match the rhythm of his walking feet. There was joy in him then, a simpleness that gave him the strength of water and its ability to follow any channel or shape itself while still being itself to any vessel or container. His goal was a small cottage of stone with a sagging roof and tiny windows beside an unmarked track that weaved among the mamelons between the western slopes of the Mynd and the tress of Linley Hill. No one passed him as he walked and the fields were quite silent and quite still. His chosen track led him for a hundred yards

through a wood, past a stream flowing down between two hills to curve eastwards and rise north among the rocky barren land. As its sudden end lay the cottage but briefly home to the short sun of Winter. Dawn was almost rising behind him as he knocked upon the old studded oak door.

No one came to answer his call and he opened the door. Inside in the flickering light of a fire, he saw Saer hunched on a stool before the hearth while against the wall in the recessed bed, Melanie lay sleeping. The large room comprised all of the cottage and it smelled of burnt hazel mingled with pine. Saer, though surprised, did not move.

“You are persistent.” Saer did not look toward Thurstan but still stared into the large flames that ate, with sporadic breaking of tree-limbs and fingers, the wood.

Thurstan did not close the door but began to walk toward Melanie. Suddenly, Saer rose.

“Leave her,” he said quietly and raised his left hand.

For an instant Saer’s features seemed, to Thurstan, to be lacertilian but the impression soon vanished to leave only an old man with white hair standing before a fire. As soon as Thurstan touched Melanie she awoke. “She is mine,” he said, almost sadly.

“It is not for you or for me but for Melanie to decide,” Saer said, and smiled. It was a kindly smile and he raised his hand again.

Thurstan just sighed and held Melanie’s hand.

“I can see,” Saer said to Thurstan, “what powers you now represent.”

“I have no power – only my love for her.”

“Even now you do not understand.” Saer turned toward Melanie. “It is written: *‘Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth-based living child born from these children is the Demon named Love.’*”

“So I,” said Melanie, suddenly understanding, “as Mistress of Earth passed beyond the Abyss.”

“To bring into this world what must be.”

“And now I must choose?”

“Yes.”

For a long time Melanie looked at Thurstan. “I must go with Saer,” she finally said. In that instant, she felt her magickal powers return.

“But I –“

“Say nothing.” She pressed her forefinger to his lips.

“I don’t understand,” said Thurstan, almost crying with emotion.

Melanie smiled, sadly. “There will be enough time for understanding in old age. What lives now and grows within me will always be a part of you.”

She kissed his cheek and he became too full of emotion to do anything but watch her and Saer walk into the burgeoning dawn. Then, suddenly, they vanished. He ran outside, but he could not find them.

He walked slowly away from the cottage. The light of dawn seemed to be sucking mist from the ground, but he did not care. He moved, like an old man pained by his limbs, through the cold and sometimes swirling mist along a path that took him toward the Mynd and up, steeply, to its level summit where he stood, high above the mist, to watch the mist-clotted valleys below. The heather was beginning to show the glory of its colour, and he walked through it northbound along the cracked and stony road stopping often to turn around and wait. But no one and nothing came to him – no voices, song or sigh. There was hope within him as he walked as he had often walked along the almost level top of that long and beautiful low mountain. But hope did not last, for he felt he would never see her again – never know their child. The very Earth itself seemed to be whispering to him the words of this truth. He began to sense, slowly, that there was for him real magick here where

moorland fell to form deep hollows home to those daughter of Earth known as springs and streams, and where the Neolithic pathway had heard perhaps ten million stories. No wisps of clouds came to spoil the glory of the sun as it rose over the mottled wavy hills beyond the Stretton valley miles distant and below. No noise to break the almost sacred silence heard. For an instant it seemed as if some divinity, strange but pure, came into the world, and smiled.

The smile might have been one of understanding, but Thurstan sat down in the heather and cried.

XXIII

It was raining still and dull of day when Jukes arrived at Pead's cottage, summoned by avarice. His fear began to ebb away as he saw it was empty, unchanged since the night of the ritual – except for the stench of the dismembered, half-eaten and rotting dog.

He selected his goods carefully, taking only the rarest of books and manuscripts to his car wherein his Priestess waited, soothed by his words of charm: 'He said if anything happened to him, I was to keep his books...'

So he worked while she, in trust, waited. And when, to his satisfaction, the collection was complete, he drove in curiosity to see from a safe distance the house wherein Claudia had left him and where he thought she lived in bondage to her Satanic mistress.

An old tramp was walking away from the direction of the house and Jukes stopped him, saying: "Do you know who lives there?"

"In that there house?" said the old man before spitting on the ground. "Empty it is – has been for weeks if you ask me. No mug of tea for me there, that's for sure."

Jukes did not thank him or even watch him walk away. He was excited, and led his Priestess along the driveway to the house, as, behind them, Saer turned in the rain, and smiled.

Jukes tried the door, and to his surprise found it open. The house was warm, comforting after the cold rain, and they ambled along the hallway with Jukes calling "Hello?"

No one came. Jukes left his Priestess for he felt strangely aroused. The house, he felt, was a woman of beauty and he was violating her. He was full of physical lust and felt powerful and began to explore all the aspects of her warm and scented body – hoping vaguely he might find a real woman whom he could rape. He eagerly sought the bedrooms – caressing the silken sheets – as he eagerly sought items of clothing, which he hoped by their texture, and smell, might bring nearer to him the woman he was searching for. Night came from outside while he wandered, bringing light and increased warmth within the house. But Jukes did not notice this. His arousal became stronger until he became a man intent only on rape. He did not see the shadows from his own Abyss as they gathered around him lisping words of encouragement, as he did not find in his search the woman he wanted. But he remembered a woman, waiting for him below.

He found her asleep in a chair fluxed in the glow of a large crystal before her. He did not care about the strange room nor wonder about the crystal. He cared only for satisfying his lust – he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to abuse her cruelly, to beat her and rape her savagely. He was strong in body and would use his strength to satisfy himself by forcing her beneath him.

He moved toward her, leering. But, then, she opened her eyes and smiled.

Jukes found he could not move, and did not see the door behind him close. “You are mine now,” the woman who had once been his willing lover said. “With a look I can strike you dead!”

Jukes did not doubt it. Reality for him returned quickly. She was no longer his Priestess, but a woman, mistress of him, who by magick bound his will. Beside the crystal where he stood watching helplessly, an amber necklace lay and she rose from the chair to take it for herself. She was still smiling as she unthreaded one bead, which began to glow in her fingers. She showed it to him, mockingly, and laughed before re-threading it and placing the beads around her neck.

“You are mine,” she repeated and smiled. “Through Them whom we never name, we who garb ourselves in black possess this rock we call this Earth.”

She did not yet know what she would do with her new power, but there was plenty of time for her to think of something, plenty of secret books to be read. The old man who had led her from the hallway to this chamber would return, one day, to instruct her, she remembered he had said.

Thurstan saw the lights in Melanie's house, and waited. He waited for a long time in the cold and the darkness, trying to forget his hunger, his tiredness and the rain. At last the lights became fewer, until all were gone, and he walked, trusting in his love and hopeful still, toward the door. It was not locked.

There was a woman sleeping in Melanie's bed. He did not wake her, nor the man he found sleeping in another room, but left them and the house to walk along the dark road that would take him to the Mynd, down into the valley and back to his cottage.

"I am an old man in a young man's body," he said to himself as he walked amid the rain. Maybe some day he would love again, but the shattering of his dreams had changed him, making him to wish to live alone, content with his translations. He did not fully understand his recent past but he felt that Melanie's child, when born, would be important in some way to the world – a kind of channel for the forces which both she and Saer represented.

He had seen enough of the hidden dimensions of the world to realize his lack of knowledge, but this lack did not bother him. He would go his own way, slowly as perhaps befitted a hermit-scholar, seeking through the slowness of the years a kind of inner peace in the little piece of Earth that was his home. Change would come – as it always had and always would – and he would sigh, while he treasured what he knew.

In the rain he thought he heard a strange creator star-god sigh, but walked on – shaking his head at the perplexity that was human life and the sadness that was the breaking of his dreams.

Incipit Vitriol.....

In your beginnings – we, waiting.
In your quest - we are.
Before you - we were.
After you - we shall be, again.
Before us - They who are never named.
After us - They who will be, waiting.

[Fini]

Appendix

A Note Concerning The Deofel Quartet:

The books in the *Deofel Quartet* were designed as esoteric Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, they are not - and were not intended to be - great works of literature or novels of literary value, and their style is not that of a conventional novel. Thus, detailed descriptions – of people, events, circumstances – are for the most part omitted, with the reader/listener expected to use their own imagination to create such details.

Their intent was to inform *novices* of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess.

In effect, they are attempts at a new form of "magickal art" - like Tarot images, or esoteric music.

In addition, each individual book represents particular forms, aspects, and the archetypal energies associated with particular spheres of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, and for example, *The Temple of Satan* relates to the third sphere, the alchemical process Coagulation, and the magickal process represented by the magickal word *Ecstasy*. [For more details, refer to the ONA MS *Introduction to the Deofel Quartet*.]

The Giving

Order of Nine Angles

(Deofel Quartet)

Re-issued and corrected [v 1.03]: Anton Long 119 Year of Feyen

(First published 101 yf)

“In truth, Baphomet – honoured for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth...

For centuries, we have kept this image secret, as the Templars and their descendants did...”

Book of Asoth

There was much that was unusual about Sidnal Wyke, including his name. His name no longer brought forth any comments from his neighbours in the small hamlet of Stredbow where he had spent all his life, and his strange habits were accepted because he was regarded by them as a cunning man, well versed in the ways of the old religion.

He was six years old when the old car his father was driving went out of control on a steep local hill, killing both his parents while the child was safe at his grandmother's house. For twelve years he lived at her cottage. Stredbow was his home and he knew no other.

It was an isolated village, surrounded by hills and accessible only by narrow, steep and twisting lanes. To the west of the village lay The Wilderness, Robin's Tump and the steep hills of Caer Caradoc hill. The lane northward led along Yell Bank, skirted Hoar Edge and the side of Lawley hill to the old Roman road to Wroxeter. To the south, the village was bounded by Stredbow Moor, Nant Valley and Hope Bowdler hill. The area around the small village was, like the village itself, unique. Small farms nestled on the lee of the hills or rested in sinewy valleys hidden from the lanes. Coppice and woods merged into rough grazing land and the few fields or arable crops were small, the size hardly changed in over a century. But it was the sheltered isolation of the area that marked it out, like a time-slip into the past – as if the surrounding hills not only isolated it physically but emotionally as well. Perhaps it was that the hills dispersed the winds and weather in a special way, creating over the area of the village and its surrounding land an idiosyncratic climate; or perhaps it was the almost total lack of motorized transport along the rutted lanes. But whatever the cause, Stredbow was different, and Sidnal Wyke knew it.

He had known the secret for years, but it was only as his twenty-first birthday approached that he began to understand why. Stredbow was an ancient village, an oval of houses at whose center was a mound. Once, the mound contained a grove of oaks. But a new religion came, the trees were felled and a church built from stone quarried nearby. The church was never full, the visiting ministers came and went, and the oaks began to grow again, although reduced in number. The village was never large, although once – when the new railway fed trains to the small town of Stretton in the valley miles beyond the hills – there had been a school. But it had long ago closed, its building left to slowly crumble as the towns, cities and wars sucked some of the young men away from their home and their land. Yet a balance had been achieved through the demands of the land. For over sixty years, since the ending of the Great War, no new houses had been built and no outlanders came to settle. The village attracted no visitors, for there was nothing to attract them – no historical incidents, no fine houses or views – and the few who came by chance did not stay, for there was no welcome for them, only the stares of hostility and scorn, the barking and the snarling of farm and cottage dogs.

Sidnal knew every square foot of the village and the lands around. He had visited every field, every coppice, every valley and stream, all the houses and farms. He knew the history of the village and its people and this learning, like his name, was his grandmother's idea. He had been to a school, once and briefly – against his grandmother's wishes. But her daughter and son in law had died to leave Sidnal in her care. She taught him about herbs, how to listen and talk to trees; about the know of animals. She owned some acres of land and he farmed them well, in his strange way.

His clothes, and he himself, never looked clean, but he bore himself well, as befitted his well-muscled body. His solitary toil on the land and his learning left him little time to himself, but he was growing restless and his grandmother knew it and the reason why. She had no chance to guide him further, no opportunity to find him a suitable wife to end the isolation she had forced upon him. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, she died – slowly and quietly sitting in her chair by the fire.

It was a warm evening in middle May with a breeze to swing some of the smaller branches of the large Ash tree behind the cottage which a mild winter had brought full into leaf, and Sidnal did not hurry back from the fields. He greeted the tree, as he always had, and smiled, as he almost always did. He did not cry out, or even seem surprised when he found her. He just sighed, for he knew death to be the fated ending of all life.

It was as he closed the cottage door on his way to gather his neighbours that the reaction came. For the first time in his life, he felt afraid.

II

Maurice Rhiston did not even know her name. A room of his house overlooked her bedroom and she was there, again, as she had been every weekday morning for the past three weeks. Her routine was always the same – the curtains would be drawn back and she would stand by the mirror for a minute or so before removing her nightdress, unaware of him watching from behind a chink in his curtain.

Naked, she wandered around her room in her parent's house. He lost sight of her several times – before she stood by the mirror to slowly dress. He guessed her age at about fifteen. His watching had become a secret passion that was beginning to engulf him, but he was too obsessed to care. He was forty-five years of age, his childless marriage a placid one. For fifteen years he had sat behind his office desk in a large building in Shrewsbury town, satisfied with steadily improving both his standard of living and his house on the small and select estate which fringed the river. He was diligent, and efficient as he worked as a Civil

Servant, calculating and assessing the benefits of claimants. His suits were always subdued in colour, his shirts white, his ties plain and even his recent worrying about his age, baldness and spreading fat, did not change his taste. The cricket season had begun, his place in the team was secure and he had begun to feel again that sense of security and belonging which pleased him.

He had, during the past week, turned his observing room into a kind of study to allay the suspicions of his wife. He bought a desk, some books and a small computer as furnishings. He had changed his unchanging routine of the morning to give time to sit at the desk with the thin curtains almost meeting but allowing him his view. Then, he would wait for her to draw back the curtains, and undress.

Today, as for the last week, he would be late for his work. Yesterday he had spent most of his evening in the room, hoping to see her and she, as if obliging, had appeared toward dusk – switching on her room light. For almost an hour she wandered in and out – and then his moment came. She undressed to change her clothes completely.

The morning was warm, again, and he left his overcoat on the stand by the front door. The goodbye kiss to his wife had long ago ceased, and she was already stripping away the bedclothes at the beginning of her workday. She was singing to herself, and Maurice smiled. His watching had brought to him an intense physical desire and his wife was pleased, mistaking his renewed interest for love. But he kept the girl's naked image in his head, while his ardour lasted.

His journey to work by car was not long, and only once did he have cause to cease his planning of how best to photograph the girl. He was about to turn from the busy road to the street which held the office where he worked when a young man, dirtily dressed and carrying an armful of books, stepped off the pavement in front of the car. Maurice sounded his horn, hurled abuse through the open window, but the man just smiled to walk slowly away toward the town centre to try and sell some of the books his grandmother had owned.

The routine of Maurice's morning at work was unchanged, and he sat at his desk in the over-bright, stuffy office, found or retrieved files from other desks and cabinets, entered or read information on pieces of paper and computer screen, his concentration broken only by his short breaks for morning tea and lunch. It was at lunch that his interest had become aroused.

As was his habit, he ate his sandwiches at his desk. One of the ladies from the section that investigated fraud brought him a case file and he recognized the name written on the cover.

The young lady was fashionably dressed and had swept her long black hair back over her shoulders where it was held by a band. She smiled at him, and for a few seconds Maurice felt an intense sexual desire. But it did not last. She explained about the man and the information anonymously received – as she might not have done had Maurice not been responsible for her training in her early months in the office before she became bored and sought the work of investigating fraud.

He gave her his computer read-out of the benefits the man had claimed and listened intently as she, a little shocked and angry, explained about the man's activity – Satanism, child prostitution, living off immoral earnings. She borrowed Maurice's file on the man and left him to continue his lunch in peace.

There was turmoil in Maurice's head, images which made him nervous and excited, and it did not take him long to decide. In the relative quiet of the office, he dialled Edgar Mallam's number, wishing him to be in.

Edgar Mallam was a man of contrived striking appearance. His hair was cropped, and his beard pointed and trimmed. He dressed in black clothes, often wore sunglasses even indoors, and black leather gloves. Maurice watched him for some time as Mallam sat at a table in an Inn in the centre of the town amid the warmth of the breezy late Spring evening.

People mingled singly, in pairs or small clusters around the town as evening settled, traffic thinned and shops closed, and Maurice, fearful of being seen, had tried to avoid them all. He had bought a hat, thinking it might disguise him, but wore it only briefly as he waited for the appointed time. The image of the naked girl obsessed him – and had obsessed him all afternoon: her soft white unblemished skin, her small still forming breasts, the graceful curve of her back...

Cautiously, he sat down beside Mallam.

“So, you want an introduction?” Mallam smiled.

“Well – “

“Don't be nervous! One favour deserves another. I presumed that is why you – ah – warned me. How old?”

“Pardon?”

“How old do you want the item in question to be?”

Maurice coughed, and shuffled his feet. “I –“

“Thirteen? Fourteen?”

Maurice felt an impulse to leave, and rose slightly, but Mallam’s strong hand gripped his arm.

“Let’s say fourteen. It’s a middling figure. Come on, then!” Mallam rose to leave.

“Now?”

“Of course!”

For an instant fear gripped Maurice, but the haunting image returned and he followed Mallam through the customers and to the door. The alley outside the side door seemed dark and he did not see the two waiting figures cloaked by the sun’s shadows. But he felt their hands gripping his arms.

“Just a precaution,” Mallam explained. “I’m sure you understand.”

He was searched, led to a car, blindfolded. The journey seemed long and he was guided into a house where the blindfold was removed. The luxury of the house surprised him. Mallam indicated a door.

“One hour,” he said. “Any longer,” and he smiled, “and there will be a charge!”

Maurice needed no encouragement to open the door.

The river, swollen by heavy rain and brown from sediment, swept swiftly and noisily over the weir, and in the dim light of dawn Thorold could see water eddying over the edge of the concrete riverside path that led into town. The warm weather had been broken by storms.

No corpse was water borne to add interest to Thorold's day and he walked slowly, trying to savour the light, the sounds and his happy mood. A few people, work-bound on bicycles, passed him along the path but they did not greet him as he did not greet them. Sometimes he would smile, and an occasional individual might forget for an instant the impersonal attitude of all modern towns. There would be then a brief exchange of humanity through the medium of faces and eyes: and the two individuals would pass each to their own forms and patterns of life, never to meet again.

But today, no one returned his smile. He stood for several minutes under the wide spans of the railway bridge watching the water carry its burden of branch, silt, twigs and grass. He was thirty-five years of age and alone in his life, except for his books. His marriage of years ago had been brief, broken by his quietness and unwillingness to socialize, but the years were beginning to undermine the happiness he had found in solitude. His face was kind, his hair unruly, his body sinewy from years of long-distance walking over hills, his past forgotten.

He liked the hours after dawn in late Spring and Summer, and would rise early to walk the almost empty streets of his town and along the paths by the river, sensing the peace and the history that seemed to seep out toward him from the old timbered houses, the narrow passages, the castle, bridges and town walls. Gradually, during the hours of his walking, the traffic would increase, people come – and he would retreat to the sloping cobbled lane, which gave access to his small shop, ready for his day of work. 'Antiquarian & Secondhand Books' his shop sign said.

The path from the railway bridge took him along below the refurbished Castle, set high above the meander of the river, under the Grinshill stone of the English bridge to the tree-lined paths of Quarry Park. He stopped for a long time to sit on a bench by the water, measuring the flow of time by the chimes of the clock in Shrewsbury School across the river. No one disturbed him, and by the time he rose to leave the cloud had broken to bring warm morning sun.

His shop lay between the Town Walls at the top of the Quarry and the new Market Hall with its high clock tower of red brick. The window was full of neat rows of well-polished antiquarian book, and inside it was cold and musty. Summer was his favorite season, for he

would leave the door open and watch, from his desk by the window, the people who passed in the street.

A pile of books, recently bought from a young man whose grandmother had died, lay on his desk, and he began to study them, intrigued by the titles and the young man who had offered them for sale. The four books were all badly bound and in various states of neglect and decay. One was simply leaves of vellum stitched together then bound into wooden boards, the legible text consisting mainly of symbols and hieroglyphics with a few paragraphs in Latin in a scholarly hand. There was no title – only the words ‘Aktlal Maka’ inscribed at the top of the first folio. The words meant nothing to Thorold. The three remaining books were all printed, although only one of them in a professional manner. It bore the title ‘Secretorum Naturalium Chymicorum et Medicorum Thesauriolis, and a date, 1642. The titles of the other two works – ‘Books of Asoth’ and ‘Karu Samsu’ - signified nothing to him, and though the books bore no date he guessed they were less than a hundred years old. They also contained pages of symbols, but the style of the written text was verbose, the reasoning convoluted, and after several hours of reading he still only had a vague idea of the subjects discussed. There was talk of some substance which if gathered in the right place at the right time would alter the world – ‘the fluxion of this causing thus sklenting from the heavenly bodies and a terrible possidenting of this mortal world...’

He was still reading when a customer entered his shop. The woman was elegantly dressed and smiled at him.

“I wonder if you can help me,” she said confidently.

Thorold smiled back, and as he looked at her he felt an involuntary spasm in the muscles of his abdomen. But it was transient and he forced himself to say “I hope so” as he looked at her beauty.

“Do you have a copy of Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus? Only my son – “

“Aeschylus?” he repeated, and blushed.

“Yes, the playwright – “

“Of ancient Greece,” he completed. “Was it a Greek text that you wanted or a translation?”

“The Greek, actually. Julian has just begun his “O” levels at his school.”

The woman was near him and he could smell her perfume. For some reason it reminded him of the sun drying the earth after brief rain following many dry days. “Yes, we do have a copy.”

He rose from his chair slowly and as he did so the woman smiled at him again. In his desire to impress with his agility he tripped and stumbled into a bookcase.

“Are you alright?” she asked with concern as he lay on the floor.

“Yes, thanks.” He rose awkwardly to search the shelves for the book. “Ah! Here it is. It is a fairly good edition of the text,” he said as he handed the book to her.

She glanced through it. “I’ll take it.” She placed it on his desk before taking her purse from the pocket of her dress. Their fingers touched briefly as she handed over the money but she did not look at him and he was left to wrap the book neatly in brown paper. The ‘Book of Asoth’ still lay open upon his desk and he could see her interest.

“May I?” she asked, indicating the book.

“Yes,” he faltered, unsure. “If you wish.”

She handled it carefully, supporting the covers with one hand while she turned the pages with the other. She stood near him, silent and absorbed, for several minutes. But her nearness began to make him tremble.

“I have not, as yet, had occasion to study the work in detail,” he said to relieve some of his feelings.

She held it for him to take, glanced briefly at the two other books before perusing the vellum manuscript.

“They are for sale?” she asked.

“Well – “ he hesitated, wondering about the price. “You have an interest in such matters?”

“Yes!” and then softly, “do you?”

She turned to face him, so close he could smell her fragrant breath as she had exhaled with her forceful affirmation.

“Actually, no.” She did not avert her eyes from his and part of him wanted to reach out with his fingers to softly touch the freckled smoothness of her face. He smiled instead, as she did. “I am not familiar with the field – but would think it was a very specialized market: if a market as such exists.”

“Are these recent acquisitions?”

“Yes.”

“May I enquire from where – or whom?”

He did not mind her questions, for he wished their contact, and closeness, to continue. “A young chap brought them in – in the last few days. They belonged to his grandmother, apparently.”

“I would like to buy them – name your price. Except that one,” she indicated the ‘Secretorum’. “That does not interest me.”

“As I say, I have not really had time to study them in detail and so – to be honest – have no idea what they are worth.” Her nearness was beginning to affect his concentration and he edged away on the pretext of studying the manuscript.

“But surely you have some idea of their value?”

“Actually, no. I did consult some of my reference works and auction records but could find nothing.”

“How refreshing!”

“What?”

She laughed, gently. “To find someone – particularly in business – who is so open and honest.”

“Well, bookselling is a small world.” He looked away embarrassed, but pleased.

“How much – if I may ask such a question – did you pay?”

“Actually only a part payment – I was going to research them, particularly the manuscript, and then, if they or the manuscript were particularly valuable, add to that payment.”

“Do you wish to sell them?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then I will buy them. You will want my address, naturally.”

“Sorry?”

“My address. So you can bring the books with you tonight when you come to dinner. Nothing formal, so no need to dress. Do you have a pen and paper?”

“Er, yes.” Dazed, he gave her his favourite fountain pen and notebook.

She wrote quickly. “Shall we say half past seven for eight? Good. Oh – and you can bring that Greek book with you as well.”

She smiled at him, waved, and then was gone, out into the sunlit street and away from his world of dead books. Her perfume lingered, and it was some time before Thorold’s amazement disappeared. He tried to still his excitement and imagination by searching again

through his reference works.

He did not succeed, and the one reference he did find to anything mentioned in the books did not interest him. 'Asoth', it read, 'was a demoness worshipped by some ancient and secret sects about which nothing is known beyond the fact that women played a prominent role.'

No customers spoiled the solitude of what remained of his morning, and he carefully wrapped the books and manuscripts for the woman, sorted some stock from the piles of books against the cabinet by his desk before closing his shop early. He wandered happy and full of anticipation along the paths by the river, pleased with the sun and warmth of the day, occasionally stopping to sit. He spent a long time sitting on a bench by the weir, watching people as they passed, vaguely aware of his dreams but unwilling from fear of disappointment to make them conscious, to dwell upon them.

He had not noticed a man dressed in black following him, and did not notice him as he began a slow walk under the hot sun along the overgrown riverside path that led him back to his small riverside Apartment.

IV

The gardens of the large detached house were quiet and secluded, and Lianna spent the hours of the afternoon removing weeds from the many beds of flowers. The house stood on Kingsland above the river and beside Shrewsbury School but afforded views of neither. Once, the area had been select, but the decades had drawn some of the wealthy away, their homes absorbed by the School or divided into still expensive Flats and Apartments. But an aura remained, and it pleased Lianna.

Her interest in her garden waned slowly, and she discarded her implements and her working clothes to bathe in the bright surroundings of her bathroom. She lay relaxed and soaking in the warm water for a long time, occasionally thinking of the bookseller. She had enjoyed her game with his emotions and although the books he would bring interested her, he himself interested her more.

She was dressing in readiness for her evening when someone loudly rapped the brass knocker of the oak front door. She did not hurry, Edgar Mallam smiled at her as she opened the door, but she did not return his greeting.

“Yes?” she said coldly.

“Hello Lianna. May I come in?” He removed his sun glasses.

“Why?”

“To talk – about my group.”

“Fifteen minutes – that is all the time I can spare.”

He followed her into the Sitting Room to sit beside her in a leather armchair.

“Well?” she asked.

“I thought you and me – “

“As I have said to you many times, our relationship is purely a teaching one.”

“You know how I feel,” he said almost gently.

“What you feel, you feel. It is a stage, and all stages pass.”

His mood changed abruptly. “Is that so?” There was anger in his voice.

Her smile was one of pity, not kindness. “I sense your feelings are being inverted. What you thought was love is turning to anger because your will is thwarted. You will doubtless now find reasons for disliking me.”

Edgar stood up. “I’m sick of your teaching!”

“As I have said to you many times since you first embarked upon your quest, the way is not

easy.”

He took a step toward her, but she rose to face him and smile. He stared at her, but only briefly – averting his eyes from her suddenly demonic gaze.

“I’ll go my own way! I don’t need you!” he shouted.

“You are, of course,” and she smiled generously at him, “free to do so. But I have heard reports that some of your activities are, shall I say, not exactly compatible with the ethos of our Order.”

“So what?”

“Such activities are not conducive to the self-development which our way wishes to achieve. They are not, in fact, connected with any genuine sinister tradition but are personal proclivities, best avoided if advancement is sought.”

“Stuff your tradition and your pompous words!” He walked toward the door. “And I’m not afraid of you – or your curses!”

“True Adepts do not waste time on such trivia. Everyone has to make their own mistakes.”

He laughed. “Just as I thought! You’re all talk! Well, I do have magickal power! So stuff your Order!”

She waited, and was not disappointed for he slammed her front door shut on his leaving. One of her telephones was within easy reach, and she dialled a number.

“Hello? Imlach?” she queried. “Lianna. Mr. Mallam has I regret to say just resigned. You will know what to do. Good.” She replaced the receiver and smiled.

The hours of her waiting did not seem long, and when the caterers arrived she left them with their duties while she occupied herself in her library. The table was laid, the food heating, the wine chilled by the time of Thorold’s arrival and all she had to do was light the candles on the table. The caterers had departed as they had arrived – discreetly, leaving her alone.

Thorold was early, and nervously held the books as he knocked on her door surrounded by the humid haze of evening. She greeted him, took the books and led him to her library where he stood by the mahogany desk staring with amazement. Books, in sumptuous bookcases, lined the room from floor to high ceiling. She placed her new acquisitions on the desk.

“Later, if you wish,” she said, “you can spend some time in here.”

Only two places were laid on the table in the dining room.

“Will your husband not be joining us?” an expectant but nervous Thorold asked.

“Joining us? Why no!” she laughed. “He went abroad, some years ago. Living with some Oriental lady, I believe.”

For two hours they conversed while they ate, pausing only while she served her guest the courses of the meal. The topics of their conversation varied, and as the hours drew darkness outside, Thorold began to realize there was much that was unusual about Lianna. She asked about his knowledge of and interest in a wide variety of arcane subjects – alchemy, the Knights Templars, witchcraft, sorcery.... He had admitted his ignorance concerning most of them, and she, slightly smiling, had explained in precise language, and briefly, their nature, extent and history.

“Come,” she said as she poured him a cup of fresh coffee, “let us sit together in the Sitting Room.”

She took his cup and held it while she sat on the sofa. “Here, beside me,” she indicated.

Thorold sat beside her and blushed. All evening he had tried to avert his eyes from her breasts, uplifted and amply exposed by the dress she had chosen. But his eyes kept drifting from her face to her eyes to her breasts. He knew she knew, and he knew she did not mind.

She gave him his cup and he managed to control the shaking he felt beginning in his hand.

“Do you believe in Satan?” she abruptly said.

“Satan?” he repeated.

“Yes. The Devil.”

“Well, actually, I was brought up Roman Catholic to believe that he existed. But now – “ he shrugged his shoulders.

“Now you no longer trouble yourself with such matters.”

“I did – once. There was a time,” he said wistfully, “when I believed I had a vocation to be a Priest. I suppose most Catholic children – the boys, that is – who are brought up according to the faith have such yearnings at least once.”

“But you sought another road.”

“I lost my faith in God.”

“So you do not believe there is a supra-human being called the Devil who rules over this Earth?”

‘No. Why do you ask?’

She did not avert her eyes from his. “Why do you want to know?”

“Because I sense the question is important to you.”

She laughed, and touched his face lightly with he fingers. “You are astute! I like that.”

“In what way can I help you?”

“You underestimate yourself.”

For a moment Thorold was perplexed. He had accepted her unusual invitation to her house partly from curiosity but mostly because he had been sexually attracted to her. The intimate dinner, her topics of conversation, her looks and gestures had gradually made him aware – or at least he had thought so – of her purpose in inviting him. This, he had believed, would explain why a beautiful obviously wealthy and exceptionally intelligent woman would be interested in an unadventurous bookseller.

She saved him from his perplexity by saying, “You know what I am, then?”

“I can guess.”

“Yes – you have guessed. And the prospect of your guess being correct does not frighten you?” When he did not answer, she continued. “It excites you, in fact – as I now excite you.”

Thorold began to sense he was losing the initiative. Then it occurred to him that he had never had the initiative. Since his first meeting with her he had been playing the role of victim. He tried to distance himself from his desire for her, but she moved toward him until their bodies touched. Her lips were near his, her breath warm and fragrant and he did not resist when she kissed him. She did not restrain his hand as it caressed her breasts just as he did not prevent her from undoing the buckle of the belt that supported his trousers. He felt a vague feeling of unease, but it did not last. It had been a long time since he had kissed and touched a woman, and he abandoned himself to his desire, a desire enhanced by her perfume, her beauty and her eagerness.

Their passion was frenzied, then gentle at his silent urging until her need overcame his control. They lay, then sweaty and satiated with bodies entwined for some time without speaking until she broke their silence.

“You are full of surprises,” she said with a smile, and kissed him.

He wanted to stay with her, naked, and sleep but she kissed him again before rising to dress.

“Come,” she said, throwing him his clothes. “I have something to show you.”

Outside in the warm air, a nearly full moon in a clear night sky cast still shadows around and upon the house.

V

Mallam could sense the girl's fear. He did his best to increase it by staring at her while Monica, his young Priestess and mistress, held the girl's arm ready. The room was brightly lit in readiness for the filming of the ritual that was to follow, and Mallam walked slowly toward the girl, a small syringe fitted with a hypodermic needle in his hand.

The girl could not struggle, for a man dressed in a black robe whose face was shadowed by the hood, held her other arm and body, and Mallam carefully pierced the vein of her arm with the needle and filled the syringe with her blood.

“See,” he said to her as he withdrew the needle, “you are mine now!”

The girl began to cry, but he had no pity for her. “Betray me, and I shall kill you – wherever you are.” He showed her the blood-filled syringe for effect. “Take her,” he said to Monica, “and prepare her.”

The Temple was in a large cellar of a house, and Mallam walked around it, ensuring that everything was prepared. The black candles on the stone altar had been lit, the incense was burning, the lights and camera ready. A black inverted pentagram was painted on the red wall behind the altar.

He did not have long to wait. The now naked girl was carried by some of the black robed worshippers and laid upon the altar. Stupefied by drugs, she was smiling and seemed oblivious to the people around her as, behind the bright enclosing circle of camera lights, drumbeats began.

Mallam raised his hands dramatically to signal the beginning of the ritual, his facemask in place.

“Asmodeus! Set! Jaal! Satan! Hear us!” he shouted.

“Hear us!” his followers responded.

“We gather here to offer you the first blood of this girl!”

“Hear us!”

“Hear us, you Lords of the Earth and of the Darkness. This day a new sister shall join us in our worship!” He gestured toward the girl and one after the other, the worshippers kissed her.

“Now we shall dance to your glory!”

The worshippers removed their robes to dance around the altar laughing; screeching and shouting the names of their gods while the drums beat louder and louder. Only Mallam and another man did not join the dance, and Maurice Rhiston let himself be led toward the girl. He did not notice the camera lurking in the darkness and operated by a black robed figure, as he hardly noticed Mallam remove his robe. The girl seemed to be smiling at him as he walked naked toward her. Mallam had offered him the privilege and he could not refuse.

For Rhiston, the orgy that followed did not last long. Mallam, still robed and masked ushered him upstairs into a house where they both dressed before sitting in the comfortable Sitting Room.

“You have done well,” Mallam said. “There are two matters, though, that need your attention.”

“I am only too pleased to help,” an obsequious Maurice said.

“All of this,” Mallam smiled, “is not cheap.”

“I understand.”

“The other little matter is a short trip – to London. I have some contacts there, there will be a film to deliver.”

“As you wish. May I ask you something?”

“Yes.”

“With all these people involved – there is a risk, surely?”

Mallam’s laugh made Maurice even more nervous. “I have the power of my magick to bind them!”

“Yes – but...”

“So you do not believe? I shall show you, as I have shown them!” and his eyes glowed with his intensity of feeling. “Fear! Fear – that is what keeps them silent. Fear of me.” Quick, like lightning, his mood changed. “You like girls – I give you girls. So why should you worry?”

“I’m not worried, really,” Maurice lied. Then, to ingratiate himself, he said, “there is someone I know who might interest you.”

“Who?”

“Shall I say a certain young girl who lives near me.”

“For something like tonight?” And Mallam smiled again.

“Possibly, yes.”

“For yourself, I presume.”

“If you wish it so.”

“I might – because I am beginning to like you. Of course, it would be expensive. All the arrangements, and so on.

“I understand.”

“If you can bring her – I shall take care of the rest. I’ll need details.”

Before Maurice could answer, Monica entered the room. Beneath the black velvet cloak Maurice could see she was naked.

“What do you want?”

“Sorry to interrupt, but there is someone to see you.”

“They can wait.”

“He insists.”

“So what? I’ve better things to do.”

“He mentioned Lianna’s name,” whispered Monica.

Mallam’s face twitched. He indicated Maurice. “Look after him, then.”

A tall man with the face of an undertaker stood in the hallway, holding his hat in his hand. He was dressed well, except the cut of his suit was forty years out of fashion.

“You do not know me,” he said directly. “But we have a common enemy.”

“Is that so?”

“I have information you might find useful.”

“Oh yes?” Mallam pretended indifference.

“I don’t ask much.”

“What makes you think I’m interested?”

“If you are not, there are others.” He turned to leave.

“So what is this information?”

“A place I found out about. She knows about it – but no one else. Special it is, see. For the likes of you – and her.”

“So?”

“There are rich pickings, in that place.”

Mallam was suspicious. “Then why come to me?”

“I need your help. The place, see, where to find it exactly is written about in a sort of code – a secret writing. I know nothing of such matters.” He took a step toward Mallam. “Ever wonder where she gets her money? I’ll tell you. A hoard, from this place.”

Mallam had often wondered. Once, when he had been her pupil for only a few months, he had asked and she laughing had said, “It is a long story. Involving the Templars. I may tell it some day.” He had been infatuated with her even then and could remember most of their conversations. But the months of his learning with her were short, for he lusted after success, wealth, power and results while she urged him toward the difficult – and for him inaccessible – path of self-discovery. So he had drifted away from her teachings, seeking his own path.

“What about this place?” he asked, his curiosity aroused.

“An old preceptory it is – of the Knights Templars. South of here, exactly where is a secret only known to her. But I stole her precious manuscript!”

Mallam controlled his excitement. “How are you involved with her?”

“I’ve seen you – many a time. Coming to the house. The gardens – for years I tended them, made them bloom. These hands, see, they worked for her and her father before her. I paid no heed to their doings. Paid to be quiet, see. But then, after all these years a weeks’ notice is all I got. No thanks. Nothing. No reason given. Turned out of my home, as well. Nothing to show for forty years!”

“A manuscript, you say?”

“Yes, sir. For a price!”

“I would need more proof than your story.”

“Would I cheat you? You pay – a small sum, see – I give you the thing to you. You find something – you give me some more money. You find nothing – you come and find me, have your money back. Is this fair – or is this not fair?” The man held his hands out, palms upward, in a gesture of hopelessness.

It did not take Mallam long to decide. “You have the document with you?”

“You have money to give me now?”

Mallam smiled. “How much?”

“A few hundred pounds, that is all I ask.”

”Wait here.”

Mallam was not away long. He counted the money into the man’s hand. The manuscript the man took from the inside pocket of his jacket consisted of several small pieces of parchment rolled together and tied with a cord.

“I call upon you again,” the man said, “in two weeks.”

Mallam did not answer. He had already untied the cord and unrolled the parchments by the time that man closed the door. Each sheet consisted of several lines of writing in a secret magickal script and, with increasing excitement, he walked slowly toward the stairs and his

own room. The small desk was cluttered with letters, books, bizarre artifacts and empty wine glasses, and he pushed them all aside.

For hours he studied the script, making notes on pieces of paper or consulting some book. Once, Monica entered. At first he did not notice her as she tidied the heap of clothes from the dishevelled bed. But she came to caress his neck with her hand and he pushed her away, shouting, "Leave me alone!"

It was nearing dawn when his efforts of the night were rewarded and with a shaking hand he wrote his transliteration out. The parchments told of how Stephan of Stanhurst, preceptor, had in 1311 and prior to his arrest in Salisbury, taken the great treasure stored in the preceptory at Lydley - property of Roger de Alledone, Knight Templar – to a place of safe keeping. It told how the preceptory was founded in 1160 and how, centuries later, the lands granted with it became the subject of dispute and passed gradually into other grasping hands; for Stephen after his arrest was confined within a Priory and refused to reveal where he had hidden the treasure. But, most importantly to Mallam, it told where the treasure had been stored when the foresightful Roger de Alledone realized the Order was about to be suppressed by Pope Clement V and all its properties and treasures seized.

The name of the building housing the treasure meant nothing to Mallam, but he did recognize the name of the village containing it. As soon as he could, he would buy a large scale map of the village of Stredbow, and begin his search.

VI

The bright light of the rising sun awoke Thorold, and for several minutes he lay still, remembering where he was and the events of the previous evening and night.

He had not slept well. He had watched the film Lianna had shown him in silence and was almost glad when at its end she had shown him one of the many guest bedrooms, kissed him briefly saying, "I'm sorry, but I always sleep by myself. I shall call you for breakfast."

The film disturbed him not only because of its content but because Lianna, before, during and after it, had made no comment to him about it. For years, Thorold had lived like a recluse – dimly aware of some of the terrible realities of life but content to follow his own inner path. He prided himself on his calm outlook and his intuitive understanding of people, accepting events with an almost child-like innocence. The film had shown what he assumed to be some kind of Black Magick ritual during which a young girl, obviously drugged and

probably only around fourteen years of age, was placed on an altar and forced into several acts of sexual intercourse with men, all of whom had worn face masks to protect their identity. But, coming so soon after his passion with Lianna, the film destroyed his calm. By the time the film ended, his own passion – and the beauty he had felt in his relationship with Lianna – was only a vague remembered dream.

He had felt anger – a desire for the girl somehow to be rescued. But this did not happen. Lianna's face had shown no emotion and he became perplexed because he could not equate the woman with whom he had made love with the woman who, by having such a film, must be somehow connected with the events depicted. And Lianna had left him alone with his feelings.

The sun rose into a clear blue sky and he watched it until it became too bright for his eyes. He dressed quickly, and left to find Lianna. It did not take him long, for he could hear her singing.

She was in the bathroom and he, politely, knocked on the door.

“Do come in!” she said.

She was bathing in the large bath and indicated the chair beside it.

“Did you sleep well?” she asked and smiled.

Her breasts were visible above the foamy water and Thorold blushed and averted his eyes.
“No, not really.”

“Do you want to join me?” she said mischievously.

“I'd rather talk, actually.”

“About the film, I presume.”

“Yes.”

“Your verdict? I presume you have come to some conclusions.”

She smiled at him and Thorold closed his eyes to her beauty. When he opened them again, she was still smiling.

“Are you – “ he began, hesitant.

“Am I involved, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“What do you feel – sense about me?”

“You really want to know?”

“Of course.”

Thorold sighed. “This is all very strange to me. It’s like a dream. I cannot believe I’m sitting here, in the bathroom of a beautiful woman who last night shared with me something beautiful and who then shows me a”

“A perverted film?”

“Basically, yes.”

“But you have not answered my question,” she said, softly.

He shook his head. “I sense you could not be involved in something like that.”

“And?”

“Which leaves the question – why show me the film?”

“To which your answer is?”

“I don’t have an answer. Except –“

“Except what?”

“It has something to do with the subjects we discussed – correction, which you talked about - last night.”

“Nothing else?”

“Actually, it occurred to me that you might be testing me.”

“And if I was, why would that be?”

“I can only guess.

“Guess, then.”

Thorold turned away. “Our relationship.”

“Would you like to join me now?”

Without hesitation, Thorold stripped away his clothes.

“After breakfast” she had said, “you might like to browse in the library.”

He was surprised to find that the manuscripts he had brought were no longer on the desk but this discovery did not detain him from beginning to inspect the contents of the library. For an hour or more he wandered around the shelves and bookcases reading the titles and

occasionally removing a book. He found a section devoted to classical Greek literature and, among the volumes, several editions of 'Prometheus Bound'. This startled him, as Lianna did when he came up quietly behind him.

"So," she said, observing the copy of Aeschylus he held in his hand, "another secret discovered."

He replaced the book, tried to appear unconcerned, and failed. "You are an intriguing woman."

She laughed. "In both senses of the word!"

"I didn't mean it that way."

"Nevertheless, it is true."

"So I was right after all. Our meeting was obviously not by chance."

"Is anything?"

Thorold ignored the remark. His feelings became confused again. And his pride was hurt. "So, how can I help?" he asked, almost angry.

"Help is not exactly the right word."

"Is that so?"

She answered softly and slowly. "I would say 'partnership' is the word that captures the essence."

He could see her, outwardly unperturbed, watch him as she waited for his reply and as he did so he became aware of his own feeling for her. He wanted her to elaborate, but dared not ask directly in case he had misunderstood her usage of the word. He was still trying to think of something reasonable to say when she spoke.

“You are,” she said, “unusual for a man in being so sensitive.”

Thorold was unsure whether he was pleased or insulted, and said nothing.

“That is,” she continued, “one of the qualities that attracted me to you. I have watched you for some time.”

“Say again?”

“I met you once before – although you will probably not remember. You were walking, one morning very early, along by the river. I was there, too. You passed me, and smiled. You revealed yourself through your eyes.”

Thorold tried, but could not remember the incident. He began to tremble, thinking in his innocence that she spoke of love. But her speaking dismayed him.

“I shall be honest with you, now – and cease to play games.” She sat on the edge of the desk, but Thorold remained silent and still. “You see around you what I possess, and you have, I believe, some intimation of some of my interests and activities. I am approaching that time in my life when certain changes are inevitable. Before that time, there is one role I would like to fulfill. But more than that I wanted companionship. Of course, I could have, with you, carried on as I began. But I wanted you to know, to understand. Because of who I am and because of – shall I say? – my interest, there was really no other way.

“Also, you have other qualities, besides sensitivity – or perhaps I should say, besides your empathy. At this moment in time, you yourself are probably unaware of them. But they are important to me – to my interests.”

“In all this,” Thorold said, “haven’t you forgotten something?”

For a few seconds Lianna looked wistful. “I don’t think so.”

“Spontaneity? Love?”

“That’s two things,” she smiled.

For an instant, Thorold thought of abruptly leaving, slamming the door as a gesture of his intent. He did make a move in that direction, but he was already smiling in response to her remark.

“What am I letting myself in for?” he said humorously as he turned toward her again.

“Paternity?”

“And I thought romance was dead!”

“You will stay tonight, then?”

“I might consider it – if I have any energy left.”

“I shall make sure you have! But now, there is someone I would like you to meet.”

“No more games – or tests?”

“Naturally not. It is only a short drive. You may drive me, if you wish.”

Thorold bowed in deference. “Of course, ma’am. There be, like” he said in a demotic voice, “one little problem, your Ladyship. I canna’ drive.”

She started to play her allotted role, then thought better of it and said, seriously, “Really? I didn’t know.”

Thorold made an imaginary mark on an imaginary board with his finger. “One up for me, then!”

She did not quite know how to react to his playfulness. “Do you wish to learn?” she asked.

“What?”

“To drive, of course.”

“Not really. I’m quite content walking. Why should I want to leave Shropshire? All I need is here – within walking distance usually.”

“But your business, surely,” she said.

“A few trips a year – by train. The fewer, the better.”

Nearby, a pendulum clock struck the hour. “Come,” she urged, “or we shall be late.”

“May I ask to where?”

“Oh a small village, not far”

“Why the rush?”

“Because it is seven o’clock already, and we have to arrive before someone else.”

“I suppose all will be revealed?”

She smiled. “Possibly.”

Thorold followed her out of the library. He was curious, perplexed and pleased. Her dress was thin, and suited to the warm weather and he had noticed, while she talked, how her nipples stood out. He could not help his feelings, and as he watched her collect her keys from a table in the hall, turn and briefly smile at him, he realized he was in love.

Compared to that feeling, the reason for the journey was not important to him. Outside, he could hear cats fighting.

VII

Lianna was right. Their journey was not long even though she took the longer route. She drove along the narrow, twisty lanes southeast of Shrewsbury town to pass the *Tree with the House in It*, the wood containing *Black Dick's Lake*, to take the steep lane up toward Causeway Wood.

"This lane," she said, breaking their silence, "used to be called the Devil's Highway. Just there –" and she indicated an overgrown hedge, "was a well called Frog Well where three frogs lived. The largest was, of course, called Satan and the other two were imps of his."

The lane rose, to twist, then fall to turn and rise again, always bound by high hedge and always narrow. A few farms lay scattered among the valleys and the hills on either side, a few cottages beside it and Thorold caught glimpses of nearby Lawley Hill and wooded banks and ridges that he did not know.

The village she drove through was quiet, its houses, cottages and church mostly built from the same gray stone, and Thorold was surprised when she stopped beside an old timbered cottage whose curtainless small windows were covered in grime.

"Wait here, will you?" she asked.

Thorold watched her enter the door of the cottage without knocking. For over ten minutes he waited. But the heat of the sun made the car stuffy and uncomfortable, and he got out to walk toward the cottage gate. As he did so a man appeared, quite suddenly from the small rutted driveway across the road. He was old, dressed in worn working clothes and wore a battered hat.

"You not been here before, then?" he asked Thorold.

A surprised Thorold stopped, and turned. "Er, no I haven't."

"You come for The Giving, then?"

Before he could reply, Lianna appeared beside him. She smiled at the old man, nodded and held Thorold's hand. Thorold saw the man's look of surprise, and the old man raised his hat, slightly, bowed just a little toward Lianna and shuffled away, back along the tree-shadowed driveway.

"Come on," she said to Thorold, "I shall show you round."

She still held his hand as they walked along the lane toward the mound and the church. Her gesture pleased him, but she did not speak and he let himself be led sun-wise around the mound, up through the wooden gate and through under the shade of the trees. She lingered, briefly, by the largest oak to take him down and back toward her car. A young woman in a rather old-fashioned dress stood near it.

"I shall not be long," Lianna said, and left him, to walk the fifty yards.

He could not hear what was said between the two women, but several times the young stranger turned to look at him. Then, she seemed to curtsy slightly to Lianna before walking away, but the movement was so quick Thorold believed he had been mistaken.

Lianna beckoned to him and he, obedient, went toward her.

"There is something else I would like to show you." She opened the passenger door of her car for him.

"What did you think?" she asked as they drove away from the village.

"Of what?"

"The village, of course."

"Alright. Seemed a very quiet place. They seemed to know you."

She avoided the subject by saying, "Do you ever see your wife?"

"Occasionally. Why do you ask?"

“You never divorced.”

Her words confirmed Thorold’s earlier suspicions. “So, you’ve been checking up on me?”

“Of course! You are still friends, then?”

“Yes. Where exactly are we going?”

“Just a place I know. Very efficacious – for certain things. A stone circle, in fact.”

The lane gave way to a wide road that took them down and turning into the Stretton valley, through the township and up the steep Burway track to the heather-covered, sheep-strewn Mynd. The turning she took, brought them down over Wild Moor to a stream filled valley of scattered farmsteads, up over moor, past the jagged rocks of the Stiperstones, past woods and abandoned mine-workings and high hills, to a narrow rutted track.

“Just a short walk,” she said, and briefly touched his face with her fingers.

The moorland was exposed and covered in places by fern, almost encircled by distant undulating hills. Thorold had walked the path before, in a storm, to the clearing which contained a flattened circle of stones, some tall, some broken and some fallen. He had not stayed long then, for his walk of that day was long and the weather bad. Now, a breeze cooled him as he walked beside Lianna, and she held his hand as they entered the circle to stand at its centre.

“Looks like someone has lit a fire recently,” Thorold said, indicating the burned ground under their feet.

In answer, Lianna kissed him and guided his body to the Earth. She did not need to encourage him further. His passion was strong but her need and frenzy were stronger and his body soon arched upon hers in orgasmic ecstasy to leave him relaxed and sleep-inclined.

“I must go now,” she suddenly said before rising and smoothing down her dress. “Meet me

on June the twenty-first outside the church in the village. At dawn. And do not worry about what you saw in the film. I will solve that particular problem – in my own way.” She bent down to touch his forehead with her hand. “Sleep now, and remember me.”

No sooner had she touched him than he was asleep, and she pulled up his trousers and re-fastened his belt before walking back along the track to her car.

Almost an hour later, Thorold awoke. She was not waiting for him by her car as he hoped and he walked slowly under the hot sun along the road and away from the stone circle. He walked for miles without stopping and when he did stop his memory of her was like a dream. A few cars and other vehicles passed him as he continued walking along the road past the wooded sides of Shelve Hill and down toward Hope Valley, but he did not try to stop them to ask for their assistance. There was a shop in the village at the valley’s bottom but he passed it by, unwilling to break the rhythm of his walking. He wondered about the lateness of the hour, about customers waiting for his shop to open, about Lianna and her strange interests.

There was little breeze to dry the sweat, which covered him as he walked, and he would stop, occasionally, to wipe the forehead with his hand. He did not mind the sweat, the heat or even his walking, and the nearer he came to Shrewsbury town, following the road down from the hills to the well-farmed plain around the town, the more he became convinced of the folly of his love. He began to convince himself that he did not care about Lianna – that she was only a brief liaison to be well and happily remembered in the twilight years of his life. But he nevertheless took the town roads that led toward her house.

He stood outside her gate for a long time, aware of his thirst for water and his sweat-filled clothes. For almost five hours he had walked toward his goal, and he stood before it exhausted and dizzy but still determined.

No one came to answer his loud rapping on the door of the house, and he wandered round, peering in the windows. Around the back, a young woman was kneeling as she tended a bed of bright flowers, and she smiled at Thorold before rising and saying, “Hello! Can I help you?”

Her face and bare arms were sunburned, and as she came closer, Thorold could see her hands were roughened and hard.

“I came to see Lianna.”

“Ah! You must be Thorold. She told me to expect you.”

“Is she in?”

“Afraid not.”

“Do you know when she will be back?”

“Three to four weeks.”

“Are you sure?”

“Quite.”

“Do you know where she has gone?”

“Amsterdam, she said.”

In the middle of the large expanse of well-tended lawn, a sprinkler showered water, and Thorold went toward it to stand in the spray. The coolness refreshed him, and he washed his face and neck several times with his hands before cupping his palms together to try to catch sufficient water to drink. He was not very successful.

The young woman with the sad face watched him, bemused.

“Would you like a drink?” she finally asked.

“If you don’t mind.” He left the spray to stand in the sun.

He followed her to a small outbuilding shaded by the branches of a walnut tree. Inside, and neatly arranged, was a large selection of gardening tools, two small tables and some chairs. A small sink and tap adorned one wall.

“Tea?” she asked, and seeing his surprise, added, “I was about to make one for myself.”

“You work here, then?”

“Sometimes.”

She smiled, and her smile reminded Thorold of Lianna and the reason why he had come. He thought, briefly, of rushing away to an airport to find her, but this romantic impulse did not last. He felt physically exhausted from his walk and emotionally confused, a piece in a game Lianna was playing. And his own pride was sometimes quite strong.

“Actually,” the woman said, intruding upon his thoughts, as she filled the kettle with water, “my father is the gardener here. He’s away at the moment.” She handed him a towel.

Thorold did not mind its colour or the stains. “Does she often go away?”

“Quite often, yes.”

“I know this may sound strange,” Thorold said, “but I don’t know her surname.”

“Alledone.” She smiled as she said the name.

It’s significance escaped Thorold. “Mine’s Imlach, but you can call me Sarah.” The young woman smiled again, and began to remove her clothes.

VIII

It was if Thorold could still hear her laughter. He had left, as she had stood naked before him. It was not that he was not aroused by the sight of her lithe body; it was that he felt himself again part of a game Lianna was playing.

He had left without speaking, and her laughter seemed to mock him. He did not care for

long. His tiredness, hunger and thirst returned, and he walked almost as if in a trance of his Apartment. He drank, ate and rested, and when darkness came he lay himself wearily down to sleep. His sleep was fitful, disturbed by images of Lianna. Once, she appeared before him smiling and dressed in black. They were in a dark and cold place; full of mists and smells and when she kissed him it was as if she was sucking life from him. He felt dizzy and exhausted, and when she stopped to stand back and laugh, he fell to the ground where rats waited.

Several times during the night he awoke shouting and covered in sweat. Morning found him tired but restless and mentally disturbed. Outside his dwelling, the weather was cloudless and hot, but he himself felt cold, and dressed accordingly.

Dawn had long since passed when he left to walk to his shop and, despite the lateness of the hour; he was surprised to find the town quiet. Only on entering his shop did he remember it was Sunday. Momentarily pleased, he left to walk up the narrow street toward the trees and spaces of Quarry Park. For some time he stood by the wrought iron gates, looking down toward the river, and while he stood, absorbed in his thoughts and feelings about Lianna, church bells tolled, calling the faithful to prayer.

The sound pleased him, as the weather itself did, but he began to shiver from cold. But the strange sensation did not last and he began to slowly walk beside the old town walls toward the reddish-gray stones of the Catholic Cathedral.

Mass had not long ended, and he could still smell burning wax from the altar candles. A faint fragrance of incense remained and, conditioned by his childhood, he performed a genuflexion before seating himself near the altar. Even in the years of his apostasy he had often visited churches of the religion of his youth, finding within them a peace and tranquillity which pleased him and which drew him back. He did not know the reason for this, and although he had thought about it occasionally, he had left the matter alone, content just to accept the feeling, whatever its cause. Once, his wife – tired of such visits and such silent sittings – had challenged him repeatedly on the matter, and he, unwilling to speak, had muttered briefly about the stones and the space within the building as creating a special atmosphere. He had partly believed himself, but a vague suspicion about God remained. All his subsequent visits during the years of his marriage he had made alone.

He sat on the wooden pew gently breathing and still for a long time, free from thoughts and feelings about Lianna and was about to leave, calm and happy, when a Priest walking toward the altar turned toward him and smiled.

The man was young – too young, Thorold thought, to be a Priest. His face was gentle, his

smile kind and in the moment that measured the meeting of their eyes Thorold felt a holy aura about the man. It was a strange sensation – a mixture of joy and sadness – and possessed for Thorold a uniqueness, bringing back memories from the years of his youth: the sound of the communion bell, the reverence as the head was bowed, the host shown; the smell of incense... Then the Priest genuflected, and walked through the sacristy door.

Thorold followed, consumed by a desire to speak to the Priest. But the sacristy was empty and, beyond in the narrow corridor, a balding bespectacled man in a cassock mumbled words from a Breviary he held in his hand.

“Yes. Can I help you?” he asked as he saw Thorold.

“Yes – I’m looking for the young Priest who just came this way.”

The old man squinted, closed his Breviary, and said, “Young man, you say? No one else is here but me.”

“But – “ Thorold looked up and down the corridor, back toward the sacristy, and as he did so he realized he had seen a ghost.

“Father –“ Thorold began.

“Yes?”

“Can I talk to you for a moment?”

The old Priest started to look at his wristwatch, thought better of it, and said, “Yes, of course. Shall we go into the garden?”

He led Thorold down the corridor, through several doors, rooms and a passage, into a small but neat garden. He indicated a wooden bench.

“Do you believe,” Thorold asked directly, “that Satanism exists today?”

The Priest smiled. “I myself do, of course. But some of our younger brethren have different

ideas.”

“About Satan?”

“Indeed.”

“And such people – would they have any powers?”

“To an extent, yes. I remember reading somewhere – a long time ago...” He thought for a moment, removed his spectacles, cleaned the lenses with a handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose and continued. “Joseph de Tonquedec I believe it was, who said something like *‘the Devil’s interventions in the material realm are always particular and are of two kinds, corresponding to miracle and Providence on the divine side. For just as there are divine miracles, so there are diabolical signs and wonders.’*” He replaced his spectacles, squinted at Thorold, and said, “Why do you ask?”

“Curiosity.”

“Curiosity, of course,” smiled the Priest.

“And these people, when they want to – how shall I say? – draw someone into their circle, how would that person feel?”

“I am no authority on such matters.”

“But surely you have heard things?”

“Heard things? Yes, of course. I have been in Holy Orders a long time.”

“And?”

“I remember one incident – years ago. Many years ago. A young girl was involved. There was a man – whether he actually worshipped the Devil, I do not know, but he was said to. He brought this girl under his influence. Gradually, of course, for that is how I believe they work. She who was happy became joyless – a shell. For he sucked the life from her.

Thinking back now, she was like an addict – needing him.” The Priest kept his silence for a long time.

When he did not speak, Thorold asked, “And what became of her – and him?”

“Oh, she died – wasted away. He left the country. Never heard of him again. My first Parish. Her family of course kept the matter quiet. That’s how they work: slowly, offering to their victims what that victim most desires. For some, it is money, others power – for others perhaps love and affection. When they have that person under their control - they have one more soul for the Devil. He rewards them, of course, for bringing such a prize.” He looked at his wristwatch. “Just curiosity, you say?” When Thorold did not reply, he added, “I have a friend, a monk, who knows more about such matters.”

“No. No, thank you, Father. I must be going now.”

He stood up.

“As you wish,” the Priest said and smiled.

“Thank you, Father.” Thorold turned, and hurried away, back through the church and into the bright sunlight.

He felt cold again, and walked briskly back along the path by the narrow road toward Quarry Park, aware as he did so of a man behind him. The man stopped when he stopped, waited when he waited, and walked when he did, many yards behind. Thorold felt a brief fear. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly for him, he felt anger and turned to walk back to face the man.

The man was tall, his face tanned and lined by decades of weather. He held in his hat in his hand and his heavy unfashionable suit seemed to be unsuited to the hot weather.

“Why are you following me?” Thorold demanded.

“I am Imlach.”

Thorold's surprise lasted only a few seconds. "Well, you can tell Lianna that I'm not playing any more of her games! I never want to see her again!" His anger, frustration and incipient fear moulded his words and he felt himself shaking.

"You will be there," Imlach said, with menace in his voice, "on the twenty-first as she instructed." He touched Thorold's shoulder, placed his hat upon his head and abruptly turned to walk away, down the hill.

Thorold did not watch for long. But he had taken only a few steps back toward his shop when he realized the coldness he had felt was gone.

Around him, he felt he could hear Imlach's daughter laughing.

IX

Carefully, in the dawn light which entered his room, Mallam refolded the parchment before hiding it, safely he thought, behind the mirror on the wall. He felt unusually excited, almost possessed, by a desire to find and steal Lianna's secret horde.

He found Monica asleep downstairs on the sofa, the house quiet and otherwise quite empty. He did not like the silence, and turned the radio on loudly.

"Come on, wake up!" He shook Monica several times.

"What?" she mumbled.

"Get up! I want some breakfast," he demanded.

"What time is it?"

"About four. Come on – I've got to go out soon."

Monica turned over intent on resuming her sleep.

“Get up you lazy bitch!” he shouted.

“Leave me alone,” she mumbled.

“Get up!” he snarled, and shook her again.

“I’m tired.”

“I want some breakfast!”

“Get you own.”

This sign of defiance, meek though it was, enraged Mallam, and he took her by the shoulders to throw her onto the floor.

“Get off me!” she screamed. In the struggle, she kicked him.

“You whore! You bitch!” Mallam shouted and began to beat her body with his fists.

She tried to protect herself with her arms, but to no avail, and Mallam in his fury, ripped off her dress.

“You like this, don’t you?” he smirked as he fumbled with the belt on his trousers.

But Monica was crying, and tried desperately to wriggle free. He slapped her face several times before attempting to kiss her. Suddenly, her flailing hand touched a lamp knocked over in the struggle and before she was aware of what she was doing, she hit his head with it several times. He groaned, then collapsed but she pushed his body from her.

He was only stunned by the blows, and she took advantage of this to grasp her dress and flee from the room and house. Her dress was torn, but she did not care, and she put it on before running away.

It did not take him long to recover. He changed his clothes, collected a large portion of the money he had hidden in the house, and left to find her. He toured the streets around the house in his car, then, finding nothing, drove to her Flat. The streets around the Abbey were deserted and he parked in the shadow of the large old Benedictine building to wait and watch the row of terraced houses across the road. A few cars passed while he waited, and he was soon bored.

He thought the church was mocking him, and he spat in its direction before crossing the road to unlock the front door with his key. Her Flat was on the ground floor, and faced the Abbey, a fact that he had detested on his infrequent visits. Quietly, he opened her door and it did not take him long to wreck her few possessions, and he sat at the table by the window to wait for her. Her clothes he had torn and scattered on the floor, and with a knife from her small kitchen he had slashed her bedding, her pictures and anything else he could find. Her Teddy bear he had disembowelled and set upon the table before him.

The longer he waited, the more frustrated he became until, after hours of waiting, he smashed the table, the chairs and overturned her bed. Then, hearing movement in the Flat above, he crept out into the bright sun of morning.

He drove fast and almost recklessly away from the town toward the village of Stredbow, remembering his greed and his hatred of Lianna. He left his car near the mound of the church and wandered around the quiet village trying to locate the house and, when he did, he was not impressed, as a tourist might have been by the black and white half-timbered, if somewhat restored, house. The front garden of the residence was separated from the narrow lane by a low wall of large stones, and, set back in a corner of the grounds and almost obscured by a tree, Mallam saw a small stone building. The stones were worn by the weather of centuries, and he was considering how best to sneak toward when he knew to be his goal – whether then or later that night – when a young woman in an old fashioned dress came out of the house toward him.

Her face was round and her cheeks red and she had gathered her hair in a band behind her neck.

“It’s a fair old morning, isn’t it?” she asked and smiled.

Immediately, Mallam thought her stupid and dull. “Yes!” he agreed, trying to ingratiate himself.

“You passing through, then?” She stood by the low wooden gate, resting her hands on its top.

“Yes. Yes I am.”

“Come far, have you?”

“No, not really.”

“Be a hot day, again.”

“Yes. I don’t suppose,” he asked and smiled at her, “there is anywhere I could get a cup of tea. Only I’ve been driving all night.”

“Can’t say as I can think of anywhere. Lest ways, not round here.”

“Oh.” He tried to sound disappointed.

“You must be hot – in all them black clothes.”

“Yes – I am a bit.”

“Well – “ she began before looking him over, letting her eyes linger for a while on his crotch, “I suppose I could see my way to letting you have some water. You want to come into my kitchen? It’s cool in there – and what with you being so hot.”

“Yes, that would be fine.” He concealed his glee.

“Follow me, then.”

He did, his mind already full of scheming.

“Sit yourself down.”

The kitchen was large, cool and full of old furnishings. Bunches of drying herbs hung from the walls, and rows of cork-stoppered glass jars adorned nearly all the other spaces. Most seemed to contain herbs or spices but a few appeared to Mallam to contain parts of animals or insects. He could not be sure for the strong odours made him feel dizzy.

“Sit you down.”

She brought him an earthenware mug full of water, which she placed on the old table beside him.

“Good water, that is. From the well. None of your piped stuff.”

Mallam drank, and began to feel better. “You have a well, then?” he asked.

“Been here for centuries, that well.”

“That old building in your garden – that’s not it, is it?”

“That? No – that belongs to her!” She almost spat the last word out.

“Who?”

“She herself who owns this house – and most of the village. You mark my words, one day that family will pay for what its done!”

“So that old building is not yours, then?”

“Keeps it locked, she does. Once or twice a year she comes to it. Nobody I know has seen inside.”

“You don’t like her then?”

“No one here does, I tell you. For as long as anyone can remember her family have owned all the land here - and the houses what’s in them.”

The woman looked around while she spoke, and Mallam guessed she was afraid.

“She herself does not live here, in the village?”

“Why no! Got a big house in Shrewsbury town, she has. And others elsewhere – abroad, as well. You feeling better now, then?”

“Yes, thanks.”

“You’d best be going.”

Mallam sensed the sudden change in her mood, as if her resentment had overcome all her other feelings. Mallam had no doubt that the woman had referred to Lianna, and he began to form a plan of action in his mind.

“The water is good, as you said. Can I take some with me?”

“If you like. I got an empty bottle somewhere.”

“Your husband out, then?”

She filled the bottle from an urn by the sink before answering. “In the fields, yes. Since dawn.”

“You must get lonely.”

“There, take that with you.” She handed him the bottle. Its shape and rubber stopper gave away its age.

Mallam stood up to face her. “I’ll bring the bottle back, if you wish.”

“If you like.”

“I often pass this way. Well, nearby.”

They stood watching each other. Mallam felt she was waiting for him to make the first gesture of their intent, and he was about to raise his hand to touch her face when she turned away.

“Folk around here talk,” she said. “You’d best be away.”

She walked him to the door, where he said, “What would be the best time for me to call for more water?”

“Sunday, after dark. Wait by there.” She indicated the stone building.

“Until then.” He did not look back as he walked along the path, through the gate and back up along the lane toward his car, elated by his success and his plan. She would, he thought, be easy to control. He had seen the desire plain on her face, sensed her frustration. He had it all worked out in his mind – a homely woman, young and burdened with a desire her hard-working husband could not or would not fulfill. He would play his role, and gain access to the building, which he was certain would contain the treasure of the Templars.

Happy and contented, he drove away from the village. He would forget about Monica – she was just another whore, and there were plenty more, as there were plenty more girls ready to be enticed into his group. Maurice Rhiston, he felt sure, would not fail him.

X

Thorold spent the hours of the morning walking slowly or sitting by the river as it wound its way through the town, and when he did return to his Apartment he was tired and thirsty and still thinking about Lianna. For once, the hot sun in a clear deep blue sky did not bring forth a mood of peace and contentment, and he trudged wearily up the short overgrown path that led from the river to the road of his dwelling.

A woman was sitting on his doorstep, and he sighed, thinking of Lianna and the games she played with people. The woman was a pitiful sight to him – her face was swollen, she was barefoot and her dark dress was torn. She saw him approaching, and rose.

“Hello!” he said like a simpleton.

Monica smiled at him.

“Can I help you?” he asked. She nodded, but said nothing and Thorold could see the fear in her eyes. “You’d better come in,” he said.

Across the street he could see a net-curtain twitching in the bottom Apartment. His dwelling was stuffy and hot, and he opened all the windows. By the time he had finished the woman had curled up and fallen asleep on the sofa. He covered her with a blanket. She was young; her oval face enchanting despite the swelling, and Thorold searched his own wardrobes for suitable clothes for her, which might fit.

For hours she slept, and when she did awake, he sat by her on the floor.

“Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“You haven’t got anything stronger, have you?”

“Sorry, no. But I do have a good selection of teas. Any preference?”

“Not really.” Her smile was forced.

“Are you hungry?”

“A little, yes.”

“Some toast, then?”

“That would be nice. You’re very kind.”

Embarrassed, Thorold stood up. "Mind if I ask," he said as he busied himself in his kitchen, "what you were doing on my doorstep."

"Waiting for you of course!"

"I suppose that is logical. There are some clothes there, if you want to try them."

"Thanks, I will. You have a bathroom, I presume."

"Down the hall, second door."

She returned wearing a shirt several sizes too large and a pair of jeans that almost fitted. He presented her with a tray containing teapot, jug of milk, cup and saucer and a plate of buttered toast.

"I was right about you," she said softly, taking the tray.

"Since we have not met, Thorold said, "may I introduce myself?"

"Thorold West," she replied.

"Ah! My fame precedes me! And you are?"

"Monica."

"Well, Monica, I suppose that a certain lady sent you?"

"Sorry?"

"Lianna. Or perhaps I should say Alledone."

“No.”

“But you do know her?”

“Not exactly. Perhaps I should explain.”

“It might help – after you’ve finished your tea, of course.”

He sat beside her, and waited, occasionally smiling when she stole a look at his face.

“The person who did this –“ she gestured toward her face, “was watching you because you were involved with that woman. He was an ex-pupil of hers but they disagreed about his activities.”

Thorold guessed her meaning. “Young girls?”

“You know, then?”

“Just a guess. What’s his name?”

“Mallam. Edgar Mallam.”

“And he did that to you?”

“Yes.”

Thorold’s objectivity began to disappear. The film he had seen, the physically abused woman who sat beside him, his own fading but still present and mixed feelings about Lianna, all combined to undermine his calm resigned acceptance of the world and its darker deeds.

“He sent me to follow you – once,” she said.

“I must be more observant in the future!” When she did not return his smile, he said, “tell me about yourself – only if you want though.”

“And if I do – will you still help me?”

“It is my help you want, then?”

“Yes. I want out. I’m finished with them.”

Slowly at first, then with increasing confidence as she saw he was not repulsed or disapproving, she explained about her life. The parties at University, the half-serious searching for new experiences which led her and some friends into a kind of ‘Black Magick’ sect and a meeting with Mallam. It had been, for her, a game at first – a revolt against her upbringing, her parents and what she saw as society. She had enjoyed herself – and was gradually drawn deeper and deeper into the activities of this sect.

“I knew what was going on,” she concluded. “At first, I did not care. Then he – Mallam – chose me as his Priestess. I was flattered. I had power over others and for a long time I thought I was in love with him. But I began to feel disturbed at some things he and the others were doing. Then this – it sobered me up!” She laughed, a little, at herself. “I should have come to you sooner. I spent yesterday and last night hiding in the town.”

“How do you know you can trust me?”

She sighed. “I have to start somewhere – trusting someone. Anyway – you’ve got a kind face!”

“Have you thought of going to the Police?”

“Yes – but what could they do? They need evidence.”

“You could give them plenty.”

“Not really. Now I’m gone he’ll change all of his arrangements – even the places they use.”

“Any you still fear him?”

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“Do you live in Shrewsbury?”

“Yes. Why?”

“I thought – “

“I couldn’t go back there!” He’s probably got someone watching the place.”

“What do you intend to do?”

“I know it’s asking a lot, but could I stay here - at least for a few days?”

Thorold liked living by himself, but his compassion for the woman overcame his objections.

“Well, actually, I suppose so – for a few days.’

“You are kind!” And she kissed him.

Embarrassed again, Thorold stood up. “We could go to your place and collect some clothes for you. Those are not exactly a good fit.”

“He might be waiting,” she said softly.

“Is that so? I’ll telephone for a taxi, then.”

The wait and the journey were not long, and he stood beside her while she rang the doorbell of the Flat above.

“Hi!” she said in greeting to the dishevelled man who opened the door. “Forgot my front

door key again! Sorry!”

The man yawned, scratched his face and sauntered back up the stairs.

“Can you?” Monica asked Thorold, pointing at the door to her Flat.

“Are you sure?”

“I won’t be coming back here again.”

Thorold tested the door, stepped back, and kicked it hard, bursting the lock open. Monica said nothing about the devastation Mallam had caused, but stood by the window, cuddling her torn Teddy bear and crying while Thorold began to sort through the devastation to find undamaged clothes and belongings. He found a suitcase for his collection, took Monica’s hand and led her, still crying and clutching her bear, out to where the taxi waited. He saw no one watching them, or following the taxi, and relaxed, wanting to hold her hand as a gesture but unwilling to commit himself in case his gesture was misunderstood.

Books adorned the floor and bed of his spare room, and on his return he removed them.

“Come on,” he said as she sat still on his sofa holding the bear. “I shall show you your room, and then we can begin.”

She looked at him nervously, so he added, “finding evidence to use against him.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I presume you want to.”

“What?” she asked defensively.

“Find evidence?”

“I suppose so. I hadn’t really thought about it. I just wanted to get away. I have no friends

here – he saw to that.”

“Can you drive?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

“But I don’t have a license. Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Are you involved – in her activities?”

“The mysterious Lianna Alledone herself you mean?”

“No. She bought some books and manuscripts form me. That’s all.”

“Really?” Her expression was of surprise and belief in what he had said.

He did not want to lie to her. “Well, there was something else, but that is over now.”

She smiled, and held up her bear. “Let me introduce you. Reginald, say hello to Thorold.” She waved his paw.

“Hello, Reginald!” a bemused Thorold said.

“Regi to his friends.”

“Hello Regi!”

“Do you have a needle and some thread?”

“Somewhere. Going to do a bit of minor surgery, then?”

She patted Regi’s head. “It’s alright, Regi, it won’t hurt. Honest.”

Thorold sighed. “I hope I’m not going to regret this.”

“What – lending me a needle and thread?”

It was not what he meant, and she knew it, as he instantly understood her playfulness. He felt comfortable with her and re-assured – for in the first moments of their meeting he had liked her. Unwilling to think about his feelings further, he said, “You know where he lives?”

“Yes.”

“Then I suggest we eat, provide ourselves with some transport and begin our quest.”

She saluted in good-humoured mockery. “Just one thing, General.”

“Yes?”

“Can I have a bath first, please?”

“You don’t have to ask.”

A speeding car braked suddenly in the road outside and he saw Monica wince and hold her bear tightly. It was only a car avoiding a strolling cat, and as he returned from looking out the window, her fear made him resolve to seek out and destroy Mallam: her tormentor and the molester of children. His resolution made him forget both his dreams about, and his memories of, Lianna.

XI

Several times, while Monica lay in his bath singing to herself, Thorold resisted the temptation to wander into the bathroom on some pretext or other. Instead, he busied himself by telephoning one of his few friends.

He spoke quietly, not wishing to be overheard, and ended the conversation abruptly when Monica entered the room, dressed in some of her rescued clothes.

“I shall see you shortly, then,” he said and replaced the telephone receiver.

“A friend?” Monica asked.

“Just arranging some transport. Are you ready?”

“What for?”

“I thought we would eat out.”

“That would be nice.” She went toward him to kiss him to thank him for his kindness, and then decided against it, thinking he might misinterpret her gesture.

The evening was humid; the sun hazy and there was no breeze to cool them as they walked the streets that took them to the centre of the town. The restaurant Thorold chose was small, its food plain but wholesome and its windows overlooked the river – a fact which appealed to him. The waiter recognized him, and pretended not to see Monica’s swollen face.

“Good evening, Mr. West. A table by the window?”

Thorold nodded, embarrassed, believing Monica would think he had chosen the restaurant to impress her.

They ate in silence for a long time until Thorold said, “what do you know about Mallam’s

connection with Lianna?

“Not much. He approached her about a year ago - wanted to learn about her tradition.”

“Which is what?”

“What she called the seven-fold sinister way – or something similar.”

“Satanism?”

“Not in the conventional sense. Our friend Mallam,” and she smiled, “takes that route. He showed me a book she had given him.”

“Oh, yes?”

“*The Black Book of Satan* I believe it was called. She believes that each individual can achieve greatness: but that must come through self-insight. There are certain rituals – ceremonies – to bring this.”

“And Mallam?”

“He wants power and pleasure – for himself.”

“And is prepared to do anything to achieve it.”

“Yes.”

“But she – Lianna – still uses people.”

“Yes. I think she was using Edgar. But why and for what purpose, I don’t know. In her book I remember reading about members of the sect being given various tests and led into diverse experiences. These were supposed to develop their personality.”

“Doesn’t sound like Satanism to me.”

“Well, some of the experiences involved confronting the dark or shadow aspect: that hidden self which lies in us all. Liberating it through experiences. Then rising above it.”

“And Mallam and his cronies? They wallow in their dark side – without transcending it?”

“Something like that. Enough of him – tell me about yourself. If you want to, that is.”

“Not much to tell, actually.”

“That’s not what I’ve heard.”

Thorold soon hid his surprise. “Oh, yes?”

“He found out about your past,” she said softly.

“Is that why you came to me?”

“Yes.”

Thorold smiled. “And I thought it was just because of my kind face!”

“So it’s true?”

“That depends. How did he come by such information?”

“Someone involved in the sect was once a Policeman – through his contacts.”

Thorold sighed. He had guessed that Lianna had discovered at least something about his past, but this new revelation dismayed him, although not for long.

“Do you want to talk about it?” she asked.

“Not really.”

“That’s fine by me. I’m not as bad as you think. Your past is yours, just as mine is mine. What is important is what we are now.”

“Your past does not matter to me.”

“Likewise.” And she smiled.

“However did you become involved with such people? Thorold sighed.

“Not the type you mean?”

“Not really. How did you become involved?”

“I suppose – “ She stopped, waiting until the waiter had removed their dishes and served them coffee. “I just wanted more and more ‘highs’. I remember I used to find that with men – the first intimate touch, the first French kiss, and then the exploration of the new. Of course, what followed was good. Well, some of the time,” she laughed. “But – I don’t know – it was, how can I say, the excitement, the build-up that really got me. I just couldn’t get enough of that feeling. What Mallam and his sect offered seemed – at the time – just an extension of that.”

“I do know what you mean. It’s why I used to do what I did. There was an ecstasy there – a feeling, which made me, exult. Most men fight not because of idealism or patriotism or whatever, but because they enjoy it. They like living on the edge of death. It gives them a feeling that ordinary life cannot match.”

For a long time they looked at each other until he said: “I used to live with that feeling – or searched for it, like you perhaps, but in a different way.”

“Then something happens to bring you down to reality.”

“Usually other people.”

“A big slap in the face - literally, with me!” she laughed at her own misfortune. “So what happened to you?”

“I won’t bore you with the details – you know the rest, I’m sure.”

“But the Court of Inquiry exonerated you?”

“That does not stop people talking.”

“So you resigned.”

“Only way. I put it all behind me – to live quietly.”

“Until now.”

“I suppose I knew it couldn’t last forever. You don’t change that much in a decade. Not deep inside. You only pretend to yourself. I’ve just stopped pretending.”

“So now what?”

“I pay the bill and we go. That’s enough talking!”

Outside, the streets were busy with people, the road burdened by traffic flowing past the monument to Hotspur, past the tall spire of St. Mary’s church to descend down the steepness of Wyle Cop.

“He does not live far,” said Thorold unhelpfully.

“Who?”

“Oh, didn’t I say? The chap who is going to lend me his motorcycle.”

“You must know him well,” Monica said as she struggled into the leather motorcycle suit.

Thorold ignored the remark. “You’re about the same size as his wife, fortunately. Hope the helmet fits.”

“I hope you can drive that thing,” she said, pointing at the gleaming, powerful motorcycle that Thorold had brought back from the terraced house in the narrow alley near the railway bridge and a strip of waste ground covered in second-hand cars for sale at bargain prices.

“I had a few lessons – a few years ago,” he joked.

The visors on both helmets were tinted, the suits black, and Thorold felt good as he skillfully rode along the streets out toward the suburb where Monica had told him Mallam lived. Darkness came as they rode, then lightning and thunder to herald the storm. The house was on a new estate that had expanded the western boundary of the town, and they waited nearby while lights showed in the house. The storm passed, and their patience was rewarded, as twilight settled.

It was not difficult for Thorold to follow Mallam’s car along the roads of west and south Shropshire, but he was surprised when Mallam took the turning that led to the village of Stredbow. He left the bike a discreet distance behind where Mallam had parked his car and walked, with Monica, in the fading light in the direction Mallam had taken.

A diffuse light from an upstairs window made Mallam visible as he crept into the garden of the house, and Thorold recognized the woman who was waiting as the one Lianna had spoken to when she had brought him to the village. He could not hear what was said between them as he crouched by the garden wall, but he saw the woman point to the window then to the darkness that shrouded the back of the garden. He did not follow them further.

Mallam was not away for long. The light showed him nervously glancing around as he stood by the stone building in the garden. He tried the door, fumbled with the heavy padlock, glanced around several times more before almost creeping toward the gate.

Hurriedly, Thorold pushed Monica down to the ground. He could hear her breathing as he lay close to her, but Mallam neither heard nor saw them as they huddled close to the wall in the shielding dark, and they were left to slowly rise and follow him back to his car.

Somewhere among the houses near the mound, a dog howled.

XII

Mallam led them not to his house, but over the hills toward the Welsh border. Thorold thought the roads familiar, but it was only as Mallam came to his destination that Thorold realized where they were – near the track that led to the circle of stones Lianna had shown him.

“I wish I had brought a camera,” he whispered to Monica as they lay, under the cover of the ferns, watching the group that had assembled within the stones. Lanterns, holding candles, were spread around the ground and in their light the ritual unfolded. Mallam had bedecked himself in a black cloak.

“Our Father which wert in heaven,” they heard the assembly chant, “hallowed be thy Name, in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and deliver us to evil as well as temptation, few we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.”

A woman was stripped, and bound to one of the larger standing stones. There were more chants, people in black robes dancing anti-sunwise inside the circle, dramatic invocations by Mallam, and a ritual scourging of the woman who was bound.

“Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness,” Thorold heard a man say, “and help us to fulfill our desires!”

The balding, slightly overweight man unbound the woman, pushed her to the ground, and began to copulate with her, while others gathered around, clapping their hands and chanting to their Prince.

Thorold was not impressed. "It takes all sorts, I suppose," he said quietly to Monica. "That the sort of thing you used to be involved in?"

"Yes."

"No one under age I can see."

"Those sorts of things are never done in the open."

The balding man interested Thorold. "We might as well wait until they've finished."

It was a long wait, and several times Thorold almost fell asleep. When the revellers did leave, he followed not Mallam, but the man he had watched. His trailing of Rhiston led him back to a prosperous riverside house in Shrewsbury town – a house almost visible from Thorold's own Apartment across the water.

For almost an hour they waited outside.

"Well, that's one down, ten to go," he said as he indicated to Monica that they should go.

He was glad to return to the peace of his own dwelling. He had removed his leather suit when Monica said, "Can you help?" She was struggling to free herself from hers.

"It's a bit tight," she said.

Thorold smiled. "You're somewhat larger in some places than she is."

She lay on the floor while he pulled on the legs of the suit. He fell backwards and banged his head against a bookcase. He did not mind her laughter, and held his hand out to help her up from the floor. She stood in front of him, still holding onto his hand, and she had closed her eyes in anticipation of his kiss when someone knocked, very loudly, on the door of his Apartment.

Thorold sighed, before leaving to walk down the stairs.

“Yes?” he said gruffly as he opened the door.

“She has sent me,” the man outside said.

It was as he spoke that Thorold recognized Imlach.

“So?” Thorold replied, annoyed.

“She does not like your interference.”

“My what?”

“You are to leave a certain gentleman alone. He is her concern, not yours.”

“Is that so?”

“She kindly requests you not bother him – or any members of his group.”

“Oh, really?”

Imlach moved closer to him. “You’d best heed her advice. For your own sake.”

“Tell her from me I’m not playing her games anymore and I’ll do what I like!” He slammed the door shut.

Imlach knocked loudly on the door, but when Thorold thrust it open in anger, he could see no one. He looked around, but the streets were quiet and still. Upstairs he found Monica asleep on the bed in his spare room. He covered her with a blanket before closing her door and settling down to listen to music, keeping the volume low.

But the music did not still his feelings as he had hoped, and he spend a listless hours, listening, attempting to read, and thinking about Monica, Lianna and Mallam. When he did

retire to his bed, strange dreams came again. He was on a cliff above the sea when a man leapt upon him from behind and tried to stab him. A woman was nearby, and it was Lianna, laughing. He wrestled the knife away from the man, and stabbed him by accident. Only then did he see the man's face. It was his own, and the man lay dead, while Lianna stripped away her clothes to offer him her body. He moved toward her, aroused and disgusted at the same time but she changed herself into Monica and he awoke, clawing at the humid air in his room.

He lay awake, then, restless and troubled, and when sleep came again he dreamt of his shop. There was a doorway among the shelves where he knew no door existed but he opened it to walk down stone steps into a cavern. Mallam was there, bent over a stone altar on which Monica lay tied and bound. He began to move toward them but he found himself paralyzed and when he could move it was slowly and painfully. Monica kept looking at him, her eyes pleading and helpless, but then he was alone, riding the motorcycle around the circle of ancient stones, faster and faster. There was a sudden mist, and he could not stop, crashing into the largest stone. He felt sad, lying on the ground knowing he was dying – for there was so much he wanted to do. The mist seemed to form into Lianna's face, then of her holding in her arms a baby. 'You will never know your daughter,' she said. He awoke again, to lie tired but unable to sleep, and was glad when dawn came, bringing light to his room.

He left Monica asleep to spend a few hours alone, thinking about his life and his dreams, before breakfasting and leaving her a note about his intended surveillance.

Rhaston, in his car, was easy to follow among the morning traffic that took most of the vehicle occupants to their work, and Thorold was pleased with his success. He watched Rhiston park his car in front of the large office building before returning to his Apartment.

Monica, obviously watching from his window, came out into the street to greet him, smiling happily. Thorold was glad, and it seemed natural that he should embrace her. He liked the feel of her body, but she drew away to take the helmet from his hand and lead him, her other hand in his, toward the door. Before he could speak, a car drew up alongside and Thorold recognized Lianna.

“So,” she said as she stood in the road near them, “this is how you repay me!” She stared at Monica.

Thorold could not understand her sudden anger toward him. “Were you following me?” he asked.

Lianna ignored the question. “I told you to stop but you took no notice of my words.”

“Why should I?” He could feel Monica tighten her grip on his hand.

“You do not understand,” said Lianna haughtily. “Great things are at stake.”

“Is that so?”

“You deserve better than the likes of her!” She looked at Monica with contempt.

“Really?”

“Leave her – now, and come with me.”

“No!”

For several seconds Lianna did not speak. “You are a fool!” she finally said.

“Goodbye, then.”

Lianna stared at Monica. “You will pay for this!”

“I – “ Monica began to say.

“I think you’d better leave her alone,” Thorold said to Lianna, a trace of anger in his voice.

Lianna laughed. “I’m not finished with you either!”

“Go play your games somewhere else.” He turned away, led Monica into his Apartment and shut the door without even looking at Lianna.

“She seemed a little angry,” Monica said as they, from the window, watched her drive away.

Thorold shrugged her shoulders. “Jealous of you, I guess.”

“And does she have reason to be jealous?”

“Yes.”

She turned toward him and kissed him. It was a long kiss. “Does she frighten you?” Monica asked at its end.

“No, actually.”

“I think Edgar is afraid of her.”

“Are you?” He stood beside her but she still held his hand.

“No. Well – perhaps a little.” She shivered.

“Shall we go and see what your old friend Edgar is up to, then?”

“What, now?”

“Yes.” He understood her look and touched her playfully on the end of her nose with his finger. “We have plenty of time.”

“Good,” she smiled, and kissed him again.

“On the hand, Mallam can wait,” he said as he began to unbutton her dress.

For Mallam, the day passed quietly. A van, driven by a trusted member, arrived early in the morning and he helped in the loading of cult and Temple equipment, including the video cameras and lights. A few telephone calls, and a safe haven was found - a place unknown, he knew to Monica. The removal had not taken him long, and he smiled as the van left, thinking of the rituals to come.

The sun of the afternoon saw him in the neighbouring town of Telford, visiting a house in a quiet street in Dawley where some of his ladies brought their clients. One girl, just seventeen, still looked much younger and she was seldom alone on the streets for long. He arrived at the house as she was leaving for the third time that day.

“Hi. Jenny!” he said in greeting. “You alright?”

“Sure!”

“No problems?” She was his most lucrative girl to date, and he intended to keep it that way.

“No. See ya!”

“Jess in?” he asked.

“Sure!” She waved and walked away to find another client.

Jess was a smiling man of Caribbean appearance with the physique of a wrestler, and he looked after the practical aspects of Mallam’s business. Their business that day did not take long. Jess gave him a pile of money which Mallam counted before giving half of it back.

“Any problems?” Mallam asked.

“Not one. I tell you it's too quiet.”

“Got a new house lined up – if we need to move.”

“Any new girls?”

“Maybe soon. I’ll see you next week.”

“Sure thing!”

Outside, in the warm sun, he could see no one watching the house but still drove carefully away, checking several times to ensure he was not being followed, and he drove slowly back to Shrewsbury arriving at Rhiston’s house at the time he had arranged.

“You have no trouble arranging time off?” he asked as Rhiston came out to greet him.

“Not at all!”

“Good.”

“Your wife in?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent.”

Inside the house, Mallam greeted Rhiston’s wife by kissing her hand. She was pleased by this gesture as well as by the look, and smile, which he gave her, unaware that this charm was a net closing around her.

“Could you,” Mallam asked Rhiston, “get my briefcase from my car?” He held out his car keys.

“Yes. Yes, of course,” the obsequious Maurice said.

Mallam waited until he was gone. “Jane, isn’t it?” he asked.

“Yes.” She smiled.

“You’re more attractive than I was led to believe.”

“Maurice said you used to work in his department. Is that right?”

“Only for a brief time,” he lied, convincingly. “I’m having a small party – tomorrow night – and wondered if you’d like to come. He paused for effect. “With your husband, of course.”

“That would be nice.”

“I shall look forward to seeing you there.”

Rhaston returned, bearing the unwanted case. But Mallam took it, saying, “Shall we retire to your room? That computer program you wanted to show me?”

“Ah, yes!” He turned to his wife. “We’ll be about an hour, dear.”

In the bedroom, Rhiston quickly set up his binoculars on a stand behind the curtains, before handing Mallam photographs of the girl.

“Not bad!” Mallam said. “Not bad at all!”

“She should not be long, now. A creature of habit,” and he smiled his lecherous smile.

“You seem more settled now.”

”Oh, I am, I am!”

“Good. There is a quote from de Sade, which always appealed to me. It goes something like – in translation of course! – *“The pleasures of crime must not be restrained. I know them. If the imagination has not thought of everything, if one’s hand one hand has not executed everything, it is impossible for the delirium to be complete because there is always the feeling of remorse: I could have done more and I have not done it. The person who, like*

us, is eagerly pursuing the career of vice, can never forgive a lost opportunity because nothing can make it good...” Mallam smiled. “You agree?”

“Naturally, naturally! You and your group have opened my eyes. I cannot stop now.”

“Excellent. I am having a party tomorrow night. Nothing special – just some friends. Bring your wife.”

“Jane?”

“Yes.” Then: “you seem unsure.”

“No, not really. Just surprised.” He wanted to ask, but dared not.

“Does this work?” Mallam asked, pointing to the computer.

”No. But I could set it up for you, if you wish.”

“Our prey has arrived,” Mallam announced. He watched the girl through the binoculars for some time before saying, “she is most suitable.”

“I’m glad you are pleased.”

“I shall make the necessary arrangements. Should they be successful – “

“I’m sure they will!”

“ – I can arrange for you to be the first. There will be expenses, and so on.”

“I do understand.”

“How soon can you have the money ready?”

“Next week. I have savings.”

“Tomorrow.”

Yes. Yes, of course. Can I ask how you will - I mean, how she will be...”

“I have experience in these matters.” She had gone from her room, and he studied the photographs again. “A pretty young thing. At such an age, they all have a weakness. With her – a wish to be a model, perhaps. Some infatuation with a celebrity. Whatever – there are ways.”

“Do go on, it’s fascinating.”

“Have her followed – find out where her haunts are. A chance meeting – then an offer suited to her weakness. Perhaps a few legitimate modelling sessions. Then disguise the ritual as one, get her drunk. You know the rest.”

“I admire your cleverness! And after?”

“Depends on her – how she reacts. If she takes to it, fine. If not, let her go. If her family doesn’t care or she wants away from them for whatever reason, draw her in.” He turned to stare at Rhiston. “I’ve told you all this because for some reason I like you. I’m going abroad for a while, and want someone to handle things here.”

“I’m very flattered that you should consider me.”

“You’ve proved yourself. But first, there is something I want you to do for me.”

”Anything. Just ask.”

“Tomorrow, after our little party, I have some business to attend to, not far from here. You will assist me.”

“As you wish.”

The warm weather had brought people into their gardens, and as Mallam stood fingering the photographs again, he could hear children playing happily and noisily under the heat of the summer sun. The sounds pleased him, because he understood them as part of a society he despised. To him, the people in the houses, no less than their children, were important only insofar as they might offer him the opportunities to indulge both his own pleasure and power. He felt himself different from them in a fundamental way – a prince among slaves – and the fact that society had passed laws in favour of them and what he saw as their utterly futile and wasteful ways of living, made him aware of his own genius even more. He knew with an arrogant certainty that he could outwit them and their laws – and he enjoyed doing so, planning and scheming and reaping his rewards, financial and physical and mental.

He believed, sincerely in his own way, in the powers of the Prince of Darkness. To the Devil he had dedicated his life – his Prince had given him power over ordinary mortals, and he used that power for his own glory and that of his god. With Lianna's treasure and his own powers and genius, he would be invincible.

Pleased with himself, he began to laugh.

XIV

Thorold awoke slowly. Monica's arm rested on his chest and her face was near his, peaceful, as she slept. He watched her before caressing her shoulders.

"I have to go out," he said as she opened her eyes.

"Want me to come?" she said sleepily.

"Only if you want to. Just going to put a note in my shop window. I shouldn't be long."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

“Still early, then.”

“We’ll go out for lunch when I get back.”

“Fine.”

She was asleep as he left the bedroom. Vaguely, she heard him leave the Apartment as, some time after; she vaguely heard a knock on the bedroom door.

“He should really lock his door when he leaves,” a woman’s voice said.

Startled, Monica sat up. Lianna leaned against the door frame, smiling mischievously.

“What do you want?” Monica asked, angry and afraid at the same time.

“Just a little chat. I have a proposition to put to you.”

“I think it would be better if you left.”

“This will not take long. I have here,” and she held up an attaché case, “ten thousand pounds in cash. Plus a train ticket – first class naturally – to London. There in a train in half an hour. I shall of course drive you to the railway station.”

“He will be back in a minute.”

“Not so. Such a charming man, but so open to magickal persuasion.” She took a square of parchment inscribed with magickal sigils from the pocket of her dress, glanced at it and smiled before returning it. “So you see, you have no option.”

“Please go.”

“I should explain. If you do not accept my little gift then you will be arrested and charged with possession of certain drugs. Before I came here, I visited your Flat. Such a mess. You will be pleased to hear that I have had the place tidied. One telephone call – and a valuable

find by the Police. If you care to look out from the window you will see my car and a gentleman within it waiting. So useful, those new car telephones!”

“I would deny everything.”

“Of course. But you had a conviction at University, did you not? Only cannabis then – but we all know, do we not, what the next stage usually is. Then there is the little matter of a certain video, which had by some chance come into my possession. You may not recall it – so many such things made, I understand – but there are certain scenes in it which certain newspapers would enjoy describing. They would no doubt publish some of the photographs.”

Lianna’s smile was almost mocking. “I have of course used only that material which does not feature a certain person who, until yesterday, you were somewhat well acquainted with.”

“You seemed to have planned things well.”

“I always do.”

“Why is Thorold so important to you that you want me out of the way? I don’t believe for one moment that you are jealous of me.”

“It is not important for you to know the reason.”

“I want to know – and then,” she said resignedly, “I might accept your offer.”

“A wise decision. It makes things much more civilized. I had other things planned, of course, if you had resisted.”

”Tell me then.”

“About Thorold?”

“Yes.”

“Since you are going, I suppose it will do no harm. All I will say is that something is about to

occur – something very special which takes place only every fifty or so years.”

“And for this Thorold is important?”

“It could well be,” Lianna smiled. “Now gather your belongings since you have a train to catch.”

“Mind if I check the case?” Monica asked.

“I shall leave it with you – while you dress.”

Monica did not bother to count the money. She was ready and prepared to leave when she surreptitiously placed two of the ten pound notes she had extracted from the case under the motorcycle helmet as it lay on the bookcase in Thorold’s living room. She did not look back as she left the Apartment.

It was partly the sunny weather, partly Monica waiting asleep in his bed, that prompted Thorold’s decision – or so he thought at the time. The message in the window of his shop – announcing an ‘illness’ forcing closure for a week – he left to ride the borrowed motorcycle back to the house of its owner.

Jake was the opposite of Thorold in almost every way. Broad when Thorold was sinewy; tall where Thorold was only of medium height; bearded and with many tattoos on his arms. Thorold was quiet by nature, serious and determined, while Jake was naturally boisterous with an amiable attitude toward life – unless provoked. He had been easily provoked, until marriage calmed him a little. Their unusual friendship had been forged in the unusual years which made Thorold’s past interesting and intriguing, to some who knew of it or who had discovered it.

Thorold had hardly entered the narrow alley beside the terraced house when Jake descended upon him. He inspected the bike carefully while Thorold stood and watched in amusement.

“I don’t suppose,” Thorold said, “you want to sell?”

Jake glared at him, then smiled. “No way!”

“I didn’t think you would. You free for a bit, then?”

“Why?” he asked cautiously.

“Need your advice.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“I thought I might buy something similar.”

“You serious?”

“Yes. Can’t really afford it – but still.”

“She’s really got to you, ain’t she?” He thumped Thorold on the back in a friendly gesture. But Thorold was almost knocked over.

“Not at all – I just thought I might as well make use of this suit and helmet I bought. I had it in mind when I bought them, in fact,” he said trying to convince himself. “Sitting behind you a few times a year – well, it’s a bit of waste.”

“I’ll get me helmet, then.”

The staff at Thorold’s Bank were helpful and showed no surprise at him wishing to draw from his account what, for him, was a large amount cash, and he let Jake drive him to a succession of motorcycle dealers where machines were discussed, touched, sat upon and inspected. After less than an hour, Thorold made his decision. He bade his friend farewell and walked back toward his Apartment, eagerly anticipating the collection of his present to himself later that afternoon.

At first, on ascending the stairs that led up from his front door, he assumed Monica’s absence to be temporary – a walk perhaps, by the river, or a visit to a shop nearby. But then

he found her clothes and suitcase missing, and he became sad without quiet knowing why he was sad. His sadness did not last, for he thought of Mallam forcing her away against her will.

The idea angered him, and he smashed his fist against his bookcase. The bookcase shook, moving the helmet and revealing the money. He held the money in his hand, feeling the newness of the banknotes, and wondering, and the more he thought the more it became clear to him that it was not Mallam, but Lianna who was responsible. He knew Monica had had no money of her own. Mallam certainly would not have given her any or left such a small amount, hidden under his helmet she had used, for him to eventually find. His reasoning brought him to the conclusion that Lianna had left him the money – as an insult or gesture. And this displeased him more. Perhaps Monica had been involved with Lianna?

He refused to believe this, and wander around his dwelling without purpose, occasionally thumping a wall or a door, frustrated and angry – with himself, Lianna and the world. Then, quite suddenly, it occurred to him that Monica might have left the money as an explanation. Immediately, he understood – or hoped he did, for he grabbed his own helmet, then hers, to run down his stairs and out into the street, returning after a few yards as he remembered to lock his door.

Fine wisps of high white cirrus clouds had begun to cover the blue of the sky, dimming the sun. But the sun was still hot, sweating Thorold as he ran enclosed in his leather suit toward the centre of the town.

XV

It did not take Thorold as long as he had expected, even though he had run only for about the first mile. A taxicab waited outside the entrance to the railway station, and he was glad to let it convey him the rest of the distance. Several times he checked to ascertain whether any vehicle was following him.

But Monica was not there, as he had expected and hoped, and he sat on the low wall that marked Jake's rear garden, not wanting to think about the consequences of his now obvious misunderstanding. Neither Jake nor his wife came in answer to Thorold's repeated thumps on the door of the house, and he removed his suit to let the sun and breeze dry his sweat. When an hour of waiting became two and brought scuttering low clouds to smother at intervals the searing heat of the sun, he folded his suit under his arm, collected the helmets, and began to walk slowly along the traffic lined streets, over the English Bridge and into the

centre of town.

His new motorcycle, powerful and gleaming as Jake's had been, brought him only a brief sparkle of pleasure, and he rode without any enthusiasm out and away from the town. But he could not dismiss Monica from his mind and rode dangerously fast, back to his Apartment.

She was not there – no one was – and without any hope left, he returned to Jake's house, intent only on intoxicating himself at best by sharing Jake's prodigious supply of beer or at worst by patronizing the nearby Inn.

But she was there, waiting as he had waited, sitting on the wall, and he stopped, stood his bike on its stand and removed his helmet while she stood and smiled. He wanted to rush toward her and embrace and kiss her, but he forced himself not to, hoping she would come to him as a gesture of her feelings.

She did not, so he said, "I was right, then, about your message."

"I thought you'd understand!"

"Lianna?"

"Yes." She reached behind the wall where she had hidden the attaché case, and opened it for him to see.

"Quite a lot there."

"Nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty pounds, exactly." She closed the case, and with a slow precision rested it against the wall.

He needed no more gestures and embraced her. She was relieved, and began to cry, but soon stopped herself.

"Another bike?" She asked, embarrassed by her own show of feelings.

“Yes!” he said and went to stand beside it. “Do you like it?” He ran his hand over the seat. “I’ve just bought it.”

“It is rather nice,” she said approvingly as she came to stand beside him and hold his hand. “Where shall we go?” She laughed. “We are not exactly short of money!”

“Monica?”

“Yes?” she said, trembling a little.

“I’ll have to give it back.”

“But you’ve only just bought it!” she joked.

“You know what I mean.”

“I know. I thought you’d say that.” Then, smiling again, she added, “A pity though! I’ve often wondered what I’d do if I had some money.” She went to collect the case. “Here you are!”

He took it from her, and she sighed. “And I suppose,” she said, “you’re still going to follow what’s-his-name?”

“Yes.”

“Also as I expected.”

She smiled at him, and he embraced her again, saying, “I’m glad you’re back.”

She began to cry again, then pulled away from him to laugh and point to her face. “Looks much better now, doesn’t it?”

“You look beautiful.”

“I see you brought my helmet. Shall we go and return the gift?”

“Actually, I would rather you stayed with a friend of mine – here, in this house. At least for a few days.”

“Not likely! Where you go – I go. Anyway, I want to see the look on her face when you hand back the money.

“But – “

She repossessed the case. “I’ll hold onto that while you drive. Unless you want me to!”

“Come here,” he said gently.

“Yes, Master!” she playfully mocked, “I hear and obey!”

He held her hand. “I’d rather you were safe, here.”

‘What? And miss all the fun? Not likely! Come on!’ she sat on the pillion

seat of the motorcycle, put on her helmet, held onto the case with one hand and waited.

Thorold shook his head, sighed, and then put on his own helmet. Clouds began to cover the whole of the sky, blotting out the sun, and as they arrived at the driveway of Lianna’s house, rain had begun to fall. They stood together outside the door, helmets in hand, and waited for an answer to Thorold’s insistent knocking.

“I hope she is not going to spoil things by being out.”

Thorold was about to answer when Lianna opened the door. She betrayed surprise at seeing Monica, but only for an instant.

“I expected you,” she said to Thorold, “but alone.”

“You can have this back!” Monica held the case out.

“So? You ignore my offer?” Lianna said to Monica.

Monica smiled at her. “I changed trains at Wellington.”

“I see I shall have to make that telephone call.”

“Go ahead! Monica shouted as Thorold stood watching. “Do your worst! Do you think I care? But I’ll tell you one thing – if you do. I’ll kill you. A few years to wait – maybe. But one day I’ll be there!” She was staring at Lianna her eyes full of passion. “You will never be safe and none of your magick will protect you!”

“I – “ Thorold started to say, but both of them ignored him.

“You’ll have to kill me,” Monica continued, “to stop me! Or have me killed – that’s more your style! So here, take your money before I start stuffing it somewhere very uncomfortable for you!” She threw the case down at Lianna’s feet.

Lianna turned to smile at Thorold. “Such a common woman, don’t you think?”

“I’ll show you how common I am! Monica said before punching Lianna on the chin. The blow knocked Lianna over and Monica did not wait for her to recover.

“Just a taste!” she said before kicking the case into the hallway where Lianna lay prostrate.

“You coming?” she demanded of Thorold, and a somewhat startled Thorold followed her down the steps to his transport.

Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight bathed the scene in brightness and warmth.

XVI

Thirteen people were present – a number that pleased Mallam – and he mingled with his guest in subdued light of the room while loud music played and could be heard throughout the house. Rhiston, alone among all the people, sat by himself.

The owner of the house was a widowed woman in whom Mallam had once shown an interest. But she soon bored him, as he found most women did – although not before he induced her into his sect where she prospered, finding younger men to her liking and often only too eager to physically please her while their interest, hers, and her monetary gifts, lasted.

There would be no ritual following the gathering, for several of the guests were new and unblooded. The party was a ruse – to arouse their interest, offering as it did drugs to those who wished them as well as the sexual services of members of Mallam's sect. Mallam's own interest centred on Rhiston's wife and Rhiston knew it and like a child sulked in his corner. Mallam found this amusing, considering Rhiston's proclivities, and soon directed a lady member of about Rhiston's age to seduce him. Rhiston did not resist the woman's charm.

“Come on Maurice,” she said, “let's go and make love.”

Mallam was slightly more subtle in his approach to Jane. She had been watching him since she had arrived to be greeted by his seemingly friendly kiss, and when she saw her husband leave with the woman, he went to her.

“I hope you don't think I've been ignoring you,” he said.

“No, honestly.”

He smiled at her. “Another drink? Or would you like to go somewhere quieter – where we can talk?”

She was hesitant, so he said, “You know why I invited you, don't you?”

“Another drink would be fine!”

“I find you very attractive, Jane – as you must have guessed.”

“Maurice – “

“You’ve never been to a party like this before, have you?”

“No,” she answered softly.

“You’re not offended though?”

“No.” she whispered.

He kissed her and at first she did not respond, and when she did, half-regretful and half-thrilled, he led her out of the room and upstairs.

Twilight had begun outside when he left her in one of the many bedrooms of the house. Rhiston was asleep alone in another room, still tied to the bed as the woman had left him. Mallam freed him and gave him his clothes.

“I’ll wait for you outside in the car,” he said.

Downstairs, the music still played loudly, now mingled with sporadic laughter.

They arrived in Stredbow as the last vestiges of twilight gave way to a sky clear of cloud and full of stars, and Mallam parked his vehicle by the mound, some distance from the house and the small stone building where his real interest lay.

“Now,” he said, “to action. We’ll walk to a house and I want you to use this – “ He gave him a Police Warrant Card. “You are investigating the escape of a dangerous criminal who has been spotted in the area – making a routine check. There will be a man and a woman in the house. Just keep them talking – local gossip, sightings of strangers and so on. Use your own work experience,” he smiled. “Alright?”

“Yes. Is that all?” a relieved Rhiston said.

“What did you expect? I’ll be fifteen minutes – no longer than half an hour though.” He reached over to the back seat of the car where a torch and a pair of bolt-croppers lay. “I’ll meet you back here.”

They walked in silence to the gate of the house where Mallam waited while Rhiston went to ring the doorbell. Swiftly then, Mallam crept toward the stone building. The padlock was easy to cut through and he was soon inside. His torch showed a bare room. It smelled of burned wood and he was creeping along the walls, inspecting them for hidden recesses or loose stones when the thick oak door was closed behind him. He tried to force it open, but without success.

Outside, Sidnal Wyke secured the door with a new padlock before calmly walking back to his cottage.

Rhiston did as he had been told, and it was half an hour later when he left the house to return to the car. For hours he waited by, then near, the car – sitting on the mound under a tree, leaning against the stonewall that supported most of the mound among its circumference, or crouching. Twice villagers came near, and he hid himself by the trees.

It was after midnight when he made his decision and left to look again at the house. But it was quiet, and he walked along the lanes he knew would take him to the main road miles away and thence along and down to the township of Stretton.

With the departure of Rhiston, preparations for the celebration in the village began.

XVII

It was a long time before Mallam ceased his shouting and banging his fists against the door. His voice had echoed in the empty stillness and, tired and confused, he slumped against the wall.

The building was windowless and without sound, and he was soon restless. For hours he checked the walls, the stones of the floor, the door itself by the light of his torch. But nothing moved. He could see a narrow slit in the wall far above his head, but could not reach it. He tried to sleep, but the floor was cold and as soon as he closed his eyes he thought he could hear someone behind the door. Each time he leapt up and listened, but could hear nothing.

The torchlight began to fade. Its dim glow lasted a while, and then was gone to leave Mallam in darkness. He had never before experienced such blackness and several times tried to see his hands in front of his eyes. But he could not see them. He crawled along beside the walls until he reached the door by touch, but no one came in answer to his shouting or in response to the banging of his fists against the studded oak, and he lay in the darkness listening to the roaring silence.

Sleep came, and when he awoke he could not see the time by his expensive watch. His waiting passed slowly and he began to feel hungry and thirsty. He shouted, and nothing happened. He began to curse all the people he knew and had known and then the whole world, and his voice grew hoarse and he himself, more thirsty. He prayed fervently to his Prince many times, saying: 'My Prince and Master, help me! Free me and I shall do terrible deeds in your name!'

He stared into the darkness trying to imagine where he had seen the slit in the wall, but no light, not even a glimmer of light, came to relieve his darkness. He began to imagine he heard sounds – people laughing and talking, then strange music. But the more he listened, the more he began to believe he was mistaken.

He slept again, only to awake in terror because he had forgotten where he was and could not see. He crawled over the floor, along the walls – sat and listened and strained to see. He stood up but became disoriented and dizzy and fell against the door, injuring his arm. He shouted, beat his fists again against the door, but nothing changed except inside his head. His hunger and thirst became intense for what seemed to him a long time until his increasing fear made him forget them.

To calm his fears he lay with his back against a wall, trying to understand why and for what purpose he was being kept a prisoner. At first he had believed that some mischance had imprisoned him – a gust of wind, perhaps, which jammed the door – but he had become gradually aware that it was not chance that brought him to the village and the building which had become his prison. Somehow, he felt, Lianna must have planned it all, and as the hours of his captivity became countless because he could not measure their passing, he came to increasingly believe that she might be testing him. Vaguely, he remembered – his memory brought back by his desperation for hope – her once saying when first he had

asked to become her pupil, that those who sought Adeptship underwent severe ordeals; ordeals not of their own choosing and about which they were never forewarned.

This is a test of hers, he believed, briefly smiling – she is testing my will. And this belief sustained him, for he believed in the power and strength of his will. But his hunger, thirst, the darkness around him and the darkness within him eventually broke this explanation. For she had never followed his own path as at first he had ardently believed. The weeks and the months of her teaching had extinguished his hope – she was no dark, evil, mistress with whom he might forge a physical and magickal alliance. So he had gradually turned away from her, seeking again his old ways, friends, helpers and slaves, understanding that she had been using him, playing with him almost. And this deeply offended his pride. For he, Edgar Mallam – High Priest of the Temple of the Prince – was above them all.

He had thought then that she had used him as he had used others – for her pleasure and satisfaction. She was playing the role of mistress, with him as her pupil – and this made him despise her more, for his own pleasures were carnal and real. He lusted after women, and money – enjoyed the power he had over others, making them his slaves; he enjoyed the misfortunes of others, the taking of young girls. But she simply played her mind-games from the safety and comfort of her house. Her power, he had thought, was nothing compared to his own.

His remembrance of this thinking from his past comforted him, and he began to laugh. But then his laughing stopped. He thought he could hear someone else laughing and when he stopped and unconsciously stooped to listen, he imagined he could hear a woman's laughing voice.

Then there seemed to be a voice inside his head. "Remember The Giving from the Black Book of Satan!" it said and laughed again.

Mallam remembered.

The Book, which Lianna had given him, spoke of an ancient blood ceremony performed only once every 51 years. The sacrifice was always male, an Initiated Priest, and before his blood was offered he was kept for days in a darkened room wherein to draw magickal forces to himself...

He tried to convince himself otherwise. But he heard "Remember The Giving..." in his head again, like an echo.

“I won’t be fooled by you!” he shouted aloud. “Do you hear me Lianna!” He shook his fist at the darkness. “You can’t fool me! I know that you are testing me! You’ll see – I’m strong! Stronger than you!”

He laughed, to convince himself. But the suspicion remained.

“Must not fall asleep!” he muttered aloud. “She’ll try and get me when I’m asleep. I’ll beat her! Me – her sacrifice? Hah! She’ll be mine!” He began to visualize in lurid detail how he might sacrifice her – tying her naked to the altar in his house, ravishing her, the letting others have their fun. He would kill her slowly, very slowly. These thoughts pleased and fascinated him, and he was still thinking them – visualizing them in detail – when he fell full asleep.

His dream was vivid – the most vivid dream of his life. He was surrounded by spiders; they were crawling all over him, biting him and filling him with their poison. He could not move, trapped in webs, and a large spider was crawling over his chest toward his face. But it was Monica, a spider again, Monica smiling with blood on her teeth and mouth and he awoke to thrust the imaginary spiders away with his hands as he writhed in panic on the floor.

XVIII

The evening and the night that had marked Mallam’s party passed swiftly for Thorold and Monica.

“I don’t think she will bother us again,” a confident Monica said as they sat in his Apartment on their return from visiting Lianna.

“You amaze me.” Thorold said. “Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“I know what I would like!”

Thorold’s surprise turned quickly into delight. “I’ll just have a quick bath,” he said.

“No, don’t. Perhaps I shouldn’t give all my secrets away, but the natural smell of a man – well, some men! – turns me on.”

Thorold blushed. In that moment, Monica reversed their roles – standing to take his hand and lead him to his bedroom. She was gentle at first, then passionate and after hours of mutual bliss they lay with their bodies touching, sleep-inclined but pleased. Several times she started to speak – to try and form into words the feeling within her. But each time she stopped, afraid of herself and her future.

The recent years of her past had been years full of new experiences and through them all she had kept her cynicism. Only Mallam had disturbed her, for he seemed to fulfill, at least in some measure, her expectations: a man of mystery, arrogant and self-assured. But she had discovered the real Mallam was selfish, cruel and somewhat vain.

Her defences had been and were still being broken by recent events, and of all of them she felt her friendship with Thorold was the most significant. For as Lianna offered her the money, she knew she was in love with Thorold. She wanted to tell him, but felt constrained by her own doubts and fears, and as she lay beside him she realized for the first time in her life that she needed to be loved.

They awoke together at dawn. She had expected his suggestion and so was not surprised when he mentioned following Mallam. She did not want his quest to continue, but said nothing. She sensed Thorold wanted somehow to avenge her beating as he sensed his disgust and outrage at Mallam’s paedophile activities.

Thus it was that less than an hour later they rode together on the motorbike to wait near Mallam’s house.

“We’ll try the other chap,” Thorold said after an almost interminable time.

They waited again, outside Rhiston’s home, and then followed him to his place of work. Several times during the day they returned to find his car was still in place outside the building, and several times they returned to Mallam’s house, without success.

Dark cloud covered the sky promising rain, but they sat for nearly an hour by the river, refreshing themselves with food and drink, before lying beside each other in the grass in the peace of Quarry Park. She spoke to him, as their hands and lips touched and desire became aroused, of her bleak childhood without love, but still she could not say the words

she wished. She spoke instead with her body and they made passionate love in the long grass near the river's edge while people ambled or fastly walked along the path above.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they had returned to wait for Rhiston. He spent a few hours at his home then journeyed to Mallam's house and then to a house nearby to briefly speak to the woman who answered his knocking upon her door. And thence he led Thorold and his lover to Stredbow village.

Mallam's car was still where he had left it the night before, and in the twilight Rhiston checked it before walking toward the black and white house. Thorold saw him stop by the gate, turn and listen, and then enter the garden to creep toward the stone building. Rhiston listened again, tried the door, then noticed the broken padlock and the bolt-croppers discarded on the ground. He tried to cut the padlock several times before finally succeeding and Thorold watched in surprise as Mallam crawled from the building.

He blubbered something that Thorold could not hear before Rhiston assisted him to his feet. Then Mallam was running fast away from the house, his face contorted, his eyes staring, his clothes dirty and torn. He reached the car, fumbled in his pockets for his keys and shouted several times at Rhiston. Rhiston ran to the car, panting and exhausted, and Mallam pushed him inside before driving them both away.

They were not far from the village when Mallam slewed the car in the lane, using the driveway of a farm, to drive straight toward Thorold whose motorbike light he had seen in the rearview mirror. Thorold reacted as best he could, braking and steering away, but the front of the car clipped the side of the bike causing him to lose control. His front wheel hit the curb and he was e HeHe in the air, briefly, to land dazed in the hedge by the verge.

He sat up to see the car reverse over Monica as she lay still in the road. He ran toward her, but she was dead.

Carefully, and almost crying, Thorold carried the body to the verge. His motorcycle was undamaged apart from scratches and a few dents, and he collected several stones from beside the road before riding with fury after the car. He soon caught it and sped past to turn, skidding, and race back, throwing a stone at the windscreen of the car.

He did not hear the screech of brakes – or see the car swerve and weave across the road as the driver's vision became obstructed by the suddenly frosted glass. But he did see, as he turned, the car crash and come to rest on its side. Mallam was dazed, his face bleeding,

while Rhiston was unconscious. Thorold dragged Mallam from the car, banged his head against the underside and threw him onto the verge, and he was walking toward where Monica's murderer lay when the car suddenly exploded, searing the air with heat and light and throwing him to the ground.

Instantly, he regretted saving Mallam's life, and as he stood up to edge away from the burning, he felt an urge to throw Mallam onto Rhiston's funeral pyre. Mallam began to moan, and Thorold was considering what to do when, in the light of the flames, he saw people approaching.

Thorold recognized the young man leading them. He was Sidnal Wyke, seller of Lianna's books, and Thorold made no move to stop them as they carried Mallam away from the burning and back to the darkness that covered the lane to their village.

Many miles away, in a room of her house, Lianna smiled as she burned her square of inscribed magickal parchment in the flame of a black candle.

XIX

They had not spoken to Thorold and he had not spoken to them, and he watched them - numb with shock from Monica's death - depart, carrying Mallam. His rage had gone and he stood near the now slow burning car for several minutes before riding to the nearby farm.

To his surprise, the Police did not take long to arrive, and the Policeman found him waiting beside his bike near Monica's body.

"My girlfriend." Thorold explained. "The car - just came straight toward me."

He explained about the crash, the car reversing, and his moving the body. "There was nothing I could do. Then I heard a crash and an explosion and went to see."

The young but kindly Policeman smiled. "We'll need a statement. No need now - tomorrow."

Thorold gave his name and address, heard a Fire Engine approach, watched an Ambulance

arrive and take Monica's body away. He did not quite know why he did not speak about Mallam, but he did not, but as he drove slowly away from the scene to take the roads that led to Shrewsbury, he began to regret his lie. He stopped once, to turn back and tell the full story, but it was not his courage that failed. Rather, he began to sense he was involved in something of great and sinister import, and although he did not have all the answers – or indeed perhaps not even the right questions – he would find them. He did not, at this moment, know how, but Monica's death gave him the desire to succeed.

Jake was at home with his wife as Thorold had hoped, and he sat with them, drinking beer while the television relayed some film.

“Want to talk about it?” Jake asked.

“No.”

But Jake was not offended, and offered him more beer. Gradually, Thorold drank himself into a forgetful stupor to slither from his chair to the floor where he fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself alone in the house and obviously carried by Jake to a bed. He soon dressed and left to drive in the light rain to Lianna's home.

“I have been waiting for you,” she said as she led him inside. “I am sorry for what happened.”

“You know?” he asked without surprise.

“One gets to hear these things.”

“You know why I have come then?”

“Yes.” She took him to her living room. A copy of *The Black Book of Satan*, bound in black leather, lay on a table, but its title did not interest Thorold.

“I have to make a statement to the Police,” he said.

“You met Constable Tong, I believe.”

Thorold was not familiar with the name, but he made the obvious deduction.

“Such a bright young man,” she continued. “A cousin of Mr. Wyke – whom of course you have met.”

“I see,” said Thorold, uneasy.

“I thought you would.”

“What will you do with him?”

“With whom?” she teased.

“Edgar Mallam.”

“Does it matter?”

“It might.”

“To you?”

“I might want to see justice done. He killed Monica!”

“What is justice?” she mocked.

“He killed her!”

“An accident. A body burned beyond recognition,” she shrugged.

“I should have left him to die in the explosion!”

“You had no choice.”

“What?’ he asked perplexed.

She ignored the subject. “Come, do not let us argue. Remember how it was between us.”

Her smile, her eyes seemed to be affecting him and he became aware again of how beautiful she was. He remembered the ecstasy and passion he had shared with her – the soft sensuous beauty of her naked body; her intoxicating and seductive bodily fragrance. She was moving toward him with her mouth open, her lips waiting to be kissed.

But something inside him made him suddenly aware of her witchery, and he forced himself to think of Monica – her body, bloody and broken, on the road. His remembrance of her death and her face in death broke Lianna’s spell.

“I must go,” he said, turning away from her eyes.

“As you wish!”

Her words seemed to end the tension he felt in his neck and shoulders, but he still avoided looking at her.

“Remember,” she said as if chanting, “I want to share my life with yours.”

Even as he left he felt an urge to return and surrender to her seductive beauty, but he rode away down to the river where he sat for hours in the first nascent and then fulsome sun thinking about Monica, Mallam, Lianna and the events that bound them, and he himself, together.

He was disturbed by this thinking and tried to relax by returning to the secure reality of his bookshop. He wandered around the shelves, seated himself at his desk, and opened the mail that had begun to accumulate. But the longer he stayed in the musty shop, the more he felt that the world of books in which had been his world for years, was a dead one. Its charm

had gone. Monica had been real – exciting and full of promise for his future: his surveillance had been exciting, reminding him of the years before his marriage. Lianna herself had been real – warmly alive, as the books around him were not. He could give his statement to the Police, forget about Mallam and Lianna – forget about them all – and live again within his cloistral world of books. Except he did not want to.

The door to his shop opened.

“You are open?” asked the elderly man who entered.

“No, not at the moment.” Thorold was annoyed at being disturbed.

“Oh, dear! And I did so want to look around. I called yesterday.”

“Didn’t you see the note?” asked Thorold, pointing to it on the door.

The man bent down to peer, took some spectacles from the pocket of his tweed jacket and squinted. “My! How silly of me!” He turned to smile at Thorold. “But you are here now.”

The man was short and rotund with red cheeks and thinning white hair. His manner of dress was conservative and he carried a rolled up umbrella.

Thorold relented. “You can have a look if you wish. But I will be closing again soon.”

“You were recommended to me.”

“Oh, yes?” Thorold said without interest. He was still thinking of Lianna.

“Perhaps recommended is not the right word. May I sit down? My legs are not what they were.”

Surprised at the request, Thorold offered him his own chair.

“Most kind! Let me introduce myself.” He held out his hand. “Aiden is the name.”

Thorold shook his hand.

“I shall be brief,” Aidan said. “You spoke to a friend of mine some days ago about a certain matter.” He smiled at a perplexed Thorold. “The Devil,” he said calmly.

“Just curiosity.”

“I know a little about such things.”

“Academic interest, that’s all. Someone wanted to sell me some books on the subject.”

“You have these books?”

“No, actually.” Then, thinking quickly, he added, “I threw them out.” He pointed to a bundle of books tied by string, which lay on the floor. “I haven’t got the room. Have to be very selective.”

“For over forty years I have studied the subject. Meeting people. Often those who have been involved. One develops an instinct.” He smiled again. “Rather like a Detective. Although in my own case, an ecclesiastical one.”

“You must excuse me – I really ought to close the shop.”

“You have the scent of Satan about you,” the old man said in a quiet voice.

“Say again?” Thorold was startled.

“A figure of speech. Those who practice the Occult Arts believe there is an aura surrounding the body. It is said Initiation, particularly into the darker mysteries alters that aura, most noticeably between the eyes. You must forgive me if I speak frankly.”

“You are welcome to have a quick look around the shelves for any books that might interest

you.”

“You interest me.”

“You must excuse me – I have a busy day.”

“Are you afraid of someone?”

Thorold was insulted. “Of course not!”

“I came only to help.”

“Why?” Thorold was becoming a little angry.

Gently, the man said, “Because I am concerned about the growth of evil.”

“What is evil?” He realized he was echoing Lianna’s parody and added, “I sell books, that is all.”

Aiden sighed. “I can only help if you want me to. You know where I will be staying if you wish to contact me.”

“The Cathedral?”

“Yes. Sometimes it is better to ask for help than to try to solve things alone.”

“Are you staying long?”

“A few days.”

“I hope you enjoy your stay. Goodbye.”

Aiden pointed to the motorcycle, which Thorold had parked outside. “Yours?”

“No, I always dress like this,” Thorold quipped.

Aiden did not mind the jest. “So different now, such machines. Once – a very long time ago before I accepted my vocation within the Church – I rode. An Enfield – at least, that is what I think it was called. So long ago. Fast?”

“Very. Zero to sixty miles per hour in less than six seconds.”

“A different world, now. Such memories. I shall pray for you.”

“Goodbye.”

“Adieu!”

Thorold had declined the man’s gambit to prolong their conversation, and he watched Aidan walk slowly up the narrow lane that led to St. Chad’s church and the gates of Quarry Park. He did not regret his decision not to share his secrets, and as soon as Aidan was out of sight, he closed the shop and rode down into the traffic that was congesting the roads through the town.

The street, which contained Mallam’s house, seemed quiet, and he parked his bike nearby to walk the last hundred yards. To his surprise he found the door slightly ajar, and cautiously entered. A faint perfume lingered, reminding him of Lianna, but he quickly forgot about it as he slowly moved from room to room. The rooms were untidy and he was making his way upstairs when he heard someone moving about.

“Hello!” he called.

No one answered, and he crept into a bedroom. Someone touched his shoulder and he raised his hands, saying, “it’s a fair cop!” before suddenly turning around and smiling.

His quick movement startled the woman, and Thorold recognized her as Rhiston’s wife.

“Can I help?” he asked cunningly.

“You haven’t seen Maurice, have you?” she asked hopefully.

“No,” he lied. “Not recently. He gave you this address?”

She stared down at the floor. “Edgar did.”

Thorold drew the correct conclusion. “Been waiting here long?”

“I’ve just arrived.”

“You’ve got a key, then?”

“The door was open.”

“You checked the other rooms?”

“Not yet.”

“Come on, then.”

All of them, at least to Thorold’s once practised eye, bore evidence of a quick but thorough search.

“You don’t know where Maurice is?” she asked.

“Afraid not. You know Edgar,” he smiled. “Likes to be a man of mystery. They’ve probably gone somewhere together.” He had no qualms about lying to her since he assumed, from her involvement with Mallam, that she knew at least something about his activities. “Do you want to wait here?” he asked her.

“I’d better be going. If you see him – “

“I’ll tell him you called.”

“Thank you.”

He walked with her down the stairs. She turned to smile weakly at him before she left, and he felt sad. But he did not follow her to tell her about the fate of her husband. Instead, he sighed, remembered Monica’s death, and began to search the house, after locking the door. He found nothing of interest and nothing to incriminate Mallam – only a large collection of pornographic magazines, some leather whips and some manacles and chains. No photographs of his activities, no letters, documents, and nothing to indicate his interest in the Occult or the names and addresses of his varying contacts. He was disappointed, but not surprised, and left the house wondering what he could do next. Mallam was gone, Rhiston was dead, he had no names and addresses, no factual evidence concerning Mallam’s activities. Then he remembered the woman that Rhiston had briefly visited.

She answered his knock on her door wearing a nightdress and squinting into the brightness outside.

“Yes?”

“I am a friend of Edgar.”

“Do come in! Please excuse the mess. A social occasion – last night – you know how they drag on and on.”

“You came highly recommended,” he said, guessing.

“Really?” Pleased, she thought he looked promising, although somewhat older than she had come to expect. “Would you like something to drink? Beer, perhaps?”

“Tea?”

“Darjeeling, if you have some.”

“You don’t look like a tea drinker to me.”

“It’s the leathers! Often gives the wrong idea.”

“You must be warm in that black leather.” She breathed out the last words as though black leather interested her.

“It has its uses.”

“I’m sure! Do you ride often?” she asked mischievously.

“As the mood takes me.”

“Does it take you now?”

“Possibly.” After such a promising beginning he was at a loss as to how to continue, except the obvious course. But he was not disposed to take this, despite the attractiveness of the lady whom he guessed was at least fifteen years older than him. He began to feel embarrassed by the role he was creating for himself as well as surprised by his burgeoning desires. She was standing near him, her nightdress almost transparent and he could see her nipples and dark mass of pubic hair. He forced himself to remember the reason for his visit.

“Have you known Edgar long?” he asked.

“Long enough! Have you brought anything from him?”

As she said the words he saw the needle marks on her arms. The sight decided him.

“I’ve just remembered it!” he said, and dashed out of the house.

He did not seem to consciously decide, but just arrived at the road to Lianna’s house, and he did not have long to wait in her driveway. Attracted by the noise of the motorcycle, she came out to greet him.

“I must know,” he said as he removed his helmet and she stood, smiling and beautiful, in the sunlight. “About Mallam.”

“It is good that you come of your own free will.”

By the side of the house, Thorold could see Imlach turn around and walk back into the garden.

XX

The house was cool, and Thorold and Lianna sat in the Drawing Room overlooking the rear garden. She brought him iced tea before sitting beside him.

“What will happen to him?”

“Do you care?”

“Not in that way.”

“But you want revenge?”

“Possibly. I don’t know.”

“And if you were given the opportunity to dispense justice by taking his life, would you?”

“It’s not up to me. There is the law.”

“The Law! Hah! The Law is an accumulation of tireless attempts to prevent the gifted from making their lives a succession of ecstasies!” Her passion was soon gone, and she smiled kindly at Thorold. “I’m glad you came to see me again.”

Thorold returned her smile. "You didn't answer the question."

"About Edgar?"

"Yes. I do have my suspicions."

"Do you?"

"It seems to me you planned things."

"I will not deny – to you - that I planned some things. But I will tell you something. I planned things, yes – but I did not plan to fall in love with you."

For several minutes Thorold could not speak. He watched her, and she began to cry, gently, until tears ran down her cheeks.

"I have never said that to anyone before," she said, softly.

Thorold did not know what to do. He thought, vaguely and not for very long, that she might in some way be trying to manipulate his feelings, but the more he looked at her and the more he remembered the ecstasy they had shared in the past, the more his doubts began to disappear. She had turned her face away, to wipe the tears with her hand when he reached over to stroke her hair.

"Don't cry," he said.

"I'm sorry." She held his hand. "See what you do to me! I can't remember the last time I cried!"

"You are a strange woman."

"If I ask you something will you give me an honest answer?"

“Possibly.”

“Were you in love with Monica?”

The question surprised him. “I don’t know,” he said hesitantly. “I don’t think so.” He felt he had betrayed her.

“Good. I was a little jealous.”

“The thought occurred to me.”

“But I’m sorry about what happened – with her, I mean.”

“So am I,” His sense of having betrayed Monica began to fade. “I’d rather not talk about it.”

“I’ve missed you.” She moved toward him and kissed his lips.

The kiss, her perfume, the feel of her body pressing against his, overpowered his senses and he began to return her passion.

“Not here!” she said.

She held his hand as they walked from the room, and along the hall to a door. The door led down some steps into a dimly lit chamber. A dark, soft carpet covered the floor and she took him to an alcove where cushions were strewn, drawing him down with her. Her passion seemed to draw from Thorold all the darker memories of the past days and he abandoned himself to his lusts, remembering the tears and her words of love. Her hands gripped his shoulders and as her own passion became intense her nails sank into his flesh, drawing blood. But he did not care, as her body spasmed in ecstasy, followed by his own.

They relaxed then, in the gently bliss that followed.

“I want you,” she whispered, “with me always. Will you do something for me?”

“Yes,” he answered without hesitation.

“Whatever it is?”

“Yes.” His hands stroked her breasts. “You are beautiful.”

“I am all yours – now.”

“What did you want me to do?”

“Live with me.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously!” She kissed him. “I love you.” She sat up to lean against a cushion. “Tomorrow night there is a celebration in the village that I would like you to attend – with me.”

“Your village?”

She laughed. “I suppose it is!”

Thorold sat up to rest beside her against the stone wall and as he did so he noticed in a far corner, a statue. Beside it hung a lighted candle shielded by red glass. The light reminded him of the sanctuary lamp in a Catholic Church, but the statue showed a woman, naked from the waist up, who held in her outstretched hand the severed head of a bearded man. The woman was smiling.

“What’s that?” Thorold asked, pointing with his finger.

“The violent goddess – Mistress of Earth. There was a time when men were sacrificed in her name, and the Priestess of her cult would wash her hands in the victim’s blood before taking it to sprinkle on the fields. It ensured the fertility of the land – and the people.”

Thorold understood – or felt he did. He looked around the chamber. It was bare, except for one wall where a battered medieval shield, sword and armour hung.

“And those?” he asked.

“Family heirlooms. They were supposed to belong to an ancestor of mine – Roger de Alledone. There is a book in the library about the family – if you’re interested.”

“Yes. Does your son visit you often?”

“My son?” she asked, surprised. Then, remembering, “I have no children – yet.”

“But I remember you saying when you came to my shop – “

“A fabrication – to meet you. Am I forgiven?”

He vaguely remembered something else she had said, but could not form the vague remembrance into a distinct recollection of words, so he dismissed it. “Of course!” he said.

“Will you stay tonight?” she asked.

“Do you want me to?”

“You know I do.”

“I would have to collect a few things.”

“Naturally. Do you have a suit?” She looked at his motorcycle clothing discarded in haste.

“Yes, why?”

“I thought we could go to a rather nice restaurant I know. For dinner, tonight. And then come back here.”

Totally captivated by her, totally under her spell, Thorold simply said, “That would be nice.”

They embraced before he rose to dress. She watched him, before dressing herself. In the hallway, she kissed him saying, “Don’t be long, my darling!” He was almost to the door when she added, “I love you!”

It was a dazed almost hypnotized Thorold who sat outside astride his bike. Then he rode slowly out of the driveway only to be confronted by Imlach’s daughter who waved him to a halt.

“Listen!” she said, fearfully glancing around. “I must talk with you.”

He removed his helmet before saying, “What about?”

“I can’t talk here – it’s too dangerous. Please, you’ve got to hear me.”

“But – “

“Please!” she pleaded. “I must talk to you about Lianna!”

“Come on, then!” He indicated the pillion seat, replaced his helmet and drove down the road to take the lane that led to the toll bridge. He stopped before reaching it.

“Well?” he asked as they both stood beside the bike.

“She killed Monica,” she said.

Thorold’s smile disappeared. Stark realities, and memories of love and death, returned.

In the hazy sunlight, Thorold stared at the river flowing nearby. Two rowing boats, carrying their rowdy youthful crews, passed under the bridge.

“That’s ridiculous,” he finally said in answer to Sarah’s accusation. “It was an accident.”

“Was it? She arranged it using her magick.”

“Impossible.” He looked at her, but she did not turn her eyes away from his.

“Believe me, she has powers – sinister powers. She put a death curse on Monica.”

“Nonsense!”

“Is it?”

Thorold became perturbed. He had sensed many things about Lianna – including her natural charisma. “She wouldn’t – she had no reason.” Even as he spoke the words he knew a reason existed.

Sarah smiled, out of sympathy. “I saw her inscribing the parchments she uses to work her spells.”

Thorold still did not completely believe her. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I – we - need your help.”

Thorold sighed, and went to stand on the bridge, leaning against the supports and watching the water flow below. She followed him.

“For centuries,” Sarah began, “her family has ruled the village. Her father before her. But she is different – they are all afraid of her. She owns the land, nearly all the houses – the fields. Without her, they could not survive. But she had followed a different way. I was born in the village, so I know.

“She is using you, as she uses everyone, including me and my father. There is a ceremony due – part of an old tradition. She has captivated you – like the dark witch she is.”

The rowing boats had gone, and the river seemed quite peaceful. Sarah continued speaking while Thorold watched the breeze ripple the surface of the water.

“Her family kept alive for generations the old traditions, the old ways – as did the folk of the village. But she has meddled in other things. We need your help.”

“Why?”

“Because you are important to her – at least, in what she is planning.”

“And what is that?”

“To use the power of The Giving for herself. I don’t agree with the old ways – and want them stopped. You must know – or have guessed – what will be involved. The man whom you saw escape – “

“I did wonder. There is a statue in her house.”

“Yes. So you do understand?”

“I am beginning to.”

“Will you help, then?”

“I don’t know.”

“She will take you to the ceremony – we, you and I, must prevent what she plans.”

“And then?”

“Let him go.”

“I see.”

“I could give you enough evidence.”

“About his activities?”

“Yes. She removed all his files, last night from his house.”

“I did wonder,” Thorold said.

“She has other evidence against him as well. I could get that.”

“What is she to you?”

Sarah sighed. “My mother.”

When Thorold had recovered from his surprise he said, “she told me she had no children.”

“Oh, she doesn’t acknowledge me – not as her heir and all that.”

She smiled at him and Thorold saw the faint resemblance to Lianna that he had seen before but dismissed.

Sarah laughed. “I am a mistake that she made in her youth!”

“She never said anything to me.”

“She is not exactly proud of me. That’s why she keeps me around in her sight.”

“And you father?” Thorold still found it difficult to believe that she was Lianna’s daughter.

“He is her loyal servant – and servant is the right word!”

“So they are no longer close?”

“Close? They have never been close! She used him - once and for her own ends. He was and always has been her guardian. She despises him. He is totally in her power.”

Thorold felt relieved, but he soon suppressed the feeling. “You will be present tomorrow night at the ceremony?”

“Yes. You will help, then?”

“I’ll think about it.”

“I shall have to get back – before I’m missed.” She walked a few paces, and then turned toward him. “She killed Monica. And when she has finished with you – “ she shrugged, “ – who knows?”

Thorold did not watch her go. The past few hours, through their intensity and contradiction, seemed to have drained away his vitality and he rode to his Apartment to sit in the stuffy interior silence for a long time, without feeling and without thinking about recent events. When he did think about them, he came first to one conclusion and then another, to finally change his mind again, and it was without any enthusiasm that he collected clothes suitable for Lianna’s evening.

She greeted his return with a kiss, and did not seem to him to notice his change of mood.

“I feel very tired this evening,” he said to build his alibi.

She led him upstairs to the bedroom he had slept in before.

“I’ll see you downstairs, in the Sitting Room,” she said smiling, and left him.

He was soon changed, and sat to wait for her in the Sitting Room. It was a long wait, and he rose to briefly play the Grand Piano.

“You must play for me,” she said as she entered, startling him.

He was momentarily stunned by her beauty and appearance. She wore a brooch of colourful design, held by a black silk band around her neck, and her close-fitting dress emphasized the feminine proportions of her body. It was cut low at the back, exposing her tanned skin to the waist, its fit so close that Thorold could see she wore nothing underneath.

“What do you think?” she asked unnecessarily, turning in a circle in front of him.

“I think other women will hate you.”

“Good!” she laughed.

Her driving matched her mood, for she drove fast but with skill out of Shrewsbury to take a circuitous route to the restaurant. Inside, the furnishings were antique, and they were ushered to a table overlooking the extensive private grounds.

“Such a civilized place, don’t you agree?” Lianna said as Thorold sat amazed by the selection of food, and the prices, which were shown on the menu.

The tables were set at a discreet distance from each other, some at different levels. No one else was present – except two waiters and a waitress, discreetly watching them.

“I suppose the prices put people off,” Thorold said as he glanced at the empty chairs.

“We have the place to ourselves tonight.”

Thorold blushed, and stared at the menu.

“Decided what you want yet?” she asked, pleased by his show of innocence.

“Cod, chips, mushy peas and scraps.” He waited for her reaction and when none came, he said, “You decide.”

She did, and a waiter sidled up to her on her signal to take the order. She chose wine, and Thorold had drunk two full glasses of her expensive choice when he said, “all we need is an orchestra.”

“There are speakers secreted among the oak beams to channel background music.”

As if listening to their conversation, the nearby waiter walked gracefully toward their table. “Would Madam like some music?”

“Do you have any Strauss Waltzes?”

“I shall see!”

A few minutes later the music began as the first course of their meal was served. Thorold watched Lianna while they ate and talked of inconsequential things – the long spell of hot weather, the restaurant, his likes and dislikes in music. She did not seem to him to be evil – just exceptionally beautiful, wealthy woman, born to power and used to it. But he could not still his doubts. He heard Sarah’s voice in his head accusing her; remembered Lianna’s lie about having no children; her anger toward Monica. But most of all he remembered Monica’s death and Mallam being borne away by the people of Lianna’s village.

“Why did you never have any children?” he asked to test her.

She smiled. “My husband. Marriage of convenience, really. Did not want him as the father of my children.”

“Did you never want any?”

“Apart from now, you mean?” And her eyes sparkled.

“Years ago. As an heir.”

“Together we shall solve this problem!”

“But seriously – “

“Seriously – not until now. I never found the right man, until now. One has to be so careful.”

Thorold had his answer, and he did not like it. “It is a pity,” he said, guarding his feeling, “that there is not room enough to dance.”

“We could ask them to make room.”

“No – I’d be too embarrassed.”

The evening passed slowly for Thorold. Their conversation returned to the mundane, and he drank an excessive amount of wine to stifle both his feelings and his thoughts. He pretended to fall asleep in her car on their return to her house, awaking at their journeys end to say, “I’m sorry. Drunk too much.”

She smiled indulgently, and did not seem to mind when her kiss, as they stood in his bedroom, was not returned.

“We have the rest of our lives together!” she laughed in reply to his apology for his tiredness.

“I shall be leaving early in the morning. To prepare for our little ceremony. Meet me outside the village mound at ten in the evening. Can you remember that?” she asked playfully.

He slumped onto the bed, playing his role. “Of course.”

“No curiosity?” she asked.

“‘Bout what?” he slurred his words.

“The ceremony?”

“Too tired to be curious. Anyway – trust you.”

She looked directly into his eyes and for an instant he felt she knew about his pretence and the reasons for it. But she kissed him, and the moment was gone, making him sure he had been mistaken, for she touched his face gently with her hand, saying, “sleep well my darling!” to leave him alone in his room.

No sounds reached him and he undressed to sleep naked in the humid night on top of the bed. He was soon asleep. He did not sleep for long. The weather oppressed, making him restless and sweaty, and his mind was troubled by thoughts of Monica, Mallam and Lianna’s lies. Only when dawn came, bringing a slight breeze through his open windows, did renewed rest come, and he did not hear as Lianna quietly opened the door to watch, for almost a minute while he slept. She smiled as she closed the door to leave him to his dreams.

It was late morning when Thorold awoke, tired and thirsty. The house was quiet, and empty, and he wandered to one of the many bathrooms before dressing. He found Lianna’s note on the table in the kitchen. “Yours – to keep,” it simply read. Next to it was a key to the front door of the house.

Half expecting to find Sarah or Imlach, he ventured into the gardens. He found no one, not even in the buildings where Sarah – a long time ago it seemed to him now – had taken him to strip away all her clothes. Now, he felt, he understood: angry with her mother, she had tried to seduce him as an act of revenge.

He spent an hour wandering around the house, occasionally opening a drawer or a cupboard as if by such openings he might find something to incriminate or explain Lianna. Even the library held no clues – only books, many of which he would once have been glad to own or buy for his shop. The door that led to the stone chamber was unlocked, and he walked down the steps aware that he might be transgressing Lianna’s hospitality. But he hardened himself against the feeling, remembering Sarah’s story, Monica’s death and Lianna’s lies. Black candles lit the chamber.

The red light by the statue was still burning, and as he approached, he saw a book lying on the floor. *The Black Book of Satan*’ the spine read.

The book was open at a chapter entitled ‘*A Gift for the Prince*’ and he began to read.

‘In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess, the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess – the bride of our Prince.

‘Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed – or stored, for example, in a crystal sphere) and it draws down dark forces or ‘entities’. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal according to the principles of magick, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the ‘astral shell’ around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive – that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice further the works of Satan...’

He read no more, but carefully replaced the book, leaving the chamber to ascend the stairs to his room. He felt comfortable again in his motorcycle leathers, gloves and boots, and left the house without locking the door.

The roads and lanes he took led him to a narrow, old stone bridge over a narrow stream, and he stopped to sit beside the water under the blue sky while larks sang high above the fields of ripening wheat. The book had given him final confirmation of his suspicions.

XXII

It was nearing the hour of ten when Thorold arrived in the village, his sealed letter safely in Jake’s house. His friend would open it and know what to do should he fail to return.

Twilight was ending, and as he parked his bike by the mound, removed his helmet and as he listened, hearing only the leaves of the trees moving in the breeze, he found it difficult to believe in magick. The perfume of flowers was strong, reminding him of quiet English villages full of charm. He had not heard or seen the old tractor that was driven across the lane, blocking it, after he had passed to take the last turn into the village, as he did not know the other entrance to the village was similarly obstructed. Neither did he see or hear Lianna approach until she stood beside him and touched him on the shoulder, startling him, again.

“Come”, she said, “they are waiting.”

She carried a wicker basket but he could not see what was in it. He was surprised when she lead him toward and into the church.

Inside, a multitude of candles and lanterns had been lit, and he saw the whole village assembled with Sidnal standing and waiting by the altar. But the altar was covered with fruit, food and what appeared to be casks of beer, and as he looked around he could see that all Christian symbols and artefacts had been removed.

The assembly parted as he and Lianna entered.

“Wait here,” she whispered to him before walking by herself toward the altar. Sidnal bowed slightly as she gave him her basket. It contained envelopes bearing a substantial gift of money, the same amount in each, and Sidnal took the envelopes one at a time, read the name written thereon, and waited for the recipient to come forward.

Each villager received an envelope, and Sidnal gave the empty basket to Lianna. She held it upside down and on this signal a young man and woman came forward. She touched their foreheads with her hands, saying, “I greet the Lord and Lady!”

They turned, as the assembled villagers did, toward where Thorold stood. The door opened, and Imlach entered holding a rope whose ends were tied round Mallam’s hands, binding them.

Lianna addressed the congregation, saying, “You have heard the charges against him. How say you – is he guilty or not guilty?”

“Guilty! Guilty!” The congregation responded.

“Is that the verdict of you all?”

“Yes!” the voices chorused.

“And his sentence?”

“Burn him! Burn him!”

Mallam looked terrified. Lianna led the exit from the church.

“Come,” she said to Thorold, taking his hand. Imlach led Mallam into the darkness followed by Lianna, Thorold, Sidnal and the folk of that village.

Sarah waited by the gate to the mound, holding a burning torch. She led the procession through the village and into the fields where they stopped beside an unlit bonfire. In its centre was a stake.

“No! No!” Mallam pleaded. “Forgive me! I’ll do anything! Anything!”

Imlach had a long-bladed knife, which he gave to Lianna as Sarah came to stand beside Thorold while the villagers gathered in a circle round the stake. Thorold felt Sarah’s hand touching his, then cold metal. He was surprised, but put the revolver in his pocket, and watched as Lianna approached Mallam.

“Are you ready?” Sarah whispered to him.

Thorold did not answer. Nearby, Lianna cut the rope which bound Mallam.

“Run!” she said to him. “Run!”

For some seconds Mallam did not move, and when he did the waiting villagers moved aside to let him through. He ran, bent-over, into the high, shielding wheat. No one followed.

“There is she,” Lianna pointed at Sarah, “who has betrayed us.”

Lianna came forward, took the torch from Sarah’s hand and beckoned to two men. They held Sarah by her arms while Thorold stood with his hand clutching the gun in his pocket. But he did not move, surprised by Mallam’s freedom, as the two men took Sarah away. Lianna lit the bonfire with the torch, and on this signal the villagers began to dance around it, laughing and singing. Two young women came to Thorold, held his arms and ushered

him toward the circle of the dance, and soon he lost sight of Lianna. He danced with them around the fire, several times trying to break away. But another circle of dancers had formed around the one containing him, dancing in the opposite direction, and constraining his movement.

He seemed to dance a long time until he saw Lianna again. She was outside the circle of dancers and came toward him, took his hand and joined in the dance. The heat of the fire had become intense, and the dancers moved away, still holding the circles. Wood crackled, and, among the singing and shouting,

Thorold thought he could hear music accompanying the dance.

“You did not believe her, then?” Lianna asked.

“You knew?”

“Of course!”

“And if I had believed her?” he asked, panting from the exertion of the dance and the heat.

“It would have been a pity to spoil the celebration.”

“And Mallam?”

She smiled. “He has his just reward!”

“Then Sarah is not your daughter?”

“Naturally not! And you have shown the insight I would expect from my future husband.”

Thorold was so surprised he stopped his dancing, and as he did so he could see, by the light of the fire, blood upon Lianna’s hands and dress.

XXIII

Thorold had no time to think. The dancing stopped, and he was borne along in the crush back through the gate of the field toward the village.

Several times he tried to find Lianna but without success. He was approaching the church when he saw her standing by the door with a young woman. Her hands were clean, her dress a different one.

“Shall we go and see Sarah?” She said, smiling, when he reached her.

Inside the church, the feasting had begun, and Thorold followed Lianna and the young woman, unwilling to form his fears and feelings into words. The light from the windows of the black and white house illuminated the garden, and as they passed through it Thorold could see, through the open door, fresh straw covering the floor of the stone building that had been Mallam’s prison.

Sarah sat, her head resting in her hands, by the table in the kitchen, the two men who had taken her away beside her, with Sidnal standing close by.

“Leave us,” Lianna said, and the two men left. “You have done well,” she said to Sidnal. “I have a gift for you - as your grandmother I know, would have wished.”

Sidnal shuffled his feet and looked down at the floor as Lianna joined his hand with that of the young woman who laughed playfully and dragged an unresisting Sidnal away. As they left the house, Thorold saw Imlach standing by the door.

Sarah looked hopefully at Thorold. “Why didn’t you stop her?”

When Thorold did not answer, she said, “You didn’t believe me, did you?”

“No.”

“But it was true,” she said in desperation. “My father will tell you.”

Imlach turned away.

“Tell him! Damn you, tell him!” she shouted.

Imlach said nothing, and Sarah began to cry. Then, suddenly, she was angry and glowered at Thorold. “You’re pathetic,” she snarled. “I pity you, I really do! You’re totally in her power! She’s corrupted you, beshrewed you, and you don’t see it!”

“I know what has gone on,” Lianna said.

“What do you mean?” Sarah demanded, angry – and afraid.

“Between you and your father.”

“No! It’s lies!”

“I have known for a long time,” Lianna said quietly.

“I hate you!”

“So, that’s why you pretended to be her daughter?” Thorold asked.

“Yes!” Sarah was defiant. She stood up, as if to strike Lianna, and as she did so, Imlach moved toward her. “I knew you loved her!” she said to her father. “That’s why I did what I did – with you!” She laughed, almost hysterically.

Imlach raised his hand to hit her, but Lianna stopped him.

“Now,” Sarah shouted, “you’ll never know your child!”

Swift, she ran out of the house, too quick for her father to catch her. She was in the stone

building, pushing the door shut, by the time they reacted, and when they reached it she had set fire to the straw.

She laughed at them as they stood by the door and flames engulfed her. Thorold tried to reach her, but the flames and heat and smoke were intense and Imlach pulled him back. Sarah screamed, briefly, and then was silent.

“I shall be at the feast,” Imlach said before walking along the garden path to take the lane to the church.

“Come on,” Lianna said to Thorold, “there is nothing you can do here.”

She took his hand to lead him back into the house. She brought wine, and they sat at the table in the kitchen drinking.

“I suppose,” Thorold said, “this is your house as well.”

“Indeed! Shall we live here – rather than in Shrewsbury?”

He ignored the question. “She said that you killed Monica – by cursing her.”

“Do you believe I did?”

For a long time Thorold did not speak. “No,” he finally said. “There was a book I found, in your house, the evening – “

“The Black Book of Satan?”

“Yes. It mentioned sacrifice.”

Lianna smiled, disconcerting Thorold still further. He realized then that he still loved her. It had been love that had overcome the doubts Sarah had given him, not reason.

“Tell me about Mallam,” he asked.

“What do you want to know?”

He wanted to ask about what he had seen – the blood on her hands and dress – but it had been the briefest of glimpses in difficult light, and he could have been mistaken.

“He is free, then?” he asked.

“Yes – at last.”

“And you planned everything?”

“You tell me,” she said enigmatically.

“I think you set him up right from the beginning. Let him make his mistakes. Condemn himself, in fact.”

“Possibly,” she smiled.

“But why?”

“I’m sure you can work it out.”

It was the answer he had expected. “How does the book I found fit into all this?” It was not exactly the question he wanted to ask, but it would, he hoped, lead him toward it.

She smiled, as a schoolmistress might toward an otherwise intelligent pupil. “Satanism, you mean?”

“Yes,” he answered, amazed at her perspicacity.

“It is not the way I follow. My tradition is different – much older.”

“And Mallam?”

“He followed his own dark path.”

“And Monica – surely she did not have to die?”

“No – it was an accident. But he killed her, accidentally or otherwise.”

“The village – how does it fit in?”

“Do you want to marry me – and share all this?” she asked.

Thorold smiled. “I thought I was supposed to ask you?”

”There is an older way.” She paused. “Yes – or no?”

Thorold felt the importance of the moment, heard the beating of his pulse in his ear, saw the enigmatic beauty of the woman seated beside him, and remembered her physical passion, her tears and words of love. “Yes,” he said trembling.

She kissed him. “I never really had much choice, did I?” he asked.

“Oh, yes, you had plenty of times to chose.”

For a moment Thorold had the impression that she had planned everything – including Sarah’s intervention and death – but the impression was transient. He looked at her, and could not believe it. She was smiling, and he suddenly realized that he would not care if she had.

“Imlach – what will happen to him?” He asked to test her.

“He will stay with us – should you so wish it.”

He was pleased with her answer. “And if I don’t wish it?”

I believe that Sidnal will need some help with his land. Now,” she said, and stood up, “let’s go to bed!”

Thorold needed no further encouragement to follow her.

Tired from the physical passion of the night, Thorold was sleeping soundly when Lianna left the house in the burgeoning light to dawn.

The village was quiet, and she walked past the church and into the fields. The bonfire of the night before was but a smouldering pile of ash, and she walked past it and through the wheat along the path Mallam had taken in his flight. Nothing remained by the edge of the field to mark his passing, except a large patch of discoloured earth, which, she knew, would soon be gone, and she smiled before returning to her house.

It would be another fifty years before the field would be needed again, and her heir would be there to carry on the sacred tradition. She was pleased with her choice for the man who would father her daughter, and, around an oak tree on the mound, she danced a brief dance in the light of the rising sun.

[Fini]

Appendix

A Brief Note Concerning The Deofel Quartet:

The books in the Deofel Quartet were designed as esoteric Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, their style is not that of a conventional novel. Thus, detailed descriptions – of people, events, circumstances – are for the most part omitted, with the reader/listener expected to use their own imagination to create such details.

Their intent was to inform novices of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess.

In addition, each individual book represents particular forms, aspects, and the archetypal energies associated with particular spheres of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, and for example, *The Giving* – dealing with “primal Satanism” - relates to the third and fourth spheres, the two alchemical processes of Coagulation and Putrefaction, and the magickal forms represented by the magickal words Ecstasy and Vision. [For more details, refer to the ONA MS *Introduction to the Deofel Quartet*.]

The Greyling Owl

Order of Nine Angles

First issued: 1986 e.n.

This corrected version (v.1.03) issued 119 Year of Feyen

Introductory Note

Unlike the other MSS in *The Deofel Quartet*, the magickal and "Sinister" aspects, themes, and nature, of this work are not overt, nor implicit nor obvious, and thus - exoterically - it does not appear to be a work of Sinister, or even of Occult, fiction.

However, it does describe several works of real (and hidden) magick, in the real world, undertaken by hidden Adepts for specific purposes.

!

York, 1976 e.n.

Colin Mickleman stared contentedly out of the window before refilling his large pipe. Three mallards sat on the bank of the artificial lake that formed the aesthetic and geometric centre of the University, and Colin rose to open the window to the warm Spring air before standing

in front of a mirror in his room.

Tall and sturdily built, his enjoyment of life's many pleasures had left him physically unaffected but he had begun to worry about his increasing baldness, and it was some minutes before he completed his now routine inspection of his hair. His thirtieth birthday was now some weeks away and, notwithstanding his youth, he had earned for himself, by reason of his hard work and diligence, a considerable reputation in the academic circle of philosophers. During his tenure at York he had been voted 'The Most Interesting Lecturer of the Year' many times. That this award, by the students, was partly sartorial did not concern him in the least and he derived great satisfaction from it.

His teaching commitments were not very heavy, and he would often spend an idle hour or so drinking tea in the offices of the Philosophy Department in Derwent College, talking to the Secretary and anyone else who chanced along. The topic of conversations on these occasions varied, and while at times he might discourse learnedly to a colleague on philosophical matters, he was as likely to be found – always with a lighted pipe – discussing the fate of the England middle order batting or the latest calamity to befall his beloved Sheffield Wednesday football team. Although born in Sheffield, he had spent only ten years there as a child, and his rather hazy memories of the place did not in any way affect his fierce loyalty to the team that he - with his father - had supported as a boy.

Yet it was not only his loyal support of this team that had earned him the nickname of 'The Owl'.

The owl is, by nature, a nocturnal creature, and although somewhat retiring by day, at night it is a predator. Colin Mickleman's prey were women.

He did not possess any particular preference regarding women, although over the years he had often found himself strongly desiring women whose views were opposed to his own and with a particular type of sensuous lips. In his search for prey, he never ventured from his University territory or the venues of the many and various conferences he attended, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. Every year there was new blood at the University.

Sometimes, his liaisons lasted several months, although the average was around two weeks, and he was careful almost to the point of obsession not to clutter his day with assignations. The day belonged to his work. Occasionally, a liaison would prove troublesome when a woman's emotions became involved, and on these occasions he would bury himself in his work and academic duties, trusting in his emotional indifference, since it was mostly the pleasure of a woman's body he desired and not a personal involvement. Perhaps the pattern of his conquests had been set by the mental effort of his youth and

family situation, but however it had arisen it did not concern him much. As a boy nurtured by the hilly terraced streets of Sheffield between his father's factory and the Corporation Baths, his pursuits and interests had been those of any boy his age and class, and it was not until his family had moved to Leeds by virtue of his mother having to care for elderly relatives that his ardour for learning – as well as his desire to be somewhat different and escape from what he regarded as the drab limitations of his parents' life – was aroused.

The light in his room was growing dimmer as the sun set and he sat down at his desk to collect together the scattered pages of the article he had spent the day writing. His room filled a modest space on the ground floor of Goodricke College, and he had chosen it in preference of the large, but dull, flats normally reserved for members of the academic staff. He liked the view of the lake, the grassy bank with its weeping willow trees, and the three post-Graduate students with whom he shared a corridor and kitchen were quiet and unassuming companions.

The article pleased him, as his style of life did. He was content, teaching, publishing articles, writing his book on philosophy – and adding to his list of female conquests. He kept a list of the names of the women with whom he had had sexual relations, and he took it briefly from a locked drawer in his desk, smiling to himself, before he re-read his article. Soon, he felt, the academic adulation he desired would be his.

The knock on his door annoyed him, disturbing his reverie, and he sighed deeply before opening the door.

Alison, her eyes puffy and red, stood outside in the corridor.

“Yes?” he asked as if he did not know her.

She began to cry and he watched in astonishment as she sat on his bed with her head in her hands. Her wailing annoyed him, and he sat at his desk to refill his pipe. She was a second year Undergraduate of passionate intensity, and as he watched her he began to think of stratagems that might bring their relationship to a satisfying end.

Nevertheless, a part of him resented the stratagems that the cynical Owl proposed, and he rose to sit beside her before regaining control of himself and returning to his desk.

“Do you love me?” she asked suddenly.

When he did not answer, she wiped away her tears with her hands. "I have something to tell you," she whispered.

He looked suspiciously at her as if correctly guessing. She was watching him, and waiting for his reaction and he was glad when someone else knocked on his door. He bounded across the room to open it, and stood staring at the man in the corridor.

Edmund Arrowsmith had known Colin for over ten years, and was not surprised to find a woman in the room of his friend. He had travelled a long way and eased the heavy weight of his large rucksack off his shoulder for a moment.

"I can come back," he said.

"No, it's alright!" Colin replied. "Come in! This," he said, pointing, "is Alison."

She looked at Edmund, but did not return his smile of greeting and he eased his rucksack onto the floor.

"Well then," said Colin amicably to him, "what's your latest hair-brained scheme?"

Edmund looked pained. "Actually, I'm off to join a community."

Colin laughed, turned to Alison and said, "This is he! Ex-student, ex-political agitator, ex-mercenary, now soon to be ex- something else!"

He stood up, stretched and yawned. "I'll make some tea," he said before searching among the books and papers that lay in profusion on his desk. He gave Edmund a copy of his latest published article.

Alison watched Colin leave, but the invitation she hoped for did not come. She saw Edmund study a few sections of the article carefully, glance at the rest and then throw it back upon the desk.

"What are you studying?" he asked her.

“Music,” she said sharply and instantly regretted it.

“Then what instrument do you play?”

His eyes gave the impression of looking straight through her, and she felt there was something sinister about him which his outward appearance belied. His boots were well worn, his dull woollen shirt patched and his trousers well made and old, his face and arms deeply tanned. Only the gauntness of his face and his staring eyes betrayed him.

“Violin,” she said softly, turning to look out of the window.

“Oh, I see.”

Suddenly, she turned toward him. “What’s wrong with the violin?” she demanded aggressively.

Edmund smiled. “I just imagined you’d play something else – the piano.”

“Of course I play the piano!”

“Which do you prefer?”

“It’s not a question of ‘which do I prefer’! It’s a question of what music I choose to play.”

“I’d like to hear you play sometime.”

The question was so unexpected and so sincerely meant that Alison did not know what to say in reply and she was glad that Colin returned at that moment.

“What do you think?” he asked Edmund, pointing to the article and carefully laying two mugs of tea upon the corner of the desk.

“Not bad – style’s a bit turgid.”

Colin squinted at him. “You have to write like that – Editors expect it.”

“Doesn’t say much for Editors does it?”

Alison began to laugh, then thought better of it. “Where’s mine, then?” she asked, indicating the mugs.

“But you don’t like tea,” Colin protested.

“True! But I’d like to be asked.”

They glowered at each other for some moments.

“I need to stretch my legs a bit,” Edmund said as he stood, sensing an intrusion. “See you in, say, half an hour?”

He did not wait for a reply and as he walked down the corridor he could hear Colin and Alison shouting at each other. He caught the words; “I haven’t seen him for over a year!” But in the deserted and otherwise silent corridor it was Alison’s words that he carried out with into the warm, still air of Spring. They were sad words, perhaps even tragic, he thought, given the knowledge of his friend, and he stood outside the building for some minutes, looking across the lake as it scintillated under the now glowing lights of Vanbrugh College. “Don’t you understand,” Alison had shouted, “I’m pregnant!” and Edmund allowed the temporary peace of his academic surroundings to calm him as he walked toward the lake.

II

Edmund had always like the University since he had visited it many years ago. Spread over a two hundred acre site, its centrepiece was the fifteen-acre lake and despite the modernity of its buildings, he felt a harmony had been achieved unlike anything else he had seen in modern academia. This was partly due, he knew, to the planned and the fortuitous bird-life that had gathered around the lake, and partly because of the transplantation of mature trees

around the campus. He particularly liked the tall, broad Chestnut trees. Even the large Central Hall adjacent to the lake and near the fountain that shot water high into the air, did not seem out of place among the Weeping Willows that lined the banks and the Cherry trees that frequented the paths. The Hall was a semi-octagon, its upper stories cantilevered above the water and, planned or otherwise, it dominated the site. The whole effect pleased Edmund, although he felt the multitude of students spoiled it.

He sat for a long time by the lake, watching night fall and students pass. When he did rise, a sense of caution led him to walk slowly, and as he reached the residential block containing Colin's room, he saw Alison in animated conversation with a young man; she was trying to restrain his arm but he pushed her away. Edmund walked across the grass, smiled at Alison, and entered the building.

Colin was in the kitchen, a teapot in his hand, while beside him stood a young man clenching a carving knife.

"You bastard!" he was shouting, "you bloody bastard!"

Edmund went toward him.

"Stay out of this!" the young man growled.

Colin appeared to be mildly amused and swiftly, Edmund kicked the knife from the man's hand. It spun toward the roof, and then fell to clatter harmlessly into the sink. The man rushed toward Edmund who blocked the intended punch and pinned his assailant against the wall in an arm lock.

"He's drunk," Colin said by way of explanation. "Fancy some tea?"

"Please," Alison said as she stood by the door, "let him go."

"Her brother," Colin explained.

Cautiously, Edmund released him, and Alison's brother bent over the sink, vomiting.

“I’m sorry,” Alison said to Edmund as she attended to her brother.

“Is he alright?” Edmund asked her.

“I’ll take him to his room.”

After they had gone, Edmund said, “What are you going to do?”

“Have some tea!”

“About Alison, I meant.”

Colin squinted, as was his habit. “You know then?”

“Yes.”

The smell of vomit was strong, and Edmund flushed it away before turning to his now ashen-faced friend. “Come on, fresh air is what you need.”

They stood on the bridge over the edge of the lake.

“What will you do?” asked Edmund again.

Colin sighed. “She’ll have to have an abortion,” he said without conviction.

“What does she want?”

“She’s done this to try and trap me. She said she’d taken precautions.”

“You don’t feel responsible, then? Edmund asked.

“Of course not. She’s over eighteen.”

“You don’t feel in the slightest bit responsible?”

“No.” He stared down at the water, watching the scattering of light from the profusion of illumination near then and around the whole campus. He felt the transitory bloom of his thought would be crushed by Alison’s weight – the inertial weight of a childbearing body.

“You do care, really, don’t you?” Edmund said after the long silence.

Colin sighed, although it was not the sigh of the cynical Owl, still less that of the academic philosopher who watched life as it unfolded around his chosen dwelling. “I never misled her about my intentions,” he said.

“You don’t like women much, do you?”

“What?” Colin’s face was a carefully contrived combination of wounded pride and annoyance.

“Not as they are – in themselves. For you they are just reflectors of your self image.”

Colin was considering his answer when an obese man in a crumpled suit approached them. He was panting, and sweat dribbled from his forehead. He held a book in his hand from which protruded several sheets of notepaper. The man smiled at Colin, wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, and thrust the papers at him.

“Sorry.” He explained, sucking in his lower lip, “reader’s report against it. Glad I caught you, Colin. Sorry, but I’m late already.”

Colin took the sheaf of papers. “Thanks.”

“Better luck next time, eh?” the man smirked before wobbling away.

“The bastard!” Colin said mutely.

“Friend of yours, then?” Edmund asked.

Colin glanced through his rejected article, and then stuffed it into his pocket. “That was Doctor Richard Storr, Ph.D. (Oxon) – infamous editor of the British Journal of Philosophy and – would you believe it – my Head of Department!”

“He’s the Professor?”

“Thankfully, no. But he’s in charge until one is appointed.”

“I gather you two are not on friendly terms.”

Colin ignored the question. “So how long are you staying this time?”

“A few days – maybe longer.”

For several minutes Colin was silent. Then, taking money from his pockets, he trust it at Edmund saying, “Here, get yourself something to eat. I’ll see you later tonight.”

“Where are you going?”

Colin hunched up his shoulders and wrung his hands. “To forget!”

He left his friend standing on the bridge and walked quickly back to his room to collect his camera. It did not take him long to arrange his assignation, and he waited by the road that intersected the campus beneath the walkway that siphoned students to and from the Library.

“Well,” he said as he climbed into the car, which stopped for him and held out his camera, “have you decided?”

The woman smiled at him. She was several years older than Mickleman, a Lecturer in English, her oval face graced by large blue eyes and framed by straight tawny hair. For months she had resisted his flattery and attentions. Her body showed a slight tendency toward corpulence, and Mickleman had lusted after it. She was polite where he was often gruff; her office tidy whereas his was chaotic. They taught the same Undergraduate student

and it was from this student that he had come to know of Magarita's existence. All her students held her in awe and it was this one fact which led Mickleman to seek her out and begin to plan his seduction. It was over a month ago since he had succeeded, and he had sown the seeds for the next stage of his conquest.

"You'll develop them yourself?" Magarita asked him, still unsure.

"Yes," he lied before putting down his camera and rubbing his hands together gleefully.

III

Alison was alone again in the quietness of a practice room in the Music Department, and sat down on the piano stool to re-read her diary.

'The corridor was dark - all the rooms were closed and I felt afraid. I could not bear a repeat of my last visit - the angry words, the tears, needs that were not fulfilled, things left unsaid. I remember I said: "It's better if I never see you again" - hoping he would plead with me to stay. He said nothing. I couldn't resist any more: 'What shall I do?' I cried, catching the lapels of his jacket, tears on them, my tears as I clung to him, trying to make a bridge. 'Come on Wednesday' he struggled to say. 'On Wednesday,' I repeated.

Such a dark corridor, outside. Last time I just stood in the kitchen, kicking the door and shouting at it: 'Why do you never understand me!' Yet I was back again - I had no pride left. Was this need really love? What would I say this time? Could I find a way of letting him understand - of getting through? I knocked on his door. 'Come in'. The voice was subdued. He was sitting in his chair I remember as if it was a moment ago. Dispirited. 'What is it?' I wondered if all relationships were like this - so charged with emotion. 'Your letter, your letter,' he struggled to say. 'I've hurt you,' I whispered with awe. Then, sitting on his lap, my head against him, buried. Crying. 'It's alright.' A soft voice, a soft touch on my face.

It did not last. 'Are you pleased to see me?' I asked. 'About as pleased as a Mickleman can be.' Then, the inevitable wandering hand. The moment gone, and never repeated.

Only a month ago, she sighed; before I knew my fate. She put down the diary, thought of tearing it up, but did not. Then she began to play the piano, an Intermezzo by Brahms, transforming her feelings into her performance. And at its end, she sat, quite still, trying to recapture the beauty she had felt.

'I feel,' she wrote in her diary, *'only music can lead me to the knowledge I am seeking. I want to be at peace – when I play, I am at peace.'* What then, she thought, of the child now growing within her womb?

She did not know, and rose to walk slowly out of the building. She did not bother to seek Colin's room, but walked aimlessly along the paths, her face downturned.

"Hello!" a cheerful voice said to her.

It was some moments before she recognized the speaker.

"Are you alright?" Edmund asked her.

"Fine." She looked around, but could not see Colin.

"I'm just going to get something to eat. Would you like to join me?"

Eating was repellent to her but in atonement for the guilt she felt she said, "Yes."

She shuffled after Edmund toward the dining hall to join the small queue that babbled past the serving hatch. The dead and steaming flesh behind the glass cages nauseated her, as the gaggles of students at the tables annoyed her, and she followed Edmund's example by selecting a salad. Near her, someone laughed while they walked balancing a tray full of food. "I suppose" his companion said, "nothing matters but the quality." He looked at Alison and smiled.

For some reason Alison wanted to slap the young man's face, but the feeling soon vanished, and she followed Edmund to an empty table where she sat under the bright lights prodding her lifeless food.

“Aren’t you hungry?” Edmund asked her kindly.

“Not for food.” Then she was laughing at herself. “God! I’m beginning to sound like a cheap novel!”

“Surely you mean a character from a cheap novel?”

She stared at him, suddenly angry and defensive. Then she smiled. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright.”

She was surprised at the warmth in his words and in his eyes. “Would you,” she said impetuously, “like me to play some music for you?”

“Yes, I would. Very much indeed.”

“Come on, then!” She grasped his hand to lift him up from the table, then suddenly took it away thinking he might misconstrue her gesture.

She walked with him at a brisk pace back to the practice room. She was impatient to begin without quite understanding why. The Partita she played was followed by Brahms and then more Brahms while Edmund sat on the floor, listening. She seemed to play for a long time, and when she stopped she rested her incandescent face in her hands.

“Beautiful,” Edmund said.

She shrugged her shoulders. “I made a lot of mistakes.”

“I didn’t notice any.”

She smiled at being caught out. “What do you think of Brahms?”

“Nice.”

She was offended. “Nice? Is that all?” she said, a trace of anger in her voice.

“What do you think of his music then?” he countered.

“Sublime!”

“Possibly – sometimes.”

“You’re not serious? He is unsurpassed. Unsurpassable!”

“Everything can be surpassed – its just a question of will and genius.”

“Not today it isn’t – in this decadent culture.”

“Culture is only genuine culture if it smells of blood.”

She stared at him, but he smiled. His statement was so out of place with his benign expression she ignored it.

“What are you going to do?” he suddenly asked her.

She looked at him suspiciously, then turned away. “What do you mean?” she asked softly.

“I overheard – earlier on.”

She blushed, and shuffled her feet. “He’s offered to live with me.”

“And do you want that?”

“I don’t know.” Then, cheerfully: “ I don’t think he does, though!”

“No – I can’t really imagine him living a life of domestic bliss.”

“What do you think of him?”

“I think he is a genius.”

“Really?” she asked in astonishment.

“Intellectually, yes. Perhaps he needs to become a bit more human, though. Anyway, what do you want to do with your life?”

“I’d like to compose something,” she said enthusiastically, “something beautiful and profound.”

“Like Brahms’ Fourth Symphony?”

She looked at him quizzically. “I thought you didn’t like Brahms?”

“I never actually said that.”

She sighed. “We all have impossible dreams.”

He gave his enigmatic smile. “Some of us make them a reality.”

“Oh, yes?” she said.

Edmund turned his face away slightly, and her first thought was that she had offended him until she realized he was listening. She strained to hear what it was, but was surprised when Colin appeared at the door.

“Thought you’d be in here” Colin said to Alison. Then, seeing Edmund, he added “He been having an attack of his verbal diarrhoea?”

“She played some Brahms for me,” Edmund said as he stood up.

“Romantic cretin,” Colin muttered.

“I’m surprised,” Edmund said, “that you in your modernist existence have heard of him – let alone heard him.”

“Goes on a bit, doesn’t he?” Colin said to Alison.

“Had fun, then?” Edmund countered, pointing at the camera Colin held.

Colin ignored the remark. “You eaten, yet?” he asked Alison.

“Yes, thank you,” she said curtly and began to play the piano.

Colin winced.

“I gather,” Edmund said to him, “you don’t like Bach either?”

“Baroque cretin. Well, I’m going to have something to eat. “You coming?” he asked Edmund.

“In a while.”

Disgruntled, Colin left them to walk along the concrete path toward the bridge. He had not gone far when he realized he was being followed. The man was tall, his suit in contrast to his milieu, and Colin waited on the bridge for the man to pass him by. Instead, the man stopped, and waited. Colin walked on, the man followed, keeping his distance. He slowed his pace and the man did likewise. But when he reached the dining hall and turned around again the man had gone.

Alison had ceased her playing shortly after Colin had left the room.

“I suppose,” she said, “we’d better join him – or he’ll sulk all evening.”

“Have you ever thought of performing – professionally?”

“I’m not that good.”

“Yes you are.”

“Anyway,” she said and touched her abdomen with her hand, “it’s out of the question, now.”

“Not necessarily.”

Her look was one of disapproval, and they did not speak as they left the room and the building to walk the brightly lit paths. As they neared the dining hall, a tall man dressed in a suit stepped out from the shadows and come toward them.

“Excuse me,” Edmund said to Alison. “Tell Colin I’ll see him early tomorrow morning.”

She saw Edmund talk briefly with the man before she walked into the hall. Colin sat by himself at a table eating, rather gluttonously she thought, from a plate full of steaming food.

“He said,” she remarked as she sat beside him, “that he’d see you tomorrow.”

“Typical. Always disappearing mysteriously. That’s Edmund.”

“You are really fond of him, aren’t you?” she said, surprised by his obvious disappointment.

“Have you decided what you are going to do yet?”

“Go home – for a while at least.”

“I meant – “

“I know what you meant.”

Colin squinted at her. “What?” Then, annoyed by his own affectation, he said, “I meant what I said.”

“Part of you did, at least.” Colin’s presence – so physically near and yet so emotionally distant – made her feel like crying.

He saw this, and then nervously looked around.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I won’t embarrass you by crying.”

He was about to answer when a young lady, colourfully dressed and possessed of a freckled face and an athletic build, shouted from the doorway of the hall.

“Hi Colin!” she said and sauntered to their table. “I’m so glad I found you!” She sat down. “What a day!” As if becoming aware of Alison, she turned toward her. “Hi! I’m Maren!”

“And I am just leaving,” Alison replied, having seen Colin’s eyes widen in gleeful remembrance as he looked at Maren.

“But – “ he began to say, then faltered, torn between his desire for Maren and his feeling of responsibility toward Alison. In his indecision, he let Alison walk away.

“You know,” Maren said to him, “that exhibition in John’s Gallery today? Well – you should have seen how they displayed my painting! Horrible, absolutely horrible. I objected, of course. And tried to explain to Jenny – she was with me – the ultimate meaning of having it displayed just right. You know what I mean, don’t you? Well, she – Jenny that is – she was so caught up in her own problems, she didn’t understand. And John! How he could devalue the exquisite contents of the painting that way, I’ll never know.

She took a drink from his glass of water. “You know what I dread, Colin? Dread most of all? The inevitable threat of being passé. Shall we have some fun tonight?” She looked around the dining hall. “Shake the cretins up a bit?”

Colin smiled at her and she smiled back.

IV

It took several minutes for Colin Mickleman to realize where he was. The curtains were still closed, but enough light penetrated for him to make out the contents of his room.

Normally he placed a glass of water beside his bed before he went to sleep. But this morning it was not there, and he yawned. His yawning occupied him for some minutes while he recovered some of his strength that his debauch of the night before had dissipated. Maren, at his insistence, had left his bed in the early hours of the morning, for he like to sleep alone.

Finally, after much yawning, sighing and stretching of his arms, he rose from his bed to begin his extensive toilet. When he was dressed, groomed and washed to his satisfaction, he sat at his desk for several minutes watching the lake through his window and smoking his pipe. He was thinking what to do about Alison when someone knocked at his door.

Edmund stood in the corridor, smiling in such a way that the ends of his mouth came very close to his ears.

“Lovely day, isn’t it?” Edmund said cheerfully. “Like some breakfast?” He held out a plate containing eggs, bacon and tomatoes.

Colin hunched his shoulders. “I hate people like you in the mornings.” Grumpy, he shuffled away to open the window in his room.

“Breakfast?” Edmund repeated.

“I don’t eat breakfast.”

“I wondered why your growth was stunted. More for me, then. Want some coffee?”

“I haven’t got any coffee – or any food for that matter.”

“Never mind.” He went to the kitchen to eat.

Colin joined him, but only to obtain a drink of water.

“Any plans for today?” Edmund asked.

“Lectures – then a meeting. I’ll meet you in the ‘Well’ in Derwent at twelve.”

“Sure you won’t have something to eat?” He held out a piece of bacon on the end of his fork.

Colin muttered something incomprehensible before returning to his room. Outside, in the bright sun, students seethed along the paths and he joined them as he made his way to his lecture. He disliked the lecture room with its high windows and bright, impersonal lights, but was glad to find all his first year students present and waiting. Of the women, Kate had been conquered already, but she ignored his smile as he remembered his photographs of her, locked in the drawer of his desk in the privacy of his room. His favourite among them was of her standing on a chair by his door, lifting her skirt to reveal her nakedness, the ginger tufts of pubic hair. She had held her head to one side, as if wearily obeying his desire to make her look ridiculous, her brown eyes staring at the camera and her mass of ginger curls slightly in disarray around her shoulders.

Of the others present, only Fenton did not turn his eyes away from Colin’s gaze. Instead, he stared directly at the Owl, as if understanding. He wore a long scarf and un-fashionable clothes, and the badge of his lapel proclaimed him as a supporter of the ‘Gay Liberation Front’. Not for the first time, Colin felt uneasy looking at him and turned his gaze elsewhere.

“Right,” Colin said, rubbing his hands together as was his habit. “I can see you’re all keen for me to begin.” He checked the pocket of his jacket to make sure his pipe was there. It was. “Now, in many ways, modern philosophy is considered to have begun with Descartes...”

He kept the attention of his students for the allotted span, and watched with satisfaction as they all, with the exception of Fenton, closed their notebooks with what seemed to be reluctance as he sidled into the corridor outside. Fiona Pound was ahead of him, her thin

cotton dress swaying as she walked. Underneath it, he sensed she was naked.

Unusually, the door of his room in the Department was open, but everything seemed in its familiar place – the stuffed owl on the bookcase, the picture of Sheffield Wednesday football team on the wall, the chaos of books upon floor and desk – and he sat down to fill his pipe, pleased with the newly acquired copy of Laclos' "Les Liaisons Dangereuses", bound in black leather. The fact that he did not speak French did not diminish his enjoyment in the least.

With his academic aims always in mind, Colin was scrupulous almost to the point of obsession about being on time for meetings and lectures, and it came as an unwelcome surprise to find himself late for the Departmental meeting. Fiona smiled at him as he entered the room; Whiting and Hill ignored him while Storr, as usual, seemed anxious and nervous. Horton sat in his usual corner by the window, dressed in the inevitable tweeds, ignoring everybody including Mrs. Cornish with whom, for the past fifteen years, he had been conducting an illicit affair.

"Sorry I'm late," said Colin as he sat next to Fiona.

Storr grunted and then expectorated loudly. "We were discussing," he said, "Mrs. Pound's new course in Philosophy of Society."

Colin nodded his head like a coot and proceeded to ignore what Storr was saying. The staff sat on both sides of a long table with Storr at their head. Beside the table and its chairs, the room contained some bookcases and magazine racks while the walls were covered with charts. Storr loved charts and spent a great deal of time creating them. Among his latest ventures were: 'The Frequency Of Post-Graduate Research Topics', Undergraduate Performance in Relation to School Achievement' and (Colin's favorite) 'Continuity in Staff/Student Relations'. Colin's own chart, showing the rise to fame of Sheffield Wednesday, had not lasted very long on the wall.

Mrs. Cornish, a middle-aged lady of somewhat stern countenance was smoking one of her small cigars, while Horton continued solving his crossword puzzle. He was the most senior member of the staff, and coveted the Professorship, his disdain of Departmental meetings being matched by his own dislike of Storr whom he called a 'smelly twerp'.

Storr's confederates, Whiting and Hall, seemed to be avidly devouring the words of their Master, and Colin concentrated on Fiona whose perfume pleased him. She was leaning forward, apparently listening to Storr, and resting her elbows on the table in such a way that several inches of her bronzed flesh were visible in the neckline region of her dress. Her

face, like the rest of her body, was tanned, and Colin thought her green eyes offset beautifully the red hair that advancing age had left untouched. Twice married, and divorced, Mickleman had pursued her avidly during his first year in the Department but her skill was equal to if not surpassed his own, and she had kept her distance. But her challenge and enigma remained for him, breeding a dark desire.

Mrs. Cornish was watching him ogle Fiona, and he winked at her. She pretended not to notice. Her hair was flaxen, gathered awkwardly on her head, and it had occurred to Colin many times that he would like to see her stand on a chair in his room, naked. With the photographs he would take, her power and authority – at least for him - would be broken.

“Er,” Storr was saying, his diatribe apparently over, “I think we should all, er, congratulate Mrs. Pound on the success of this new venture of hers. Don’t you all agree?”

“Yes!” Chimed Hill with bovine expression, “good show!”

He showed his large white teeth to everyone.

“Thank you,” smiled Fiona. “As you know,” she continued in her precise, accentless way, “this subject is very dear to me and I would just like to say – “

“What, again?” growled Horton.

“Er, did you have a point to make, Mr. Horton?” asked Storr meekly.

“Can’t we get on? Heard it all before and it’s all drivel. What next on the agenda, Storr?”

“I say!” protested Hill. Fiona and Storr, like himself, were Oxford graduates. Horton was a Cambridge man.

“If I could say a word – “ began Whiting in his slow way. He had studied at Keele, and everybody except Colin ignored him.

“You’ve said six already,” growled Horton.

Whiting's thin, droopy, moustache began to twitch.

"Yes, Richard," Mrs. Cornish said with a smile to Storr, "what is next? We really ought to press on."

"Well, er," Storr said, getting the notes in front of him into a terrible mess. "I think it's a memorandum from the Vice-Chancellor. It's here somewhere." He fumbled among his notes and papers before smiling and wiping his forehead with his brightly coloured silk handkerchief. About selection policy."

Colin watched Storr with amusement.

"I don't seem to be able to find it at the moment," Storr said.

"Typical!" Horton scowled, and continued with his crossword puzzle.

Storr ignored him, "But I do, er, remember most of its contents. We are to take a more favourable attitude to ethnic minorities – be flexible in accepting those without, ah, formal qualifications."

This was too much for Horton. He flung down his newspaper. "You mean lower our already disastrously low entrance standards to let more of them in!"

"Mr. Horton, please!" chided Fiona.

"Ruddy stupid idea!" Horton said.

"The Government," continued Storr, "has asked – "

"Might have known," Horton grunted, "it was those bunch of damn fools!" He rustled his newspaper loudly.

"The Vice-Chancellor says – and I must admit I agree with him – " Storr said, " – that they should be encouraged. And in view of our policy toward, er, mature candidates, he

considers we, that is this Department, should make a determined start in this direction.”

“We are a University,” Horton said gruffly, “not an unemployment training scheme!”

“I believe we have, er, a valuable role to play in ensuring equality of opportunity.”

“Why don’t you ruddy well say what you mean instead of waffling like a twerp!”

“Sorry?”

“Gentlemen, please,” Fiona said, smiling at Horton.

Whiting’s moustache twitched again. “You,” he said to Horton, “sound like a racist.”

“I’m sure,” Mrs. Cornish smiled, “Lawrence did not mean to imply anything of that sort. Did you Lawrence?”

Lawrence Horton glowered at her, then turned toward Whiting. “You, sir, are an oaf!”

“Er,” stuttered Storr, “I assume, Mr. Horton, that you’re opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s suggestion?”

“As a racist,” protested Whiting, “he would be.”

“Racism,” Horton said calmly, neatly folding up his newspaper, “is an abstract idea invested by sociologists which they project, most incorrectly, onto the real world to make it accord with their prejudices. It has about as much reality as an intelligent Vice-Chancellor: both are impossible according to the Laws of Nature.” He stood up. “And now I have to wring from the minds of my students all the pretentious sociological nonsense you insist on indoctrinating them with.” His newspaper under his arm, he strode out of the room.

“Er, I believe,” Storr said after Horton had slammed the door, “that we can record Mr. Horton as opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s rather splendid idea. Wouldn’t you all agree?”

“I do so hope,” Hill said, “that he doesn’t become the Professor. A reactionary like that?”

Storr smiled. It was not a pleasing sight. “I don’t think, speaking confidentially of course, that there is much possibility of his assuming that particular responsibility.”

“Thank goodness,” Whiting said.

“You are misconstruing his objection,” Mrs. Cornish interjected.

“He’d set us back fifty years,” continued Whiting. “We must progress with the times. Philosophy is a social science, after all.”

“Er, Mickleman,” Storr asked, “what is your opinion?”

“Yes, Colin,” Fiona smiled at him, “I’m sure we would all like to know where you are on this particular matter.”

“Well,” he said as he withdrew his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to light it, “I would have to give this matter some thought. It’s not an area that I am familiar with.”

“But surely,” Fiona persisted, “you have an opinion?”

“As a matter of fact, I try to avoid opinions – about things I have not thought through or deeply about or studied in detail.”

“Quite,” Storr said curtly. “Shall we get on?”

Fiona ignored him. “And in this particular instance?” she said to Colin.

“If necessary I would pursue the matter and then form a judgement – not an opinion – a judgement on the basis of careful thought.”

“I see,” Fiona smiled at him.

So did Mrs. Cornish, while both Whiting and Storr scowled, in their different ways. Hill studied his fingernails.

“Well, er,” Storr said shuffling his notes, “Mrs. Pound’s course, because of its success may be extended to second year students, as a major option. There is to be a staff seminar on the subject – next month. I think. Er, yes,” he glanced at a crumpled sheet of paper among his notes, “next month. Is there anything else anyone wants to add?” He looked around. “Well, then, we have all earned our coffee, I believe!” He began to shuffle the notes.

Colin left him, Whiting, Hill and Fiona discussing the relevance of Philosophy to society. Mrs. Cornish followed him into the corridor.

“I was impressed,” she said to him, “by what you said.”

“Won’t make any difference, though. They have made their minds up already.”

“True.” She withdrew the pocket watch she always carried and checked the time. “You’ve had another paper published I understand?”

Surprised, since he had only been informed himself a few days ago, he said, “Yes – how did you know?”

“One hears things. I also understand Richard has rejected another of yours.”

“Yes.”

“A pity. It was an insightful piece.”

“You read it?”

“Why yes. Do you have a copy?”

“Of course.”

“Then I shall send it to the ‘Bulletin’. With a covering letter, of course.”

“Thank you,” Colin said sincerely.

“Richard can be jealous, sometimes,” she said abstractly. “He envies you your success at so young an age.” Her smile seemed motherly. “May I offer you some advice?”

“Yes,” Colin said, hesitantly.

Her eyes seemed to Mickleman to shine almost wickedly. “Certain preoccupations are inadvisable for someone who aspires to high office.” Her eyes resumed their normal appearance. “Certain things – are just not done. They will make you enemies. I do so hope you understand me. Now, I really must be going.”

She turned abruptly and walked away from him.

“You bastard!” Colin heard someone behind him say.

He looked around and was punched in the face.

V

As Colin Mickleman struggled up from the floor it occurred to him in a slow way that Edmund would probably have been able to block the blow.

Blood from his nose slithered down his face, and he stared at Alison’s brother in astonishment. Bryn’s kick was well aimed, and although it knocked him over Colin did not at first realize it had struck him because he could feel no pain from the impact. He seemed to fall slowly, and as he did so he noticed the floor tile was chipped. There was a stain on the tile, the pattern of which he found quite interesting, and his detachment was enhanced by his inability to hear. He lay on the floor watching Fenton restrain Bryn and push him up

against the wall. Then he saw Horton, rushing out of Mrs. Cornish's room, and students crowding the corridor and the top of the steps. In the same moment his hearing returned, and he heard Horton shouting.

“What is the meaning of this?” he said to Bryn while Fenton held Colin's assailant aggressively by the throat.

Horton gestured toward Fenton and he released him.

“Well, boy! Horton demanded.

“That bastard – “ Bryn began to say, pointing at Colin who slowly got to his feet.

“Mind your language, boy!” Horton shouted at Bryn.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked Colin and gave him a handkerchief.

“Fine,” he said, stopping the blood with the gift.

“What's your name?” Horton demanded of Bryn.

“What's it to do with you?” Bryn said defiantly.

“Listen to me, you runt!” Horton straightened his back. Despite his advancing years, he seemed a formidable adversary to Bryn who nervously turned his head as Horton clenched his fists. “This is a serious matter!”

Fenton was turning to walk away down the stairs and Colin walked toward him.

“Thanks,” he said.

Fenton smiled, and then shrugged his shoulder before disappearing down the stairs. Mrs. Cornish was in her room, and as Colin walked past her open door, he saw her using the telephone.

“It’s alright, Lawrence,” Colin said to Horton as he returned to the scene of the fight, “I know him.”

“I see.”

“Yes.” He noticed Kate looking at him down the corridor but she, like the others, turned away. The drama was over, and the corridor was clearing.

“Can he go?” Colin asked Horton.

“This is a disciplinary matter. You are a student, I presume?” Horton asked Bryn.

“Yes,” Bryn replied nervously.

“Yes, he is,” confirmed Colin. “Second year, Politics.”

“Politics?” repeated Horton. “Oh well, that explains it!”

Mrs. Cornish joined them. “Perhaps, Lawrence,” she said, “it might be better to leave the matter here.”

“Well – “ Then to Colin, he said, “Personal, is it?”

“Yes.” He watched Horton’s face carefully, as if his fate was being decided. When Horton smiled, he felt relieved.

“Maybe it’s for the best.” He faced Bryn. “If I hear so much as one whisper about you from this day on, I’ll make sure you’re sent down. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Bryn said and meant it.

“Now go, before I change my mind.”

Bryn scuttled away just as Storr emerged from his own room around the corner.

“Er, been some trouble?” he muttered.

Horton glowered at him, and then walked away.

“Just a little altercation, Richard,” Mrs. Cornish said. “Nothing to worry about. It’s all over now.”

“Er, if you’re sure.”

“Perfectly sure, Richard. Lawrence dealt with the matter admirably.”

“The I needn’t make a report out?”

“Certainly not.”

“Well, if you’re sure, Elizabeth.”

“Quite sure,” she replied primly.

“Well, that’s good then. If you could, Elizabeth, spare me a moment of your time. You see, I — “

“Not now. Perhaps later.”

“Yes. Yes, I quite understand. Later, then.”

“Come with me, Colin, and I’ll get you something instead of that.” She looked disdainfully at the now bloodied handkerchief he was holding to his nose.

He followed her into her room. As befitted a Senior Lecturer it was larger than his, with a splendid view of the lake. It was also very tidy. She closed the door firmly.

She briefly inspected his nose. "Nothing serious. Here," she gave him a sheaf of tissues. "If it bleeds again, hold your head back. Now, sit down."

He did as she commanded.

"Really, you must learn discretion, Colin." She lit one of her cigars. "Not a good start. You're very ambitious, are you not?"

"Well – " perhaps Bryn's blow had affected him more than he thought, for he felt momentary embarrassment.

She blew smoke directly into his face. "Would you be happy with Richard as Professor?"

"Well – "

"Hmm. I thought not. Not many would, actually."

"But surely Lawrence stands a better chance?"

"It is possible, of course. But Richard himself is not without influence. Besides, there are other considerations. The Vice-Chancellor and Lawrence are not the best of friends."

"I see."

"I hope you do, Colin. Is the manuscript of your book complete?"

He looked at her questioningly. "Almost."

"Good." She blew smoke directly into his face again. "Do you have a publisher yet?"

“No. not really.”

“Applicants for Professorships are viewed more favourably if they have published a major work,” she said almost casually.

Colin stared at her. Was it a joke?

“Ours is an expanding Department,” she said. “We hope soon to appoint two more lecturers.”

Colin knew the rivalry between Storr and Horton was intense. Of the nine members of the Department, only Fiona, Whiting and Hill favored Storr. The rest, including himself, were favourably disposed toward Horton. Of those four, Lee and Holland – whom Colin noticed with regret were not present at the morning’s meeting and thus had missed Horton insulting Storr – might be enticed away. If Storr was appointed, his Readership would become vacant, and Fiona seemed certain to benefit.

“However,” Mrs. Cornish continued, “if Richard is appointed, it will be seen in some influential quarters as a victory for the radical element and we are thus unlikely to be allocated the resources required to appoint more lecturers.”

“I see,” Colin said again. “But surely, an outside appointment is possible.”

“Of course,” she said smiling, “the Professorial Board is quite independent, and they could conceivably take such a course of action. If no suitable candidate – from here naturally – was found. Were you to apply, I would of course forward your application with my recommendation. Lawrence would of course support your application as well.”

“What?” he said in amazement.

“It is your decision – but consider what I have said. Now, I really must get on.” She held the door open for him.

He stumbled to his feet.

“Please learn to be discrete in certain matters,” she said.

“Yes,” he mumbled, and staggered down the corridor like a drunken man.

VI

Mickleman spent the rest of his morning drafting and redrafting his application. When, to his satisfaction, it was complete, he appended a list of his publications to date. He was proud of his published articles, and derived immense satisfaction from re-reading his list, and it was well past noon when he presented his application to Elizabeth Cornish.

She was in her office, smoking a cigar, looked up briefly from her work to acknowledge his presence, said a curt ‘Thank You’ and dismissed him. He was not offended. On the contrary, he was excited, and stood for several minutes in the corridor watching the lake in an effort to calm himself.

He was not deceived, however, by his prospects in the matter of Professorship, and was satisfied merely to have applied. When the offer of a Professorship did come – and he was certain it would, one day – he would be ready, with all his allies.

Several students passed him as he stood looking out from the window, and he heard them whisper conspiratorially. But he was not concerned, for he seemed to be one step nearer his goal.

‘The Well’ was the central concourse of the Derwent building, and was essentially an open Common Room with low tables and even lower chairs. It contained a small cafeteria, a gallery - which sprouted various artefacts of modern Art - and was seldom empty of students.

At first, among the human profusion, Colin did not see Edmund, and when he did, he was surprised. He was talking to Fiona. Edmund saw him approaching, said something to Fiona and without turning she walked away to disappear into the throng of students crowding the entrance to the Bar.

“Alison’s brother been at you again?” Edmund asked as Colin reached him.

Fiona had completely disappeared from sight. “Do you know her, then?” he quizzically asked Edmund.

“Who?”

“Fiona.”

“What?”

“That woman you were just talking to.” He looked at his friend suspiciously.

“Oh, her! She just wanted to borrow a match.” He saw Colin peering around the room. “Why – do you know her?”

“She’s in my Department.”

“Oh, yes? Edmund gave a sly smile. “What number is she on your list of conquests?”

“She’s not,” Colin said, and screwed up his face into a morbid expression.

“What’s this? ‘The Owl’ has met his match?” Edmund said gleefully.

Still chagrined by his past failure, he changed the subject. “Have you seen Alison?”

“Yes, actually. I had an interesting talk with her this morning.”

“Oh, yes?” He said almost in disbelief.

“She’s very gifted. A brilliantly intuitive mind.”

“Did she say anything about – “

“About your child?”

Embarrassed, Colin looked around.

“She still,” Edmund said, “hasn’t decided anything. I suggest she go and stay with those friends of mine – you know, Magnus and his wife. They run that small farm. The change would do her good. She ought to get away from this place – it’s very incestuous.”

“I’ve just handed in my application for the Professorship,” Colin said proudly.

“Why don’t you spend a few days on Magnus’ farm? Some manual labour would do you good.”

Colin looked at him as if he had said something offensive.

“What chance,” Edmund continued, “do you think you’ve got?” For the Professorship, I mean.”

“Not much, really. But it’s a start.”

“When will you know?”

“Not sure. Perhaps next month.”

“Who recommended you?”

“Elizabeth. Mrs. Cornish.”

“Isn’t she the one you wanted to get into bed?”

Colin winced.

“You told me about her – last year,” Edmund explained. “Don’t you remember?”

“If you say so.”

“Smokes cigars?”

“Yes.”

“You described her attributes in a rather fulsome way, if I remember correctly.”

Colin rubbed his hands together, again. “Nice body! Wouldn’t mind getting my hands around it!” His fantasy of having Elizabeth standing naked on a chair in his room returned. He would get her to wear a studded collar to make the humiliation complete.

Edmund sighed. “The Superior Philosopher is for the belly, not the eye.”

“Eh?”

“Lao Tzu.”

“Oh, that antiquated Chinese cretin.”

“Shall we eat? I’m hungry.”

“What?” His fantasy was still intruding upon reality. Nearby, a young woman sat talking to her friends, her blouse emphasizing her breasts. Colin stared at her. “You have something,” he said to Edmund. “I’ll catch you later.”

His sexual passion aroused, he strode off toward Alison’s room.

Alison was sitting on her bed, listening to music and cuddling a very large toy lion whom she

called Aslan. The sunlit gardens behind Heslington Hall were visible from her window, and she did not look away when a familiar knock sounded on her door.

“Come in,” she said wearily.

Colin, as was his habit, wrestled the lion away from her and with undisguised glee proceeded to stuff it through the open window. She let him enjoy his childish fun. Her room was on the ground floor, and Aslan could easily be retrieved.

His ritual greeting over, he rubbed his hands and shuffled toward her. Alison was annoyed at the lust so evident on his face.

“Why don’t you grow up?” she shouted at him.

Momentarily perplexed, he retrieved Aslan.

“After your oats, then?” she said seethingly.

“I am after expanding my being through the experience of the ultimate,” he said in the prose of *The Philosopher*.

“Why can’t you stop being so false?”

“Ah! ‘Tis true, falsehood is my matchless probity!” He sat beside her on the bed and began to caress her earlobe with his fingers.

He could sense her beginning to succumb, and this pleased him. He wanted to lay people bare to affirm his superiority, control them by his words and his body, and he was surprised when Alison pushed him away.

“I’m going away for a few days,” she said, moving to sit on the floor and cuddle Aslan.

He was about to summon forth a clever riposte when someone knocked on the door of the room.

Eagerly, Alison rose to answer. Fiona stood in the corridor, her dress unbuttoned so that very little of her breasts were not exposed.

“Sorry to intrude,” she said with a smile which pleased Colin, “but could I speak to Mr. Mickleman for a moment?”

“Yes, come in.”

Fiona stayed outside. “It’s about your application,” she said to Colin. “Can you come to the Department?”

Colin looked at Alison who shrugged her shoulders.

“Won’t be long,” he said to Alison.

He walked with Fiona down the corridor and out into the sunlight.

“Shall we go to your room?” Fiona said. “It is quite near.”

“It would be more private,” smiled Colin.

“Elizabeth told me about your application.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes.”

They reached his room without further conversation.

“Not what I expected,” she said as she glanced around. Clothes lay in an untidy heap upon the floor and it smelled of pipe smoke.

“Welcome to my lair!” Colin said, posing.

“What exactly are your intentions?” she asked him.

“Total experiential liberation!”

She ignored the remark. “About your application.”

“And I thought – “

“I was after your body?” she completed.

“The thought had suggested itself.”

She sat down on his bed, crossing her legs to expose most of her thigh. “Are you serious?” she said, smiling.

“Do you want me to be?”

“That depends.”

“Oh, yes?” He guessed her purpose.

“To some, you might seem the ideal candidate.”

As he looked at her, the conviction grew in him that the Professorship was really within his grasp. Fiona was courting him; Elizabeth and Horton would endorse his application with their references. He could deftly and with cunning play Storr off against Horton. Professor Colin Mickleman. It sounded right. The more he looked at Fiona, the more his lust gave way to scheming. She would be a valuable ally.

“Why don’t you come and sit beside me?” she said.

He did, and leaned over toward her to kiss her lips but she moved away, laughing.

“Do you like Early Music?” she asked.

“Not particularly.” He was wondering whether to touch her thigh when she spoke.

“There’s a concert tonight. The Early Music Group is playing in the Lyons Hall. Music by Landini and Machaut. The Vice-Chancellor will be there. Good form for you to be seen – with the right person, of course.

“Of course. You have tickets, then?”

“Naturally. Shall we meet at half past seven?”

“Fine by me.”

She stood up. “Excellent! And afterwards,” she ran her finger down his face, “you can explain just what your intentions are.”

She left him wondering who had been manipulating whom. He searched his pockets for his pipe, and as he did so he remembered last having it when he was attacked by Bryn.

“Damn!” he said, frustrated by its loss and the lack of sexual gratification that the last half hour had brought. “Damn!”

“Well,” Edmund said as he stood in the doorway, “if you’re going to be like that, I might as well go away again.”

“Eh?”

“She didn’t stay long,” quipped Edmund.

“I’m meeting her tonight.” He searched in his desk and found his spare pipe which he

proceeded to fill and light. “Not a good day,” he sighed. Then, remembering his application, he smiled.

“Came for my rucksack,” Edmund said.

Colin was surprised. “Leaving already?”

“Afraid so.” He opened the wardrobe and extracted his rucksack.

“Can’t you stay a little longer?” He was visibly disappointed.

“Not really. Have some unfinished business.”

“Such as?”

“Oh, various things.” He shouldered his heavy burden.

“You going now?”

“Yes.”

“When shall we meet again?”

“Who can say – who cannot say?”

They smiled at each other.

Colin squinted, then held out his hand which Edmund shook strongly, causing Colin to grimace, only half mockingly.

Edmund turned, waved and then walked out of the room and away from his friend.

VII

Colin was only a little late for his afternoon tutorial, but Andrea was already waiting in his room in the Department. She was dressed in a fashionable padded jacket of colourful design and her scarf seemed inappropriate considering the weather, its whiteness in contrast to the patterned blue of her dress. Her dark hair, although well brushed, looked untidy, and she smiled, a little, as Colin entered the room, before her boyish face resumed its startled look.

“So,” Colin said gleefully before assuming the correct intonation and accent, “relentlessly pursued over aerial house top and vice-versa, I have thwarted the malevolent machinations of our most scurrilous enemies. In short, I am arrived.”

Andrea did not know whether to be embarrassed by the W.C Fields impersonation.

Colin cast his lustful gaze upon her. Her gestures were awkward as she fumbled in her bag for her essay.

“Sorry, it’s a bit late,” she said holding the pages out for him.

The Owl watched, and the Philosopher set the trap. “Relationships are difficult things – sometimes.” He took her essay and sat behind his desk. “Perhaps’, he said, pausing for effect, “I shouldn’t say this – and stop me if I say anything untoward – but sometimes with some people I get feelings; impressions. Call it empathy, if you like. One of the great things about life is that we can talk about things – bring problems out of ourselves. Remember Descartes?”

“Yes,” she said shyly.

He sprang his trap. His face bore a kindly smile, but inside his minds was full of scheming. “If you would like to talk about things, I’m a good listener. Share the sadness I sense about you.” He smiled his smile again. “I’ll be in the Bar here in Derwent tomorrow after seven. Now, your essay.”

He lit his pipe and settled back in his chair to read her offering. His criticisms were minor, and he talked for only a quarter of an hour about the essay's content while she sat across from him, wringing her hands together and occasionally meeting his glance.

He gave her back her essay. "Tomorrow – if you want," he said, before picking up the receiver of his telephone. It was a sign of his dismissal of her and she did not fail him.

"Goodbye, then," she said and briefly smiled.

He dialled a few numbers before she closed his door. Then he replaced the receiver. But his pleasure did not last for long.

"Ah!" Storr said as he opened the door without first knocking upon it. "Colin! I, er, just wanted to say how pleased I am about your application. Yes, most pleased."

"Oh yes?"

"Er, yes indeed my dear boy!"

"Did you want something?"

"What?" Storr looked around. "How are your tutorials going?" Well, I hope."

Before Colin could reply, Elizabeth pushed Storr aside.

"Have you a match?" she said as she reached Colin's desk. "My lighter is U/S."

Colin fumbled in his pockets until he found his box of matches. He held them out for her but she ignored his gesture and leaned toward him with one of her small cigars between her fingers.

After he had lit it, she blew the smoke into his face. "Mind if I keep the box?" she asked.

"No, of course not."

Both he and Storr watched her leave.

“Well, I must get on! Storr said to him. “Nice talking to you, Colin.” Nodding his head, he walked into the corridor.

Colin was soon at work. He needed one chapter to complete his book, and he worked eagerly but steadily during the hours of the afternoon, filling pages of paper with his writing. Occasionally he would stop to read what he had written, sometimes making corrections, and occasionally he would stop to refill and relight his pipe. Only once did he leave the room. But the Secretary’s Office was deserted and he made his own cup of coffee before returning to his desk.

It was becoming dark outside when his task was completed, and he collected together all the pages of the chapter. Satisfied with his effort, he wrote a note. “Could you type this out for me? Rather urgent!” it read. He thought of adding a rude suggestion, but desisted, and left it attached to his chapter on the Secretary’s desk.

Pleased with himself, he wandered out into the fresh air of evening, but it did not take him long to forget about his book and concentrate on his evening with Fiona. His wardrobe in his room in the Hall of Residence contained many black clothes, and he was deciding on a fitting combination when he heard a noise behind him.

He turned to see the door open. But it was not Fiona as he hoped, nor Alison as he half expected. Instead, it was the tall man he had seen the day before, following him. The man walked toward him and knocked him unconscious with one powerful blow.

He awoke to find himself lying on a carpet that smelled of urine, and turned to see his attacker standing by a window whose panes were broken. Near him, a bald man stood smoking a cigarette. He was much smaller in stature than the other man, and his face reminded Colin of a toad. The glare from the bright light hurt Colin’s eyes and he shook his head.

“He’s awake,” he heard a voice say. Then he was hauled to his feet.

Dramatically, the toad-faced man put on black leather gloves.

“Someone,” he sneered as Colin was pushed toward him, “wants to teach you a lesson.”

“You what?” Colin said, feeling his mouth go dry and stomach churn.

The man grinned, flexed his hands menacingly and moved closer. “I am going to enjoy this!” he said.

Outside, there was a sudden sound of breaking glass, and a drunken shout.

“Ger up!” the drunken man helped his companion to his feet. Then he peered into the window at Mickleman. “What you doin’?” he asked, smiling insanely, his bushy beard wet from beer. He drank from the bottle in his hand.

“We’ll deal with you later,” the toad-faced man said to Colin.

Colin was pushed to the ground as his would be assailants ran away. When he stood up, the two drunken men had gone as well, and cautiously and nervously, he walked into the darkness outside.

The house stood on a decaying Estate and appeared to be newly wrecked, but Mickleman wasted no time and was soon walking briskly toward the city centre. No one followed him, and he stopped awhile beside a busy road, pleased to find his pipe and tobacco in the pocket of his jacket. The ritual calmed him and he walked on into the centre of the city to find a bus to take him back toward the comfort of the University.

It was nearing nine o’clock when he returned to his room, and he sat at his desk, smoking his pipe, trying to understand his abduction. All he could think of was Bryn. Somehow, he had hired them. This conclusion did not please him, and he was shaking as he left his own room to find Bryn’s. But Alison’s brother was not in his Hall of Residence, and Colin resisted the temptation he felt to break down Bryn’s door.

He was sauntering back to his own room when he remembered his assignation with Fiona, and as he stood waiting outside the Lyons Hall for the concert to end, it occurred to him that Storr might be responsible for his abduction. But the thought was ludicrous, and he forgot about it. Instead, he spent his waiting trying to find epithets to describe Magarita’s body, particularly her large breasts. He wanted his epithets to be as crude as possible, and the more clichéd the better, since this naming was for him an affirmation of his superiority. But

he had not progressed very far when the audience began to leave the Hall.

Fiona was not among them, and he stood among the shadows for some minutes after the last person had departed before returning to his room. But he was not happy, sitting alone at his desk. Magartia seemed glad of his telephone call, and he lurked by the road in black clothes, clutching his camera, to await her arrival.

He did not see Edmund watching him from the walkway above the road.

VIII

It was approaching the twilight hours when Alison left the University in the company of Edmund's friend. She had been glad of the invitation, and readily accepted Edmund's second offer.

She sat beside Magnus in the Land Rover, her small suitcase in the back, watching the scenery as it passed. Occasionally, Magnus would turn and smile at her and she would return his friendly gesture. Magnus was a big man with a full beard, and Alison found something reassuring in his size and his cheerful eyes. Magnus' farm was small, and although its position among the Hambleton Hills at the southern end of the North Yorkshire moors was not ideal, it was sufficiently isolated to afford the privacy Magnus and his wife deemed essential.

The Land Rover climbed the steep hill to Bank Top easily and, in the dim light, Alison found the scene enchanting. It seemed magical to her to be rising above the plain north of the city of York and to have the moors ahead, in the spreading darkness. A car passed them, descending the hill carefully, and Magnus drove off the main road to travel through a plantation of trees. The narrow road he had taken gradually levelled out, and Alison could see to her left and below, the headlights of a vehicle as it was driven along beside the boundary of the moors.

It was dark when they reached their destination. Inside the stone farmhouse was warm.

“Welcome! My name is Ruth,” a woman with a shawl around her shoulders said in greeting as Magnus led Alison toward the log fire.

Alison smiled. In the dim light cast by the fire she found it easy to believe Ruth, and the house itself, belonged to an earlier age.

“It’ll be a cold night,” Magnus said as he warmed his gnarled hands by the fire.

“Alison, is it?” Ruth asked her.

“Yes.” Alison replied.

“Well, sit you down! Food won’t be long.”

They left her alone as she sat bathed in the warmth and the restful light of the fire, and Alison felt an urge to write a letter to Colin. But the house worked its magick upon her, and she soon fell asleep. Ruth awoke her, and she made her way to where the table was spread full with food.

“Sorry about the candles,” Magnus said.

“I think it’s lovely!” Alison said with sincerity.

“Haven’t got round to electricity – yet.”

She sat on the bench beside Ruth, but they did not say grace before their meal as she had expected. The conversation during the meal was minimal, and she was glad when Ruth showed her to her room. It was sparsely furnished, like the house itself, but warm from the small coal fire, and she set the lighted candles by her bed before taking her small cassette player and headphones from her case.

It was some time before she began to write.

“My dear Colin,

Darkness has already fallen as I listen to Bach’s Matthew Passion – crying at the

beauty and haunting sadness of some of the music. Aware also, as I listen, of a loneliness because there is no one here with me to share these moments. All I can do is dare to write to you, keeping the memory of these moments to perhaps mould them at some future time into words spoken when we are together again. Or, perhaps, I might this once let them become the genesis of some music of my own.

Now I sit with the light of a candle to guide my pen, unaware of my future – the darkness beyond my closed window seems mysterious: a mystery, which once and not long ago would have held the numinosity of myths and legends.

The darkness, outside, may have gone – changed by technology, by artificial light, but perhaps (or so it seems at this moment to me) it has returned to within us. There seems nothing to fear outside that the lights of technology and the reason of scientific explanation cannot dispel. Yet so few seem to see the blackness within – which even two thousand years of a powerful allegory has not changed. I mean, of course, the story of the “Passion” - of a kind of innocence betrayed. The actors, their names, changes every year... I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

It seems to me that all great Art uplifts and offers us the possibilities of existence. That ecstasy of experience where we are a unity of passion and reason – where life is constantly renewed and made vital. Bach reminds me of this insight – as a hot summer day can when no cloud obscures the beautiful blue of the sky and we become again, for just that day, children again. Once, it seems a long time ago now, I believed that love between two individuals should and could bring us this awareness, this understanding where answers to all our problems are found: not because we ignore them, but because our love conquers all. ‘A shameless romantic’ I hear you say.

But now experience seems to have dimmed this vision of mine. Through music and other things (music particularly) I have been transported to other planes of existence, and this has made my personal relationships difficult because I have tried to capture the bliss of those other places in moments with others. This has made me intense – and perhaps difficult because I could often not express in words what it was that I wished: in a relationship, in life.

I would like to believe that you offer me, through love, a beginning. But I know that this can never be. Maybe in music, in performance and creation, I will find my answer. No doubt you will continue to be you, safe within your own frame of reference. As to me, I expect the future to be full of discovery: a discovery of both joy and sadness.

With love,

Alison”

She felt happier, having written the letter and re-read it several times, glad that she had been able to express in words the feelings that had haunted her for so long. But she knew she might lack the courage to post the letter. She turned off her music and lay on the bed, listening to the silence. Nothing stirred, not even outside and as she lay, hearing the beating of her own pulse within her ears, she began to realize that it would be better for her if she did not see Colin again. He was her past. So thinking, she rose to delete some words from her letter, making ‘when we are together again’ illegible.

The candle was nearly spent, and she blew it out to fall asleep in the silent darkness.

It was late next morning she awoke. The house was deserted, but she found food awaiting her on the table. No one came to greet her and she ate slowly before walking into the gardens. The morning mist had almost completely dispersed, revealing a bright sun, which had begun to spread its warmth.

There were few flowers to colour the scene, for the gardens were productive ones given over to vegetables, soft fruit and an orchard. Alison found a bench abutting the brick wall that screened the garden from the yard and the clustered farm buildings behind the house, and she sat awhile, letting the sun warm and relax her. She was nearly asleep when a sheepdog came and lay down near her feet.

Magnus’ voice startled her. “He don’t take to many people,” he said.

Alison patted the dog’s head. “Is there any work I do to help?” she asked.

“There is no shortage of work, here,”

“I’d like to do something.”

“Thought you had come for a holiday.”

“Just a break from things. I’d like to help out.”

“Well, if you’re sure.”

“Yes.”

“The onions need weeding and thinning.”

The day passed quickly for her, although by late afternoon her enthusiasm for the back straining work had disappeared. Their lunch had been frugal – soup with plentiful bread – and she was beginning to feel both hungry and tired.

“You ready to eat?” Magnus said as he came toward her.

“Yes, indeed!”

“Didn’t expect you to do all this,” Magnus said as he surveyed her work.

Alison smiled, and scraped dirt from her hands.

“You go in, I’ll tidy up,” Magnus said. “Got some friends coming over,” he added as she began to walk away.

To her surprise she found the kitchen full of people, and children.

“This here is Alison,” Ruth said by way of introduction, “she’s staying for a while.”

“Hello!” Alison said, and blushed.

“That’s Tom,” Ruth said indicating a small unshaven man in worn clothes who smiled in reply, showing his broken teeth. “And Mary.” Mary, a large lady with a young and cheerful face deeply weathered, came and embraced Alison, much to Alison’s embarrassment. “And John.” John, sallow faced and stocky, raised his battered hat in greeting. “And Wendy.”

Wendy, a tall thin woman with long straight hair, smiled at her briefly before admonishing her children. "Leave that alone!" she shouted to her small son who was trying to remove the lid from the metal milk pail on the floor. "And Lucy – stop that!" She dragged her daughter away to stop her kicking her brother.

"There is plenty of hot water," Ruth said to Alison, pointing to the sink.

Alison was washing her hands when Magnus entered the room. He took the now crying Lucy into his arms, scooped up her brother and carried with him before setting them down near the fire. They were staring at him expectantly, and Alison came to sit near them, enchanted by the sudden change in their demeanour and glad to be away from the others.

Magnus began his story. He told how Thrym the Giant stole Thor's hammer Mjollnir as a ransom in order to make Freyja his wife; of how Loki, the Sly One, persuaded mighty Thor to dress as a woman in order to deceive Thrym.

"And so mighty Thor disguised himself as a woman, pretending to be Freyja who Thrym wanted as a bride. Thrym the Giant sat waiting in his draughty Hall. 'They are coming! They are coming' his giant servants shouted as the guests from Asgard arrived.

"Thus Thor entered the Hall which Thrym and his servants had lain with food and drink, for the wedding feast. It had been a long journey from Asgard and Thor was both hungry and thirsty. So he ate and drank. He ate a whole pig and then six whole salmon. He drank a gallon of mead.

"Thrym the Giant was amazed. 'What appetites,' he shouted. 'What a woman! Let us hope,' he said to one of his giant servants, 'her other appetites are as good!' And Thrym the Giant laughed, a laugh so loud it rocked the whole Hall and loosened some of the planks of the wall.

"So Thrym was eager to begin the ceremony of marriage and commanded Mjollnir, Thor's magical hammer which he had stolen, be brought forth. 'I shall,' he shouted, 'swear my oath on Mjollnir as my bride shall.'

"So saying, the hammer was brought forth. And seeing it, Thor rushed forward and

grasped it, tearing off his veil as he did so. His eyes were as red as his beard. There was no escape for his foe, for one by one he split open their skulls with his hammer, starting with Thrym the Giant until the whole floor of the Hall was littered with the dead bodies of the giants who had dared to defy the gods of Asgard!"

There was a moment of silence, and then Lucy's voice. "Another, tell us another!" the little girl said eagerly.

Alison left them to change her clothes, a little disturbed by the tale she had heard. She was in her room, listening to Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony through her headphones when she realized what had disturbed her. She thought the children too young for such a tale of violence with its suggestion of sexuality. But the music gradually transported her to another plane of existence, and she sat on the bed, listening. The sombre starkness of the Epilogue made her cry and she rose to stand by the window and watch the rising moon. She became aware of the coldness and isolation of Space – of the great distance which separated her from the moon; of the even greater distances to the stars. She began to imagine worlds circling the stars – worlds full of life, of people, alive with their own dreams, desires, thoughts and problems. The very vastness of the Cosmos seemed suddenly real to her, and she experienced an almost overwhelming feeling of greatness: of the Cosmos itself, and of her own life. It was as though she glimpsed a secret. The stars seemed awesome and yet thaumaturgic, and she felt a painful desire to travel among them, to explore the new worlds that awaited. There would be so many new experiences, so many things to see, to learn, to listen to. There was almost something holy waiting out there.

There grew within her then a desire to compose some music, something unique, which would capture at least in some way the feelings she had experienced, and she in a frenzy tore open her case to find pen and paper. Music filled her mind, a strange polyphony of sound, and she wove it into reality through the written notes of her pen.

Then the inspiration died, and she found herself sitting on the bed in the dim light staring down at the music she had written. She sighed then, for she understood what she had to do about Colin and her own unborn baby.

As if to counterpoint her thought, a distant bell began to toll, echoing between the valleys and the hills. Its sound was clear, and then distant, then clear again before it faded. It was a medieval sound, and as she listened she remembered the remains of Rievaulx but five miles distant and shrouded in a wooded valley. But the bell was real and not a dream, and she stood by the window, listening.

There was a monastery, she recalled, somewhere in the valleys below. A modern monastery replete with a Public School. A link between the past and the present. This thought pleased her and she smiled. She was not to know that a young novice – full of a youthful desire to return to ancient tradition – had, and against the Prior's wishes, set in motion the mechanism which would swing the six ton bell of Ampleforth Abbey, high in its squat church tower, sending its hallowed sound miles out in remembrance of the monk who had died that same hour. The novice wanted the whole monastery, and the School, to cease, if only for an instant, their tasks and pray for the departing soul.

Had she known this, she would have approved, for the sound of the bell suddenly ceased, leaving her disappointed.

IX

The air of early morning was warm, and Mickleman sat contently at his desk in his room, a notebook beside him.

He sat for some time, watching the lake and vaguely thinking about his life until he began to remember the years that had passed since his youth. He became a little sad, as he often did when he reviewed the passing of the years by remembering the events of the same day one year, then two, then three years ago until he had reached the years of his schooling. 'What have I done since then?' he would ask himself, and be displeased with the answer.

His self pity and melancholia lasted for several hours until he began to lay upon his desk his secret collection of photographs. The photographs pleased him, and as he looked through them his happiness returned.

It was nearing mid-day when he gathered up his notebook and pipe before returning his photographs to the drawer of his desk. Perhaps his preoccupation with Fiona's body or Andrea's shyness made him forgetful, but he did not lock his drawer, and wandered, pleased with himself, out into the bright sun of the day.

Two young male students came toward him on creaking bicycles as he stepped onto the path outside the Hall of Residence, their eager faces smiling. One of them carried a haversack on which was painted: *'Newton Calculates. Watts works. But Coles' word is Law.'* Coles was the Professor of Physics. Mickleman smiled ruefully, and followed a small huddle

of students as they walked toward and over the bridge.

He was early for the Departmental meeting, and sat contentedly in the room smoking his pipe until he could no longer resist the temptation to defile Storr's charts. He added a few extra dots to one, extended the line of another and flicked ink in an inconvenient spot on a third. He was admiring his work when Lee entered the room.

Lee was not a tall man, his jerky movements seemed not quite coordinated, and he looked older than his thirty-five years. His suit was not conspicuous, as he himself was not, and he reminded Colin of a studious monk misplaced in a world which seemed to startle him.

Lee smiled nervously and then crept toward a chair, laying his voluminous notes and files upon the table. His tutorial was only just over and, as he always did, Lee wrote an account of it in order to assess his own performance. 'A moderate success, for once,' he wrote in his notebook in his neat handwriting, 'except regarding the questions about Heidegger. I must do more background reading...'

He was still writing when Horton bustled in and took his usual seat by the window. From his pocket he produced a copy of Iliad, in Greek, and was soon absorbed in his reading.

Soon, the room was full, Storr, squirming and smiling as he sat at the head of the table; Whiting and Hill, near their master, Mrs. Cornish, next to Lee and smoking her small cigars. And last of all, Fiona, who sat next to Colin, graciously smiling as if he had not missed their assignation.

"Well, eh," Storr said, looking around with evident satisfaction. "I'm sorry I had to rearrange this meeting at such short notice. But as you are all aware, I am away next week and rather than postpone next week's meeting I decided to bring it forward. I was hoping to sound to you all out about –"

The door opened, and they all turned to look.

"Ah, Timothy!" Storr said. "Glad you could join us."

Timothy was the most junior member of the Department and Colin was not surprised by his lateness or his manner of dress. He wore a mauve shirt, green trousers and shoes, and had tied a mauve scarf around his neck.

“Sorry I’m late!” he smiled, showing his two gold-capped teeth.

“Just in time! Said Storr. “Jonathon – “ he smiled at Lee, “was about to talk about the audio-visual equipment he had just, eh, taken charge of. A very valuable edition to our Department. Yes indeed. Very valuable.

“Is that all?” Horton turned and glared at Storr.

“Sorry?” Storr said.

“You brought all of us here,” Horton continued, anger evident in his voice, “to waffle on about audio-visual equipment!”

“Well, er, it is rather an important addition to our facilities if I may say so.”

“You have the audacity to – “ Horton began.

“Gentlemen, please!” Mrs. Cornish said in an attempt at mediation.

“There was something else on the agenda, Richard?” Fiona asked.

“Actually, no.”

“I see,” Mrs. Cornish said, disgusted.

“But I was going to mention finances – “ Storr muttered weakly.

Horton stood up. “You could not bear the thought of someone, namely myself, chairing the meeting in your unmissed absence, I assume?”

Storr himself stood up. “You will withdraw that remark, of course.”

It was the nearest Colin has seen Storr to anger.

“May I suggest,” Colin said, “that those wishing to hear Jonathon stay, while those who wish to leave do so. If there are any vital points which emerge, I am sure one of those who stays would be willing to tell – “

“What a waste of time all of these perfidious meeting are!” Horton said and strode out of the room.

To Colin’s surprise, Timothy followed him. Then Mrs. Cornish. Fiona smiled briefly at him and then also left.

“Well, if you all will excuse me,” he himself said, and departed.

Fiona was waiting, as he expected, in the corridor.

“You were otherwise engaged, I imagine,” she said.

He thought of telling her the truth. But it was so unlikely she was bound to think it was a lie, so he lied instead, not really believing she would believe it. “I was not feeling well and fell asleep.”

He was watching her, waiting for her reactions, when he realized how much he desired her. Her face showed no emotion, and it was this almost lofty indifference of hers that aroused his ardour keenly.

“Perhaps the Owl’s nocturnal activities are too tiring?” she said, her face expressionless.

“I waited outside the Lyons Hall at the end of the concert”, he said, trying to salvage something. “I’m sorry, I really am.”

“Cheetah’s One, Owls Nil,” she said and smiled.

She left him standing perplexed and a little shaken, and he walked slowly to his room in the

Department. He sat at his desk, vaguely wondering about Fiona and how he might best approach her. Gradually, there grew within him the feeling that he was no longer the master of his own Destiny, and this discomfited him, as his thoughts about Fiona did. He began to doubt his own self-appointed role about revealing individuals to themselves and the world while he, the puppet master, pulled their strings. But his self-doubt did not last. He remembered Andrea, who would be waiting for him later in the day – another victim whose soul he could lay bare; he remembered the Professorship, his philosophical work, his spreading fame – and his child, growing within Alison's womb.

He was smiling at these, his achievements, when someone knocked on the door of his room. Without waiting for his response Elizabeth Cornish strode in.

“Ah! Glad I caught you!” she said. “The Professorial Board meets next week. The interview, I believe, will be next Tuesday. There is an outside candidate.”

“So soon?” Colin said, surprised.

She smiled. “It was felt a swift decision was needed.”

“Do you know how many candidates there are?”

“Four, including yourself.”

“And the outsider?”

“Chap from Oxford. You have a tie, I presume?” she asked in her matronly voice.

“Yes.”

“Good form for you to be presentable.”

“Of course.”

Her smile was curt, and she retreated from his room briskly, the leather soles of her plain shoes clacking against the floor.

For several minutes he sat at his desk before sidling into the corridor. In several of the rooms lectures were in progress, and he stood listening to the muted words, which seeped out to him. There was, he felt, an aura about them, for here, in his chosen Department, the High Priestess and High Priest were at work, teaching their followers. The deities were Truth, Reason, Feeling and Understanding, and each deity, according to the gospel of Mickleman, was a goddess – or at least a woman. And he wanted to possess and master them all.

These thoughts pleased him, and he spent the remainder of the daylight hours writing steadily at his desk. His completed article also pleased him and he laid it aside to walk in the twilight toward the Refectory. But a memory of Fiona drew him away.

He felt his desire for her keenly as he walked toward her house but a short distance from the University. The village of Heslington was joined to the campus by a road, which had sprouted red brick houses. Fiona's dwelling was a small unprepossessing house along a lane which led off from the road. The gardens, lawns and fences were all well tended, and he was about to push open the gate when the front door was opened. Light from inside gave him a view of Storr's face, and he walked past, momentarily perplexed. But it was not long before he turned to see Storr shambling away.

No sooner had Colin knocked on Fiona's door that it was opened.

"Just passing?" she said and smiled.

She wore a thin dress, which left very little to the imagination.

"Not really."

"Been watching long?"

"Sorry?"

She did not pursue the matter. "Come in," she said.

She opened the door further for him and he stepped over her threshold, smiling as she

closed and locked the door. The house smelled of expensive perfume, as Fiona herself did, and he breathed the scent in.

She stepped past him, but he did not move aside and she allowed her body to brush against his. For a few moments he stared at her, and as he did so he thought her face bore a striking resemblance to one of the women in Bruegel's

'Allegory of Lust'. But the impression was fleeting. He thought her beautiful and sexually alluring and moved forward to kiss her lips.

"Not here!" she laughed, and walked slowly up the stairs to her bedroom.

He followed, fascinated by his desire.

The bedroom was all black and crimson and seemed luxurious to Colin.

"Take your clothes off." She said as she sat on the edge of the large bed.

"What?"

"Your clothes – take them off."

Then he saw it. In the corner of the room, a camera stood on a tripod, and in her hand Fiona held the remote control release.

"I want to watch you," she said, still smiling. She rummaged in a drawer by the bed. "And then I want you to put these on." She held out a pair of handcuffs.

Colin smiled, but she soon destroyed his fantasy. "On you," she said, and laughed.

Her laughter, and this reversal of roles, confused Colin, and he stood, in the bright light, by her bed unable to speak.

"Come on, don't be shy," she smiled. "What are you waiting for?" She dangled the

handcuffs in front of him.

When he still did not speak, she added: "Just a few photographs of you - in various poses."

She rose to stand before him and, somewhat abashed, Colin retreated from the room. She did not follow him, and he could hear her laughter as he opened the door of the house to the dark and cooling air.

X

The food did not interest him, but Colin sat at a table in the crowded Refectory eating nevertheless while he listened to the chatter and clatter of the students around him.

He left his meal half-eaten to saunter toward the Bar in Derwent college, and he was soon drinking himself into a stupor. The beer made his melancholia even worse and he sat vaguely detesting the people who gradually filled the room with their noise.

"Hello!" Andrea said cheerfully. She was dressed all in black, an affectation which surprised him, and he glowered at her because he thought it was his own copyright.

"Join me?" he said, holding up his glass but making no effort to rise from his seat.

When she returned he sat silently watching her sip her drink.

"A bit crowded, isn't it?" she said, embarrassed by his silence.

He watched her lustfully. "I know what you need," he said without any subtlety.

"Oh, yes?" She appeared to him to be only half-insulted.

"Someone to talk to." He smiled as he savoured his first little victory. "It is never easy, is it?"

“What?”

“Sharing moments. Just when you think you understand someone – they surprise you.” The alcohol was beginning to affect his thought, and he struggled to not let this show. “They surprise you,” he repeated. “Usually with other people, betraying.”

Andrea thought of her own just broken relationship and began to be amazed at what she saw as Colin’s insight.

“You thought you understood him,” he continued.

How could he know? She thought. Is it so evident on my face?

“Are you happy here?” he asked, then seeing her questioning face added, “here, at University.”

“Sometimes.”

“What will you do? His pause was deliberate. “When you graduate?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe teach.”

She smiled a defensive smile which Colin divined and he forgot about trying to lay her soul bare with the scalpel of his words, and leaned across the small table that held his many empty glasses to grasp her hand in his own. She did not move away.

“Mind if I join you?” a voice asked above the babble around them.

Andrea jerked her hand away. On the lapel of his tweed jacket Fenton, their interloper, wore a badge saying *‘Being Weird Isn’t Enough’*.

Without being asked, he sat down. “Is this a philosophical discussion – or can anyone join in?”

Colin looked at Andrea who looked at him. Fenton looked at them both and then said, "That's exactly my point! The academic study of morals is no guarantee that those who so study are moral themselves. Won't you agree, Dr. Mickleman?" Fenton gave an inane smile.

The Doctor of Philosophy took a long drink of his beer and then burped loudly.

"Ah!" Fenton exclaimed. "The existential viewpoint! I could not have put it better myself." He gestured toward Andrea. "And you, Mademoiselle? How would you, as a student of the illustrious Dr. Mickleman, express your own desire for understanding?"

She looked at him angrily, then rose and left. Colin watched her push her way through the crowded room and was about to follow when Fenton laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"I am in dread," Fenton said, "that from all this silence something ill shall burst forth."

Eh?"

"Sophocles." He removed his hand.

"That antiquated Greek cretin!"

For some seconds they looked at each other, but Colin turned away before rising to follow Andrea. He soon caught up with her as she walked along the path that took them turning and down toward the light-shimmering lake. They did not speak but she limply held his hand as it sought hers while they walked toward his room. His understanding had impressed her, his eyes seemed to radiate a warmth, and she was lonely.

In his dimly lit room, the smell of pipe smoke and sweaty feet pervaded, and he was soon kissing her and fondling her body. Only partly undressed, they lay on his bed, but his body refused to obey his desire. This alcohol induced failure made him angry. As a remedy to try and arouse his erection he began to beat her bare buttocks with his discarded shoe.

"Please, don't!" she pleaded and began to cry.

Her utter helplessness appealed to him and, as his remedy began to take effect, he forced

himself upon her. But his desire did not last long and, satiated, he turned over to fall into an alcoholic sleep.

She dressed while he slept. Her feelings in turmoil, she sat down at his desk. She would write him a note, she thought, although she did not know what to write and in her search for a clean sheet of paper and pen, she opened the drawer of his desk.

Among the photographs, she recognized Kate, and Magarita, and she carefully replaced them in the drawer. Without feeling anything she silently stole out and away from the room. Dawn was many hours away, as midnight itself was, and she wandered around the lake, keeping to the shadows and avoiding the gaggles of students who passed in the still but seldom silent night air.

Their laughter and their words were devoid of meaning for her. There was no one and nothing she could trust. No boyfriend, parents, friends or tutor; no God. 'I would have been just one more sordid photograph,' she thought as she walked slowly back to her own room, wishing to cry but too full of discordant emotion to succeed.

XI

Alison frowned, but otherwise bore herself stoically as one who, having thought deeply about a particular matter, had made a decision. She had surprised Colin by arriving to see him early in the morning.

Bewildered, he sat hunched on his bed while Alison stood beside the window.

"Well?" he asked, chagrined at both being disturbed from his slumber so early and not finding Andrea in his room.

"I've made a decision," Alison announced.

"Oh yes?"

“I’m going to have an abortion,” she said without any preamble.

“What?” He remark awakened him.

“You heard.”

“But you can’t – “

“I thought I’d tell you now rather than later.”

“But I would help. Money, that sort of thing. You know that’s not what I want.”

“Who said anything about what you want?”

“But I’ll get you a Flat. Everything.”

“Too late,” she said.

He smiled at her then. But she divined his purpose. “And nothing,” she added, “you say or do can make me change my mind. You’ll not wheedle you way into my affections again.” Her hardness was only in part a pose. “Well, goodbye then. I doubt we shall meet again.”

She turned around and left him sitting on the bed. He sat still for a while and then suddenly leapt up to find his clothes and dress himself. A faint mist shrouded the University and he was half across the bridge outside his residence, straining to see ahead, when he realized he had run in the wrong direction. He turned, and collided with a student carrying an armful of books. He did not want to help but shouted a “Sorry!” to the fallen young man and sprinted away along the path toward the car park behind the large Physics building. There was a Land Rover leaving and he ran toward it shouting Alison’s name, but it steadily pulled away and he was left to bend breathless and alone by the side of the running track. No one saw him as he in anger kicked a post. He hurt his foot, and limped slowly back to his room.

Clarity of thought and release from the pain in his foot came slowly as he sat at his desk smoking his pipe. The idea of a child, unwanted though it was at its conception, had pleased him, but there would, he felt sure, be other opportunities, some woman to bear his children

and whom he might marry if she accepted his need for other purely physical liaisons. Magarita, perhaps? She knew of his other liaisons and did not seem to care. But that, he felt certain, would come in its own species of time. His concern now was the Professorship and although Alison's decision and departure saddened him, he was also a little relieved to be free of what he had felt to be her cloying emotions. Thus was he satisfied with himself and his world again. He made himself a strong brew of tea before departing for his office in his Department.

A pile of mail awaited him in the Secretary's Office, and he spent nearly an hour with her, idling chatting and making rude suggestions. The Secretary, a youngish lady with a tender face and richly coiffured dark blond hair given to slightly audacious and in some circles fashionable clothes, did not mind, for she was recently and happily married. Colin's seduction of her was over a year away and for both it was part of their past. And when he did finally peruse his mail in his own room, he was pleased to find a letter asking him for an article from an academic journal he never read.

So he sat and wrote and read a little while the hours of the morning passed. Fenton was late for his tutorial, and Colin calmly waited. Half an hour; an hour. But in his relaxed way he did not care, and was even a little pleased, for last night Fenton had disturbed him. The meaning of his words had not escaped Colin, inebriated though he was, and he began to surmise that Fenton was too embarrassed to attend the tutorial as he began to believe that Fenton, the avowed homosexual, was attracted to him. He felt this explained all of Fenton's behaviour, and was even a little pleased. Perhaps, after all, he had found the key to unravel Fenton's character. Still thinking these thoughts, he was surprised by Fiona who entered his room without knocking.

He watched her carefully as she came to sit on the side of his desk. As was her habit, her dress seemed to reveal rather than hide her body.

"Dinner, tonight?" she asked.

"Well – "

"Are you afraid of me?" she asked directly.

"What do you mean?"

"Of my strength."

“I didn’t realize that you took steroids,” he said in an attempt to be clever.

It did not work. “I have some outfits which I think you would look very good in.”

“Oh yes?”

“Yes. Are you afraid to experiment then? And after all I’ve heard!”

“Such as?”

“Oh various things.”

The phrase startled him, for some reason he could not remember. But he did remember feeling almost as startled by something Fenton had said to him, last night. He could not remember what that was either. Fiona was staring at him while her lips were drawn into a smile, and this perplexed him as well.

“Try it,” she said, “tonight. You might surprise yourself and have a good time..” She pursed her lips. “I think we’d make a good combination – in bed.”

She smiled at him and then walked toward the door. “I’ll expect you about seven.”

Her perfume and presence lingered a long time, and he found himself unable to concentrate on his work. His mind began to fill with erotic images and visions, and all of them involved him and Fiona. It was these which persuaded him: he would go and meet her, confident that he would be equal to any situation, and, in his anticipation and delight, he forgot about both Andrea and Fenton.

Fenton had been with a party of his friends when he had seen Andrea pass in the night. He caught sight of her face as she slowly walked under a lamp near the door to her residence.

“Come on,” a friend had urged him as he stood wondering whether to call out her name – and he had gone with them to their rooms where music played and cups were filled with

wine. Soon the voices were raised to try to right all the political wrongs in the world.

“Worker’s Councils – that is what we need! It would show the bosses!” an enthusiastic student said.

“But surely, democratic reforms,” another countered, “are the only viable means.”

“Bull! Revolution has been and still is the only answer.”

But Fenton remembered, as he listened, Andrea’s face. It had spoken to him, one soul to another, one outcast to another. There was real suffering there which he felt no political discussion would change, and he rose unobserved to take his leave.

“Go away!” a voice shouted in answer to his knuckle raps upon Andrea’s door.

“Leave me alone!” the voice said as he tried again.

“It’s me!” he said.

“Look!” an angry face said as Andrea opened the door, “I want to be left alone.”

Then there was not more anger in her face as she staggered back inside to collapse upon the floor.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked as he knelt beside her. Her room was brightly lit, very tidy and very warm.

“Get your hands off me, you poof!” she said, slurring her words.

An empty bottle of whiskey lay on the floor, and he was about to leave when he saw a bottle of barbiturate tablets. It was almost empty.

She peered at the container as he held it up. “Have you taken any?” he asked.

“Leave me alone. Want to sleep,” she said through half- closed eyes. She tried to speak again but drifted into unconsciousness.

“Andrea! Wake up!” Gently, he held her head in his hands. “Have you taken any of these tablets?”

She did not respond and he lifted her to lay her down on the bed. On the bedside table was a letter, propped up against the lamp. ‘Dr. Colin Mickleman’ the writing on the envelope read.

‘Will you regret not having a photograph of me? I doubt it.’

Fenton read the note three times before placing it in his pocket and lifting Andrea into his arms. He carried her along the corridor and down the stairs, oblivious to the two female students who drunkenly laughed as he passed them by.

“You Tarzan, she Jane!” one of them said, and laughed again.

His car was small and some distance away, but he ran with his burden to lay her softly on the back seat. His driving was fast as he raced toward the city. He nearly crashed once, as he slewed the car into a corner, and once he had to stop to try to remember his way before reversing to take another turning.

No one came to greet him or relieve him of his burden as he kicked open the doors to the Casualty department of the Hospital.

“Please,” he pleaded to the woman behind the desk, “she’s taken an overdose!”

The waiting patients stared while, somewhere, a baby cried.

Then, there was a sudden rushing of white coats, blue uniforms and anxious faces.

“Wait here, will you?” a young woman said. And then a Nurse was asking: “Do you know what she has taken?”

“Some tablet – and alcohol.”

“How long ago?”

“Not sure. Half an hour, perhaps. Will she be alright?”

No answer, only another person asking questions. The questioning nurse had a kindly face and ushered him to a chair in the corridor. He gave her Andrea’s name and address, as well as his own.

‘You are students at the University then?’ she asked. But her kindly smile did not change.

“Yes. Will she be alright?”

“I should think so, yes. They’ll pump her stomach out. She’ll be drowsy for a while and sleep.

“Can I see her?” He saw the look on the young girl’s face and was about to correct her natural assumption when he said instead, “I’m sorry for all the trouble.”

“That’s what we are here for.”

“Can I see her?” he asked again.

“In a while, probably.”

She left him, and he was suddenly aware of his surroundings, of voices, near and distant, of people walking past. A telephone ringing. He sat for a long time.

“Mr. Fenton?” a Doctor asked. The pockets of his white coat bulged with pens, a stethoscope, a small compendium about drugs.

“Yes.” He stood up.

“You can see her now.” They walked together toward a cubicle.

“Is she alright?”

“Yes, fine. We’ll keep her in overnight. Just for observation. I should think she will sleep most of tomorrow.” He nodded curtly, then walked away to disappear behind a curtain.

Andrea lay on her side, covered by a sheet and an thin blanket, an intravenous infusion supplying fluid through a needle in the back of her hand. She did not stir as he did not try to wake her, and he stood beside her for what seemed a long time.

“She’ll be alright.” The Nurse who questioned him said as she passed. “We’ll be moving her onto the ward soon. I’m sure they wouldn’t mind if you wanted to call and see her in the morning.”

He returned her smile, and left to wander back into the night, and it took him several minutes to realize his car had been stolen. In his haste, he had left the door open and the keys in the ignition.

XII

It was a long walk back to the University, but Fenton did not mind. He had reported the theft before setting out into the cold, sodium-lit darkness. But he was soon warm, despite being without a jacket, and by the time he reached his room he had decide on his plan of campaign.

His sleep was brief, if sound, and he ate a small breakfast in the refectory before boarding a bus for the city. The Ward Sister was helpful and kind, and let him briefly sit by Andrea’s bed while, around him in the busy ward, Student Nurses made beds while they chatted.

“Thank you,” Andrea said, and weakly held his hand as she tried to keep awake.

“I haven’t told anyone yet,” he said, embarrassed by her gesture.

“There was a letter.”

“I have it, it’s alright.” He withdrew his hand and made to search his pockets, but it was just an excuse to remove his hand from her. “I must have left it in my room.”

“You know, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Such a stupid thing to do!” She tried to smile. “I was so fed up. You won’t tell him, will you?”

“No,” he lied and turned his face away.

“You’re very kind.” She held his hand again.

In embarrassment, he stood up. “I’ll call again this afternoon. Is there anything you want?”

“They discharge me today. The Doctor is coming to see me later this morning.”

“I’ll telephone the Ward to ask. Do you want me to come and meet you if you are discharged?”

“That would be very kind.”

“Not at all.”

“You’re a strange man,” she said gently.

He smiled in response and walked back down along the long line of beds.

His visit to the Police Station to confirm the theft of his vehicle was brief, but he lingered in the centre of the city, watching people, drinking tea at a café and browsing in a bookshop. It was past midday when he returned to the University.

Colin was in his room, in the Department, smoking a pipe and scribbling.

“Come in!” he said cheerfully. Then, seeing Fenton, he added, “bit late, aren’t we?”

Calmly, Fenton sat down opposite him.

“Black seems an appropriate colour,” Fenton said, alluding to Colin’s manner of dress.

“Shall I,” Colin responded, quoting, “entrust myself to entangled shadows?”

“Perhaps,” Fenton retorted, unsmiling, “I shall do violence to your person.”

Colin gaped, then squinted, trying to find a clever response. But Fenton calmly handed him Andrea’s envelope and note.

“From Andrea,” Fenton said. “She tried to kill herself – last night.”

This was something beyond the Owl’s comprehension, but he strove to understand it, and the strain showed on his face.

“Is she – “ he began.

“Don’t worry – she’ll be alright.”

“How?” The strain was lessening, but anxiety had begun.

“Overdose. Luckily, I found her in time.”

“You?”

“No one else knows. Yet.”

Colin came to several conclusions, almost at the same time.

Fenton let him suffer. "Of course," he said with apparent indifference, "a scandal at this time would do your chances of obtaining the Professorship no good."

For a few seconds, the Owl gaped in horror at one of his own conclusions. Then he shivered in revulsion. Was he about to be blackmailed into a homosexual encounter?

Fenton sighed, as he saw the perplexity and horror evident on Colin's face. "Don't judge everybody by your own standards," he said. "Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I've no moral standards."

"Sorry?"

"I know what you were thinking. And you were wrong. I have no intention of telling anyone anything – unless Andrea wishes it. She and she alone will decide. And shall I tell you something else?"

Colin was not sure whether he wanted to know. But he said nothing.

"There was a time when I fancied you," Fenton continued. "You had an aura of genius about you. But so cold – so little real humanity. I know you dislike me. Not because I'm gay – but because I see through your pose. What is beyond that pose? Is there anything?"

He took the note and envelope, which Colin had left on his desk and walked over toward the door. Outside, in the quiet corridor, he stood shaking for several minutes. He disliked the anger he had felt toward Colin and walked quickly down the stairs and out in the freshness outside. Ragged cumulus clouds sped swiftly below the blue of the sky, carried on the rising wind, and Fenton tore Andrea's note in small pieces as he walked, casting them into the lake from a bridge. He watched them as they sank, bopped or floated away. Around him, the University pulsed with life.

He did not have long to wait in the corridor of the Ward. Several of the beds were screened by their curtains and he was idly wondering why when Andrea, dressed in her clothes of the night before, came slowly toward him. She smiled on seeing him leaning against the wall,

and then broke into a run to hug him strongly. He held her body feebly by one hand while she clung to him, and then edged away.

“I’ve got a taxi waiting,” he said while a passing Nurse smiled at them.

“You are kind,” Andrea said and held his hand briefly. “Sorry I embarrassed you,” she whispered.

They did not speak again as they walked the short distance to the entrance to enter their waiting carriage and be conveyed along the traffic filled roads to the campus. But every few minutes Andrea would turn and glance at his face as if trying to measure his feelings. But his face betrayed no emotion.

He walked with her to her room, and stood outside as she opened the door.

“Please,” she said almost pleading, “I’d like you to come in.”

She lay on her bed while he sat, awkwardly, on the chair by the small study desk.

“I feel like I could sleep for a week, she said, and yawned.

Instead, she rested her head on her elbow as she looked at him. “Have you still got the note?” she asked.

“I threw it away.”

“Good.” Then she sighed. “You know, I’m not depressed any more. When I woke up this morning and saw the sunlight streaming through the window I was happy. There was this woman in the bed next to mine – did you see her? – who’d had most of her bowel cut out. They were very kind to her, the Nurses, but

you could see she was dying. I felt so ashamed, being there. Do you mind if I talk?”

”Of course not.”

“What will happen?” she asked softly. “About last night, I mean?”

“Nothing, I imagine. Unless you want to tell anyone.”

“No, of course not. Not even – “

“I’ve told him.”

She was not certain whether she was pleased or upset. “And?” she said, hesitantly.

“He’ll keep quiet, I imagine.”

“I’ll have to leave the University,” she said sadly.

“Do you really want to?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

“I can’t face him.”

“I’ll be with you in lectures.”

She smiled at him. “You’re very sweet. But he is my personal tutor.”

“Change to someone else. It happens.”

“What could I say? What reason could I give?”

It was Fenton’s turn to smile. “With his reputation, you don’t need a reason.”

She thought for a while, and then said, “I just couldn’t bear it, seeing him.”

“Imagine what he would feel like, seeing you.”

Andrea laughed. “I can’t believe I was so stupid, last night.”

“In the midst of many, it is easy to be alone.”

“You know, I always thought you were so reserved. Aloof. Even a bit arrogant. But you’re not, are you? You’re really kind.”

“You’ll have me blushing in a moment.”

“You’re not like other men.” Then realizing what she had said, added, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean – “

“It’s alright. I don’t keep it a secret. Anymore.”

“I mean you’re – for a man – oh, I’m not saying this right!” she finally said in exasperation. “I mean I can actually talk to you. You understand.”

“And I am no threat,” he smiled in self-mockery.

She began to feel that she would not have minded if he were. She would feel safe, in his arms, with the world shut out. But she said nothing and even tried to hide her feelings so that they would not show in her face and eyes. She wanted to be strong and self-reliant, not depending on men for her emotional security, but she did not know how to begin. She remembered the father she saw only twice a year, her sisters leaving school early to work while she studied, always alone in her life. Her always-disastrous relations with men. Her need for love seemed to drive them away.

“There’s a strength in you,” she finally said. “An inner strength. I feel better just being with you. Can we be friends?”

He gave a crooked smile. “I thought we already were.”

She jumped up to kiss him, then decided against it. The sudden movement made her feel dizzy and she lay down on her bed again.

“You ought to get some rest,” he said with concern.

“Yes, I suppose so.” She smiled at him as she sat up. “I’ll get into bed, if you don’t mind.”

“Er, no. I was just going,” he said as he nervously stood because she had begun to remove her clothes.

“Please,” she said, half-pleading and half-seductively, “stay and talk to me for a while.” Naked except for her panties, she got into bed.

“Well, actually –“ he began.

“Please, just for a few minutes.”

He sat down again.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” she asked.

“Depends on the question!”

“Have you ever been with a woman?” she asked impulsively, surprised at her own audacity.

“I really ought to go,” he said as he stood up again.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you.” She suddenly realized that she did not want to be alone. “Look, I’ll be honest with you, Carl. I need to be with somebody at the moment.”

“But I can’t – “

“Just hold me, please.” There was no longer any tone of seduction in her voice or manner, just a pleading, a helplessness, and she began to cry, slowly and almost in silence.

He went to sit beside her on the bed, and she clung to him, her tears wetting his shoulder and drawing forth from within her some of the sadness and misery she felt. Her tears were the rain from the clouds which had come to pass over the sun of her joy, and it was minutes before the dark clouds retreated. She curled up, then, in the warmth of her bed, and closed her eyes to sleep. He brushed her cheek dry and briefly kissed it before leaving her to the silence of her room.

XIII

There were no meetings, lectures or tutorials to fill Colin’s afternoon, but he could not settle down to his writing. He spent an hour wandering around the University library, but neither the books nor some research he needed to do interested him, and he wandered the campus in search of Magarita.

But she was not in her office, and he returned to his room in the Hall of Residence. But he soon became listless and bored. Fiona troubled him, as Andrea and Fenton did, and as he wandered for the third time around the campus, he began to realize he was alone. There was no one with whom he could share his secrets; no one with whom he could talk without assuming the mask of his role. He thought of Edmund, and it took him over an hour of diligent and then frenzied searching in the piles of old letters, manuscripts and papers that littered parts of his room before he found an address.

There was a grimy public telephone kiosk in a gloomy corner of Derwent college between the lavatories and the Porter’s prison of glass, and he was approaching it when a crowd of students came toward him, babbling. One of them, a brightly dressed young lady with frizzy hair, waved at him, and he waved back. She smiled, and then was sucked away within the crowd. He had no idea who she was, and shrugged his shoulders. Inside the soundproof booth, graffiti declared: *‘Jesus Saves, Moses Invests, But Buckby spends it all.’* Buckby was the Treasurer of the University.

His efforts were to no avail. There was no telephone number under that name, the discordant voice emanating from the receiver had said. Disgruntled, he wandered back to

his bedroom. It was then he realized the drawer that contained his photographs was unlocked. Had Andrea seen them? Was that the meaning of her cryptic message?

Suddenly, it seemed his world was in chaos. There would be no Professorship, only rumours about his photographs, about Andrea's attempted suicide. For a few moments he panicked. But calmness eventually came, although the pains he felt in his stomach remained. The ritual of cleaning and filling and lighting his pipe aided his thinking, and by the time he had smoked his fill he was certain neither Andrea or Fenton would compromise him. Yet a slight uncertainty remained, seeping down into his unconscious. Secure again in the confines of his world, he lay on his bed reading academic books.

It was nearing five o'clock in the evening when he left his room, no longer able to resist the temptation of visiting Andrea. He needed to know how she felt - what she would do. The hours of his reading had brought light rain to the outside world, and sheen of wetness pervaded the buildings and the paths which were entwined around them. It was only a short walk to the building which housed Andrea's room, which pleased him, since he so disliked rain.

It was Fenton who opened Andrea's door.

"She doesn't want to see you," Fenton said.

"Who is it?" a faint voice said.

"The esteemed Dr. Mickleman."

"I'll get dressed. Tell him to come back in a few minutes."

Fenton smiled ruefully at Colin and then shut the door. Colin waited outside for the allotted span, and then knocked on the door again.

Fenton, adopting the pose of a deferential butler, bowed slightly and in a disdainful accent said, "Madam will see you now, sir." He moved aside while Colin entered, then closed the door.

"How are you?" Colin asked Andrea as she sat on her bed. She was demurely dressed, but Fenton's presence, the disordered bedclothes, the discarded female underclothes on the

floor, perplexed him.

Before Andrea could answer, Fenton said, "As well as might be expected under the circumstances, sir."

Colin ignored him. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked her.

"With all due respect, sir," Fenton said, continuing with his accent and his role, "I believe you have done quite enough already. May I therefore respectfully suggest you return to your lucubrations? Shall I show the gentleman out, Madam?"

Andrea giggled.

"Very well Madam if that is what you wish." For Colin's benefit he gestured toward the door. "This way, sir, if you please. Terrible weather, isn't it? For the time of year."

Colin was beginning to become annoyed. "Can I talk with you alone?" he asked Andrea.

Andrea affected her own accent and role. "Be so good," she said to Fenton, "as to leave us."

Fenton bowed. "As you wish. If Madam is quite sure."

"Quite sure."

"I shall be directly outside, should you at any time require my assistance." He flicked imaginary dust from his imaginary livery.

Colin waited until he and Andrea were alone. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What will you do?"

"About what?"

“Does anyone else know?”

“Don’t worry,” she smiled. “I shall not make a fuss.”

“I didn’t mean – “

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Pardon?”

“At the lecture. On Kant’s aesthetics isn’t it?”

“Er, yes.” He did not know what else to say and stood immobile with his arms hanging limply by his side.

Andrea rose to open the door, and as it was opened Fenton sprang into the room. But he quickly resumed his role.

“The gentleman,” Andrea said, acting again, “is just leaving.”

“Very good, Madam. This way, sir.” Fenton gestured toward the corridor. Colin was at the top of the stairs when Fenton, as Fenton, said, “If I were you, I’d leaver her alone from now on.”

Andrea was sitting on her bed when he returned to her room.

“I was shaking and trembling,” she admitted, “seeing him again. I’m glad that’s over. I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t been here.”

Reverting to his role, he said, “Your servant, Madam.”

She threw her pillow playfully at him, and then looked at her discarded underclothes on the

floor. “Do you think he thought – “ she began.

“Probably!”

They both laughed. She wanted to embrace him, but all she did was rest her head in her hands and sigh.

“Some friends of mine,” Fenton said in an effort to comfort her, “are having a party tonight. Would you like to come?”

“Not really. I’m not in the mood.”

“Well, when I say ‘party’ it’s not exactly the right word. Just a quiet get together.”

“Thanks, but no.”

“It’s sort of an informal gathering of the GaySoc.”

“Sorry?”

The Gay Society.”

“Sounds like the title of a thirties musical.”

“Maybe it was. Anyway, they’ll be some women there. It’s not all men. There’s someone there I’d particularly like you to meet.”

She thought for a while, then said, “I don’t really think it would be my scene.”

“We are not all weirdoes you know.”

“I didn’t say you were. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“Do I look offended?”

“No.”

“It would be good for you to get out – meet people.”

“I’m not really a gregarious person.”

“Look, I’ll tell you what. I have to go – for some silly reason I let myself be talked into running the thing this year. But afterwards we can go out for a meal, just you and I.”

“You don’t have to take pity on me, you know.”

“Is that what you think?”

“I don’t know what to think anymore.”

“I’m asking you as a friend.”

“I know. I’m sorry. Alright, then – but I’m not sure I feel like eating much.”

“Doesn’t matter. Now you ought to get some more rest. Will you be alright?”

“I won’t do anything silly, if that’s what you mean.”

“No it was not what I meant. I meant I’ll stay and talk to you if you like.”

“I’ll be fine. I do still feel tired. You’ve done more than enough.”

“I’ll be back about six then.”

“Fine.”

He had opened the door to leave when she said, “You are very kind.”

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. “What are friends for?”



Fenton was over half hour late.

“Sorry!” he said as an anxious Andrea opened her door. “I fell asleep.”

Andrea wore a tight jumper and close-fitting trousers and even Fenton noticed that she was wearing no bra, for her nipples stood out quite prominently. Fenton was dressed as he almost always was in tweed jacket and trousers. Only the colour of his shirts and his badges varied. His small but brightly coloured badge declared: *Laugh Now, But One Day We'll Be In Charge.*

“Are you ready,” he asked unnecessarily.

“Lead on!”

The gathering was held in the first floor room of one of the colleges. The chairs were low and comfortable, the décor modern but subdued. The blinds were drawn to cover the window and one table was spread with glasses, bottles of wine and cans of beer. Of the nine students, three were women. They did not turn to stare as Andrea and Fenton entered, and Andrea was surprised to find that all of those gathered in the room looked and dressed like ordinary students.

Fenton saw her surprise. “What did you expect?”

“I don't know,” she whispered. “They all look so normal.”

He adopted an effeminate pose. “Well to tell you the truth dear, we are. It’s the others who aren’t!”

She cuffed him playfully on the ear with her hand.

“Come on,” he said, “I’ll introduce you.” He walked toward a tall woman with startling blue eyes and very short black hair. “Julie,” he said to her, “this is Andrea.”

“Hi,” Julie said, and held out her bony hand.

Andrea blushed, held the proffered hand briefly, and said, “Hello!”

“What are you studying?” Julie asked her.

“Philosophy. And you?”

“Physics. Can I get you a drink?”

“Orange juice – if there is one.”

“We’ll see!” As she passed Fenton, Julie whispered in his ear. “Pretty, isn’t she?”

She was not away long, and Andrea clutched her glass nervously while she and Julie stood on the edge of the conclave. Fenton moved away to talk to the others.

“What made you choose York?” Julie asked her.

“The course, mainly.”

“Do you like music?”

“It’s alright.”

“I just love Classical, myself. Now Carl – well! His taste runs to that horrendous noise he calls ‘Progressive’. Personally, I would say ‘regressive’ – back to the primitive.”

She laughed at her own joke. “But enough of me – tell me about yourself.”

Andrea sipped her orange juice, and looked at Carl. He was obviously at ease, among friends, and his laugh made her feel a little sad. “Are you in your first year?” she asked Julie.

“Heavens no! Only wish I were. Finals time! What made you chose philosophy?”

“Seemed a good idea at the time.”

“Are you liking it?”

“Yes and no.”

“We had a few lectures from a chap in your Department. On the philosophy of Science. Can’t remember his name. Fancied himself, though. Tall chap – often wore black. Some sort of gesture, I suppose. Typical arty-farty type. Do you know him?”

“Not really,” Andrea lied. She wanted to get away, to talk to Carl to leave the room. Julie was smiling intently at her. “Have you any plans after your Degree?” she asked to hide her embarrassment.

“Year off. Cycling across America, then Scandinavia.”

“You do a lot of cycling then?”

“Sure! I love it. You?”

“No. I am not very sporting.”

“You should try it! There’s a marvellous, simply marvellous, feeling about riding a bike –

such freedom. Just you, and your surroundings. You're really in tune with your environment. I love it – touring and racing, cycling at speed. You and the machine, a perfect harmony. All your own effort and skill. Beautiful! I've a race – well, Time Trial actually – on Sunday. Would you like to come?"

"Well, I was thinking of - " she returned her gaze from Carl to Julie. There was something about Julie's earnest, youthful enthusiasm, which pleased her, and she smiled, envying her vivacity.

"I'm afraid," Julie was saying, "it starts rather early. Six in the morning actually. I'm off number three – they always start the slowest riders first!" She laughed, again, rocking slightly backwards on her feet and as she did so she lightly touched Andrea's arm with her hand. "It's only twenty five though."

"Sorry?"

"Twenty five miles. Fast course, though. I hope to do a One-Six." Then seeing Andrea's obvious incomprehension, she added, "one hour, six minutes."

"You mean," Andrea said, astounded, "you cycle twenty five miles in just one hour and six minutes?"

"More or less. I'm not as fast as some of the ladies, though."

"That's nearly – what?" she thought for a moment. "Twenty three miles an hour."

Julie shrugged her shoulders. "Lots of ladies get under the hour."

"You must be very fit."

"Well, I do lots of training! It's lovely to be out on the bike after hours of lectures or lab work. Really relaxing. There's only you, the bike and the road – everything else ceases to exist. Marvellous for stress!"

"I doubt I could make it into the town on a bike."

“Fancy a ride tomorrow? I’ve got an spare bike?”

“I’d only slow you down.”

“Nonsense! I like touring speeds as well.” She looked at Andrea’s body, letting her gaze linger on her breasts. “You look fit enough. I’ve got a Flat in town. If you want to come round about ten in the morning, say. I’ll give you the address.”

“Really, I –“

“No bother! Just a minute, I’ll borrow some paper and a pen.”

She returned with Carl, and scribbled her address on a crumpled sheet of paper. “I’ll look forward,” she said as she gave it to Andrea, “to seeing you.” She turned toward Carl. “Got to dash!” To Andrea’s surprise, Julie kissed Carl on the cheek, tousled his hair with her hand and said, “You take care. Probably see you next week.” She waved at Andrea, smiled warmly, and was gone from the room in a burst on energy. For a few seconds, Andrea regretted her departure.

Then she was annoyed with herself. ‘I’m so fickle and immature,’ she thought.

“Come and meet the others.” Carl said to her.

“Can we go? I really not in the mood to be around people.”

“Of course. I’ll just say my farewells.”

He returned smiling and holding out some car keys. “Julian's lent me his car,” he beamed.

The car turned out to be an old Volkswagen laden with rust whose interior was sorely in need of repair. But it conveyed them, albeit slowly, into the city centre. The restaurant Carl had chosen was not expensive but the food was reasonable even if the service was slow and the somewhat garish décor faded. But in the dim light it was easy to ignore.

Andrea settled for the soup while Carl ate, what seemed to her, a gargantuan meal.

“So you’ve arranged to see Julie again?” he asked.

“I let myself be talked into it.”

“She’s a bit like that,” he smiled.

“Is she -?”

“What do you think?”

“Silly question. God, I’m stupid! Why else would she be there!”

“I don’t think you are stupid,” he said gently.

“I must be! Shall I tell you something? No, on second thoughts, I won’t.”

“You can trust me, you know.”

She briefly held his hand. “I know.”

“You liked her, didn’t you?”

Andrea sighed. “Yes, I suppose so. But only because she showed an interest in me – seemed to like me. I sometimes think I’m just a reflection of other people’s interest.”

“We all need to be liked.”

“But I seem to need others in a different way. Without them I sometimes feel I don’t exist at all.”

“You just need someone to love you,” he said softly.

She cried then, not loudly or very much. “I know,” she said, almost as a whisper. “And I wish it could be you.”

For some time he looked at her, not knowing what to say or do, and when he did speak, his own emotion was evident in his measured words. “I’m sorry. But you will find someone. I know you will. I do love you, as a friend.”

She turned away, then, to stare out of the window, her silent tears returning. Outside, in the resurgent rain, people hurried along the pavement in the city-lit darkness, burdened with the burdens of their worlds.

XIV

Such was Colin’s perplexity that, on leaving Andrea’s room, he did not notice the rain. It was light, a mere drizzle to dampen clothes only with prolonged exposure, and he walked through it along the campus paths to the streets beyond and thence to Fiona’s house.

He was early for his assignation, but she was not there and, disgruntled, he trudged back to the University. No one disturbed him as he sat, alone in the Philosophy Department, in his room, vaguely looking out from the window.

Tomorrow, he knew, he would see Andrea and Fenton at his lecture and this both pleased and disturbed him, bringing discomfort to his stomach and pain to his head. He was pleased because he wanted to show he was not concerned about their presence and secret knowledge, and because he would then know what, if anything, they would do. Yet he was agitated because that knowledge was another day away. He began, however, to prepare himself. If necessity demanded it, he would say she was infatuated with him, and he spent nearly an hour creating in his mind answers to any questions he might face.

Pleased with himself again, he issued forth from his office to walk briskly to Fiona’s house. He was only a few minutes early and waited, leaning on her gate smoking his pipe. ‘I think we’d make a good combination’ he remembered she had said, ‘in bed.’

He waited half an hour; then an hour, leaning against her fence, a nearby lamppost and her door. He banged his fist against the door, stole a look through windows front and back, but no one was seen or came, and it was another half and hour before, in disappointment, he walked away. From his office he telephoned Magarita. But his recent experiences had done nothing to change his habits, and in the bedroom of her almost city-centre and quite artistically furnished flat, he resumed his manipulative role.

It was sad for Magarita that she loved him. She stood before him naked, her tawny hair held neatly by a band behind her head and already he had remarked about her tendency to plumpness. He held his camera ready.

“Go on!” he said, “just one of you sitting on the toilet.”

“No.”

“What are you afraid of?”

“I just don’t want to, alright?” She had begun to frown, and made to grab her clothes..

“Come here,” he said, almost softly.

Reluctantly, she did. Then he was kissing her and steering her toward the bed. She resisted, a little, but did not want to be alone and let him win again. Her ecstasy came slowly and when it was over and she wished to lie warm and languid beside him resting her head on his chest, he spoke to her again.

“Humour me,” he said and kissed her.

“Alright, then. But only one.”

He left shortly thereafter, clutching his undeveloped prize.

Sleep came easily to him on his own bed and he slept deeply until a disturbing dream awoke him. He dreamed he was in Fiona’s bed, waiting for her to join him. She was a long

time, and he fell asleep. Then warm hands were caressing his body and genitals, arousing him and he turned over to find not Fiona but Fenton, naked, beside him. Then Fenton was guiding his hand, downward.... He awoke sweating and kicking his bedclothes onto the floor.

He did sleep again, but in spasms of half-conscious tiredness and deep perplexing dreams, and when the hard, strident ringing on his clock alarm finally aroused him, he lay, tired and yawning and disturbed. But the passing minutes faded his memory of the dream, until it gradually slipped away from his conscious recollection. Outside, the sun glowed warmly, and he rose to select from his untidy collection a recording of loud modern music.

Soon, he was ready for his day. He forsook the black clothes of his pose, choosing instead a conventional ensemble replete with a silk bow tie. The effect pleased him and he smiled at himself in the mirror.

He was not surprised to find Andrea and Fenton seated next to each other in the room apportioned for his lecture. They did not smile or stare at him, but sat idly talking to those around them, their notebooks and pens ready on the table before them, and he began to wonder if it had all been some dream, for they appeared relaxed, at ease. But the feeling passed. It had been real, and he himself began to tremble and sweat.

Then his own emotions faded, as he remembered the plan of his lecture. For he was, after all, the master, they the disciples.

“Finally,” he said at his lecture’s end, “and in conclusion, you can say that Kant wished to prove that aesthetic experience improves our lives: it makes or can make us moral beings. In essence, that it its reason for existing. Any questions?”

“Yes,” Fenton said immediately. “So what you’re saying is that Kant’s aesthetics show the value of things like Art resides in the moral realm?”

“Not exactly! I believe Kant hints – and I repeat only hints – that aesthetic experience humanizes us. For example, in his ‘*Solution to the Antinomy of Taste*’ he – “

“Yes, but going on from there, what about the life of the artist – or indeed the philosopher. Does their life have to be moral, in the conventional sense, for their works to be perceived as sublime and thus contributing to an aesthetic experience?” Colin wanted to interject, but Fenton continued. “If you, for example, study the lives of most of the great artists – and some philosophers – you will find a certain turmoil, even moral turpitude. Then – “

“It is an interesting point,” he said, trying to smile. “But one not directly relevant to our study of Kant.”

“I think it is very relevant to aesthetics. Central to the life of the philosopher, in fact.”

“Perhaps you would like to study the matter further.”

“I would have thought you would have developed Kant’s – what did you call it? Hints? – further.”

Colin looked around the room. “Any other points?” he asked.

Fenton said aloud, and to no one in particular, “it would make a good thesis – the lives of philosophers in relation to their ideas. Is there a correlation between the humanity of their teachings and the morality of their lives?”

“Perhaps,” Colin said with an elegant smile, “you should write a thesis about it – assuming you pass your finals.”

“No,” Fenton said, screwing up his face into a gargoyle-like expression, “it’s a boring subject. Much more important things to do.”

Gradually the students left. In the corridor, Colin heard talk and laughter. Was it about him, he wondered? But no one stared at him as he walked to his office. He was inside, smoking his pipe and glancing at Kant’s *‘Observations on the Feeling of the Beautiful and the Sublime’* when a possible solution to what he saw as a potential problem occurred to him. He had no diary or timetable to consult, for he despised dependence on such items, but he knew from memory that no engagements, lectures, tutorials or assignments would hinder him, and he used his telephone to summon a taxi to convey him to his destination.

In his intense satisfaction, he rubbed his hands together and smiled.

Andrea had made her excuses in a brief telephone conversation and it was with some reluctance that she arrived at Julie's Flat in the afternoon at the re-arranged time. The Flat was part of an elegant Georgian building some distance from the centre of the city where a road fed an incessant stream of traffic and a little piece of parkland opened wide. But inside, there was only a perfumed silence, a clutter of books, furniture and bikes.

"The weather is just right! Julie said. "Do you want something to drink or shall we make a start?"

"I'm fine."

"Good! Here you are." She pointed to a bike in the small corridor. "I've adjusted the saddle height for you."

"Thanks."

Julie laughed. "Don't look so worried! Right, if you want to lug that down, I'll get changed and be right with you."

The cycle was lighter than Andrea expected, and she waited outside the front door of the apartment feeling slightly conspicuous. Julie duly arrived wearing skin-tight cycling shorts and jumper and carrying her gleaming bike. The shorts were black but the jumper was bright and banded. 'York Road Club' was flocked in large letters on the back.

Soon, Andrea was regretting her acceptance. The roads they took led them after a few miles beyond the limits of the city and, as houses gave way to hedges and fields, Andrea was tired and sweating profusely. She judged their pace fast; although for Julie it was only a slow dawdle.

"You alright?" Julie kept saying as she dropped back to ride beside her.

Andrea would nod, and smile, and turn the pedals faster in an effort to convince. But after a few more miles even her pride could not make her continue. She dismounted to lean the cycle against a field gate and sit herself on the ground. Julie returned to sit beside her.

“Here,” Julie said, giving her a handkerchief from a pocket of her jumper.

“Thanks.” She wiped the sweat on her forehead away.

“You look done in.”

“I am!”

“The sun is warm, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you take your cardigan off? You must be hot.”

Andrea looked at her suspiciously, but Julie laughed and said, “don’t worry! I’m not after your body – nice though it is!”

“I didn’t think you were,” Andrea said quietly and without conviction.

“I just want to be your friend. You seem to need one.”

“Is that what Carl said?”

“He said nothing. I like you, that’s all. Alright, so I’m gay. Big deal.”

Andrea felt like a fool and, although she did not want to because she did not feel particularly warm sitting in the breeze, she removed her cardigan.

“You thirsty?”

“Yes.”

“There’s a little tea shop just up the road.”

“Ah! Just what I need!” Then she added: “What do you mean by ‘just up the road?’”

“About five or six miles.”

“Six miles?” Are you serious?”

“Well, it was about six last time I looked on a map.”

“I didn’t mean that!”

“Think you can make it?”

“I don’t think so. But even if I could, we’ve got to ride back. How far is it back, anyway – from here?”

“Six or seven miles – no more.” She stood up and held out her hand. “Come on then! Home.”

Andrea let Julie help her up. She did not want to jerk her hand away as they stood facing each other for fear that Julie would misunderstand, so they stood looking at each other and holding hands for almost a minute. It was Julie who broke the contact, turning away abruptly. Then she was smiling again.

“I was going to say,” she laughed, “race you back!”

“Only if you give me an hours start!” She wrapped the arms of her cardigan around her waist.

A few cars passed them on their way into the city, and high cloud came to haze the sun. But it was a pleasant ride, for Andrea, and even the city streets, often dense with traffic, did not unduly disturb her. Yet she was glad when it ended. Her arms and legs ached, a little, her crotch a lot, and she felt bathed in her own sweat. The Flat felt warm and she let Julie carry

both bicycles, one after the other, up the stairs and into the spare room where they rested with others.

“What do you want first,” Julie asked her as they sat on the sofa, “Tea or a bath?”

Andrea blushed, and turned her face away. “Tea, I think.”

“Any preference?”

“Sorry?”

“What sort of tea would you like? Darjeeling? Assam? Formosa Oolong? Gunpowder?”

“I really don’t mind.”

“Look around. I won’t be long.”

In the kitchen, Julie began to sing. Andrea did not know what it was except that it sounded like opera. There were piles of books nearly enclosing the sofa, and Andrea picked the first book off one of them. ‘Lectures on Physics’ the bright red cover read. But the mathematical questions, the diagrams and even most of the words were meaningless to her, and she selected another. ‘Duino Elegies’. She was flicking through the pages when a handwritten piece of paper fell to the floor. The handwriting was vaguely familiar and she began to read. It was set out in stanzas and bore the title: ‘Fragment 31’.

Equal of the gods, it appears to me,

The man who sits beside you

And, being so near, listens

While you softly speak

And laugh your beautiful laugh

That in honesty makes my heart to tremble.

When I unprepared meet you

I am tongue-tied, words dry in my mouth

Flames dance under my skin

And I am blinded,

Hearing only the beating of my pulse.

My body, bathed in sweat, sways

And I am paler than sun burnt grass

And nearer to death...

She read the poem three times, and began to cry because it was so simple and yet so well expressed the feelings of love. How many times in the past few years of her life had she felt tongue-tied and trembled when she had met a beloved? Carefully, she wiped away the tears and replaced the paper within the book. She turned around and saw Julie watching from the doorway to the kitchen.

Julie did not speak but came to sit beside her and gently touch her face with her hand.

“I think your kettle is boiling,” Andrea finally said. But she was momentarily sad when the gentle touching stopped.

“What were you reading?” Julia asked almost nonchalantly, as they sat with their mugs of tea.

Nervous and embarrassed, Andrea gave her the book.

“Ah! The Sappho. Carl translated it for me. Lovely, isn't it?”

“Carl?” she asked. She had heard of Sappho, vaguely, but only now made the connection with the love between two women. She blushed, for suddenly that love seemed quite real and not strange. It was not that she identified with it but rather she intuitively understood in that moment that the love between two women was in no way different from the love

between a woman and a man. In that instant, all the conditioned responses, foisted upon her by her upbringing and society, of Sapphic love as unnatural and unhealthy, vanished.

“Carl?” she heard herself repeating, like an echo in a dream.

“Yes. He quite talented, you know. Could have been a classical scholar. Well anyway,” she laughed her vivacious laugh, “that’s what he tells me!”

Andrea smiled in response, and for the first time let her liking of Julie show in her face.

“You really like him, don’t you?” Andrea said.

“Of course!” She put her mug on the floor. “I know how you feel about him,” she said quietly.

“What do you mean?” Then: “Sorry, I didn’t mean it that way.”

“It’s alright. I saw.” Julie said, and held Andrea’s hand, “how you looked at him last night.”

“It’s not like that,” Andrea retorted and withdrew her hand. “He helped me through a very difficult time, that’s all.”

Julie simply smiled. “You don’t have to explain.”

“You make me want to.” She felt a desire to explain about her attempted suicide, but the desire did not last. “This race of yours on Sunday. What time did you say it started?”

“Six. You coming, then?” she asked enthusiastically.

“Yes, I’d like to.” She felt a fool about almost loving Carl.

Julie held up the book of Rilke’s poetry. “Have you read any?” she asked.

“No. I was never one for poetry at school.”

“I’m not surprised – considering the drivel they teach!” Shall I read you some?” Then, before Andrea could answer she said, “You don’t speak German do you?”

“No, sorry.”

“Ah well. But this translation is superb. Best ever done.” She opened the book and began to read.

After she had read the first elegy, they sat in silence for what seemed a very long time until Julie rose to play a record on her high-fidelity system. So they listened, and talked and read aloud to each other while the hours of the afternoon passed, the sun clouded over and twilight came to the world outside. And when the time of leaving came, as she knew it must, Andrea stood, re-assured in friendship, to embrace her new friend.

“I’ll see you on Sunday, then,” Andrea said before beginning her descent of the stairs.

“I’ll look forward to it.”

And so will I, Andrea thought as she walked toward the door.

XVI

The taxi conveyed Colin to the gate of Magnus’ farm leaving him free to walk the track under the warm sun with trees and singing birds around him. The breeze refreshed him, and he slowed his pace.

No one came to greet him as he walked to the farmhouse, or answer his knock, and he stood looking round the farmyard where the odour of muck pervaded.

“Yes?” said a strong voice, startled him.

He turned to face Magnus. Tall though he himself was, Colin had to look up. Magnus’ sheepdog growled at him.

“Hi! I’m Colin. Edmund’s friend.” Wary, he moved away from the dog.

“He’s not here,” Magnus said gruffly.

“Well, it’s really Alison I came to see.”

“Is that so? And what would you be wanting with her?”

“I’d just like to talk to her.”

“Colin, you say?” Magnus asked, inspecting him.

“Yes. Colin Mickleman.”

“We don’t get many strangers, here.”

“She is here, isn’t she?”

“Could be. You any good with pigs?”

“You what?”

Magnus gave Colin the large shovel leaning against the wall. “I’ll get some boots. That lot,”

he indicated the piggens, “needs shifting.”

Colin was still gaping in amazement when Magnus returned.

“But Alison,” Colin protested as Magnus handed him the boots.

“She’ll be along. Shouldn’t take you long to shift that lot.” The dog followed him as he walked away.

At first, Colin stood beside the smelly, stone-built sties whose occupants grunted loudly. Then, tired of waiting, he climbed over one of the low walls. To his surprise, the pigs did not attack him and he began the imposed task. Soon he was removing his jacket and rolling up the sleeves of his shirt. The work was half done – or seemed to him to be half done – when a woman’s laugh made him straighten his already aching back and turn around.

“You’ve found your true vocation, I see,” Alison said. She was dressed in obviously well used working denim clothes.

“Very funny.” He put down his shovel.

“They seem to like you,” she said, indicating the pigs. “Recognize their kin I suppose.” She laughed again.

Colin stepped back over the wall.

“You haven’t finished.” She said, disapprovingly.

“I came to see you, not muck out a pig sty!”

“A bit of practice – perhaps you’ll start with your room next!”

He ignored the insult and wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. “Is he always like that?”

“Who?”

“That big chap.”

“You mean Magnus? He's affable enough. Quite sweet, really.”

“You could have fooled me.”

“He obviously did!”

He winced, trying to ignore her laughter. “Is there anywhere I can wash?” he asked.

“There's a tap over there.” She pointed to the wall of one of the buildings.

“Thanks,” he said, obviously displeased. He returned to change back into his shoes and jacket. “Can we go somewhere and talk?”

“What's wrong with here? Fresh air, the smell of the country.”

“Well – it is not the perfect setting.” The pigs were grunting again.

“I suppose we could sit in the garden.”

He followed her. “Well?” she asked as they sat on the bench.

“This is not exactly easy.”

“What isn't?”

He sighed deeply, and then looked around. No one was watching, or even about, and he heard only the distant noise of the pigs, the songs of birds and the breeze in the trees.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

For some reason Alison was so surprised she could not speak and when she did her voice was a single loud exclamation. “What!”

He shuffled his feet. “Will you marry me?” he repeated.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

To fill the embarrassed silence, he said, “I know I have my faults, but I can try to change.”

She felt an instant love for him and remembered with intensity her former needs and desires. “Thanks,” she said briefly squeezing his hand with her own, “I do appreciate it.”

“Does that mean ‘no’ then?”

“It wouldn’t work.”

“It could.”

She watched his face become pale. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I really am, but I don’t love you. Not anymore, anyway.”

He was more sad that he could have imagined. “Perhaps it is for the best.” He stood up. “I was serious, you know.”

“I know.” She stood up and kissed him briefly.

“I’d better go.”

“How will you get back?”

”I have a taxi waiting.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I was going to ask you to come back with me. We’d look for a Flat or house somewhere. I’ve got some savings.”

Alison looked up at the sky. “Looks like it might rain.”

In that moment, as he stood beside her, his arms hanging limply beside him, he looked to her like a lost child. She embraced him warmly. “I’ll visit you,” she said before running toward the house. She had almost reached the door when she ran back.

“I haven’t changed my mind,” she said, “about the termination. I just wanted you to know. In case you thought – “ She was watching his face when she spoke, and even as the words were issuing forth from her mouth – an expression of her feeling and sudden confusion – she regretted saying them. “It wouldn’t have worked,” she added.

He shrugged his shoulders. “No, maybe not. Silly idea, really.”

“No it wasn’t! It was the real you. I only wish you’d shown that more often in the past.”

“I’d better get back. Can’t keep the taxi waiting for ever.”

“Will you be alright?” she said, almost as an afterthought as he began to walk away.

He turned, and she could see the face of his posing.

“I have weathered the storm,” he said, “I have beaten out my exile.” He bowed, smiled, and then turned away to lope along the winding driveway to the distant gate.

He had lied about the waiting taxi, and it was a long walk to the nearest village. There were no shops in the village, not even an Inn, and he was surprised when the elderly lady, bent by arthritis, who answered his knocking upon her cottage door, let him use her telephone.

The taxi was a long time coming, and he sat in her heated parlour drinking the tea she offered. She chatted amiably until his city transport came. He had been pleased, embarrassed and arrogantly cynical about her unaffected hospitality to a stranger, and it occurred to him as he sat in the car whose driver drove it along the, at first, twisty lanes and then the major roads to York, that his divergent feelings summoned up his attitudes to life. But this self-analysis made him even more depressed, and he arrived back at the University exhausted.

Darkness found him sitting smoking his pipe in the untidy clutter of his bedroom. He had begun to read several books, discarding one after the other after only a few lines were read, as he had several times begun to write an academic article promised weeks ago to the editor of a prestigious journal. But he was in no mood for work, his stomach pains had returned, and he sought relief by sauntering toward Andrea's room. He did not know what to do when he got there.

"Hello," he said as she, only recently returned, opened the door.

For a few seconds she felt pleased to see him, but the feeling vanished. Perhaps Carl's and Julie's friendship had given her some of the strength she needed, for she said, although not in a harsh voice, "I don't think we've got anything to say to each other."

"I just came to apologize," he said. Only half of him was sincere – for the Owl inside him was hoping to avoid any future problems.

"I'll be changing tutors," she said, attempting a smile. Now, she was wishing he would go away.

"Fine. I'll arrange it for you if you like."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I'd better get back to my work. I really am sorry."

"So am I." She closed the door upon him.

He had returned to his office and was sitting at his desk, smoking his pipe and wondering how to fill the long hours of the evening, when he heard footsteps outside. But it was only

Storr, shuffling to his own room carrying a bundle of books. He was disappointed, and telephoned Fiona's house. There was no reply.

"Enter!" Storr said as Colin knocked at his door.

"You don't happen to know where Fiona is, do you?" she asked as he entered.

Storr gave his quirky and toady smile. "Didn't you know? She's, er, gone away for some days."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Er, Monday. Yes, Monday. Anything I can help you with?"

"No."

"You ready for Tuesday?" he slobbered.

"Just about. I don't rate my chance, though."

"Come, come! Er, you underestimate yourself. Yes indeed."

He lifted one of the books off the stack on his desk. "My latest book," he smirked. "You, er, won't have seen it yet, of course."

"Well, I'll have to get back to work."

"You're welcome to a copy, of course." He held on out.

He humoured him, for Storr might next week become the Professor, "Thanks." He walked toward the desk and took the book.

"That will be ten pounds."

“You what?” said a surprised Colin.

“Ten pounds. Er, that includes the discount.”

Colin was annoyed. He put the book back on the desk. “I’ll read the Library copy. I’m sure you will be donating one. Or six.”

“Possibly, possibly.” Storr seemed oblivious to the comment. He looked lovingly at a copy of his book and spread his clammy hand over the spine. “So important for, er, a Professor to have an established reputation, don’t you think?”

“Depends on the reputation.”

“Quite, quite! My feeling exactly. Well, I’m glad we’ve had this little chat – cleared the air, so to speak. I do so, er, wish fortune favours you on Tuesday. Yes, indeed!” He glanced at his watch. “My word! I must be off. Er, nice to talk to you Colin.”

“I can’t say it’s been a pleasure,” he mumbled almost inaudibly in reply and left to seek the Union Bar with the intention of drinking himself into an alcoholic stupor.

Among the milling, sitting and standing crowd in the smoke infested room, he thought he saw Edmund. But when he pushed his way through the students, the individual had gone, leaving him to sit alone and self-pitying while an excess of alcohol dulled the processes of his brain.

XVII

Sunday. Six o’clock in the morning, and Andrea yawned. It was quite cold, and she shivered as she stood on the verge of the road watching Julie pedal seemingly effortlessly away from the lay-by. A few other cyclists, all in racing clothing, ambled along, waiting for the start.

Then the first rider, his bicycle held steady by a helper, bent his head as the Timekeeper

counted down the seconds of his start.

“Five-Four-Three-Two-One. Go!

He was away, sprinting toward the rising sun where the road swung gently between hedges and fields and trees, to disappear from sight. No traffic came past to spoil the scene, and Andrea saw Julie join the small queue of riders that had formed.

“Good luck!” she said as she came to stand beside her.

“Thanks!” Julie’s smile was short. “This is the worst bit – waiting.”

She had covered her legs in strong smelling embrocation and Andrea found the smell faintly pleasing. It seemed somehow to complement the scene: the gleaming cycles, the strain of nervous anticipation upon the faces of those waiting.

Then Julie herself was gone, and Andrea walked slowly back to where Julie had left the car. It was the same one that Carl had borrowed with the addition of a rather grease-covered sheet to cover the rear seat whereon Julie’s cycle, with the wheels removed, had rested. Andrea sat inside, and waited, watching riders cycle by, a few cars arrive to disgorge their drivers and their cycles. Then, tired of sitting, she stood by the side of the road.

“You’re Julie’s friend, aren’t you?” a young man asked her as he brought his cycle to a stop beside her.

His ginger hair was short but curled, and on the back of his cycling jumper she saw the words ‘York Road Club’.

“Yes,” she said. His body was lean rather than muscular and his face was broadly smiling.

“There is no wind,” he said looking around, “should be fast times, today.”

“What time do you hope to do?” she asked, trying to appear knowledgeable.

“Not too bothered, really. Early in the season yet. Still, I’ll be satisfied with a fifty-five.”

“What number do you start?” It was pleasant, she felt, chatting, while the sun gradually warmed the earth and the friendly cyclists gathered in groups around her, talking in their sometimes strange jargon: *‘There I was, honking up the hill on fixed when the rear tub blew...’*

The young man smiled at her. “I’m off at last. You not riding?”

“No. Well, actually Julie is trying to convert me.”

“Got promise, she has,” he said, seemingly to no one in particular. “What do you do?” he asked her directly.

“I’m at University.”

“Well, nobody’s perfect!”

His broad smile stopped her being offended.

He looked at his watch. “Better get warmed up. Hope I’ll see you later.”

“Maybe.”

He had started to cycle away when he shouted back. “See you at the result board, then.”

Nearly an hour had elapsed since Julie’s departure and she was sauntering to where another Timekeeper stood beside a checkered board when Julie swept past, her eyes fixed intently on the road ahead of her, her speed fast. There were a few cheers from the small crowd as she went by to only gradually slow her speed while a single car, its occupants staring at the strange spectacle, noisily motored past.

It seemed to Andrea a long time before Julie returned, sweating, her face flushed but pleased. Carefully, she leant her cycle against the car before briefly embracing Andrea. Then she was covering herself in extra clothing.

“You alright?” Andrea asked.

“Great! First time under the hour!” She checked the stopwatch strapped to the handlebars of her cycle for the third time.

They were soon standing among the crowd around the results board where Julie revelled in the congratulations from members of her own and other clubs. Slowly, the board became full of times set against the listed names, and Andrea, feeling somewhat bored, was watching a man write '55-23' against the name of the last rider to start when the young man came and stood beside her.

“I see Julie broke the hour,” he said, and wiped his brow of sweat. A dark tracksuit swathed his body.

“Yes,” and she returned his smile. “Looks like you won easily.”

He shrugged his shoulders. “It was a good day. No real opposition. Fast men are riding Boro' course today.

“Hey!” Julie said as she joined them. “Congratulations!”

“And to you!” He accepted her sisterly kiss, but blushed.

“Well,” Julie said to Andrea, briefly touching her arm with her hand, “you deserve congratulating as well!”

“Sorry?”

Julie laughed. “You've got to talk to him after a race! Usually he just goes off by himself.”

Andrea watched the young man blush again.

“Ah!” Julie turned, and waved at someone in the crowd still gathered around the board, “there's Jill. I'll see you in a minute.”

They both watched her go. For almost a minute there was an embarrassed silence between them. Andrea broke it by asking, "What does the J stand for?" She pointed toward his name on the board.

"James."

"I'm Andrea. Is this your fastest time?"

"No. I've done a short fifty-four. You don't race, then?"

"Fraid not. Didn't know such things existed until I met Julie."

"That used to be the point. Anyway, I'd better be off, doesn't do to stand around too long."

"I suppose not."

He looked around, then said somewhat shyly, "There's a club 'ten' on Wednesday evening if you'd like to come."

"Yes. Yes, I would."

"I'll see you there, then."

She saw him walk toward an older man, give him the tracksuit and collect his cycle. Soon he was out of sight as he pedalled down the road. He seemed to her to make his riding seem effortless.

"James gone, then?" Julie asked her.

"Yes. Is there a club something-or-other on Wednesday?"

"A ten mile time trial, yes. Why?"

“James mentioned it. You going?”

“Usually do. You certainly made an impression on him.”

“What do you mean?”

“He hardly talks to anybody. Quiet type of chap. Mind you,” she said in a quieter voice, “can’t blame him. I quite fancy you myself. As if you didn’t know.”

Andrea smiled weakly.

But Julie said, “Don’t worry! I do understand.” She kissed her briefly, then walked quickly away. The tears she felt were soon suppressed, and she needed only a barely perceptible movement of her hand to wipe her eye dry. “Marvellous time James did, wasn’t it?” she said to a club member among the crowd as, out of the corner of her eye, she watched Andrea watching the road. She knew her friend was hoping for James to return.

Nearby, two blackbirds vied in song.

XVIII

Colin Mickleman felt uneasy. The late afternoon sun was warm as he walked toward Derwent and the inevitable congratulations.

The interview had astounded him. The Vice-Chancellor was exceedingly affable, and the whole exercise seemed a formality, as if they were, in the favoured tradition of elderly academics, being polite and excusing him for his temerity in applying. ‘Too young’, he thought they would mutter among themselves while he sat with the other candidates awaiting their judgement; ‘no substantial work published’ they would smile.

Now, in the busy soft lateness, he was walking toward his Department. No one stopped him, as he half-expected them to, saying: ‘Good afternoon, Professor!’ No one – student, staff or

friend – ran to him saying: ‘Well done! And so young!’

Instead, the quiet steady sameness of concrete, path, students and sun remained as they had remained for years, and he waited uneasily, fearing it was all a mistake.

‘We’re so sorry, Doctor Mickleman. We’ve made the most dreadful mistake....’ It was unbelievable because it had been so easy.

They were waiting, as he expected them to be – crowded into the secretarial office. Some bottles of wine had been procured and, in turn, they all offered their sincerest congratulations. Fiona – voluptuous, delectable Fiona; Mrs. Cornish – almost prim, except she had exchanged her small cigars for a pipe; Horton, squeezing his hand painfully: ‘Excellent choice! They have seen sense at last!’ Even Whiting. They were all present, shaking his hand, opening their mouths with thanks and praise. Except Storr, who looked on sourly, and soon slunk away.

Soon the insincere statements began. “I was hoping they would appoint you,” said Hill.

Timothy, in an azure ensemble and wearing a strong perfume, clasped Colin’s hand weakly. “You don’t look very happy,” he said quietly.

“Just surprised.” He looked around, desperate to be rescued.

“I’m sure you’d like to be alone.”

“What?” Then, seeing that Timothy was sincere, he added, “Yes. Yes I would.”

“You’ll need time to adjust.”

Colin smiled, and escaped to his office. Its chaos seemed out of keeping with his Professorship, and in a frenzy of activity he began to try to tidy it. It was some minutes later when he realized his efforts would be in vain since he would be given new offices as befitted his new status, and he sat down at his still cluttered desk to smoke his pipe. But he soon became filled with a nervous excitement.

His walk took him down to the lake and he wandered along the grassy bank between trees of willow, pleased with himself and his world. He was approaching the wooded bridge of Spring Lane, shadowed by trees, when he saw Fiona. She was leaning against the lattice of the bridge in an animated conversation with the Vice-Chancellor, and it seemed to Colin from his posture and her smile that there existed intimacy between them. He could not hear the words that passed between them and was about to walk away when Fiona turned and saw him. She waved and then spoke briefly to the Vice-Chancellor who staidly walked away, as befitted his position and traditional manner of dress.

Colin was still standing by the side of the lake, his mind befuddled, when she approached him

“I think,” she said softly, and smiled, “you owe me a favour.”

“Is that so?” He had tried to make his voice sound strong, but his words emerged as a feeble croak.

“I shall have my camera ready. Tonight.” She laughed, and left him standing trembling and alone.

It was several minutes before he resumed his walk. The Physics building, Goodricke, Wentworth, Biology, Vanbrugh, Langwith... he passed them all to finally stop by a narrow wooden bridge whose trees sang with the songs of birds. He stood and listened, watching the water below him swell gently.

But his surroundings did nothing to ease the turmoil of his mind, and he walked back toward his office with stomach pains grieving him.

At the top of the stairs he met Timothy. “Visited your new office yet?” he asked in a friendly manner.

“No,” came the curt Mickleman reply.

But Timothy was not offended. “If there is anything I can do to help –“

“No thank you!” His stomach pains seemed worse.

“But even you need someone to talk to.”

Timothy’s eyes were evidential of understanding, and Colin’s impending, and clever, insult was negated by his sudden and momentary empathy with him. For a quintessential moment of time he perceived the human person behind the mask of the individual before him: someone who lived, and who probably suffered; who experienced sadness and joy, pleasure and pain.

But the moment was only a moment: his own patterns of thought and feeling flowed on past this one insight to create another moment when he was not a unity with all things. Yet an almost ineffable memory remained.

“Thanks,” he said kindly.

Timothy smiled. “It is better to live unhappily than not to live at all.”

Then he was gone, down the stairs. But it was not long before a shadow fell between Colin’s moment of understanding and his past.

Magarita was in her own small office in the quiet confines of her Department, and he sat on the edge of her desk while she continued to type her letter. The room was obsessively tidy with a profusion of plants scattered around.

“Look, I am very busy,” she said. “I must get this done.”

“You haven’t heard, then?”

“Heard what?” She did not look up from her work.

“Nothing important,” he sulked.

She continued with her typing for a while as he began to rearrange the furnishings on her desk.

Exasperated, she shouted: “Stop it!”

He was still for only a short time, and began to noisily remove, and then replace, books from her bookcases.

“Aren’t you going to ask?” he said.

“Whatever it is, I’m not interested! Damn! Now look what you’ve made me do!” She tried to correct her typing mistake.

“I was appointed Professor today,” he said with apparent indifference.

“Bully for you!”

“Is that all you can say?”

She made another mistake and, in anger, tore the paper from the typewriter, screwed it up into a ball and threw it at him.

He smiled. “I stood still,” he said, quoting his favourite poet of the year, “and was a tree amid the wood, knowing the truth of things unseen before.” He smiled again. “To wit. I surmise you period is coming.”

She was struggling to insert another sheet of paper into her typewriter as he said this, but crumpled it. She yanked it out. It also became a projectile but missed its target. “Just leave me alone!” she shouted.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s go and celebrate. You’ll feel better.”

His assumptions infuriated her, and she threw a book at him.

“Temper! Temper! Her breasts had wobbled as she threw the book, and he came to her and tried to touch them, his lust aroused.

She pushed him away, but he persisted. Then she slapped his face.

“Leave me alone!” She shouted.

For a few seconds he stood staring at her, and then turned to walk out of her room. He waited outside, in the corridor, for many minutes, expecting her to follow, and when she did not he walked into the cloud-weakened sunlight. Behind him, he could hear her typewriter clacking. He had not gone far when his stomach pains returned, fiercer than before. He was soon back at her room.

“What do you want?” she asked querulously as he opened the door.

He held his hand against his stomach. “I’ve got those pains again.”

“Go to the Doctor, then,” she said without sympathy. “It’s getting late and I must finish this and get it into the post.”

Her indifference perplexed him. She began to type again, but stopped after a few seconds.

“Look,” she said, sighing, “I’ve been doing some thinking today and I think it would be better if we didn’t see each other again.”

“What?”

“You heard. It’s over.”

Sudden, outright rejection was a new experience for him and he stared at her. His pain became worse. “Alright, then if that’s what you want.” His indifference was affected.

“Yes it is. We are just not compatible.”

“I thought we got on rather well.”

“There is more to a relationship than sex. Anyway, I must finish this letter.”

“Fine.” He shrugged his shoulders and began to wonder who might be next on his list of conquests.

He was at the door when she said, “And by the way. Congratulations, Professor Mickleman.”

He did not see her begin to cry.

By the time he reached Fiona’s house both his body and his spirit had recovered, and he leaned against her doorframe, smiling as he knocked.

A bath towel hung loosely around Fiona’s body. “Come in!”

“Your invitation – “ he said as she closed and locked the door firmly behind him.

“Shall we go up?” She pointed toward the stairs.

“Not for what you have in mind.”

“Really?” She smiled, and seemed unconcerned by his tone.

“OK So I’d like to go to bed with you.”

“You do surprise me,” she said mockingly.

“But as for your little games – no way!”

“Such a shame. Are you so afraid of me?”

“I’m not afraid of you at all!” he countered.

“Really?” She smiled at him again. “You do surprise me. You do, however, own me a favour.”

“So what? There is nothing you can do – now.”

“Are you sure?”

He was not certain, but did not let any of his doubt show. “Let’s go upstairs,” he said quietly.

Slowly, she removed her towel to stand naked before him then turn and walk up the stairs. On her bed, the camera and handcuffs lay ready. He saw them, as he entered the room.

“Take your clothes off!” She commanded him, and held the camera ready.

“No!” He moved toward her, and knocked the camera out of her hand but before he could push her down to the bed as he had intended, she kicked him in the groin. He fell to the ground, helplessly clutching his genitals, and by the time he had recovered sufficiently to look up, she was dressed in a bathrobe.

“Get out!” She said sternly, and he slowly obeyed.

She pushed him through the front door of her house.

“You’ll pay for this, you bastard!” she shouted as he half-hobbled down her garden path toward the street.

Slowly, it began to rain.

XIX

The silence of the mountain was disturbed only by the wind, and Colin stood contentedly observing the view. From Glyder Fawr he could see the smoothed outline of Snowdon in the distance and then, in the east, the jagged rocks of the Castle of the Winds, only a short walk

from the slate-strewn plateau where he stood. There was no sun, only mist edging its way toward him and gradually obscuring his view. Then there were faces around him – a coven of laughing faces enclosing him in their circle. Fiona was there, laughing. And Andrea. Fenton and Alison – all laughing while he stumbled toward the edge, trying to escape.

“You’ll pay for this!” Fiona’s voice said.

There was no father to rescue him, as there had been in his youth when, together, they climbed the Idwal slabs below. He felt himself falling – only to awake in the dim light of a hospital ward at night. In a bed nearby someone coughed loudly.

Three nurses were sitting together at a table in the middle of the ward, a low lamp spreading a pool of light around them, and Colin began to wonder what Fiona had done to him. ‘You’ll pay for this, you bastard!’ he remembered.

But his attempt to sit up and get out of his bed brought a return of his stomach pain, and he lay back, sweating and remembering the events of the evening. The pains had become excruciating as he, like a drunken man, had staggered away from Fiona’s house. There was a brief telephone call he had made from somewhere to his Doctor. A brief visit by the Doctor to his bedroom, and then the Ambulance and another medical examination. “We’ll keep you in overnight. For observation,” the youthful hospital Doctor said.

Sleep proved difficult for Colin. The ward was stuffy, with a subdued but persistent background of noise – coughing, the movements of patients in their beds, the wandering of the watchful Nurses, someone snoring – and his pain was not a sedative.

Dawn found him restive and anxious. There was a trolley laden with an urn of tea, but his pleading was in vain, for the smiling but elderly Auxiliary Nurse pointed to the red sign that hung in adornment from the top of his bed: ‘Nil By Mouth’ it read.

“But why?” he asked.

“Doctor’s orders. They’ll see you in the morning, dear.”

“But it is morning.”

“Later. When they do the rounds.”

When this ‘later’ came – after much activity among both the patients and staff including a trolley bearing an assortment of sometimes richly smelly breakfasts – the assembled huddle of white coats with dangling stethoscopes and attendant blue-clad, stern faced Sister simply passed him by, except for a curt: ‘He can go home’ issuing forth from a wizened face.

A lowly young Nurse came bearing these tidings some minutes later.

“You can get dressed now,” she said as she began to rummage in his bedside locker for his clothes.

“So God has spoken, then?”

The Nurse suppressed a laugh, and kicked the locker door shut with her foot.

“This is intolerable!” the now almost distant voice of God said as he stood with his acolytes around a bed. “Sister, if you cannot control your Nurses – “

The Nurse by Colin’s bed turned away from the Consultant’s stare.

“This summation gallop is difficult to hear – “ the Consultant said in a very audible mutter.

“I’ll put the curtains round,” the Nurse whispered to Colin.

She began this not altogether noisy task when the Sister came to stop her. “Not now,” she said. “Side-ward!”

The Nurse went to join the other staff skulking out of harm’s way.

It seemed to Colin a long time before she returned.

“Hope I didn’t get you in trouble,” he said, and smiled his Owlsh smile.

“Nah!”

“Is he always like that?”

“Huh! Today was a good day! Get him on a bad day and – “ She began to giggle. “Oops!”

He sensed the reason for her sudden embarrassment and said, “It’s alright, I won’t tell anyone.”

“Trust me! Always being bleedin’ unprofessional!”

“You been a Nurse long?”

She finished laying his clothes out on the bed. “Nah! A few months.”

“You training, then?”

“Yep! First ward, this.”

“Really? You seem very competent.”

“You must be joking!”

“Think you’ll stick at it?”

“Who knows? Me mam says I never stick at anything. There you go.” She drew the curtains around the bed. “Be a Doctor’s letter for ya, in the office.”

“What time do you finish?”

She gave a quizzical look. “You askin’?”

“Got any plans for tonight?”

“Not really, You’re a right one, aren’t you?”

“You in the Nurses Home, then?”

“I’ll have to go. Don’t forget your letter!”

Then she was gone, and he was left to dress himself in solitude, straighten his bedclothes and walk smiling to the Ward office.

The Ward Sister was using the telephone, looked up briefly to acknowledge his presence and pushed a brown envelope toward him across the cluttered desk. “Give it to your own Doctor,” she said to him.

“The new patient’s here, Sister,” another Nurse interjected as she pushed past Colin.

“Just a minute,” the Sister said into the telephone. On her desk, the other telephone rang. “He’s a CVA,” she said to the Nurse. “Second bed on the right. I’ve bleeped Doctor Stone.”

Colin took the envelope and slipped away. The corridor that gave access to the Wards was full of unused beds and trolleys of varying descriptions, and from the Public Telephone kiosk he dialled Magarita’s number.

“What do you want?” her voice said in reply.

“I’m in hospital,” he said. “Admitted last night.”

“Are you serious?”

“Would I joke about it? Listen – “ He held the receiver out into the noisy corridor: people passing, a porter whistling, the sounds of trolleys being wheeled, a gaggle of voices.

“Are you alright?” she said in a softer voice.

“Yes, I think so. I went to the Doctor like you said. They kept me in overnight. But they are letting me home now.”

“Shall I come and collect you?”

He could hear the guilt creeping into her voice.

“That would be kind! I’ll be waiting outside the main entrance.”

“I’ll be a quick as I can. Bye!”

It was a smiling Colin who stood in the bright and warming sunlight to wait for his lover’s arrival. And when she did come, voicing her concern, he let his expression change as though he still felt some pain.

“What did they say?” she asked as she drove him back toward his University home.

“Not a lot. Thought it might be an ulcer acting up. Eat less fatty foods – that sort of thing.”

“I always said your diet was disgusting!”

“I’m sorry about yesterday.”

“It’s me that should apologize.”

“You free this evening?”

“Yes.”

He caressed her leg with his hand. “I’ll look forward to it.”



“Is Fiona in?” he asked the Departmental Secretary as he opened the door to her office.

“Good morning, Professor!” she laughed. “You alright? We heard the news. About hospital, I mean.”

“Fine. Just a bit of stomach trouble. Is Mrs. Pound about.”

“No. She’s taking some time off. Didn’t say when she’d be back. Least ways, no one’s told me! Been to your new office, yet?”

“Just now, yes. How’s Albert?” he asked, alluding to her husband.

“Moaning – about work. Too much at the moment. Still, it’ll pay for the holiday.”

“Going anywhere in particular?”

“Florida.”

“You should get a nice tan.”

“Hope so!”

“You’ll have to let me see you when you get back.”

“Maybe I will, at that!”

“Keeping you satisfied, is he?” he asked, smiling lasciviously.

“Yeah! I’ll say!”

“Pity. Thought my luck was in.”

“Get off with you!” she laughed. “Want your mail?” She handed him a bundle.

“Thanks. Well, I’d better go and inspect my domain.”

His new office was spacious and bright with a particularly good vista of the lake, and as he sat at his desk, surrounded by empty bookcases, he felt intense pleasure. It was not that he had forgotten Fiona’s meeting with the Vice-Chancellor but rather that it felt irrelevant. His work should be his justification: with his teaching, his own research and his mastery of the Department there could never be a threat to his position. He was happy, and felt eager to begin his tasks. There was his afternoon lecture, the first in his new role, his evening assignation with Magarita, his first Departmental meeting of tomorrow. There would be, in that morning, many hours of peace for him to write – his continued contributions, diligently researched, presented and prepared, to the wealth of philosophical knowledge.

No more would he seek out female students, for he knew they could be a snare to entrap him, and the knowledge of this dismayed him – but only for a while. He began to think of stratagems to circumvent the dangers: of how he might choose more wisely, and this pleased him, as his recollection of other possibilities did. He would forego them – for a while at least. He thought of the Nurse who had attended him, and began to contrive a new and owlsh campaign. She would look good, in her uniform, standing on the chair in his room while he photographed her.

Smiling happily to himself, he left his office to begin the tasks of his new Professorial day. Over the University, a few ragged cumulus cloud came to briefly cover the sun.

XX

The Temple was quiet and Edmund sat, quite still in the semi-darkness amid the lightly swirling incense, facing the stone altar. The Temple was large, the walls lined with oak panelling, and Edmund sat for a long time, his eyes vaguely fixed upon the stone statue near the altar. It showed, in a realistic way, a seated naked woman one of whose hands held the severed head of a man.

Then, his task fulfilled, he stretched himself before standing, allowing his bare feet to caress the luxurious carpet. As if on cue, the heavy Temple door opened, throwing a shaft of bright light into the Temple and onto the statue.

“I wondered if you would come down to me here,” he said to the woman who entered the room.

“Did I have a choice?” Fiona said, and smiled.

She wore an amber necklace and was dressed in a purple silk robe.

“There is one person I still have to see,” he said.

“Surely she can wait.”

He smiled at her understanding. “We have plenty of time.”

“I shall wait for you here, then.”

He smiled in reply and walked out of her Temple up the stairs to the ground floor of her house. It was only a short walk to the University and Alison’s room. She was there, as he knew she would be, and she embraced him while he stood in the doorway.

“You’ve decided to complete your studies, then?” he said as she broke away from their embrace.

She watched him for a while, but his smiling face seemed to answer her unasked question.

“Of course!” she said.

“And then?”

“I don’t know. Teach. Compose, perhaps.”

“I’m glad.”

For almost a minute she watched him in silence. Then she said, “Even now I don’t understand you.”

”There shall be time enough for understanding when you are old and the inner fire burns less bright. Maybe through your music you’ll find a way.”

She laughed, a little nervously, for it was as if in that moment she sensed something powerful: something illuminating yet dark. A transient feeling to inspire her Art perhaps. Something that perchance he in some way had given her? Was it his eyes, his look? She did not know, but the moment passed, to leave her with a memory, disturbing only in part.

“Will you be seeing Professor Mickleman?” he asked.

“No. He is part of my past.”

“Perhaps that’s wise. I really have to go now.”

“You’ll keep in touch?”

“Of course. People like you are rare.”

She smiled, half-defensively. “Take care, won’t you?”

“Naturally,” He gave his enigmatic smile, turned and left her staring after him. Suddenly, new music grew in almost swirling profusion inside her head.

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Fiona was lying on the floor of her Temple, as if asleep, when Edmund returned. In his absence she had lit two purple candles and placed them on the altar where they spread their esoteric light to enhance her beauty. For a few moments, he watched her breasts rising and falling with the motion of her breathing before laying down beside her to caress her body through the silk of her robe. She did not move, except to slightly part her lips, as his caressing began.

Slowly, his touching continued. Then she was kissing him, lips to lips and lips to flesh, her

hands clawing at his clothes, and it was not long before they were writhing about on the carpet of the Temple, naked and joined in carnal bliss. Her cries of ecstasy were not loud, as his final cry was not, and they lay, sweating from their exertion and pleasures, for some time.

She broke their silence. "Have you achieved what you wished – with him?"

"Who can say – who cannot say?"

"Sometimes you can be quite infuriating!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes!"

As he stood up, she said: "And Alison?"

"Ah! Forces shall be earthed, presenced, in her music."

She looked at him then, and he guessed her meaning. "You don't have to ask," he said, to re-assure her.

"All this," she gestured around her Temple with her hand, "can be yours."

"I have retired."

"So you said." She retrieved her robe and he began to dress himself.

"I have other things to do," he said.

"And me?"

"You are useful here."

“Part of the grand design?” she mocked.

“You know exactly what I mean.”

“Perhaps. Tell me, why did you wait?”

“For this, you mean?” he asked, smiling.

“From the moment you revealed yourself I was willing. Well, before then as well,” she laughed.

“It was necessary to wait.”

“There are lots of things I would like to ask you. We’ve hardly spent any time together.”

”Delicacies are best contemplated and then savoured slowly.”

“Tell me, how did you know?”

”About your past, your secret?”

”Yes.”

“A Master shall always know his Mistresses of Earth even though they have never met. And your own group? What of them?”

“I tired of them – long ago.”

“Forsaking the external for the internal?”

“Something like that.” She smiled at him. “But you interest me.”

When he did not reply, she said: “He will never realize, will he?”

Attuned to her, he said: “Naturally not. His ego would never allow even an entertainment of the thought. An interesting experiment – with perhaps an excellent result and future sinister promise. We shall see. Now, I really must be going.”

“Must you?” She removed her robe and walked toward him in the now flickering light of the candles.

“Well, perhaps not just yet.”

Above them, and nearby, new inner nexions were opening.

Fini

Breaking The Silence Down

Order of Nine Angles

First issued 1985 e.n.

This corrected version (v.1.03) issued 119 Year of Feyen

Introduction

The following MS extends and amplifies the esoteric matters dealt with in *'The Deofel Quartet'*, and the esoteric insight it deals with is appropriate to an aspirant Internal Adept.

Unlike the MSS in *The Deofel Quartet*, the magickal and "Satanic" aspects, themes and nature of this work are not overt, nor implicit nor obvious, and thus - exoterically - it does not appear to be a work of Sinister, or even of Occult, fiction.

However, the MS can – like the works of the Quartet – be read without trying to unravel its esoteric meaning. Like those other works, it might through its reading promote a degree of self-insight and supra-personal understanding within the reader. Unlike the works of the Quartet (which in the main are concerned on the polarity of male/female vis-à-vis personal development/understanding) this

present work centres, for the most part, around the alternative, or gay (in this case, Sapphic), view.

An understanding of this view is necessary for a complete integration of all divergent aspects of the individual psyche – an integration which the Rite of Internal Adept creates.

*Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!*

*Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!
My breasts pleased you
And brought forth darkness and joy...*

(Synestry: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

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Prologue

Shropshire, Late 1970's (e.n.)

Summer had come early to the Shropshire town of Greenock, perched as it was on the lofty bank that overlooked the Severn valley and the undulating land southeast of Shrewsbury, and Leonie Symonds set her face against the dry wind that swirled dust past the half-timbered Guildhall. Down the narrow street she could see a woman struggle with her hat in the wind

that rattled the iron sign beside the ancient Raven Inn.

A farmer in his dirty jeep wished her good day but the wind snatched at his words and he was left to spit on the pavement as he turned his vehicle toward his distant farm. Thunder was brewing, but the lightning was still many miles to the east.

Inside, the Raven Inn was cool and Richard Apthone, with an unaccustomed mug of ale, settled nervously in a corner, folding his town-styled jacket neatly beside him. The silence which had greeted his entrance filled slowly, and soon the conversation had resumed its leisurely pace.

“I canna’ think w’eer ‘es gwun,” he heard a voice say. The room was shadowed darkly, stained by almost a century of smoke, soot from the open fire and the centuries old oak timbers, and Apthone felt uneasy.

Dominoes rattled against a dark oak table. “Whad’n you bin doin’ at my house?” a voice asked.

“Him bin doin’ summat!”

In the sky, the thunder had begun, relieving some of Apthone’s tension, and he settled down to slowly drink his mug of teak-coloured ale.

No rain came, and Leonie waited for half an hour outside the Inn under a darkening sky before walking away. She possessed no courage to follow Apthone further. He was a Probationary teacher, his spotty face fresh from University, while she was thirty-two and divorced. He had left her, and his mocking laugh still pained.

Slowly, Leonie ambled along the narrow street to the ruins of the Priory. Greenock owed its existence to the Cluniac foundation, and the town had continued its quiet, if at times prosperous, existence after the Reformation in the sixteenth century, a huddle of half-timbered and limestone buildings, until modern development had ruined its charm. The old town, clustered on four narrow streets to the west and south of the Priory and nurtured by the medieval prosperity of the monks and the local trade in corn and wool, had been conquered by new red-brick estates whose occupiers and owners owed little, if anything, to the long and rich heritage of the town or the land around. The old, cloistered community, bred through centuries of local toil, tied to the land or the local trades of such a small market town, was dying out. But a few remained, unchanged in speech or gesture, and sometimes a few of the surviving men

would gather to talk in their strange dialect in the dark of the Raven Inn. From a small town famed for its stonemasons, Greenock had grown haphazardly to hold over a thousand souls.

The sky above the Priory ruins darkened again, and Leonie sat on the dry grass by the high remains of the south transept, listening to the distant rumble of articulated lorries that skimmed against the west of the town along the main road that joined somewhere to somewhere else.

Her childhood had been strict and Catholic and she found a form of comfort among the ruins. Its destruction seemed to lessen her own feelings of rejection and for several minutes she felt saddened as if the stones were giving up to her, after all the intervening centuries, all the intervening prayers and plainsong that had seeped into them, year-by-year, day-by-day and DivineOffice-by-DivineOffice. Once, as a child, she had felt the call of her God, the holy promise of a religious vocation, but the years drew away the calling as she fulfilled the ambitions of her parents at University and through marriage. Perhaps she had been wrong, and she touched the rough stone of the transept by way of expiation. Perhaps her God was punishing her for her desertion of His cause. For years a vague need had suffused her, a longing whose fulfillment would somehow imbue her life with meaning and perhaps even joy. Her marriage had failed, her affair with Richard seemed over and she began to realize that it was human affection she craved. For an instant she longed to rest in the divine love of her God's human and crucified Son, but her faith was broken, chipped away by intellectual doubts and the desires of the flesh.

She sat for nearly half an hour amid the petriochor of storm, trying to desire nothing. She was unsuccessful, and found her thoughts drifting between the selfishness of Apthone and the kindness of Diane. She had dreamt of Diane many times but after each dream was ashamed and as if to punish herself for this betrayed, she clung to Apthone. She despised herself for her dependence and there had been days when she appeared cold and cynical towards him until her generosity of spirit triumphed. Diane Dietz was her most intimate friend – a colleague in whom she had confided after her divorce – but the friendship had become both her blessing and her curse. The more she confided, the more she wanted to confide simply to preserve the special moments when they seemed to share the same understanding, feel the same feelings and perhaps nurture the same desire.

But the stones were no longer singing for her and she walked away from the Priory, her sadness and her dreams.

Leonie was late again. She did her best to appear unhurried and failed. Hume 4, her first class of the day, were all present among the desks and overturned chairs and she fumbled with her books while waiting for the tumult to subside.

“Cor, Miss!” shouted one of her girls whose leg warmers were singularly inappropriate considering the weather, “I like your dress.”

Leonie smiled. The early morning Sun of summer cast shadows over the nearby fields and for an instant she forgot Apthone’s harsh words, the spot on her chin and her recent divorce.

The class soon settled to their work and she enjoyed watching them while they toiled with their essay. Somewhere, along the road that joined the large Comprehensive school to the small town of Greenock, a noisy mower trimmed drought-burned grass.

Soon, too soon for Leonie, the lesson was over and she watched while the children fled at the sound of the bell to add more noise to the corridor outside. The cloudless sky over the fields near Windmill Hill made her happy and she wandered contently along the corridors to the Staff Room. Apthone stood by the door. She smiled and went toward him but he was embarrassed by the attention and walked away haughtily down the stairs. ‘Look,’ she remembered he had said, ‘I enjoy sleeping with you – but as for anything else, forget it.’

Suddenly, her happiness disappeared like sun behind thick cloud.

“Are you alright, Leonie?” a gentle voice asked her. There seemed such warmth of understanding there, in her eyes, that Leonie blushed and in her confusion allowed Diane to guide her, like a lost child, into the Staff Room and onto a chair. She was brought a cup of coffee, and biscuits, and when Diane moved away to collect some books from a chair by the window, Leonie followed her every movement. Diane was a sylph, and Leonie envied her. She felt herself unattractive – her hips were too large, her breasts were different sizes and too big for her stature and she had wrinkles around her eyes. Diane’s skin was fair, unblemished and soft and she experienced a sudden desire to touch it.

By the time Diane returned, she had composed herself sufficiently to ask, “How is your husband?”

“Off on one of his jaunts again. He’s training to cycle from Land’s End to John O’Groats in

three days. Silly bugger!” As she laughed her small breasts wobbled, just a little.

Leonie lit a cigarette and nervously blew the smoke away.

“Is it Richard?” Diane asked softly.

“Yes.” It was only half a lie. Diane’s physical nearness was making her tremble and she felt ashamed. Part of her wanted to touch Diane’s long hair. It was soft and flaxen and swayed slightly in the breeze from the window.

There was anguish on Leonie’s face and Diane said, “Would you like me to have a word with Richard?”

“No, please!” She placed a restraining hand on Diane’s arm but almost as soon took it away. She felt disgusted that Diane might be disgusted with her desire. She forced herself to think about other things.

“Are you going to Morgan’s party tonight?” Diane asked, intruding upon Leonie’s morbid thoughts.

“No – I don’t think so.”

“That’s a pity,” Diane said sincerely. “I wanted you to go.”

Perplexed but pleased, an innocent Leonie said, “why?”

“Because I like being with you. It won’t be the same without you there.” She touched Leonie’s face very gently with her hand.

Diane’s touch astonished her and her emotions were too contradictory for her to do anything but mumble incoherently as Diane excused herself and strode purposefully through the huddle of men around the door.

The lean figure of Emlyn Thomas, the Headmaster, whom the children perhaps unkindly called Crater Face, ambled toward Leonie but his progress was interrupted by Thumper Watts. Watts' nickname had its genesis in his first few years at the school when, discipline still being of the Wass Hill grind sort when errant pupils were forced to run up the 1 in 5 hill that joined the northern edge of Greenock to the medieval hamlet of Wass, he was fond of clipping unruly boys around their ears.

“Mr. Thomas,” said Thumper sarcastically, “I’m sending Howell to you – again!”

“Oh? What has the poor lad done now?”

“Only tried to set fire to Reynolds’ hair.”

Thomas wrung his hands like an elderly cleric. “I’ll give the lad a good talking to, mark my words, I will.”

“He wants his balls cut off if you ask me,” mumbled Watts.

“What?”

“I was just saying, a talk is what he needs.”

“Yes, my feeling exactly!” Satisfied, he sidled away, completely forgetting about his intention to talk to Leonie.

Watts sat next to her instead. “Stupid idiot!” he said in frustration, and winked at Leonie.

Leonie shivered. It was not that she disliked Watts – on the contrary, he was one of the few male members of the teaching staff whom she respected. But his physical presence she found intimidating, as if his sheer size overawed. Sometimes she found it hard to believe he was Head of Physics Department for his build seemed more suitable to a more athletic profession and it was easy for her to imagine him shot putting or tossing the cabre in some isolated glen.

Morgan came toward them, dramatically shaking her head so her frizzled red hair moulded itself decoratively around her shoulders.

“Gosh! It’s hot!” she said.

Leonie smiled at her, but the gesture was ignored as Morgan sat next to Watts. Leonie did not mind – the sun was searing what remained of the green from the grass of the school playing fields and she stood by the window, watching sheep graze on Windmill Hill. It would have been a peaceful scene – the fields of pasture, the scattered sheep, the twisting lane enclosed by untrimmed hedge – except for the noise of the children. Sometimes the din from the school could be heard in the centre of Greenock, almost a mile to the south.

Leonie rested her head in her hands, her face alternatively possessed of sorrow and joy. She watched a kestrel as it hovered briefly above the lane before swooping down to snatch its prey. Around her, the staff room slowly filled with noise, and she did not see Diane looking at her from the sun shadow by the door.

Diane watched Leonie intently for some time. Leonie’s feelings seemed a part of her, as if they were related closely by reason of birth, and she felt sad because of the selfish desire which captivated men like Apthone and which drove them to use a woman’s body while abusing the warmth and sensitivity that a woman possessed. For an instant there existed in Diane a strong desire to protect Leonie, to interfere dramatically in her life and free her from Apthone. But more than that, Diane Dietz, a teacher of seven years standing and hitherto contented, was jealous of Apthone. She wanted Leonie all to herself and in a mood of jealous rage that might have made her hit Apthone or driven her to reveal her secret hopes to Leonie, she ran crying from the room, down the stairs and out into the bare and unrelenting sun.

II

Richard Apthone was ignoring her again. He stood in the corner of Morgan’s garishly furnished room talking jovially to the scantily clad hostess while conservatively dressed Leonie skulked in the one empty corner. The loud music displeased her, as did the wine-soaked and incestuous throng of teachers, and she regretted she had come. Watts was staring at her while pretending to listen to Diane whose thin dress hid very little. Leonie blushed.

Morgan left Apthone and Leonie took advantage of the anonymity of the close-pressed crowd to approach him.

“I must speak with you,” she said.

Apthone sighed, then swayed like a drunken clown. “You are.”

“Alone, please.”

“Can’t it wait? I’m enjoying myself.”

“No, it can’t wait.” She was almost crying.

“Can I stay tonight?” he whispered, attempting to affect concern. His face, however, did not mould itself as his calculating mind intended, and he leered. Apthone was lanky in build with a face like a frost-broken gargoyle.

“I’m pregnant,” Leonie said softly.

Apthone stared blankly at the wall, then looked nervously around. No one else seemed to have heard. “But,” he stuttered, “you said you took precautions.”

“I’m sorry, but – “

“My god!” he rasped, “are you sure it’s mine?”

The insult made her cry. “Look,” he said for Watts was staring at them, “it’s not my problem. For god’s sake woman, stop crying!”

She did not, and he walked away to gawk at Diane but she rudely pushed past him. Leonie’s

crying was making him nervous and he smiled drunkenly at Watts.

“Come outside a moment, will you?” said Watts.

Apthone blinked, but followed him.

“You alright, Leonie?” Diane asked.

“Yes, I’m fine,” she lied.

Instinctively, Diane embraced her, but their contact was brief, broken by Leonie.

Diane smiled. “We’d both be better off without men.”

“What do you mean?” asked Leonie sharply and instantly regretted it.

Diane shrugged. “They cause more problems than they solve.”

For nearly a minute they stood facing each other, both expectant, nervous and unsure and both wishing for some gesture or word that might somehow make tangible their feelings. Diane made to speak but Leonie, confused by her own suddenly conflicting feelings, smiled nervously and withdrew to her corner.

Diane, full of rage at herself for her own timidity, muttered a long stream of obscene curses which the loud music drowned, and by the time her courage had returned, Watts was talking to Leonie. She drank two glasses of wine in quick succession and barged between them.

“Apthone gone then?” she asked pre-emptively.

Watts smiled mischievously. “He’s outside. Having a little sleep. Too much to drink if you ask me.” He drank from his can of beer, then burped. “Well, I’m off. Can I give either of you a lift?”

“No thanks,” an embarrassed Leonie asked.

“Diane?”

“Leonie has invited me back for coffee. Thanks, anyway.”

Watts affected another burp and loped away, stooping to go through the door.

Before Leonie could speak, Diane said, “I’m going to take you home, make you a hot drink and get you to tell me all about what’s upset you so much.”

“But –“

“Forget Richard. He’s probably so drunk he won’t even know you’ve gone.” Briefly, she held Leonie’s hand. “I really care for you and hate seeing you unhappy.”

“You are kind,” said Leonie softly.

Leonie’s house bore some resemblance to her life, slightly disorganized but planned with the best of intentions. It was a large house, bounded by gardens which were beginning to grow wild, and carried its mantle of children well. Toys were neatly stored in the playroom and the expensive furnishings had escaped largely untouched by melting ice cream, spilled, sticky drinks, small dirty hands and impetuous ravaging feet. Its size and luxury had, at one time, been of some solace to Leonie, but it had become empty and a constant reminder of what she thought of as her marital incompetence. Her children were asleep when she and Diane arrived and the young girl who had minded her children during her absence was soon gone, leaving the two women alone. Diane made coffee and they sat, almost touching, on the leather sofa in the sitting room.

“You seem very unhappy,” Diane said as a small circle of subdued light enclosed them among the humid darkness of the room.

“I feel so peaceful with you.”

“I’m glad.”

Very quietly, she said, “I’m so confused.”

Diane’s face was gentle and serene and Leonie smiled awkwardly before saying, “I’m going to have Richard’s baby.”

”Oh my darling!” Their embrace was natural but brief and Diane gently wiped away Leonie’s tears.

“I don’t know what to do. It is such a mess. No one cares.”

“I do,” said Diane. “I care very much.”

“But – “ She turned her head away.

“Leonie,” Diane began in a whisper afraid that the beauty of the moment might be lost and afraid of herself, “I find you very attractive.”

“Diane – I”

“Don’t say anything, please.” She stroked Leonie’s face with her hand, and then kissed her, very gently. Leonie made no move to stop her and Diane kissed her again.

Leonie was not afraid, only pleased because Diane possessed the courage to express with words and deeds what she herself had felt but would never have dared to express in any way.

“I need you, Leonie,” she heard Diane whisper.

The simple words ceased to be simple: they were a magickal invocation, a chant of power and possessed for Leonie, in that instant of her troubled life, an almost sacred, childhood quality. Nothing was real for her except Diane – her warm breath, her perfume, the softness of her touch and the enfolding pressure of her body. She felt she wanted to be enveloped by Diane’s

warmth.

“I love your beauty,” Diane was saying. Diane’s touch was gentle, as gentle as Leonie had imagined, once, that it might be and she did not tense nor speak words of discouragement when Diane caressed her breasts.

There was gentleness in Diane’s kisses and touch that Leonie had never experienced before – a kind of empathy as if Diane was not taking but sharing. She clung to Diane, fearing the moments might end. But the moments did not end as she feared but changed instead into physical passion.

“Diane”, she said slowly and precisely, “please stay with me tonight.”

Slowly, hand in hand, they walked the stairs to bed.

^^^

Light mist obscured the river Severn and the surrounding fields, and Leonie stared at the tops of the trees. Soon, the warmth of the summer sun would disperse the mist and the mystery it seemed to bring, returning the harsh contours, bleak colours, and breaking the silence down. Leonie smiled. She liked her bedroom with its view of the Severn, the trees full of birds and fields and found it easy to forget she lived on the edge of a town.

Diane was still asleep in her bed and there was an innocent joy in Leonie as she watched her lover. Everything she could see seemed more beautiful because of Diane, as if her very presence added a precious quality to the day. She wanted to lie down beside her, feel the warmth and softness of her body.

Diane stretched, sleepy, and Leonie accepted the refuge of her arms.

“How do you feel?” Diane asked.

“A little guilty, I suppose. But happy!”

“You are lovely!”

“Can I ask you something?”

”Of course.”

“Is this your...what I – “

Diane smiled. “You mean is this the first time I have made love with a woman?”

Shyly, Leonie said, “Yes.”

She smiled. “I was very nervous last night – I almost didn’t do anything.”

“I’m glad you did.”

”If I had been wrong – “ Diane shrugged.

“What made you try?”

”You mean,” said Diane playfully, “apart from your beautiful body?”

”Seriously, though.”

”Something about the way you looked at me, I suppose.”

”I used to dream about you a lot. Very naughty dreams.”

“And now your dreams have come true.”

”I feel really funny.”

“Well, you make me laugh!” Diane kissed her, and then said, “you mean you can’t really believe it’s happened?”

“In a way, yes. But I also feel I’m not the same person I was yesterday. I can’t explain.”

Diane smiled and rested her head on Leonie’s breasts. “A woman’s breasts are the softest pillow in the world.”

“You make me happy,” Leonie said as she stroked Diane’s hair. “I never thought I could be happy again.”

The sound of Leonie’s children near the bedroom door surprised them, and Diane dressed quickly, kissed her lover saying, “You make me happy as well!” and left.

Leonie ran down the stairs to wave goodbye, but the car had gone and she was left to return slowly to the perfumed emptiness of her room.

Apthone did not seem important to her anymore. The half-resented need, which had bound her to him, had been broken by Diane and as she dressed she found reasons for hating him. Even the growing child in her womb held no terror; she would have an abortion and then Apthone would be removed from her life. She would be free at last, and could give her life to Diane whose gentle words of love during the long humid night had brought her tears of joy. There was a quality about Diane’s love and passion that she had never experienced before, and it pleased her.

The mist over the river was dispersing and she watched it disappear with a mixture of happiness and loss. It would always remind her of her first night with Diane – yet it would be good to feel the hot sun on her body, warming it.

Languid, she lay on her bed until a sudden guilt made her jump up to attend to the tasks of her day, suppressing the thought she would be murdering her unborn child for the sake for the pleasures of her body and the love of a woman. Defiantly, she took the crucifix from the wall of her room and threw it under the bed.

Diane had closed the kitchen door of their bungalow in the tourist town of Church Stretton when her husband appeared wobbling like a drunken duck on his cleated cycling shoes. He was lean, burnt from the repeated exposure to the sun, wind and rain, with cropped hair as befitted a racing cyclist – even an amateur one.

“Well?” he asked, feigning annoyance.

“Well what?” She stared at him holding her head to one side.

“Have a good time?”

“As a matter of fact – yes!” Immediately, she became defensive. “You off out to play, then?”

He looked pained – and not a little funny in his tight fitting cycling jumper and shorts. The long, very close fitting shorts were superbly comfortable on a bicycle, but off it, they made a grown man look ridiculous and a little obscene.

“Don’t tell me – ‘your training schedule’ demands it.”

”As a matter of fact, yes.”

”You think more of your rotten bikes than you do of me!”

“That’s a ridiculous and inaccurate thing to say.”

”But true.”

“No, it is not.”

”Aren’t you jealous?” she demanded.

“About what?” he looked at his watch.

“I’m having an affair,” she announced.

“That’s nice,” he replied without feeling.

“Don’t you care?”

“I know you are joking,” he smiled.

“Oh, we are the superior man, aren’t we?” she mocked.

Suddenly she was angry and he took advantage of her preoccupation with her emotion to slip out the door. She saw him take his expensive cycle from the garage, resisted the temptation to rush out and kick it, and watched him pedal down the road. The mask of calm, which she used in her role of teacher returned slowly, helped by the morning stillness and the gathering mist, and sat down in her bedroom to write her diary.

Her desire for her own children had long ago been vanquished by the natural facts of her genetics and the need which bound her to women, and her innate love for children found its poignant expression through the medium of her profession. She loved the mostly gentle unfolding of a child from the often shy and awkward first-year into a young adult, aware of themselves and mostly possessed of a youthful zeal, and she made no distinction between those who were intellectually inclined and those who were naturally gifted with their hands. To her, each child was unique, and she cared for them all – not out of sentiment or because she believed it was morally right, but because it was in her nature to do so.

Yet she sought some satisfaction in life beyond the undoubted rewards of her profession and the undeniable lesser rewards of being married to a cycling fanatic whose idea of a good day was to thrash himself to exhaustion in a fifty mile trial – preferable over hilly terrain – talk about it for hours afterwards and fall asleep in the evening reading a cycling magazine or a technical report on the strength of the latest titanium axle. Their sitting room cabinet was full of medal he had won, but after five years it was all predictably boring.

She had had no affairs with men, for she found them either too shallow in the head or too uncaring. Their tenderness, she knew, was a ploy to obtain a woman’s body and for the most part they had no interest in her as a person.

Three years ago, her experiences in adolescence, her hopeful expectations and secret desires, had caused her to deliberately seek out the company of women. Her liaisons had been brief, and unsatisfying, but they produced a stronger longing for what could be – a relationship based on mutual desire for love and affection and a mutual, instinctive understanding of the kind she felt was impossible with men.

Her thoughts carried her pen. “Maybe,” she wrote in her diary as a schoolgirl might, “I have found my answer at last. There seems to be something special between us.”

Said laid the book aside to watch from her window the mist swirl slowly over the hills that breasted the road to her school fifteen miles to the east. The sun cast a beautiful light between the ground mist and the higher fog that obscured the hilltops, and she regretted her lack of artistic talent. To paint such a light would be divine – but all she had ever done was compose a few pieces of schoolgirl music. The diary was some solace, and she hid it, as she had done for years among the clothes in her drawer, before writing a letter to Leonie. The act of writing inspired her, as the misty light had done, and her letter became one of love.

She folded the letter neatly, sealing it within a perfumed envelope and placed it carefully if nervously in her handbag. Its existence pleased her, and she sang happily while preparing her breakfast. The breakfast was soon over and, showered and changed, she departed early for school. The mist thinned and dispersed as her car carried her over Hazler Hill and along under the blue sky on the country road that joined Stretton and its glacial, moor covered Mynd, to the ancient settlement of Greenock.

Apthone’s rusty vehicle was already in the empty car park. The thought of meeting the adolescent with the gait of Quasimodo and the meanness of Genghis Khan did not please her, but even Apthone with his spotty face and fetid breath could not diminish the joy she still felt. Soon, she would be with Leonie again.

The staff room was empty – except for Apthone. His face was bruised and he bore a black eye. He also limped and his expression been less venomous, she might have laughed.

“Walked into a wall, then?” she asked.

He sneered, and the expression suited him. It also caused his face some pain. “I fell of my motorcycle,” he lied.

“I didn’t know you had one.”

“Oh, yes! It’s an old....”

She left him grimacing to mark a few of her pupil’s exercise books. After a while, the marking bored her and laying her handbag on top of the pile of books as she nearly always did, she left to make herself a cup of coffee. A few children dawdled by the front door below. Apthone was grinning maliciously, as well as his face would allow, when she returned.

He sat next to her. “Your little secret is safe with me,” he drooled.

Diane looked at him coldly. “What do you mean?”

He produced her precious letter. “That’s mine!” She made to snatch it but was too slow. “You bastard! You’ve no right to go into my handbag!” She attempted to slap his face but he gripped her arm.

“We wouldn’t like this to become general knowledge now, would we?”

“You bastard!”

“Listen,” he lisped, “I’ll keep quiet about this on one condition.”

“Go to hell!”

“I’m sure Mr. Thomas would be most interested in this. Or the School Governors. Like to be dismissed would you? For being a lesbian.” He said the word with relish, and let her arm go. “You do me a favor – I do you a favor. Can’t say fairer than that can I now?”

“Could I have my letter back please?” She demanded.

“Of course!” he smiled. “After you sleep with me.” He stood up dramatically, placing the letter in his jacket pocket.

Angry, Diane stood in front of him. “I don’t care what you tell others!”

“Is that so?” he smirked.

“No one will believe you!”

“Willing to find out, are we? If that’s what you want.”

She moved toward him, but he pushed her away. “Think about it!” he said before turning and almost running out the door.

Diane was too angry to cry. She also hated herself for being too physically weak to take her letter by force and give Apthone what he so richly deserved. She thought of telephoning her husband but he would still be pedaling furiously around the roads and she would be incapable of explaining why she had written the letter in the first place.

Several members of staff arrived simultaneously and she bade them all good morning in her customary cheerful manner. Apthone reappeared but ignored her. Morgan arrived to greet all the men – she fussed a little over Apthone’s wounds, and Apthone’s laugh made Diane feel sick. At the door she collided with Watts. Despite his size and often oafish manner, he held her gently..

“Can’t stand it any longer, then?” he asked jovially.

She saw Apthone look at Watts and turn immediately away, his face pale and intuitively she understood.

“I’ve left something in my car,” she said by way of explanation.

Watts winked at her and she escaped through the door, down the stairs and into the warm air of morning.

Upstairs, Apthone would be polluting the room with his stench.

IV

The heat of the sun surprised her, and Diane moved her chair into the shadow. Her class was restless, for no speck of white appeared in the sky.

“Miss,” Rachael the raven-haired asked while Bryan behind her pulled monster faces for attention and the rest sulked in the heat, “How did you derive the solution?” She pointed to the mathematical scrawl on the blackboard.

Diane frowned. It was not easy teaching lower sixth form mathematics on a humid day toward the end of the summer term. Good natured Bryan, his cropped hair belying the astute brain beneath, had started moaning to add sound to his impression when Rachael turned and rapped his knuckles with her ruler.

“Grow up will you?” she mumbled. The sixth form was exempt from school uniform and as she turned, framed from the side by a shaft of sun, Diane could see her breasts through the dress. The fleeting sight brought a physical sensation of which she felt ashamed, but she smiled calmly at Rachael until their eyes met. For a second, perhaps more, each understood each other. Diane saw Rachael smile, then blush.

Bryan stuck out his tongue, but the beautiful Rachael with the mature body ignored him. Through the glass in the door he caught sight of Apthone shuffling along the corridor.

“The bells! The bells!” he intoned, hunching himself.

Inspired, Diane went up to him, patted his gently on the head and said, “There, there. You’ll feel better in a minute.”

Bryan did not mind the laughter. “Ah! Esmeralda!” he chuckled as Diane returned to the blackboard. His lurch was curtailed by the toneless buzzer in the corridor.

Rachael pretended to write in her exercise book until she and Diane were alone. “Miss,” she asked, “can you help me with this?”

“I hope so Rachael!”

She was leaning over Rachael’s shoulder studying the neatly written equations. Rachael made no move away and Diane could smell slight perfume. Part of her moved to kiss Rachael’s cheek, but another pulled away. It was a battle her respectable half nearly lost.

“There,” she pointed, moving her face away, “you’ve written ‘y’ instead of ‘x’. No wonder you cannot solve the equation.”

“Oh, how silly of me!” chided Rachael as Diane smiled and escaped through the door.

Leonie was waiting, shyly, by the stairs to the Staff Room, uncertain how to respond. Around them, the childish mayhem continued.

“You stink!” one small freckled face said to another.

“Don’t.”

“Do! So there!”

“You smell more than me!”

“Don’t you ever wash, pongy?”

Impulsively, Diane held out her hand for Leonie, then withdrew it. “Can I see you tonight?” she whispered as they climbed the stairs.

“I would like that Diane,” she smiled briefly. Then she quickened her pace to become enclosed

in the relative peace of the childfree Staff Room.

A gaggle of young and mostly female teachers surrounded the repulsive Aphone who was heroically recounting the story of his accident, and Diane sneered at them before sitting beside Watts.

“I think,” she said, “you’ve made him look better.”

He smiled at her understanding. “Dry bones can hurt no one.”

“Unless they are moved by evil intent.”

“And are they?”

“Who knows?” said Diane embarrassed. Suddenly, she smiled. “You’ve never liked him have you?”

Gruffly, he said, “Met this sort before. He shouldn’t be a teacher. He’ll get some girl in trouble, believe you me.”

“Didn’t you once teach Judo?”

”No, lass, Karate. Was competitive, once. Black belt, Third Dan, and all that. It’s quite easy to kill someone, you know, without leaving a mark.”

“Could you teach me?”

“To kill someone?”

“No, of course not!” she laughed, nervously. “Just a few basic things. How long would it take?”

“To learn anything useful – maybe a few weeks. Why?”

Diane shrugged. “Just an idea. These are troubled times.” To lessen his suspicion, she said, “what don’t you start classes here – self defense for women? I would certainly attend.”

“Maybe. Doubt if old doubting Thomas would agree, though.”

“You could always try.”

“I’ll think about it.”

The expression on Watts’ face – full of warmth and love – surprised and shocked Diane and she excused herself hurriedly to rush down the stairs and thread her way through the throng of children in the corridor to a room when she could be alone.

After the noise of the school, the room seemed possessed of the quietness of a church and she sat for a long time by the window trying to recapture the lost innocence of the warm Autumn days of years ago during her first weeks at the school. The promise of those days, the spontaneous joys, seemed to have been sucked away by the drab reality of adults and their narrow-minded schemes.

V

Diane’s husband was engrossed in lubricating the chain of one of his bikes in the kitchen when she arrived, late, from work.

“I was attacked on the way home,” she said airily.

“That’s nice.” He did not look up.

“And I’m being blackmailed.”

“Hmmm.”

“Don’t you care about me?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing.” She looked at the well-polished racing cycle. “Is your bike more important?”

He stood up. “Are you feeling alright?”

“No I’m not! Not that you care!” She went to kick his cycle but he moved it in time.

“Careful!” he admonished. “That’s a 753 frame!”

“So what?”

Exasperated, he leaned the cycle gently against the wall. “Do you want to talk then?”

“Heaven forbid! What’s the point?”

“Personally, I cannot see any. When you are in an emotional mood like this.”

Diane stared at him. She felt resentful. For years they had lived uncomplicated almost separate lives: hers dedicated to teaching; his to cycling. His employment was a means to the end of cycle racing whereas hers had become the most important part of her life. They had quarreled sometimes, but had existed quite happily without the intimacy of emotions she craved. Several times in the years of their marriage when the emotional bareness of their relationship had become unbearable, she had sought the soft scented comfort of a woman. But the affairs had been brief and had filled her with guilt and a little self-loathing. She had enjoyed, more than she at times liked to admit to herself, the physical part of her relationships, but she had never found a woman to compliment her – one with whom she could share intimate personal details, one with whom she could relax and be herself. Someone to share the pleasures of companionship and someone with whom she could make love because such love making would be an extension of their friendship – the ultimate tribute of a relationship. Yet despite all the guilt, the doubts, the self-loathing and the fear of discovery, her desire for female intimacy remained, promising so much that was unfulfilled.

She had existed in a sort of twilight zone between her wishes and the reality of her marriage, accepting her married life because she had grown used to it and because there had always been times when her husband would allow himself to become emotionally involved – when he showed by words and deeds that he loved and needed her. But increasingly, he had become, it seemed, absorbed in his racing as she had become absorbed in her secret desires and the joy of teaching and the two passions never met. Once she had watched him at a time trial – fifty miles on a cold and very early summer morning – but she had found it so boring, watching rider speed after another at one minute intervals then stand around drinking tea for several hours until all had completed the course and the winner was declared. She never went again. The cycle he had bought her lay in the shed, ridden once and forgotten, and her loneliness bred desire.

An obsession seemed to drive her husband. He had no time for fine ideas, thoughts or emotions. He simply loved life – and hated to be bothered by thinking or feeling guilty about it. He was almost satiric in the enjoyment he derived from his existence. He had no worries – except about his bicycles – and would begin each day as though no other existed. Every problem – every one of her problems – would be met with a smile (sometimes a laugh) and the promise that everything would be all right. At first, she had loved his energy and enthusiasm. Nothing daunted him; he was cheerful and full of vitality and even the knowledge that she could not bear his children did not daunt. “Oh well,” he had said, “there is no use worrying about a fact of Nature. Looks like a beautiful evening – we could go for a walk ...”

Slowly, very slowly, she had begun to poison herself with resentment, but it was only her love for Leonie that made her realize it.

She stood staring at her husband. She wanted him to come and embrace her; to tell her that he loved and needed her, to offer to stay at home with her for a few hours instead of riding off into the warm, humid evening. But all he did was look at his watch and check the pressure in his tubular tires.

He was smiling and, as she nearly always did, she allowed her good nature to triumph over her own desires.

“Go on!” she smiled and kissed him. “I don’t want to keep you.”

Soon, she was alone again in the silence of their house. The prospect of the evening excited

her and she was shaking when she picked up the telephone. Aphone was in his lodgings, as she knew he might be, and she smiled satanically when she said: "Richard? Diane. Can you meet me tonight?" She heard the glee in his voice.

"If you bring the letter – you can have what you want." She could almost hear him drooling. "Meet me a half past nine by the Devil's Mouth on the Burway."

The hours passed slowly, much to her consternation, until the sun of late evening cast long shadows of the Stretton hills. The town was quiet as she drove toward the Burway. Several tourists, distinguished by the cameras, idled along the streets and by the crossroads that divided the Burway road from the tree-lined Sandford Avenue, a group of youths in leather jackets lingered, shouting at cars as they passed.

A van heading for the town passed her as she steered the car slowly over the cattle grid boundary between town and National Trust land, and she drove in low gear along the steep sheep-strewn hill. The road dropped precipitously to her right into the tourist trap of Cardingmill Valley, but she had little desire to dwell on the scene, poignant though it was in the soft light of beginning dusk. The road wound sharply, following the old droving route. Fifty years ago, few people had walked the moors. But with the laying of the road and the spread of the tourist-idea, swarms wore away, inch by inch, the thin soil among the bracken and heather and fern. Many were the summer days when Diane had seen long lines of cars ascending the road, spreading their contents and noise. She loved the Long Mynd and found something almost mystical and sacred in walking along its top while wild wind scattered her hair and drove snow into her face. From its varying steep sides, worn by glacier, water and frost, she could see high Caer Caradoc with its hill-fort, the limestone escarpment of Wenlock Edge, the plain around Shrewsbury with the volcanic mound of the Wrekin to the east, and to the south the mottled contours of Nordy Bank. On a clear day, to the west, legend said Snowdon could be seen.

The road climbed steadily until she passed by the long conical spur of Devil's Mouth. A large gravel and scree patch, shadowed by early morning sun, had been set aside for cars and straddled the brief but level plateau below the spur. To the south, the hill fell steeply to Townbrook before rising to the heights of Yearlet Hill. To the north, the land dropped steadily for several hundred yards, blotched by sheep, heather, fern and grass, then steeply fell to Carding Mill valley, cut by fast flowing water, before rising to Haddon Hill.

No cars were parked by the road and no one stood on the shale top of Devil's Mouth to gaze upon the Shropshire view. Diane left her car and waited. A few sheep, their necks blotched with blue dye, tore the vegetation nearby and a slight wind stirred while no white cloud broke

the blue above. Quite unexpectedly, Diane felt sick. She began to shake, her mouth went dry and she felt very cold. But quickly the fear and panic subsided.

She heard Apthone before she saw him. His motorcycle was loud amid the windy silence of the hills and she watched him swagger toward her car, his helmet in his hand. He lounged against her car, affecting boredom in his dirty jacket and jeans.

“Have you the letter?” she asked.

A pale and skinny hand grasped her letter and he smiled.

“Right,” she said coldly, “I think over there in the heather would be fine.” She pointed, as he turned to look she withdrew the knife she had hidden in her sleeve.

It was not courage, but anger, which made her swiftly press it to his neck. Before Apthone could react, she snatched the letter.

“Bother me again you little runt,” she said coldly suppressing her anger, “and I will use this. Understand?”

Apthone tried to smile, and she pressed the tip of the knife into the skin of his neck. He flinched.

“Understand?” she repeated and he nodded. “Now go and stand over there,” she demanded.

Apthone obeyed and she calmly walked toward his motorcycle and plunged the knife into the tire. He made no move toward her and she smiled at him before returning to her car. Soon, the figure of Apthone disappeared from the rearview mirror of her car.

Less than a quarter of an hour later, her reaction came. In the kitchen of her house she began to laugh. Apthone was no threat to her – and her hours of worry, anger, fear and frustration seemed pointless. He was a spoiled child with the body of a man.

Pleased with herself, she was making herself a special brew of tea in celebration when she heard a car stop outside. By the light of dusk she could see Watts slowly ease his bulk from the enclosing steel of the car.

“Just came to see if you were alright,” he said as she opened the door.

“Why shouldn’t I be?”

He shrugged. “Just a feeling. Didn’t want to intrude.”

Feeling guilty about her rudeness, she said, “Would you like some tea?”

“Yes, fine.”

Watts was inspecting the shelves of books in the sitting room when she returned with the tray.

“I didn’t know that you were interested in musical composition,” he said.

“Only a little.”

He returned the book, evidently satisfied. “There is a lot about each other we don’t know.”

“Isn’t that true of everyone?”

“Your husband not here?”

“He’s riding most of the night – preparation for a 24 hour time trial or something.”

“You must get lonely.”

“No.”

“Does a lot of cycling, your husband?”

“Quite a lot, yes.” She was beginning to feel annoyed by his presence and personal questions.

“Seen anything of Leonie?”

”I don’t mean to be rude – “

“But you’d like me to go on. Can I see you tomorrow night?”

“I’m going out.”

“With Leonie?”

“How did – “ She watched him, but he continued to smile. “Yes.”

“How about the day after?”

“I don’t know.”

He had stood up to leave when she said, “Are you in love with Leonie?”

“Why look at me with eyes askance, Shropshire filly, and cruelly flee, thinking me bereft of sense? A bridle I could place around your neck.”

“You’re an intriguing man.” She laughed.

“Why? Because I mis-quote Greek poetry or because – “

He looked at her but she turned away. He was blushing and the unexpected appearance of this expression of his feeling perplexed Diane. He walked toward her and touched her face, very

gently, with his large, calloused hand before lifting her to her feet.

“I have always loved you.” He said.

She smiled nervously. “I never guessed until today.”

He kissed her forehead, but she moved away. “Please, don’t.”

“Diane – “

“Please, I want you to go.”

”I’m sorry if I have offended you.” He was not angry.

“No. Not really. It’s just that I’m a little confused. I don’t know what to think.”

He smiled, and then kissed her on the cheek. “I can wait.”

“Oh why did you have to tell me now!”

“Things just happen in their own time.”

She did not resist his kiss, but it was not what she wanted and she began to feel angry.

“Don’t, please!” she said, pulling away.

He let her go. “All that matters is that I love you.”

“And Leonie!” she taunted.

“Maybe. I thought you would understand.” He touched her face with his hand but she was torn between apathy and anger and knocked it away.

“I would like you to go now,” she said, staring at the floor.

He shrugged. “If that’s what you want.”

“Yes.”

“Shall I see you tomorrow? Just a thought. Maybe we could – “

“I don’t think so.”

“Well, I’d best be off then.” He did not move.

“Yes.”

He started to move toward her, then stopped, bowed fairly gracefully considering his build, and winked. Before she could respond, he had closed the door behind him and for several seconds she stood staring. No physical desire had possessed her, and all she could think of was Leonie.

Outside, darkness stirred lazily, as it does on warm summer days treading past mid-summer. In the shadows of a tree across the road, a freshly dress Apthone lurked, smiling to himself as he watched Watt depart. Slowly, in his rusty car, he drove away to post his poisoned letter.

VI

The church bell, its chimes carried in the breeze, had tolled eleven when Diane’s doorbell rang. The breeze did little to alter the humidity or Diane’s mood and languidly in her nightdress she opened the door, half-expecting Watts. It was Apthone who leered at her.

“Push off!” she shouted.

His face crumpled and his breath smelled of beer. “I came to apologize Diane.”

“Go away or I’ll scream.”

“Now that wouldn’t,” he said staring at her breasts, “be nice, would it?”

“Don’t touch me!”

He laughed, and touched her breast. She screamed briefly, for he hit her in the stomach with his fist before throwing her to the floor. In the struggle, her nightdress tore, exposing her breasts. The sight increased Apthone’s drunken lust and he began to tear at her thin covering while pinning her to the ground with his body and covering her mouth with his other hand.

She struggled, but his drunken strength was strong while he fumbled with his trousers. Desperate and determined, she freed herself sufficiently to grasp his shoe, which had come loose during the struggle. Her blows to his head were hard and insistent and he made to grasp her arm, the action sufficient for Diane to free herself from the weight of his body. Apthone was trying to stand when, with the fury of her anger fed by her desire to not be humiliated, she kicked his face. She did not feel the blow, but it knocked Apthone over and she swiped the heel of the shoe three times into his face.

“You bastard! You bastard!” she screamed as another of her blows broke his nose. Apthone struggled to his feet, his face covered in blood. He lurched toward her and she threw the shoe at him before running into the kitchen. He followed, staggering.

The carving knife she wielded was long, with a blade of surgical steel and she hissed like a woman possessed.

“Get out or I’ll kill you!”

Apthone, trying to stop his bleeding nose with his hand, stepped back.

Diane's eyes glowed. "I'd enjoy killing you, you pathetic bastard!"

She was intoxicated with the primal power of her Viking ancestors and no longer felt unsure. Her education, her upbringing, all the finer feelings of her life, even her love of the innocence of children, were banished in that moment and she perceived with a terrible clarity the passionate realness of life. Its color was red, its expression blood.

"Come on!" she taunted him, her knife-holding knuckles white. "Come and get me you ugly little bastard!"

But Apthone the coward retreated to the door to flee toward the dark and Diane had closed and locked the door before she dropped the knife in horror at herself.

Blood splattered her wall; Apthone's shoe was by the door that for five years she had closed on her way to work. She began to shiver and had moved to the kitchen to retch into the sink when the realization of her will became a fact in her consciousness. She knew with an irrefutable arrogance born from the moments of fear and anger, that she and she alone was responsible for herself and her feelings. She possessed not only the consciousness to decide but also the will to make the decision possible. Everything was clear to her: there were no more questions; no more doubts that undermined and made her weak.

The insight of understanding made her laugh; then cry. Apthone was gone but there would be other Apthone's somewhere imposing themselves and polluting with their warped will and desire. The thought made her angry and she began to understand as she made herself some tea in the neon brightness of her freshly painted and appliance strewn kitchen, that she need never again allow herself to be weak or dominated. The civilization to which she belonged had nurtured her, softly shielding her and she had been playing a doomed society's role. Apthone's attempted rape, her own anger, the fear and humiliation that had possessed her, had broken through this appearance to the real essence of the woman beyond. She was a unique individual and did not have to conform to someone else's set of rules or ideas.

Calmly, she collected a dressing gown before drinking her tea. She thought, momentarily, about telephoning the Police – but that would merely confirm and reinforce the role. Apthone had condemned himself by his act and she wanted personal revenge. If her understanding signified anything it was this – Apthone was her problem to solve. And she, Diane Dietz, lately a weak, emotional woman tied to feelings of insecurity and guilt as she had been tied to the idea of marriage, could do anything because she had begun to discover the liberation of

self.

Among the clothes that lay in her drawer lay the revolver. It was a .38 Service issue revolver and had lain in its box since her birthday over fifteen years ago. She had fired it once, she remembered, as a young girl...

Sun dappled the front lawn through the summer clouds as her father held her steady. On the rear lawn, her mother played tennis while the sun dried the large Georgian house of rain.

“Gently now,” he advised, “squeeze the trigger.”

The retort was not as loud as she had imagined and she closed her eyes as she squeezed.

“My dear Diane,” remonstrated her father, twirling his mustache, “it is rather bad form to close one’s eyes.”

She squinted at the target nailed to a tree and fired twice in rapid succession. After a brief inspection her father, hobbling on his stick, returned to slap her on the back.

“Well done, I must say! One bull, other just a touch to the left.”

Next month, she had received the gun, in a presentation box, as a birthday gift. It had been one of her father’s few mementoes from the war.

She inspected it carefully, as her father had shown her all those years ago. Oil clung to it and she wiped some away, lightly, with the small cloth before loading the chambers. It was lighter that she remembered.

In the dark outside, the church bell struck the quarter hour.

VII

No lights showed in Morgan's house and Diane drove slowly past. The gun felt heavy in her jacket pocket but she ignored it, watching the street of terraced houses carefully. No one stirred, among the houses or parked cars and no vehicle passed her.

Her visit to Apthone's lodgings had been brief and had she been a few minutes earlier she might have cornered her prey. The landlady was apologetic – Apthone had rushed in, and hastily departed on his repaired motorcycle. Diane had smiled nicely at the old woman and left.

A few of the terraced houses showed lights and she parked near one, walking the few yards to Morgan's garishly painted door. Nearby two cats wailed in the clear humid night.

The response to her knocking was slow; a stair light, then footsteps to creak the stairs. Morgan, wrapped in a coat, held the door on a chain.

“Yes?” she asked brusquely.

“Is Richard here?”

“No.”

“I must speak to him.”

Morgan's voice was sympathetic. “He's not here.”

Diane peered around the door and what she saw shocked her. “May I come in?”

“Look,” Morgan said with a sigh, “I'm very tired. I really want to go back to sleep. I don't mean to be rude but – “

“You'd rather I went?”

“Yes.”

“Fine. I can see why.” She turned and walked briskly to her car. Inside, she held the gun, momentarily, then returned it wearily to her pocket. Her quest for vengeance had been eclipsed by what she had seen and, slowly at first, she began to cry. Propped against Morgan’s stairs had been her husband’s expensive bicycle.

It was the betrayal of trust that hurt the most, and she was alternatively angry, sad and a little overjoyed. She did not mind the physical fact of her husband’s adultery as much as she minded the deceit: there was obviously nothing, no emotional ties of a sensitive kind, no moral obligation, that bound her to her husband, and the thought of revealing to him the dreadful shame of Apthone’s attack made her sadder still. It would be impossible to reveal it, now, because she was free and had only to rely on herself to experience a new strength. Nothing bound her and she drove slowly toward Leonie’s house.

She sat in the car outside the house for some time, listening to a Vivaldi cassette. The music calmed her and she found the trees, weird Celtic deities by the strange sodium lights, quite beautiful. Behind the widely spaced houses, the river Severn flowed in darkness and drought.

The single headlight was blinding and Diane shielded her eyes. The screeching tires and crash startled her, just a little, and she walked without much feeling toward the scene. A motorcyclist had collided with the front of a stationary van and the impact had tossed the rider into the air to collide with a concrete lamppost.

The rider, his helmet missing, was groaning and as Diane approached she recognized Apthone. She did not smile but withdrew the gun from the pocket of her jacket while Apthone, with his bloody face and twisted limbs, stared incomprehendingly.

“Diane” he whispered, coughing blood, “help me.”

She aimed the gun, easing the hammer back with her thumb. Apthone, horrified, shook his head in desperation while Diane aimed the weapon at his head. He tried to wriggle away, but his broken body refused to obey his commands of thought and Diane gently eased the hammer back. There was no owl to haunt with its screech as she turned toward her lover’s house – only the sound of people running, a car braking to halt in the road.

“Quick!” someone shouted as she stood by Leonie’s door. “Call an ambulance!” A large garden hid her from the road.

Leonie was quick to answer the chimes. “Diane!” She hugged her friend. Come in. I hoped you’d come.” She looked around. “I thought I heard a noise.”

“Yes,” smiled Diane. “There’s been some sort of accident.”

“Hadn’t we better go and see if we can help?”

“I don’t think so. There seems to be enough people there already. We would probably only get in the way.”

Leonie strained to see, but the road was thirty yards away. “You’re probably right.” She led Diane into the brightness. “You look awful!”

“Thanks!” said Diane.

“No, honestly, I didn’t mean – “

“It’s alright,” smiled Diane, holding Leonie’s hand. The touch pleased both, if for slightly different reasons. “Any chance of some coffee?”

“Actually, there’s some on. Just in case you called.”

The kitchen was all stainless steel and pine, but the subdued light and Leonie’s presence made Diane feel welcome and warmly disposed toward the world. She could forget Aphone the twisted, the deceiving adultery of her husband and the problem diversion of Watts.

“Can I stay the night?” she asked.

“Oh Diane, you don’t have to ask!” Shyly she handed Diane some coffee from the percolator. “I feel this is as much your home now as mine.”

The words, the manner of their delivery and the gentle vulnerability of their speaker brought euphoria to Diane. She forgot all her problems and embraced and kissed Leonie. Her love felt like a physical pain.

“Do you mind if I tell you something?”

“Nothing would make me happier.”

In the sitting room, Diane lay on the sofa, her head in Leonie’s lap while Leonie stroked her hair.

“I’m leaving my husband.”

”Not because of me?” asked Leonie, her voice trembling.

“Partly. But partly because he is having an affair with Morgan.”

”I’m sorry,” said Leonie sincerely. “I thought your marriage was fine.”

“These things happen.”

”Are you sure it’s not my fault?”

“If anyone is to blame it is probably Morgan the man-eater.”

”I’m sorry,” repeated Leonie.

“It’s for the best. It was inevitable anyway, as things were developing.”

“What will you do?”

Diane sighed. She felt content, lying in Leonie's lap while her lover with sensuous breasts stroked her hair. Aphone was irrelevant, Watts was not important. Even her husband, warm and sweaty in Morgan's scented bed, no longer held any power to mould her emotions. Tonight, she could sleep with Leonie and in the morning she would watch the mist over the river while sun warmed the green richness of earth. Then, with Leonie, to school where her treasured pupils would be waiting and where she would try and infuse into them some of the special meanings which were entwined through life. The day of work done, she could come home with Leonie to their house, play awhile with the children before the dark of night brought the peace of contented and blissful post-Sapphic sleep.

"Leonie," she whispered.

"Yes?" there was expectation in her voice.

"I hope you don't think I'm imposing myself on you."

"Even if you were, I would be glad."

"I do love you."

"And I –" Leonie closed her eyes, but the reluctance remained. "Diane," she said by way of expiation, "please take me to bed."

VIII

The morning was beautiful as the night had been and Diane stared out of the window. The post dawn mist eddied slowly around the trees that clung to the grassy banks of the Severn, and along the path a hundred yards below the house that followed the river for many a winding mile, a solitary man in shorts ran, his stride like a gazelle. He vaulted the style of the fence that separated the two small and shrub-strewn fields of cows, and Diane watched him run bare-chested and lithe until he disappeared into the mist. No cars spoiled the quiet of dawn.

Naked Leonie joined her at the window and for several minutes both stood, arm in arm, watching their minute part of the world change as low sun bore down to disperse the mists of late night. It was one of those intense and rare magical moments that lovers share when no words are needed and where the two halves seem united in empathy and expectation. A spell

bound them through both the gentle scented lusciousness of their bodies and the fusion of their wordless thought. Both felt and understood the natural extension of the maturing relationship that their lovemaking made; they were equal and reversed the roles as they and their other half required. Giving and receiving, in turn as their feelings and desires changed with the passing of the hours. For them, in the two passionate nights shared, there had been no distinction between submission and dominance – between recipient and receiver – as there had been no guilt of submission or defeat. Instead, a mutual response to unspoken desire. A sensitivity of not only touch but mood that had hitherto been lacking in all their relations with men; a feminine giving tempered by a very natural and gentle feminine mastery. But above all, a genuine sharing.

For Diane the long night had been both a liberation and a release; Leonie was the woman whom for many years she had sought, and with her all problems were resolved. She neither needed nor desired anything else.

“I need no one but you, Leonie,” she said.

Leonie’s kiss was soft. “Where will you stay after today?”

“Would you mind? – “

“If you stayed here?”

“If you have no objection.”

“Diane, I was hoping you would.” She stared out of the window and the blush covered her face and spread to her neck. “But I would prefer it if you lived here with me.” She hesitated. “If you wanted to.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

”You are lovely.”

Embarrassed, Leonie retreated to the bed. “It may sound stupid but I feel safe with you. Secure. I don’t have to pretend anymore. I can be myself.”

"I know what you mean," she said softly. She liked being near Leonie and experienced a pleasure when she looked at Leonie's body. "Of course I want to live with you silly!"

The bare-chested runner had returned from his peregrinations and Diane watched him jump the style before she joined Leonie in bed.

"I have a spare room," Leonie said. She blushed, and then added, "what is mean is – your things."

"You don't have to explain," smiled Diane.

Into the room rushed Leonie's little boy. His hair was tossed and his pajamas askew. He stopped and stared at Diane.

"What are you doing in my mummy's bed?" he asked cheekily.

"I had a nightmare," Diane said immediately.

He pointed at himself. "Me too!" and he rushed into his mother's arms.

The little head disappeared for a while, but every few seconds would sneak a look at Diane and they bury himself again.

Diane laughed and began to tickle the boy who giggled and fell off the bed. The child, the morning and all its facets but particularly Leonie, reminded Diane of the happiness and ecstasy that were possible within human existence and she felt a sudden, overwhelming and unexpected desire to be alone.

"Do you mind if I go for a little walk?" she asked.

"Diane," replied Leonie obviously moved by the question, "you don't have to ask."

Hurriedly, though without shame, Diane dressed, careful not to let the revolver fall from her

pocket. It's steel brought a reminder of the blood of the night and she quickly slipped through Leonie's rear garden, down the steep slope that separated the house fence from the pasture and scrub toward the river.

No one came to disturb her peace and she wandered along the well-worn path by the river in the burgeoning warmth of the early sun. Unaccountably, she found herself recalling almost note for note the beauty of Tammasso Vitali's Chaconne in G Minor and for an instant of infinite time she had to stop as she experienced in one incredible moment the ecstasy and the sacred beauty of life.

The mystic vision made everything around her seem holy and possessed of a stupendous beauty. But most of all everything – from the grass, the bushes, sky and trees – was as it should be, a part of a whole. There existed in the surroundings – in the soil she trod as much as in the sun which had cracked it dry – something of the numinosity that she had felt in the convent years of youth when in church, the choir singing Allegri, she had smelled the vague incense that seemed to suffuse the stone and nun's stalls, had seen the beauty of the sun as if shafted the gloom of the church and felt the centuries heavy in reverence and adoration.

Now, as it almost had then, the moment overwhelmed so that she was forced to steady herself by a fence and cry. Cry from an ecstasy that was almost incomprehensible and which no words could explain.

She saw and felt as if it was her own pain, all the bitter sadness and waste just as she realized and felt the beauty inherent in the world. She understood the possibility of what she – of what everyone – could be. She had been blind, but could finally see. Before she had heard noises, but did not listen and she finally understood the passion and demonic obsession that drove composers like Beethoven. Music was a commitment, a means to discover and express life. It could be holy, and might express the divine. She saw as if for the first time the rich blue of the sky, the sumptuous green and browns of the trees, the miracle of life that was the mallard and the indescribable beauty of people gifted with the wonder of thought and which yet might make them divine.

The moment overwhelmed, then passed, etched upon her mind and she sat in the cow-torn, broken and dewy grass. Nothing, she felt, surpassed this insight and she wanted desperately as she had never wanted before, to find a means to preserve the moment, to capture it for herself and others. The thought stirred her and she realized in her joy and vitality the essence of her freedom: she was free and had only to grasp a possibility to make that possibility real.

The spiritual poverty and impoverishment of her own life became clear. She taught, a little, but so many contradictions had pulled her she was largely ineffective. There was conflict because others sought to keep their own image and desires alive. Lies, deceit, blackmail, the bitterness and the hate, all destroyed vitality and vision. Only in and because of Leonie had she experienced hitherto a glimpse of what lay beyond – but it had been a vague longing partially fulfilled. Yet it was all so simple she now understood. So absolutely simple that there was no problem which a time under sun could not solve.

Carefully, she resumed her walk trying through the slowness of her motion to retain the precious moment and its mystic glow. As she walked, music grew in her and she began to feel the need to compose, to capture through such a form part of the essence she had touched. The thought brought renewed joy and a sharp intimation of destiny so that she ran along the path laughing playfully at herself. Tonight, when her thoughts and feelings had settled, she would share with Leonie this moment of hers.

Like a Mistress of Earth, no cares assailed her. Each tree was a deity she blessed and over the slow water under a mottled sun, Diane the witch, cast her spell.

IX

It was a different Diane who strode before the fateful hour of nine into a staff room quieted by news of Apthone. The failed rapist lay in a coma, balanced between life and death, and Diane smiled when the worried Fisher with the balding head and nervous jerks of a coot, told her.

“It’s awful, really, isn’t it?” the sociology master said, before scratching his overgrown ear.

Watts and Morgan entered together and Diane smiled oddly at them.

“Can I speak with you Morgan?” she asked. Watts touched her shoulder, lightly, and sauntered off.

“Diane,” began Morgan, “before you say anything – I am sorry.”

“Why? You’re only doing what comes naturally. How long has it been going on?”

Morgan looked pained. “Diane – “

“As far as I am concerned you can have him. And good luck. I hope you like bicycles.”

Despite her affected anger, Diane could not help noticing how beautiful Morgan looked. Her dress, gathered by a belt at the waist, was the perfect compliment to her figure, the halter neck showing sun-browned shoulders that seemed to highlight the green eyes and red hair, and for a few seconds Diane envied her husband. Fortunately perhaps, she disliked Morgan’s personality.

“Diane, it is all over believe me.”

“Only because I found out.” She smiled warmly, disconcerting Morgan who did not know how to react. “Really, I don’t care. You’re both consenting adults. I just hope he makes you happy.” She kissed Morgan lightly on the cheek and Morgan could only stare in amazement.

The gesture was only half kindly meant, for although the remembrance of her morning ecstasy was vivid with its visions, sufficient of Diane’s anger remain to confuse her motives and she was about to explain her behavior to Leonie who was sitting morosely and alone by the sun-filled window, when Thomas the headmaster accosted her.

“Diane!” he said, placing his hand on her arm, a habit, which had hitherto irritated her. “Bad news about Richard, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” She lied. Aphone was one person she never intended to forgive.

“Can I see you in my office for a few minutes before the bell?”

“Now?”

“If you have no objections, that is.”

Lost Leonie was watching so she said, “Yes, of course, Mr. Thomas, I won't be a moment.”

”No rush,” he muttered in his abstract way.

Leonie appeared close to tears. “Are you alright, darling?” Diane whispered, holding Leonie's hand between the two chairs so that others would not see.

“Richard – he ...Last night when – “

“I know.”

“And to think this morning I had been so happy.”

It was true, Diane knew, for at breakfast a youthful Leonie had laughed, played with her children and afterwards allowed Diane the pleasure of helping her dress.

“It must have been him – his accident – that we heard,” Leonie said morosely.

“Seems so.”

“So close and we did not know. We could have helped. I feel so responsible.”

“He was drunk.”

”Really?”

“So the Police said. Stupid of him to drive when you're like that.”

”But still – “

“It was his own fault, apparently.”

”I suppose so. But if only I'd been there. I feel dreadful.”

”The boss wants to see me.”

“I heard.” Suddenly Leonie’s face glowed. “Hey – it might be your promotion!”

Diane laughed and stood up. “I doubt it.” No one was near so she said, “I’ll bring a few things around this evening if you don’t mind.”

“That would be nice.”

Leonie’s face with its gentleness appeared to Diane to express an ineffable need for affection, and she had to turn hurriedly away because she wanted to hold Leonie in her arms, stroke her hair and tell her of her love. Each step she took toward the door seemed a physical effort, separating her from the one person whom she loved with a deep and passionate intensity. The aura which they had formed and shared during and since the late hours of night when in the warmth and dark they made love and talked of their hopes and desires and needs, was stretching, dividing, and only a conscious effort of will walked her body along the noisy, child-littered corridors to the office of the Headmaster.

The large room was uncluttered and too tidy. Books sat undusted and unused behind the cabinet glass and the large desk contained only a few writing materials and a telephone. On the wall, two well-made notice boards hung, neatly filled, and the steel gray of the filing cabinet complimented the bureaucratic gray of the chairs.

“Ah! Diane. Nice of you to come. I shan’t keep you long, believe me. Sit down! Sit down! Sit down!”

He rose in a gentlemanly way before settling his half-rimmed spectacles upon his nose.

“I have had a rather strange letter.” He held the write envelope for her to see.
”Delivered by hand last night it was.”

“And it’s about me?”

“Yes. Not only that. Oh no – but enclosed was a photocopy of a private letter.” He handed her the copy. “You recognize it may I ask?”

It was a copy of her letter to Leonie, and its existence and possession by Thomas shocked her. “Yes,” she said in a whisper.

Thomas peered over his spectacles like a judge. “What you do is no concern of mine, you know. Nor, ideally of course, should it be of this establishment. As long as it does not interfere with or affect your teaching – as I am sure it never will.” He removed his spectacles, slowly and laid them on the desk. “I have a notion who sent this, and as far as I am concerned that is the end of the matter.”

Diane was astounded. Her understanding of Thomas had been totally and utterly incorrect. The man of staff room jokes and unkind remarks was a lie, a figment of the imagination. There he sat, in his worn tweed jacket whose buttons were loose, his graying hair catching a little of the little sun that edged to his window, his lean and wrinkled hands fumbling with his spectacles, there he sat – smiling slightly, exuding a kindness that Diane could feel and understood. For a brief moment, Emlyn Thomas worn by the battles of his school and nearing retirement, seemed to Diana to be only very weakly attached to life, to the world of school, village and earth. If she blew, he might drift away to another world.

“Mr. Thomas – I don’t know what to say.”

He gave her a clean and starched handkerchief to wipe her eyes.

“I thought a lot, last night,” he said stuffing the now damp white cloth into his trouser pocket, “about not telling you. But decided it was for the best. So you knew where I stood, so to speak. Neatly, he folded the anonymous letter, photocopy and envelope together. “I’ll burn this and we will say no more about it. Now – “

Diane was standing, as if on cue.

“ – Before you go I would just like to say this.” He smiled at her. “If you have problems, anytime, I am always here. You are too good a teacher to lose.”

Diane’s feeling of relief was strong and she had begun to walk toward him before stopping herself. She wanted to say he was a kind man, but she lacked the simple courage to directly express her feelings, and she was at the door before another intimation of his frailty assailed her.

She kissed his cheek. The gesture delighted him and he chuckled, “Perhaps I should get more such letters!” before she rushed from his room.

The knowledge that one more person knew her secret soon dismayed Diane, and as she walked along the corridors of the school to the room of her first lesson of the day, she felt oppressed. The room was on the ground floor, shadowed by the angled assembly hall from the morning sun. The blackboard still held her mathematical equations, her desk a few tatty books. Soon the desks would be occupied. The trauma of Aphone’s attack had been destroyed by her mystic ecstasy of the early morning, but the memory of the letter was fading in its reality and Diane sat at her desk, watching starlings pick worms from the playing field grass. No supra-personal love overwhelmed and she began to feel as if her vocation was drifting away – there would be suspicion and doubt, the keen sidelong look, the unspoken thought. Of course, she could deny it all – “I ought to say, Mr. Thomas, that I am not a lesbian....” But even the possibility of denial was repulsive to her. She was who she was, too self-willed to deny the accusations.

It was true, and she thought, briefly, of announcing to the world (well, at least the school staff) the truth of her nature. There were organizations, somewhere, she had heard, who would defend her rights. Yet her feelings and desires were deeply personal and she could not think of being labelled thus; somehow, it might debase her relationship with Leonie. No longer would she be Diane Dietz, the mathematics teacher – she would be Diane the lesbian, marked by the label which would colour what people said to her or thought of her. She knew it should not matter to others – but it would. The thought of Morgan – pretty red-haired Morgan – saying “and her a lesbian! Well, really, I always thought she was, well, a little odd!” was not a prospect at all pleasing and she would be forced to play a role. Worse, she was bound to lose her job. “I’m very sorry,” they would say, “but you must understand we have a duty to the children. Imagine what the parents of little girls would think – a lesbian teaching their child.”

“Miss,” a young voice beside her said.

“What?” she smiled at Rachael. “I’m sorry, I was day-dreaming.”

“Are you alright?” asked Rachael nervously.

“Fine. Just thinking.”

“Terrible about Mr. Apthone, isn’t it Miss?”

“I suppose so.” She tried to disguise her feelings.

“Miss?” Rachael shuffled her feet while smoothing her thin cotton dress. “Can I ask you something?”

“Yes, of course, Rachael.”

“My parents are giving a small party on Saturday and I was wondering, well, if you’d like to come. You could stay the night if you didn’t want to travel back late to Stretton.”

“Rachael – I ...”

Bryan chose the right moment to open the door, stare around like a lunatic and tumble twice across the room with the control and agility of a gymnast. As he took his bow, Diane said, “Your wealth of talent continues to surprise me, Bryan.”

The calculated stupidity and innocent vitality of her pupil preserved Diane’s objectivity as well as reinforced her dwindling love of teaching. Rachael was sulking because of the interruption and aware of the delicate situation, Diane smiled at her.

“Yes, I love to come, Rachael.”

“Oh,” said Rachael a little dismissively, “if you like.”

Dianne was not offended, for the classroom soon contained all of her sixth form set and, amid the dry heat of the cloudless summer’s day in the restful Shropshire town, she soon forgot the pressures of her past.

In a hospital, fifteen miles to the northwest, Apthone opened his eyes while monitors pulsed with life. Briefly, Diane shivered, but Bryan was pulling his funny faces, Rachael was smiling at her and a slight breeze caught her face.

“Miss?” asked Bryan seriously.

“Yes?”

“Why do cowboys ride their horses into town?”

Diane frowned.

“Because,” smirked Bryan, “they’re too heavy to carry!”

Diane’s laugh erased Apthone from her thoughts.

X

A cooling breeze flowed through Leonie’s sitting room while her children played in the garden. It was nearly six o’clock and Leonie was becoming increasingly morose.

“Diane,” she said as she blew smoke from her cigarette away, “I feel I ought to go and see him.”

Diane placed her pile of mathematics exercise books aside. “You don’t owe him anything.”

“But I am going to have his baby.”

“You don’t love him, do you?”

“No. But I feel responsible for him in a way.”

”You ought to forget him.”

“I can’t. He needs someone, now more than ever.”

“Are you surprised that he hasn’t got any friends? Look at the way he treated you.”

”He’s going to be paralyzed for life, the doctors said.”

”it was his own fault.”

”You can be heartless at times>”

“Leonie please don’t go.”

”Why are you so insistent? You’re not jealous are you?”

“No, of course not! It’s just that –“

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“I think I’ll go.”

”Don’t please.”

”I have to see him.”

”He’s not worth it.” Diane felt that Aphone was taunting her – exercising control over Leonie even from his hospital bed. Suddenly, she wished she had killed him.

“Will you come?” Leonie asked.

The thought horrified Diane. “Never!”

“Why do you dislike him so much?”

”It doesn’t matter.” She watched Leonie – soft, gentle Leonie – for some time before saying, “I wish you could just trust me. Accept I have a good reason why I don’t want you to see him.”

She sat down beside Leonie and held her hand. “Please, Leonie, don’t let him come between us.

“You are all that I have left.”

“I do care for you Diane.” She stroked her stomach. “But for my own peace of mind, I really must go.”

Tenderly, Diane said, “If you must, you must; I’ll stay here with the children.”

“Would you? Really? That would be kind.”

Leonie was happy and ran from the room to tell her children. She returned hastily, to shout, “Won’t be lone. Promise!” before the front door slammed and Diane was alone with her thoughts.

Leonie was shaking a little as the nurse led her to Apthone’s room. It was brighter and much cleaner than she had expected, a corridor away from the main ward in the new glass and concrete Shrewsbury hospital. A monitor blipped in rhythm with Apthone’s heart while a drip-fed some form of life into his arm. Near the solitary bed, a mechanical respirator stood ready.

Apthone lay on his back, unable to move, staring at the ceiling, his face puffy and bruised. A naso-gastric tube taped to his nose did little to offset the clinical nature of the room.

“How are you?” she asked.

Apthone gurgled. His voice was a thin reedy whine. “Tired.”

“You’ll be alright.” His physical helplessness appalled Leonie and she held his lifeless hand.

“Leonie,” he breathed with effort, “I love you.” He closed his eyes.

“He’s heavily sedated,” said the nurse in explanation.

“Richard –“

“It’s too late now,” she said.

“Richard,” Leonie whispered in his ear, “remember our child.”

His eyes opened and he tried to smile. “Yes.”

The nurse was gesturing at Leonie and said. “I’ve got to go now, but I’ll be back later.”

But Apthone was asleep and Leonie was crying as the nurse guided her to the corridor.

“Would you like some tea?” the kindly nurse asked.

An ambulance drove slowly away from the entrance while Leonie walked to her car trying to untangle the emotions which knotted her stomach and made her feel sick. People came, cars passed, a single-decker bus, bright red and flashing sun as its air-brakes panted in the heat, disgorged a few passengers under the cirrus flecked blue of the sky.

Leonie dreaded seeing Diane. Yet she wanted to rest her head on Diane’s shoulder, stroke her beautiful flaxen hair and talk quietly of her feelings and pain. The conflict made her dizzy, and she had to steady herself by the car.

Ignoring the stuffy heat, she sat still in the car for nearly half an hour, disgusted with herself. The years of conditioning were telling her, insistently, that she was a pervert. All the expectations of her parents, all the pressure of her role as a respected teacher, made her think her desire for Diane’s love was unhealthy. She began to worry about her children and to feel it would be wrong for them if she stayed with Diane. They would need a father, a stable and proper family – all the things her upbringing had conditioned her to believe were right and necessary. Shame touched her, and she wondered if her feelings for Diane were simply an excuse, nothing special and their affair a trivial episode that signified nothing except a very temporary need.

These thoughts relieved her, and she forced herself to think about Apthone, vaguely aware that

she might not, after all, be different from other women, some sort of freak. Apthone would need help, and the more she thought about his helplessness the more she began to feel that she might atone for her own weakness, inferiority and perversion by helping him. It was a noble sentiment, if wrongly conceived, for it did not occur to Leonie as it might have occurred to a woman who had not her confidence undermined for years by a neurotic and scheming husband and whose strict religious upbringing precluded self-expression, that she was neither inferior nor perverted. But her parents, her husband and the pressure of her role as wife and mother had done their work well, insidiously well, until she had almost become in herself what others expected her to be, a reflection of their image of her. There seemed to Leonie to nothing inside herself, nothing of her own, nothing lovable – her husband had often said as much – nothing that mattered in any way special. Even as a teacher, the one area she felt gifted, she had soon her prospects of promotion fade with the advancing years, confirming her self-loathing and doubt. Unbidden, a remembered phrase broke the passage of her thought: *‘Look up now, thou weak wretch, and see what thou art. Be loathe to think of aught but Himself..’*

The phrase brought recollection and a remembrance of the childhood dread of sin, the smell of churches and an image of Apthone, crippled. Leonie tried very hard, while the hot sun beat down dryly upon her car, to pretend her feelings for Diane were not real. Diane did not love her – she was just being kind. Diane could not love her because there was nothing to love and she had just fooled herself again, as she had done about her husband’s love. Morbidly, she believed she was in some sinister, occult way, responsible for Apthone’s plight – she had wanted to abort their child, and she was culpable, before God, she was culpable.

No cloud came to ease the burden of heat, and she sat, quite still, while around her cars passed and were parked, people talked or laughed. A memory of happier days at university, free from self-torment and expectation and love, was soon gone, and she began to cry, very quietly, needing Diane yet terrified that such need was shameful and perverse. Desperate, she pushed all her thoughts, longings and desires aside, determined to shut out the world completely, to lock herself away, to be safe inside again.

She drove away from the hospital slowly and stopped only when she reached the driveway of her house. Shrewsbury town had seemed cheerful, if sultry, caught in the burden of summer’s heat, and she wished it would rain, as if the rain would wash away her feelings of traumatic guilt. Instead of driving to her house, she stopped alongside the main road outside. No sign of Apthone’s accident was evident, but she wandered beside the pavement imagining the terror. She had been inside while a crippled Apthone shed his blood on the road – inside, enjoying the pleasures of her senses.

The contrast appalled her, bringing remorse for her own sensual desires and the desire to

somehow protect the child growing in her womb – to give it life, or at least a chance of life. Two young girls in flowery dresses came skipping along the pavement, oblivious to the tragedy, and Leonie smiled at them but they did not notice and continued on their way, small bundles of vitality whose innocence made Leonie want to cry.

Diane, her small suitcase beside her was in the garden when Leonie entered the house. Her children were watching the one-eyed god, unaware of her return and she sneaked like a broken thief into the garden. Below and beyond the boundary of fench, several young boys walked shirtless along the river path, strangely silent under the downing sun as insects swirled in profusion and a Redstart called.

Diane did not look up as Leonie approached. “Did you see him?” she asked.

“Yes.” Leonie sat on the springy grass, restraining her desire to stroke Diane’s smooth, tanned and beautifully lithe legs. If Diane touched her, she would be certain of her love.

The touch, and affirmation, she yearned for did not come and she clung in desperation to her guilt. “He said he loved me,” she sighed, softly, like snow sighs softly against glass. For an instant she felt cold, as cold as a winter blizzard wind.

When Diane did not speak, she said. “I really ought to go back and stay with him.”

“If that is what you want to do.”

”It’s what I feel I should do.”

“Why?”

“Diane, please. We’ve been through all this before.”

For an instant Diane regretted her insistence – but Apthone was so detestable and the thought of him using his self-induced helplessness to ensnare Leonie angered her as she had been angered by Leonie’s desire to see him. She felt it was a betrayal, and she was jealous. She thought of her revolver, but the idea of murder displeased her because she understood, through her love of Leonie, that Leonie was free to make her own choices. She could not force

Leonie's love. She wanted, with an almost satanic desire, to protect Leonie and the love they had shared; wanted, jealously, to share her with no one and she waited for some word or gesture from Leonie that would confirm their love. None came, and her desire nurtured the wish to tell Leonie about Aphone – but the assault was still too humiliating and degrading for her and its terrible memory broke the wish the way lightning breaks the air with sound.

“You must,” she said clearly, “do what you think is best.”

”What do you think I should do?” Leonie asked unexpectedly.

“Do you love him?” She watched the inner struggle evident on Leonie's face and was relieved when Leonie spoke.

“I don't know. Sometimes, yes. Other times – I don't know.”

“But you want to look after him?”

“Yes. But I want us – you and I to still be friends. “To... But I bear his child. I can't escape that. He will live again in his child.”

Leonie's faith, trust and innocence brought tears to Diane's eyes, but she hid them and when she spoke she was smiling. “I thought I'd spend the weekend at home. Get a few things sorted out.”

Leonie's voice was a whisper. “If you want to.”

“Well, if you are going to spend time visiting him, it would be best.”

“I suppose so.”

“Alex has offered to help me wind up a few things. Dispose of furniture: that sort of thing.”

“Oh.”

“I promised I’d see him tonight. He offered to move my husband’s belongings,” she said jovially, trying to make the lie convincing.

“Will you be alright by yourself tonight, Leonie?”

“Yes, Diane, of course.”

”I could stay – if you wished.”

“No, honestly. I’ll be fine. The children are more than enough!” she said mournfully at the bedroom window where, in the early morning, she and Diane had stood. “Will you come and see me tomorrow, in the morning?”

“I would like to, yes.” She held Leonie’s hand. Leonie’s grip was tight as if she did not want to let go but Diane stood up and the brief contact that brought a score of memories to Leonie was broken.

In the sky, a single cloud spread the sun in haze.

XI

The Long Mynd, the growing bracken bright green against the drought worn heather, was cool as it stood in the Welsh breeze. A few cars lined the narrow pot-holed road that rose steeply up Burway Hill, meandered along the flattened top and then dropped precipitously beyond the Gliding Station to the scattered hamlets in the Onny valley. Shropshire west of the Long Mynd lived in a different time, for no main roads addled the small, steep hills; there was nothing special about it and after four thousand years of habitation the land wore its human mantle discreetly. Generations of families grew together and died, in small cottages, farms and even shacks. Few outsiders settled; fewer still bought holiday cottages and after two hundred years of industrialization and four decades of agri-business that had reduced Shropshire to just another English county, its settlements were mostly unchanged. Few small farms had been mangled to form the huge concerns often run from a city or a town; fewer hedges had been despoiled, and the native oak still grew wide and tall in the small fields, beside the twisty lanes

or in scattered clumps that overflowed the Welsh border. It was as if a little piece of old Shropshire had been saved by its poorness and lack of tourist charm. True, Land Rovers and cars passed along the lanes, but even these seemed unwilling concessions and the only speeding vehicles belong to tourist outlanders. They seldom stayed long.

To these rushing denizens from the many conurbations and towns to the east and south for whom change and speed were more often than not solutions to the problem of boredom, the whole area seemed desolate and unkempt: farm fences would be patched with old bedsteads, old barns with odd pieces of sack or fence, and rusty, antiquated farm machinery would lay beside or on rutted lanes. But the land had its pride, a very local and individual pride which few outlanders could understand since the area was suited only to rough grazing or patchy spreads of arable crops. Yet, along many a lane among the mamelons, hedges were laid with a care born of generations of skill.

The whole area abounded in dark legends and strange names. Squilver, Grigg, Crudhall, Sorrowful, Murmurers. To the north lay the boundary crags of the Stiperstones where comely witches, raven and red-haired, were wont to meet in more enlightened times to practice fertility rites and the pagan ecstasies of the Old Religion which many a local myth said still survived, darkly and sometimes in the young. On the Stiperstones – Hell Gutter and Devil's Chair where Wild Edric lost his way and beneath which he lies imprisoned with his beautiful wife to haunt the mists of night.

Diane parked her car on the road by the square of trees that marked the boundary of Pole Cottage. No cottage remained, and it might never have been. Only the trees and a few ruts remained in the soil to mark its glory around the turn of the century when trains of pack horses and droving sheep wore steadily and slowly at the Portway track, marked across the Mynd by Neolithic man. Even the trees, spindly and twisted by wind and which solely relieved the heathered, mossy plateau, were dying, their seedlings destroyed every year by the roaming sheep.

Diane followed a downward westerly path among the heather, passed several tumps, to stand and gaze at the land below. Around, Meadow pipits flitted while the wind moved her hair and still warm sun cast her broken shadow. Nearby, a curlew called.

The sound of the curlew saddened her, but it did not take long for the Long Mynd to work its magic. The land below, stretching to the Welsh border, intrigued her with its hill-valleys and sun-shrouded calm. She felt a desire to live here with such a view, among the moors where she could sense, and feel in a way that calmed, the fructifying goodness of Earth, the sometimes dangerous and illusive serenity and the companionship of wind. She would never be lonely,

and it was as if, in that moment and the others like it, all that she most needed or wanted from life existed on the Mynd. Often, as she walked, following in preference sheep tracks which few, if any, human feet had ever trod, in winter, autumn, spring or summer dawn, she had talked like a child to the land, naming every nuance of a valley or spirit of a stream. It was difficult, sometimes, for her to leave and when she did, after a long walk of many hours, she resented the scurrying world below. But, always, the numinosity vanished slowly and she had come to realize over many years that she needed people, and her life below, as much as she needed the long walks alone. But always, always, the lure of the Mynd drew her back.

She had thought many times of a cottage on the Mynd. But most of the land she loved could not be bought and the prospect of tourist trooping summerly displeased her, a little, with the passing of each year. At time, there existed within her no distinction between her as a person and the Mynd. She knew this must be an illusion, but the thought did not trouble her, as she did not care if others thought she was mad. It was a very private sharing which she doubted she could even share with a living soul as part of her wanted to share it – not because she cared what others thought, but because to talk about it to someone who could not or would not understand and who lacked the empathy she felt she herself possessed, would she know destroy some of the sacred quality. Her feeling would be cheapened.

Yet there were cottages, scattered along the edge of the Mynd as it dropped steeply to the valleys and plains below. She might buy one, someday. She understood it was paradoxical that teaching inspired her like the Mynd. Her teaching was bright, an innocent joy that brought a remembrance of childhood dreams, while her Mynd was earth-bound and dark, a woman, a sorceress, perhaps, she had seen in her dreams.

She removed her shoes and stockings and, as she had done many times, walked barefoot on the moor. She loved the feel of the earth, stone and turf warmed by sun – even the brittle scratchy heather. A young man with a bright orange rucksack bore heavily alone the road, but he did not see her and she was left to complete her widdershin circumambulation in defiance of all cars.

Hunger and the dying sun drew her to her car, and she sat in the twilight trying to think of Leonie. The earth, wind and sky, her Mynd, had given her a calm, receptive power that enhanced in an indefinable way her sexuality and she experienced a desire for Leonie. Here among the heather, under the darkening sky they might together find peace. It was an impossible fantasy – because of Apthone the deranged. But the sad reality made Diane aware that, for the first time in her adult life, she possessed no desire, however small, for men. They were a world away and would not be touched.

The air, her thoughts and walk in bare feet, but most powerfully her empathy with the Mynd, all combined to alter her and although she did not know it, she radiated a beautiful and bewitching aura that would have captivated any man and made her mistress over them all.

Her house felt empty even before she opened the door to its darkness. The stain of Apthone's blood had faded and on the pine kitchen table she found her husband's note.

"I'm sorry," it read, "but we both knew our marriage never worked. Have gone to stay with Morgan. You see, we're in love."

He had not signed it and she took it to her bedroom. "It was kind of you to write," she wrote sincerely, "I wish you happiness and hope you achieve all you are meant to. Thank you for giving me some of the best times of my life. I will never forget how happy I have been and hope we can still be friends. Diane."

Her kindness came easily, since she had ceased to struggle, possessed no desire for men, and still felt the power of the Mynd and the memory of her morning ecstasy. She felt sad at losing part of her life, but it was deeper inner sadness that, in a strange way, calmed her – like a slow movement from the Vivaldi concerto. Somehow, the demise of her marriage seemed to compliment her new feelings and she felt free from the often-insidious pressures that a relationship with a man – any man – involved. However kindly they talked, however interested they seemed in her as a person, there existed the tension of their sexual desire and, often, a wish to dominate. She had scorned this at University and school not only because she instinctively distrusted men. The shallow personalities of her men friends had not attracted her, and she buried herself in her work. She had been courted, often, for her sylph-like beauty and intellectual mind seemed to attract, but she disliked the male façade of pretence, their insensitivity, and it was only a year before her marriage that she set out with a single-minded determination to seduce a man.

It had not been as exciting as she had anticipated and it, and her one brief subsequent encounter, did little to assuage her intimate feeling toward women. But, insidiously, there seemed to grow within her a desire for children. Little that she did or thought seemed to lessen it and the guilt she felt about herself, and when on one winter's morning with a sprinkling of snow she had passed in her car an athletic young man clad in short sleeve jumper and shorts, a hitherto unknown desire possessed her. He was changing his punctured tubular tire and smiled as she passed, warm within her car, his well-muscled legs almost obscene, and his face and whole body suffused with health. For several days afterwards she thought of his eyes, and passed the same spot at the same time. He was always around, pedalling easily and fast along the snowy road joining her lodging and school. A week later she passed him, fully in thinly

dressed, on a street in Stretton, and their friendship had been born.

But it was all over and in the sad serenity of her loneliness she prepared herself a meal. Leonie, she felt, would be thinking about Apthone the half-dead, and tomorrow at Rachael's party, she, as befitted a natural Mistress of Earth, would wear black. Her sympathetic witchcraft might even work.

XII

Rachael stood in the bright light by her parents piano, laughing at Bryan's joke while, around her, her parent's guests gabbled or drank or smoked to mute a mostly-unintelligible background of Mozart. Rachael's use of cosmetics had been light, the result perfectly suited to her gentle features, but it was the manner of her dress that attracted Diane as a scruffy Fisher tried to engage her, on her arrival, in conversation and she tried to forget Leonie's telephone call. "He has asked me to marry him," the distant Leonie had said.

"Really, Diane," Fisher was saying, "even your subject can be taught in a more, shall we say, relevant way." He moved his mouth like a fish and his few strands of spiky hair swayed.

"What?" said Diane. Rachael had clothed herself in a black dress that exposed an ample amount of her large breasts and she wore a necklace of real amber. Her shoes and stockings were black to match her hair.

"Mathematics," droned Fisher, "can be taught –"

"Excuse me!" she said, pushing him aside.

"Hello Miss."

"I see we chose the same colour."

"Yes."

“It might suggest something. Your necklace is beautiful.”

”It was my Grandmother’s. An hereditary gift.”

“It suits your green eyes.”

Rachael smiled, and Bryan the astute, left them.

Diane touched the piano, gently. “Will you play?”

“I couldn’t.”

“For me?”

“I – “

“I will turn the pages of your music.”

Rachael smiled and from the pile in the piano-seat selected a large bound book. She smiled, nervously, but Diane lightly touched her shoulder and she began to play the Arietta for Beethoven’s Opus 111. Across the room, scattered with the guests, Bryan turned the Mozart off.

Soon, only the Beethoven could be heard, and had Diane been alone she would have cried. The music, the beautiful Rachael, her concentration, even the movement of her fingers, enthralled, bringing both memory and desire and purging her of the past. Aphone, the blood, Leonie, her walk by the river. But, beyond all, it was Rachael who captivated her. Rachael’s perfume and music had bewitched.

Then, too soon, the perfect music was over. For ten seconds, silence.

“I did not know you could play like that!” said Rachael’s astonished mother.

Rachael smiled at Diane before saying, “neither did I!”

It was Bryan who began the applause, and Rachael’s mother who ended it by saying, “Really, it seems we have had a musical genius in our midst all this time!”

“Yes, Rosalind,” grinned Fisher as he leered at her, “it certainly does.”

Rosalind smiled endearingly at him, pleased with his attention, before ushering her guests into dinner. The dining room was about half the size of Diane’s bungalow, the large oak table was formally spread and Diane began to regret her acceptance. She would have to make polite, boring and feminine conversation. Only Rachael’s presence would redeem the ordeal. Bryan, the only other pupil, had been seated next to Rachael and was about to offer Diane his seat when Rachael’s mother intervened.

“There Bryan,” she said, patting his arm, a gesture he clearly disliked, “you sit next to our talented Rachael. I am sure you will have a lot to talk about, won’t you?”

Bryan shrugged and sat down. Diane was seated between a benign old gentleman with white hair and a nervous man in an ill-fitting suit with a face of a starveling owl.

“Mr. Karlowicz,” said Rosalind helpfully as she patted him on the arm, “is a painter.”

”You the teacher?” asked the old man beside Diane.

“Yes.”

“Oh,” he replied puzzled. “I thought you were the teacher.”

”What do you paint?” she asked Karlowicz.

“Canvas!” he chuckled, the resumed his nervous frown.

“Do start!” chided Rosalind.

Rachael was leaning forward over her melon and Karlowicz stared at her. But Rachael's smile was for Diane, and she ate her melon slowly while Karlowicz sweated in the heat.

"If you are not the teacher," the old man asked Diane, "are you the painter chap?"

"No, I'm the lesbian," she almost said, but manfully resisted. Instead, she said, "actually, I am the teacher."

"Funny, you don't look like the painter."

The agony was relieved only by Rachael, and she smiled at her across the table before immersing herself in the delicate task of social eating. The thought of Leonie, sitting beside the cripple Apthone's bed angered, momentarily, and she remembered Leonie's nervous voice over the telephone. "Diane – he, that is Richard, asked me to marry him." A silence without circuits crackled. "And will you?" she had asked. "I really don't know... but I have to consider the baby." And the guilt, Diane knew, always the guilt and insecurity oppressing. Apthone was poisoning Leonie: but there was not even a momentary desire in Diane, as there had been yesterday, to kill him and free Leonie. Her lover had chosen and in the sadness Diane remembered some lines of Sappho:

Because you love me

Stand with me face to face
And unveil the softness in your eyes...

Diane sat in silence for the rest of the meal while Fisher monopolized the conversation with a lecture on the relevance and significance of sociology. She smiled kindly at him, once, but he was too engrossed in the torrent of his own words to notice while everyone except Rachael, Bryan and herself (and the old man, who had fallen asleep) nodded sagely their assent. Toward the end of the interminable meal she could see Bryan fighting a desperate battle with himself and was a little disappointed when he did not leap up and cartwheel over the table as part of him so obviously wanted.

"You see!" said Fisher, his eyes glazed while Rachael's mother served coffee, "the community of similar interests which underlies this restricted code obviates the requirement for subjective intent to be verbally elaborated and made fundamentally explicit."

Fisher smiled. “It’s quite simple, Bryan. The codes determine the area of discretion – “

Diane could restrain herself no more. She stood up. “If you’ll excuse Rachael and me. She has promised to play a little more music.”

“Yes,” agreed Rosalind, “that would be very nice. We could listen in here.”

Rachael did not disappoint and followed Diane out.

“You don’t have to play,” Diane said as Rachael sat at the piano. “It was just an excuse.”

“I know. But I’d like to play, Diane.” She breathed the name softly and Diane was aware of the intimacy.

Scorning the Beethoven, Rachael played from memory part of Scriabin’s Ninth Sonata. Half of her youthful face was shadowed, and as she bent over the piano, her eyes closed, her fingers seemingly possessed of a life all their own, she seemed to Diane to be an embodiment of enchantment and it occurred to her, very slowly, that she was seducing Rachael. As the last notes faded, undampened by the pedal, Rachael’s mother shouted from the dining room.

“That is awful! Play something better.”

Angry, Rachael played a few bars of a nursery rhyme before slamming the lid in disgust. The tempestuousness, the vitality and Rachael’s youthful health, vibrated a memory in Diane and she was torn between a desire to become close with Rachael and her faithfulness toward the insecure Leonie. For an instant, an incredible instant, it seemed to her as if Rachael was the wildness of the Mynd come alive.

“Is Mr. Apthone any better?” Rachael asked, intruding upon her thought.

“Not really.”

“I never liked him,” Rachael said directly. “He gave me the creeps.”

The juxtaposition of Rachael's mature sensibilities with the speaking of uncritical youthful thought confused Diane momentarily because she had forgotten Rachael was her pupil. Rachael herself was embarrassed by the change and bit her lip.

“Shall I play some more for you?”

They were clearly forgotten, for laughter drifted from the dining room, following the cigar smoke and the aroma of ground coffee.

“Yes, Rachael, I would love you to. You never said you were so talented.”

“I only play when I am inspired.” She laid the book out at the beginning of Opus 111. “You inspire me,” she said and immediately began to play.

Her playing and Rachael herself were magickal. She was possessed, hardly seemed human and Diane found it difficult to believe her age because her playing was so full of mature emotion. Rachael did not need the music and Diane stood beside her, fearing to breath, and when it was over she was crying, softly. Never before in her life had she been so moved by a piece of music: she had attended better performances, perhaps, listened to greater music, but never had it been so personal. Never had she been involved as she was when Rachael played. It was not Beethoven – it was Rachael and she, a joining of mutual souls. The music joined them together in an indefinable numinous way.

“Why,” Diane said, trying to hold the moment through silence as she touched Rachael's shoulder, “are you studying maths?”

“I'm not that good,” replied Rachael softly.

“Oh but Rachael, you are!”

Rachael shrugged. “I don't know. I feel different tonight. It was like I didn't have to try. I can't explain really. Once I'd begun, everything happened naturally. I've never felt like that before.” She stared at the floor. “I've never been able to play the whole Sonata before – but I wanted to play well – for you.”

“You could become a professional pianist.”

“Would you be proud of me if I was?”

The question hit Diane like a slap in the face. Carefully, she said, “you are lovely as you are!”

Rachael’s reply was never uttered as the guests, led by Rachael’s mother entered the room.

“Mr. Karlowicz,” announced Rosalind, gripping Karlowicz’s arm, has agree to paint Rachael’s portrait, haven’t you?

The painter smiled awkwardly and nodded while Fisher grinned and said, “In the nude, eh?”

”I do not know,” replied Karlowicz. “I cannot say.”

“Until you have seen the goods, eh?” laughed Fisher while Rachael’s mother smiled.

“Have you ever thought,” Diane asked Rachael’s mother in a loud voice, “that Rachael might be a pianist?”

“Heavens no!” She wants to be a mathematician, like my father. He was a Professor, you know.”

“No, I didn’t.” Bryan had rescued Rachael from the clutches of Karlowicz and Fisher and in a gentle voice Diane added, “she has a talent for the piano. A great gift. She could obtain a scholarship easily. It would be a pity to waste such talent.”

“Nonsense! She is more gifted at mathematics. Like my father was.”

Diane remained silent while Rachael’s mother smiled gracefully and left to attend to her guests. Fisher was moving toward Diane, but she brushed past him. After the shared passion of Beethoven everything and everyone except Rachael seemed bland.

“Rachael,” she said while Bryan winked at her and left to talk with Fisher. “I’m afraid I’d like to go.”

Rachael’s face crumpled and she looked as if she might cry, but Diane said “it’s all right. Your piano playing has made everything – “

Rachael smiled. “Nowhere, Geliebte, can world exist but within. Life passes in transformation.”

Unnecessarily, she added, “I do understand, Diane.”

“We must meet for a talk sometime.”

“I would like that very much. Can it be soon?”

“I hope so.” She moved to hold Rachael’s hand but stopped herself. She felt responsible – for Rachael was barely seventeen and her pupil. She could pretend she did not care and become formal, delineating through her authority as Rachael’s teacher, their respective roles and had she not stood and listened and shared with Rachael the Beethoven and had she not felt instinctively that her own feelings were reciprocated, she might have done so. She had no experience to guide her and felt confused.

“Can you convey my apologies to your parents?” was all she said.

“Yes – they won’t mind. Probably won’t even notice you’re gone.”

“I’ll telephone you tomorrow,” Diane said without thinking.

Rachael blushed. “I’ll look forward to that.”

They stared at each other, both unsure what to do. It was Diane who said, “Well, goodbye.” Without looking back she walked out into the hazy sunlight of middle evening.

The drive along the deserted Greenock to Stretton road brought some calm to Diane and she was able to forget, for a while, Rachael and her music. It was a beautiful evening, humid with a slight breeze and it did not seem to matter that the haze was caused by industrial pollution in Europe being carried in the lofty winds of the high-pressure area. Twice a day, five times a week during term, for nearly six years, she had been along the road and knew every grassy bank, the shape of every hedge through every season, even the position of each pothole. The road wound its undulating way, straddling the coppiced, oak-filled ridge that rose above the cultivated plain to the north-east of the Stretton fault, before dropping into the scattered farmsteads and villages of Ape Dale, and turning west over the Stretton hills and down into the valley, a funnel for trunk road traffic.

Everything here changed slowly. No new houses had been built during her time of tenure and over the years the villages through which she passed remained the same: the squat cottages with their small gardens of rose and bright flowers; the farms, often with the pungent smell of manure. She felt part of the land, secure because of her familiarity. Two-thirds of the distance out from Greenock lay a garage, skirting the few houses and bungalows of the village of Wall through which the road turned sharply west. The garage, well-worn and fraying brick, had been closed twice, re-sold often and now its small grimy windows showed the familiar sign: ‘Under New Management.’

Diane slowed, but a large ‘Closed’ sign was battened to the patched door and she drove on while Beethoven played in her head. Stretton was quiet. Only a few cars were parked beside the Limes of the main wide street of Victorian shop facades. The cinema has long ago been replaced by a red-brick supermarket and the cottages which had once graced the top corner of the street down which the water flooded after storm, had been removed, replaced by Banks as the railway brought prosperity and popularity to the town.

The High Street, leading south past the mock columned Banks, was a jumble of periods from half-timbered Georgian through mock wattle and daub to a handful of Victorian facades, and the breeze stirred the pavement litter. It had been a good day, for tourists.

The narrow road widened past new housing estates clawed out from farming land, past the disused and quaintly small gas-works to the beginning of World’s End and the foot of Ashlet Hill where Diane’s bungalow lay, shaded from all evening sun. She sat in her car in the driveway for several minutes, thinking about Rachael and Leonie until someone rapped on the roof.

It was Watts. "I've been waiting for you."

"Lucky for you I was early then. I suppose you'd better come in."

The sitting room smelled, vaguely, and she opened all the windows wide.

"Well?" she asked while Watts leaned against the frame of the door.

"Have you seen Leonie?"

"No."

"They are getting married."

She betrayed to surprise. "I thought they might."

"You know why?"

"I've got a good idea."

"She feels guilty as well, I presume."

"It's typical of Apthone."

"You don't mind?"

"She had her own life to lead."

"And Apthone?"

“I try not to think about him.” She shivered involuntarily. “Would you like some coffee?”

“Yes.” He did not stand aside and she had to brush past him on her way to the kitchen.

“Please don’t.” She moved away.

“But Diane – “

“I’m sorry. I’ve gone off men since – “

“What?”

“Nothing. It doesn’t matter.”

Watts held her by the shoulder, but she did not look at his face. “Diane, I love you.”

”Don’t say that!” She wriggled free.

“Why not? It’s true!” She stood with her back to him and he said, “What’s wrong? What has Apthone done now?”

“What make you think it has anything to do with him?”

“Instinct,” said Watts sharply.

She turned around suddenly. “Look Alex, I’m very fond of you but at the moment I don’t want any sort of relationship. With anyone.”

He smiled, lopsidedly. “We’d all be better off with Apthone dead.”

“He’s crucified himself.”

“And now he’s crucifying Leonie. And you.” He watched her very carefully. “You’ve gone off Leonie, haven’t you?” When she did not answer he said, “Because she is still bound to Apthone, isn’t it? She prefers Apthone to you.”

“You don’t know what you are talking about!”

He smiled. “I think I do.”

“I’m very tired,” she said coldly. “I’m sorry but would you mind if we forgot about the coffee?”

“You want me to go?”

“Yes.”

“I guess I can wait a little longer,” he shrugged then squinted at her. “Did Apthone come here the other night after I left?”

“What makes you say that?”

“Nothing. Just a guess. Well, I suppose I’d better be going then.”

“If you wouldn’t mind.”

She walked with him to the door. “All problems can be solved,” he said mordantly. He moved to kiss her but she stepped back and shut the door before he could speak.

She was tired and sat in her sitting room while a refreshing breeze caught her face and ruffled, slightly, her hair. Among her records she found a performance of Beethoven’s Opus 111 but it was Rachael’s music and she could not listen to someone else playing it.

Instead, she contented herself with watching a television program. The play seemed realistic

with the characters screaming at each other in broad Glaswegian and she watched it to its conclusion before switching the set off. The real world was in her head, full of conflicting dreams and desires, and after she had carefully closed all windows and locked and bolted the doors, she undressed for bed.

Sleep did not come easily and in the humid darkness she was restless for many hours before the pleasant relief of sleeping dreams overcame her troubled mind and allowed her naked, sweaty body to relax. The dreamed she was by the sea under a beautiful blue sky but the sea was full of rubbish and untreated sewage. Rachael was walking nearby, laughing and smiling while she talked to several young men. She walked toward her and, as a stranger invited the beautiful girl for a drink. Access to the bar of the hotel was through a small door through which they had to crawl and she had ordered drinks for them both while Watts the bartender sneered. She felt guilty and tried to escape through the door, but the opening was now only a small hole and she could not squeeze through. Instead, she returned to Rachael secretly pleased that she could not escape.

She was awoken in the early morning hours of darkness by the ringing of the doorbell. A brief terror suffused her, but she calmly dressed, gathered her revolver from the drawer and walked purposefully into the stinging brightness of the hall.

It was Rachael, leaning on her cycle and Diane hid the revolver behind her back.

“I had an argument with my mother,” she said.

“And you’ve cycled all the way here?”

”Yes.”

“You’d better come in.”

Rachael wheeled her bicycle into the hall while Diane hid the gun in a pocket of a coat by the door. In the sitting room, they sat together on the sofa.

“What was the argument about?”

“Nothing.”

“It was about me wasn’t it?”

“Yes.” She stared glumly at the carpet. “She said I was too old to have crushes on women teachers.”

“I see.”

“She doesn’t understand.” Nervously, she bit a nail. “I’m not wrong, am I?”

Looking at Rachael’s face, Diane could not lie. “No, Rachael, you are not wrong.”

“What shall we do?”

“I don’t know. I am in a very difficult position.”

“Because you are my teacher?”

“I’m afraid so.”

”I wouldn’t want to do anything to harm you.”

“I know. Are you sure – “

“That it is not just a crush? Oh yes, I’m sure.”

“Do your parents know you are here?”

“No.”

“Hadn’t we better tell them? They will be worried.”

”I’m over sixteen. Anyway, they don’t care about me – only about themselves.”

“Shall we telephone them?”

“I’d rather you didn’t. I left a note. They’ll find it in the morning. It was really awful after you left.” She looked around.

“Is your husband here?”

“No.”

“Oh. I presumed – “

“Actually, we’re getting divorced.”

”Really?”

“Yes.”

“Can I stay with you – for a while?”

“It might not be wise.”

”But no one will know – about us, I mean.”

”There is nothing for anyone to know.”

“But the could be, couldn’t there, Diane?”

“You might be mistaken about yourself.”

Rachael smiled. “I don’t think so. Not after tonight. When I played the Beethoven for you, I knew. I have felt like this for you for a long time, but never dared say anything.”

“If the weather is fine tomorrow, shall we have a picnic on the Long Mynd?”

“That would be marvellous!”

“Now you must get some sleep. I’ll show you to the spare room.” She smiled. “I don’t suppose you brought any clothes?”

”No.”

”Don’t worry. You can borrow one of my nightdresses. It might just fit!”

“It doesn’t matter really. It’s too hot anyway.”

Diane showed her to the small room, somewhat cluttered with space bicycle wheels and punctured tubular tires.

“Diane, it’s very kind of you.”

Embarrassed, she said, “Sleep well.”

”And you.”

Her own bed felt damp with the sweat that the sultry night had drawn and she lay naked on the sheet in the airless room. She heard the church clock strike the half-hour and she counted the three tolls. The bedroom door opened, showing a chink or light from the hall and she lay motionless while Rachael sneaked into her bed.

“I couldn’t sleep,” the girl said as she lay beside Diane covering herself with part of the duvet. For several minutes they both lay still, without speaking, until almost at the same time they moved toward each other. They embraced, strongly, naked body to naked body, before relaxing in each other’s arms, and it was like that that they fell asleep to dream in the humid heat of the night.

Diane's awakening was gentle and she opened her eyes in response to Rachael's hand to find Rachael dressed and holding a tray.

"I thought you'd like some breakfast."

"What time is it?" she asked grogged.

"Half past ten."

"Really? I have overslept!"

Holding the duvet to cover her breasts, she sat up and took the tray. "What's the weather like?"

"Beautiful!" Rachael opened the curtains and window. "I didn't know how you liked your eggs, so I guessed. Hope they are all right. There's more coffee if you want it."

"Do you know, this is the first time that I have ever had breakfast in bed?"

"You deserve it! I'll finish cleaning the sitting room."

Before Diane could respond, Rachael left. Soon, she heard a vacuum cleaner being used and she had finished her breakfast and set the tray aside before Rachael had returned.

"Shall we take sandwiches?" an exuberant Rachael asked.

"Sorry?"

"For the Long Mynd. You know, the picnic."

"I hadn't really thought about it. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes. But I always get up around six."

“Good heavens! Why?”

“I run.” Shyly, she added, “not far, only a couple of miles.”

”Rather you than me.”

“Your ought to try it.”

”No thanks, I’m happy being as I am – fat and flabby.”

Rachael laughed, gathered the tray and said, “I’ll see to this while you get dressed.”

Rachael was not an intrusion into her privacy, and Diane found it natural that she should be around. A little diffidence remained, but it was if they had been friends for years. She emerged dressed to find the whole house, with the exception of her bedroom, tidied and cleaned.

“Well,” explained Rachael a little embarrassed, “I woke up at six out of habit and had to do something.”

“Do you want to telephone your parents?”

“Not really.”

”It would be best.”

”Well, if you think so.”

”You could say you were staying here for a few days – that is, if you want to.”

Rachael was ecstatic. “Can I telephone them now, then?”

“Yes, of course”

She returned dejected. “My mother wasn’t too happy. She wants me to go home.”

“And do you want to?”

”Not any more.”

”Shall we go for a walk?”

”I suppose so.”

”Rachael,” Diane said softly. “I don’t mean to interfere. You are an adult – you can make your own decisions. You are free to do what you want. Nobody owns you – not any more anyway. If you wanted to leave school for that matter, no one could prevent you. But if you want to stay, do so for the right reasons, not because you are being emotionally blackmailed.”

“By my mother you mean?”

“Maybe. I don’t know, and it’s not really for me to say. You must make your own decisions.”

“I don’t want to go back home. There’s nothing for me there.

“Except a grand piano!”

Rachael laughed, “except the piano!”

Together they walked from the bungalow in the warm air of mid-Sunday morning along the road to the Little Stretton and wooded track to Ashes Hollow, a stream filled batch between the steeply rising hills of Grindle Hills and Yearlet. The summer’s morning was alive with promise and the early mist had been dispersed by the sun, leaving dewy grass. The water in the stream was low, and Rachael removed her shoes to walk barefoot. No one came along the isolated valley to disturb them.

“Cor!” Rachael shouted, “this water’s cold!”

Under the blue sky with a wind to cool the rising heat of the sun surrounded by the nature-filled peace of the valley, it was not long before Diane had removed her own shoes and began walking tentatively among the stines and boulders of the stream.

It was the splash of water that Rachael threw over her that freed her and, like two friends of the same age, they played in and with the water, chasing each other in turn, until they were both exhausted and soaked. On the grassy bank they stretched themselves to dry.

“Do you want to do mathematics at University?” Diane asked.

There was a long pause, while Rachael ran her hand through the short, sheep-cropped grass and a Dipper bobbed around the stream. “Not particularly. I don’t know what I want to do.”

“You could make a career as a pianist.”

Rachael laughed, but it was not a dismissive laugh. “I don’t know as if I want to, though.”

”You have ample time to decide.”

”Probably. Now I’m leaving home.”

”What would you like to do this afternoon?”

“I could stay here all day.”

”If I stay here much longer I will fall asleep.”

Rachael sat up. “I suppose we’d better go and change.”

”Hmmm.” Diane closed her eyes and Rachael crept to the stream to fill her shoe with water. Slowly, she poured it over Diane’s head. Diane shrieked, and chased Rachael along the path. A middle-aged man with a wizened face stood by the footbridge at the end of the path where it grew rocks, staring with a puzzled look at the two women. They saw him and stopped their chasing and playful yells.

“Good morning!” said Rachael loudly as they passed him.

He looked at them both quizzically, snorted and strode purposefully down the path while Rachael and Diane laughed.

“Race you home.” Rachael said.

“It wouldn’t be a race! Perhaps if you gave me fifteen minutes start!”

“You’d be home by then.”

“Exactly!”

Barefooted they followed the track to the road and the warm pavement to Diane’s home. In front of the driveway stood a car.

“Oh dear,” said Rachael, nodding her head toward it, “trouble!”

“Your parents?”

”My mother.”

“Rachael!” shouted her mother as they drew near, “what have you been doing?”

”Just a walk mother.”

Her mother was speedily out of the car. “Just look at you! And Miss Dietz, I’m surprised at you!”

“Would you like to come in for some coffee?” Diane asked with a smile.

“No thank you. I came to fetch Rachael. And by the looks of things I arrived just in time.”

”Oh mother, don’t fuss!”

“Are you sure you won’t come in?” Diane asked.

“Rachael,” shouted her mother, “put your shoes on and come with me!”

Rachael held her head to one side. “No.”

Her mother looked for a moment. “What did you say?”

“I said no. I’m staying here with Diane.”

”I see! So it’s Diane now, is it? Just wait until your father hears of this!”

“I’m staying with Diane. I’m leaving home.”

”That is impossible!”

“No, it is not. I’m over sixteen.”

”You are just a child!”

Rachael turned away as her mother held her arm. “Rachael, you are coming home with me this instant!”

“No I’m not.”

”How dare you speak to me like that! Do you forget who I am, who you are?”

But Rachael shook herself free from her mother and turned toward Diane. “I can see you have had a hand in all this Miss Dietz.”

”Its Mrs. Dietz, actually,” corrected Rachael.

“I see!” shouted her mother embarrassed and angry. “Well, Mrs. Dietz, I am holding you responsible for all this. Dividing our family. Rachael are you coming?”

”No! I’m not!”

“Well Miss Dietz, just wait until Mr. Thomas hears of your interference. A fine teacher you are telling a young girl to disobey her parents!”

“Mother, that’s not fair! It was my own decision.”

”I would not at all be surprised, Miss Dietz, if you weren’t forced to resign over this. Encouraging young girls in their lewd and sordid fantasies indeed! You should be ashamed of yourself, corrupting a young innocent girl. You are not fit to be a teacher! “

Diane smile only served to make her more angry. She got into her car a slammed the door.

“Rachael! For the last time are you coming home?”

”No.”

”Just wait, Miss Dietz! I am not without influence with the School Governors, you know!”

Then: “You!” She was too angry to speak, and drove away.

“I’m very sorry,” Rachael said when she and Diane were safely in the house.

“Don’t worry,” smiled Diane. “It will be all right, I’m sure. Come on, we’ll get changed.”

”But she said you’d get the sack.”

”I’d resign first.”

“But you can’t. You haven’t done anything!”

“That’s not what other people will think.”

”I don’t really care what they think. You can’t resign. I won’t let you. I’d go back home first.”

”It probably won’t come to anything. Just a little storm in a big teacup.”

”You don’t know my mother! She won’t give up. It’s not fair!”

“Would you like a shower or a bath?”

“If I wasn’t your pupil there is nothing anyone could do, it there?”

“But you are and there is.”

”But if I left school...”

“But you can’t.”

”Why not? You yourself said I could. Anyway, I can and I’m going to!”

“But Rachael – “

“I’ll get a scholarship to the Royal College of Music!”

“I couldn’t let you do that.”

“Unless I wanted to.”

”Rachael – “

Very quietly, Rachael said, “I don’t want to leave you. You must realize I love you.”

The Beethoven, the playfulness by the stream, Rachael’s mother, Rachael’s offer and her pleasing words, were too much for Diane and she turned away.

“I – “ began Rachael. “I’m sorry if I’ve – if I have offended you. I thought – “

Diane did not look at her. “You haven’t.”

Rachael’s voice was tearful. “I assumed we –“ nervously she smiled. “Perhaps I ought to go home.”

The battle was hopelessly lost, for Diane could not bear to inflict upon Rachael more agony. She turned to see Rachael’s face contorted between anticipation and terror of rejection, and her embrace of Rachael relieved her of suppressed emotion as much as it made Rachael happy.

For several minutes they stood in each other’s arms, swaying slightly while sun leaked to them from the window in the hall.

“I don’t want you to go: I don’t want you to go.” Diane said. Then: “I really think we should get changed.”

They parted, but held hands. “What shall I wear?” Rachael asked, looking at her sodden dress.

“I have a few clothes which might fit. You’re a bit larger than me, though.”

Rachael looked down at her breasts and giggled. “I meant what I said you know. About leaving school.”

”It probably won’t be necessary.”

”But if it is – I will do it.”

“You don’t have to.”

“Yes I do. I want to. Because I want to stay with you, Diane. Always.”

Diane held Rachael’s hand tighter. She felt a great love inside her and the sadness of losing Leonie had been immeasurable reduced. But she was afraid.

“You can stay here as long as you wish,” she said, “whatever happens.”

Several strands of Rachael’s dark hair were stuck by sweat to her forehead and Diane brushed them tenderly aside before Rachael kissed her fingers.

“I shall buy you a piano!” she said, blushing and embarrassed.

“And I shall play for you in the evening when we are alone.”

”When will you collect your belongings?”

Rachael shrugged. “Today, tomorrow, I don’t care.”

”Fine. Now will you change your clothes?” she said jovially.

“I’m just going, Miss” replied Rachael sarcastically. “Please don’t beat me!” She laughed and

ran into the bathroom.

She was sitting among the perfumed foam when Diane entered bearing clothes.

“Diane,” she began with an enchanting smile that belied her age. “Will you bath me?”

Diane was trembling, but she laid the clothes aside long enough to kneel beside the bath and kiss Rachael lightly on the cheek. On the roof of the house, several jackdaws fought.

XIV

The invitation, or rather command, had not been long in coming upon Diane’s arrival at school, and she sat in Thomas’s office while he studied some notes on his desk. Outside children played beneath a branding sun.

“Now, Diane,” he smiled, neatly folding his spectacles before wiping his brow of sweat. “Mrs. Paulding, as you may know, has, er, been in contact with me regarding her daughter, Rachael.”

”I thought she might.”

”It seems, from what she had told me, that Rachael is staying with you against her parent’s wishes. Is that so?”

”Yes.”

”Diane – I will be honest with you. I am in a difficult, not to mention delicate situation, as I am sure you appreciate. On one side, there is Mrs. Paulding; on the other, you. Mrs. Paulding has, shall we say, made some serious allegations.”

”About me and Rachael, I presume.”

”I’m afraid so. And since Rachael is a pupil – “

”She isn’t.”

”Pardon?”

”She isn’t a pupil anymore. She had decided to leave school.”

”Do her parents know of this?”

”She telephoned them this morning.”

”I see.” He fumbled with some notes on his desk. “Is that Rachael’s own decision?”

”Yes. Nothing I could do to dissuade her.”

”But is she, er, staying with you?”

Without rancor, Diane said, “I know what you are implying. But it is not like that at all. She is simply staying with me because she has left home and has nowhere else to go – at the moment.”

”I would like to believe – “

”But you know that I am a lesbian.”

”No! No! Good heavens! I didn’t mean to imply – “

”That I am corrupting Rachael?”

”Diane,” he smiled kindly at her. “I know you well enough after – what is it? Six years? – to know that you are a very professional teacher.”

”I’m prepared to resign,” she said slowly and mutely.

“Come now! I won’t hear of it!”

“But – “

”We can sort this out, between the two of us.”

”But the Board of School Governors – “

Thomas smiled – a strange smile, mixing benevolence with occult knowledge. “I am sure I can come to some arrangement. With Mrs. Paulding. No need to involve anyone else. Would it be possible for me to speak with Rachael?”

“Of course. Do you want her to come here?”

Thomas pondered. “No. It would perhaps be best away from school.”

”Mr. Thomas?” asked Diane shyly.

“Hmm?”

”Can I ask you a personal question?”

”You mean why am I, as Headmaster of a vast and sometimes incomprehensible Comprehensive school, going to such trouble for you?”

”Well, yes.”

”It is simple really.” He smiled his strange smile. “You are a good teacher. But perhaps most of all – the pupils like you. Strange that, are rare, believe me. But – “

“But?”

”I realize that you are undergoing a difficult period in your life – what with you marriage and everything – but you should perhaps be more, shall we say, discreet?”

“And not become involved with pupils?”

“Precisely.”

”I never have before and never intend to again.”

”Good. I can help this time. There will not be another, believe me. The last thing we as a school need is another scandal,” he said abstractly. One was enough.

A year ago, one of the male teachers had had an affair with a female student. When it became known, he had left in haste, leaving the girl and her baby, to find employment in a large city in America, a suitable place many agreed.

“No,” said Thomas, shaking his head, “Not another scandal.” He thought for a moment. “It may be necessary for Rachael to leave. Would she have obtained her ‘A’ levels?”

”Definitely! Good grades, probably.”

”I will talk with her tonight – “ His telephone rang.

“Mr. Thomas speaking... Hello Rosalind! I’ve just heard.” He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said to Diane, “I’ll call after school.”

”Fine!” She smiled at him to find Watts lurking outside the door.

“I’ve heard,” he said perfunctorily.

“How?” Diane was surprised.

Watts tapped his nose with his forefinger. “Shall I just say a middle aged witch told me.”

Diane watched him suspiciously. “What have you been up to now?”

“Come to dinner tonight and I’ll explain everything.”

”I can’t. Mr. Thomas is coming to see Rachael.”

”Lunch then?”

Diane was intrigued and said, “Yes.”

The morning passed painfully slow for Diane. She expected her classes to be interrupted by Mr. Thomas who would ask for an urgent meeting. Or Mrs. Paulding would rush in, pointing the accusing finger and shout, “you lesbian! Corrupting my daughter!”

Yet, because she was an accomplished teacher, and she actually cared for the children she taught more than she cared about the teaching staff or what they thought or said, she was able to teach as if nothing had happened, as if it was another Monday morning like any other – except the last week of term and exceptionally hot. Only one blemish marked her morning.

As she walked to meet Watts by the double glass doors that fronted the school and overlooked the car park and Windmill Hill and near where school buses thronged at the beginning and ending of the day, Bryan accosted her.

“Miss,” he asked, “is it true that Rachael has left?”

She looked at him, amazed. “News travels fast, I see.”

“Her parents told me.”

”When?”

”I saw them at break.”

”Here?”

”Sure! Going into the Crater – I mean Mr. Thomas’ room.”

”Oh, I see. She might be leaving. I really don’t know yet.”

”Probably the best thing that could happen.”

”What?”

”Her leaving. I mean, like getting a scholarship in music.”

”Bryan – “

”Sorry Miss,” he smirked, “got to dash!” He ran to join the throng of children bound for the refectory.

Watts was waiting by his new car and she allowed him to close the door as he seated himself.

“And where,” he asked, touching his forelock, “would Madam like to be driven today?”

She waved her hand imperiously, “That way, my man.”

”Very good, Madam!” he saluted.

He took them through the town, along a few twisty lanes all neatly hedged, to an isolated country Inn. A few cars were beside the lofty Oak outside and in the cool if dim and modernized interior they sat with their drinks.

“Well?” she asked before drinking most of her cider.

“Eh?” groaned Watts obtusely.

“Any idea why Leonie did not come in this morning?”

“No.” He drank his pint of ale in a few gulps, burped and said, “It’s me charm which get ‘em! You any idea?”

”About Leonie? No, she wasn’t in when I telephoned this morning.”

“With the bastard Apthone, no doubt.”

”Probably.” She finished her cider.

“Like another?”

”Not for me. I can’t teach well if I have too much to drink.”

”Huh! I can’t teach without too much!” He loped to the bar taking almost half of its width, and returned with a mug of dark brew and plate of sandwiches.

Diane snatched most of the sandwiches from the plate. “You were going to tell me about Mr. Thomas.”

”Was I now? Did you see Morgan this fine morning?”

“No. She kept out of my way.”

”Not surprising really,”

”Mr. Thomas?”

”Nay, lass, me name be Watts. ‘Thumper’ for them as ‘have a care.’”

She clutched his mug. “Are you going to tell me or do I shampoo your hair?”

Watts chuckled, rather loudly. “Not the dreaded beer over the hair ploy! All right, I give in, I’ll tell you.” He squinted at her. “There was gossip a few years back about him and Rachael’s mother.”

Diane was astonished. “Really? I never heard about it.”

”Yep. ‘cause,” he smiled, “it might not be true.”

”And?”

”You know me! I went to him and said, nudge, nudge, wink, wink – “

“You’re showing your age now.”

He ignored the remark. “I said to him, straight like, ‘Create quite a scandal, a story like that. And you a Headmaster.’ And he said, “well I’ll know whom to thank’ and gave me a straight look.” He waited for the accolade. There was no response, so he said, “I think he got the message.”

He finished his beer. “You’ll be all right.”

Diane understood only too well. Outside, the sun shone bright and hot while a lark sang above a field. On the road a car passed while sunlight glinted upon glass.

Diane sighed. “You really shouldn’t have.”

Watts shrugged. “What the hell? I did it because you’re a friend, not because of what you are thinking.”

”Was there any truth in the rumour?”

“About the boss and Rosalind?”

”Yes.”

He smirked again. “Who can say?”

”You can I am sure.”

”Just between you and me and the rest of the staff, of course, there was a lot of truth in it.”

”How do you know?”

”Shall we get back?”

”If you like.”

”I’ve something to give you when we get back to school.”

”What?”

”Wait and see.”

They returned through the Shropshire landscape in silence. Watts occupied, as well he might be, with his maniacal driving, Diane with her sombre thoughts. Two children were fighting by the main door when they returned but when Diane instinctively went toward them Watts held her back. He handed her a small neatly wrapped package.

“Open it when I’m gone,” he said and strode off to lift the two boys with bloody noses straight into the air and carry them bodily into the foyer.

Inside the package, wrapped in a small, embroidered silk purse, was a sapphire engagement ring.

XV

Diane had spent the afternoon trying to avoid Watts, and she was glad when school finished. Unusually, she felt no desire to retire to the relative peace of the staff room, as was her habit, to drink coffee, talk a little or mark some of the children’s exercise books from the inevitable pile that had collected during the day. Instead, she hurried in the tropical humidity toward her car while school buses siphoned the children away.

The sameness of her journey make it uneventful, but she stopped by the side of the road near the rocky outcrop of Hope Bowdler Hill before the Greenock road cut its way down to the Stretton valley. Clouds gathered to obscure a little of the Stretton valley and she could smell ozone among the wind-borne smells of summer.

Slowly, she began to realize that little that was real or natural bound her to the land on which she lived, still less to the surroundings of her school. She and her fellow teachers formed a cabal – a sort of sub-community within the boundaries of Greenock, Shrewsbury and Stretton. Most of her own friends were teachers from the school, and almost all of her social life involved them, the parents or school events. She, and the others like her, had little contact with the community from which the children came. She did not live among her pupils, and indeed the school was too large for her to know all of them personally, as she wished. The school day ended, and she was gone, shut up in her house or with her friends while her children carried on their lives, in a little sub-society all their own. Children came to her eleven years old and she taught them, watched them, and worried about them for five, six, and soon seven years. And then they left. Sometimes a little card, or a meeting by chance. But they were gone; lost to her world of village, town and school. The thought made her sad, but she knew no solutions and, under the gathering gloom, drove slowly home.

Rachael was waiting, her hair plaited, her body clothed in a bright cotton dress, and as soon as Diane opened the door, Rachael embraced her.

“Mr. Thomas is coming,” Diane said.

“I know. My mother telephoned.” She took Diane’s handbag. “Come and sit down. I’ve made some coffee.”

”That’s kind of you. Have you changed your mind?”

”About what?”

“School, of course.”

”No.” She brought coffee and demurely offered Diane a piece of cake. “Hope you like it.”

Diane held the cake suspiciously, then thought better about making the joke. “Hmm,” she said truthfully, “it is delicious! You are lovely!”

“I suppose,” said Rachael sullenly, holding her head in her hands as she sat next to Diane on the sofa, “Mr. Thomas will try and persuade me.”

”Probably.”

”My mother wasn’t angry, you know.”

”Oh?”

”Yes. Quite calm about it all. Strange, really.”

”I suppose she’s realized that you are a young woman, not her little girl.”

”Your husband called this afternoon. Seemed surprised to find me here.”

Diane smiled. “Good!”

“He left his door keys.”

”Did he say what he wanted?”

”Just some wheels – for his bicycle I think.”

“That fits! Did he say anything else?”

”Don’t think so. Oh yes, he left you a note.”

With supine agility that Diane admired, Rachael leapt from the sofa and extracted the letter from the mantelpiece.

‘Diane,’ it read. ‘I will call tomorrow to collect the rest of my belongings. Sorry things did not work out and thanks for your kind letter.’

Diane screwed the letter up and threw it toward the empty fireplace. She missed and Rachael had moved to retrieve it when the doorbell rang.

“I’ll go!” said Rachael excitedly.

“Rachael!” Diane heard Thomas say, “how nice to see you!”

“It’s Mr. Thomas,” said Rachael unnecessarily, as she let him into the room.

“Well now, Rachael,” he said as he sat down. “You know why I have come to see you?”

“Yes.”

”And you are still of the opinion that you want to leave?”

“Yes.”

Diane stood up. “Would you like some coffee?”

”I’ll be in the kitchen,” Diane said.

“Diane,” said Thomas, “there is no need for you to leave, I assure you.”

”Mr. Thomas,” Rachael said.

“Yes Rachael?”

“I’m not going back.”

”But why? You have your ‘A’ levels next year.”

”I don’t want to.” She looked at Diane. “Besides, I can’t live with Diane – Mrs. Dietz - if I’m at school, can I?”

”Well,” muttered Thomas, “it would be highly unusual.”

”I’m not ashamed to say that being here is more important to me than going to school or taking examinations.”

”I see.” He looked owlshly at Diane before smiling at Rachael. “And what will you do? For a career, I mean?”

”I haven’t decided yet. I may not need one. But I could try for an RCM scholarship. In the meantime, I thought I would study privately, and still take my exams.”

”I see.” He smiled benevolently. “You seem to have thought everything out.”

”Yes, I have.”

”Well, you could not have a better tutor!”

“Has my mother spoken to you?”

”Naturally.” He stared at the carpet and shuffled his feet. “She realizes that you are old enough to make you own decisions about your future. She would still like you to go home, of course.”

“There’s no chance of that.”

“No, that’s what I thought. Well, I’d best be on my way.” He stood up and shook Rachael’s hand. “I wish you well for the future. You are in good hands.”

Rachael blushed. “Thanks.”

“I’ll show you out,” said Diane.

At the door, Thomas said, “I’m well satisfied. I do not anticipate any problems – with the school, at least. Diane,” he whispered, “it may not be any of my business, but she is very young.”

”Does she look happy to you?”

”Well, yes. Very much so, in fact.”

”You have answered your own unasked question then.”

Thomas appeared a little embarrassed. “Well, goodbye then. See you tomorrow, as usual!” he said cheerfully.

“Yes.” She watched him walk to his car before closing the door.

“I’m glad that’s over!” said Rachael.

“So am I!”

“I was trembling all over.”

”Honestly? I thought you were very self-possessed.”

Rachael laughed. “I feel really free! And happy!” She danced around the room shouting “I’m happy! I’m free!”

“Fancy a walk?”

Rachael stopped, stared out of the window and scowled. “It’s going to pour!”

“I’m game if you are. I am not afraid of the rain, even if you are,” said Diane playfully.

“Where do you want to go then?”

”Top of the Mynd?”

”Suits me. It will be nice and windy up there!”

They decided against the car and walked into the town along the High Street to take the road to the Burway. By the cattle grid that stopped the spread of detached houses and signified the beginning of the moorland, they left along a track to follow the path by the stream in Townbrook valley. The hills rose steeply on either side, fledged in green and sheep while the sky above grew darker and distant thunder rolled.

The thunder alarmed Rachael a little, and she threaded her fingers into Diane’s as they passed almost four hundred feet below Devil’s Mouth, its scree and frost broken boulders scattering the hill. The upward path of cracked, bare and brown earth led them past the growing ferns toward the greenish-gray siltstones of the Long Synalds heights.

It was an isolated spot, well known to Diane, and overlooked the small, spreading valleys that fed the stream in Ashes Hollow. Behind them, the hill rose steadily until it became the levelled plateau of Mynd top.

Thunder violet threatened them above as lightning forked, striking higher ground. Almost instantaneously the clap of thundering air, which shook them as they huddled close to the ground. The Mynd seemed to vibrate in response as Rachael screamed amid the large drops of rain. Another flash, nearer, as rain and thunder battered them and ozone seared the sky. The

darkness of rain and closing cloud was ominous.

But Diane was a dark goddess; imbued with the storm's power and she laughed and beat her fists into the soaking earth. The storm was her storm and would not – could not – harm them. Its power was hers, but she let it break itself over the town and hills beyond. Then, both she and Rachael were laughing – a strange laugh, redolent of Dionysus, perhaps, or an ancient witches' meet. Rain soaked them, but they did not care. They alone were alive in a world of the dead.

Slowly, their demonic life-enhancing ecstasy ebbed with the passing of the storm, and they were left to find their way down the hill while their bodies tingled and their sense of reality returned.

“You realize,” Rachael said as they trod the street into the town, “we are bound together now. Beyond even our own death.”

It was not a strange thing to say, and it did not sound strange to Diane. Somewhere, alone their walk into the storm they had crossed into another world.

“I know,” she replied. The bonds that had bound her to Leonie were broken and her own fear of becoming deeply involved with Rachael had vanished, as the lightning had vanished, sending only a distant thunder while they walked.

They were both removing their sodden clothes when Diane's doorbell rang. It was Leonie, and Diane, in her dressing gown, stared at her with a mixture of welcome and annoyance.

“Leonie,” she finally said, “come in.”

Hurriedly, Rachael wrapped a towel around her body.

Leonie stared at Diane for a second, and then said, “I can't stay long. The children are in the car. Hello Rachael.”

“Hello Miss,” said Rachael shyly and locked herself in the bathroom.

“I just came to tell you,” said Leonie sadly, “that Richard asked me to marry him – and I said I might. Only – “

”Only?”

”I thought we – “ she hesitated, then added, “but I see I was wrong.”

Diane held her arm. “Leonie. You know I didn’t want you to become involved with Apthone again.”

“He needs me,” she said gently.

“For God’s sake! No he doesn’t! Not in the way you believe. He’s just using you – again!”

“That’s unkind of you.” She shook Diane’s hand off her arm.

“No it’s not.”

”You have never liked him, have you?”

”No!”

“I thought we understood one another.”

”We can’t – with Apthone in the way.”

”I will probably marry him. He’s very kind and gentle.”

Suddenly Diane was angry. “Look!” she pointed to the wall of her hall. “See those stains? Do you know whose blood it is? Well, I’ll tell you! It’s your bloody, beloved Apthone! You know the night of his accident?” she was re-living the terror and the words would not be silenced. “He came here, your precious and gentle Richard, and tried to rape me!”

Leonie stepped backwards, holding her hands to her face. “It’s not true!” she said weakly. “I don’t believe you.”

Diane shook her head. The anger and terror and repressed guilt had gone and softly she said, “I

really don't care if you believe me or not.”

“You only said it because you hate him,” pleaded Leonie, half to herself.

“Leonie – I didn't ...”

Leonie was crying. “I don't want to talk to you,” she said and ran out of the room.

Diane was about to follow when she heard Rachael behind her.

“Diane, I couldn't help overhearing.”

Leonie had driving away and Diane closed the door.

“It was true, wasn't it?” asked Rachael, “what you said.”

Diane nodded and began to cry. “I shouldn't have told her I know. But I was so angry.”

Rachael came to her and held her hand. “I hope I didn't embarrass you.”

Diane stopped crying. “Embarrass me?”

”By being here – with no clothes on.”

Diane was moved by Rachael's gentle innocence and embraced her. “Rachael, my darling, nothing you could do, would embarrass me.”

”I can think of something,” she said with a modest smile before loosening Diane's dressing gown and bending down to kiss her breast. Diane was trembling, and slowly Rachael let the gown fall to the floor before she led Diane toward the bed.

Exceptionally, Diane did not wish to leave for school. For a long time she lay in bed, Rachael curled up asleep beside her. She wanted to stay with Rachael, spend the day with her, for school seemed charmless, a charade full of children in adult bodies playing indoor games.

Rachael seemed to make everything clear; there was no guile in her, only a trusting innocence that Diane loved and wanted to cherish and protect. Last night after Rachael had broken the barrier which Diane herself had feared to break, it had seemed, many times, that she and Rachael were not different people. There was no question of identity, no barriers of any kind at all and they did not have to speak to understand each other's needs. A look, a vague smile... And she found it difficult to believe, in the hazy light of morning, that Rachael was so young. An instinct seem to guide Rachael and her body so that she gave to Diane a divine and physical ecstasy such as she had never before experienced.

With Rachael, all her own insights and experiences – the path by the Severn, the Long Mynd, the storm, even her planned revenge on Apthone – seemed to possess her again with a force all their own, as if Rachael, just by loving so selflessly, transformed those insights into reality and suddenly it occurred to Diane that she had never been in love before. Always, with her husband, with Leonie, a part of her had been detached and critical just as a part had not surrendered for fear of being hurt. But with Rachael, everything was easy and natural and she wanted to find some form, some suitable expression, with which to represent her love. She wanted to hold Rachael in her arms, cry and laugh at the same time and tell her that she loved her as she had never loved anyone before.

Through and because of Rachael, she possessed everything she had even dreamt about, and beside this young and beautiful woman, men seemed a pale, distorted flicker. Rachael fulfilled the deepest longings Diane had ever nurtured.

She kissed her, softly, before stretching and leaving the room to dress. On the kitchen table, laid and made ready by Rachael the night before without Diane's knowledge, she found, propped up on a vase containing a single white rose, a note. 'Diane' it said simply in Rachael's italic hand, 'I love you.' Diane was overwhelmed, and crept back to the bedroom to steal a look at her sleeping lover.

It was nearing eight o'clock when she was prepared. Rachael, unusually, still slept, and, closing the kitchen door, she used the extension to make her telephone call. Calculated deceit was alien to her and she was shaking when she dialled Fisher's number.

“Hello? Diane here. Sorry to bother you, but just rang to say I won’t be in until after ten this morning. Can you get someone to look in on my lower sixth group? Good.... Sorry about the short notice but – “ she hurriedly thought of some excuse, “ – I have a dental appointment. I’d forgotten about it!” she laughed to give credence to her lie.

Diane was still trembling when she closed the door and walked to her car. No mist blighted the sky as no regret blighted Diane.

Shrewsbury was busy with commuter traffic and she followed the road over English Bridge, round the Town Walls, and Quarry, along the river until she drove past the stone memorial to Hotsper to park on a side street. For over half an hour she sat on the grass where the tall spire of St. Margaret’s church shadowed squat buildings while the road channelled traffic down toward Wyle Cop Hill. She enjoyed quietly watching the people rush along the pavements, buses stop to empty and fill, cars to pass, and was almost sad when the time came for her to leave.

She waited outside the shop on Dogpole, while heavy lorries beat upon the narrow road, until its myopic, stooped owner opened, reluctantly, it seemed, his door.

“Can I help you Madam?” he smiled.

“I hope so!” Diane said confidently. “I want to buy the best piano you have in stock.”

The man’s eyes brightened, and he wrung his hands. “Certainly Madam! But we do not carry a large stock.” He sighed. “All we have at the moment is this Baby Grand.” He patted it gently. “Would you like to try it? It has lovely tone. Actually, I’m very fond of it myself, but get so little time to practice, these days.”

“I’ll take it.”

The man raised his eyebrows. “I could play a little, if you wish.”

”No, really, it looks perfect. When can you deliver?”

He scratched his nose. “Toward the end of the week?”

”How about today? I don’t care what it costs.”

”Of course, Madam. If you are sure.”

Quickly, she wrote out the cheque and handed it to the man.

“But Madam – “ he protested when he looked.

“I’ll leave you to fill out the amount. You can send the bill. You’ll want the address, of course.”

”Yes, Madam.”

She wrote it on the back of her cheque. The man stared at the check, then at her. “A present!” she said.”

“Yes, of course, Madam. We do provide free tuning for a year. I myself – “

“Splendid! What time will you deliver?”

”What time would be most convenient?”

”Four this afternoon.”

”I am sure that can be arranged.”

”Splendid...and,” she added, “I assure you the cheque will not bounce. You can telephone my bank, if you wish. Or I can go to the bank now and withdraw the amount in cash, if you prefer.”

“There is no need for that Madam, I assure you.” He scratched his nose. “If you could provide me with a telephone number where you can be reached during the day. Only if an unforeseen problem arises, I assure you.”

”Yes, of course.” She wrote the telephone number of the school on her cheque. “Well, goodbye.”

“But Madam,” he protested as she made for the door, “don’t you want to know how much it will cost?”

”Not really,” she smiled and left.

She was trembling as she walked toward the High Street. Soon, she had arranged the transfer of all her savings. Wistfully she knew it might not be enough, but did not care. It was irrelevant compared to Rachael's happiness and she smiled as she tramped along the streets to her car, singing softly to herself.

On her return to school she found Watts and Morgan in the staff room alone. But they could not spoil her bliss and she walked toward Morgan while Watts eyed her hopefully from his corner.

"Well," she said jovially to Morgan, "I hope you take care of him."

"I was a bit worried – "

"About me? Don't be! As long as you are both happy, what's the problem?"

"I thought – "

"Do you love him?"

Morgan gave a little smile. "I think so."

"Has he mentioned marriage?"

"Yes. But I'm not sure. It's too soon."

Diane touched her on the arm. "Take your time and learn to be happy. Are you interested in cycling?"

"Only a little."

"Well, there's hope then."

"Diane, why are you being so – so nice?"

Diane laughed. "Simple! Because it makes people happy. It is really easy to be happy."

Morgan shook her head. "I don't understand you."

"Nothing to understand, really," Diane quipped before turning towards Watts.

He grinned at her. “Did you like it?”

She sat down beside him. “Yes. But look, Alex, I don’t want to hurt you – “

”But you are going to anyway.”

She shrugged. Morgan was making some exercise books, but Diane still whispered. “You know what I am.”

”Part of you perhaps.”

”No, Alex. All of me. I care for you, very much, but I could never become involved as you wish.”

“I’ve loved you for years. Since the first day I met you.”

”Please,” she sighed, “I’m living with Rachael.”

”Temporarily, I assumed.”

”No, permanently. You might not understand, but we love each other.”

”What! You and Rachael? She is only a child!”

“I don’t want to talk about it any more.”

”I won’t give up,” he insisted.

She removed his ring from her handbag. When she held it out, he pushed her hand away.

“You keep it.”

”I can’t.”

”Yes you can. Why do you think I have never married?”

”Please,” she pleaded. Then: “But I thought you loved Leonie?”

He shrugged. “Maybe. But only because she reminded me of you.”

”Why don’t you fight for her?”

“Maybe.” He stood up. “You keep the ring.” Then without rancour, but with his lopsided smile, he said, “give it to Rachael.”

Before she could reply he had walked away and out of the room. Morgan was smiling at her, but she could not have been more wrong.

XVII

The bulbous red sun was still hidden behind the height of Caer Caradoc when Diane and Rachael began their journey. No traffic blighted the road and in the cool respite of an early dawn the world seemed quiet and quite dead.

Diane could not afford the holiday, but she did not care. The piano had been delivered, as promised, and Diane remembered how Rachael had laughed, then cried and enfolded her in kisses when she had returned, a little weary, from school. All evening she played, creating through her music a magic spell that bound Diane and made her a prisoner of love and desire. Then, at last, an exhausted Rachael, her body and dress drenched in sweat, had held her hand and said, “Now I want to give you something special.” Her body still ached, a little, from the passion of Rachael’s love.

The hours brought the heat and the traffic and both were relieved to leave the car when they arrived at the Yorkshire hamlet of Gilling. To the north, less than a mile distant, were the North Yorkshire moors while to the south, the plain of York whose fertile land had been farmed for millennia. There was nothing unique or even interesting about the village – a few stone build houses gather around a dip in the road from Helmsley to York – but for Diane it was special. Not simply because a mile away to the northwest lay the imposing while stone buildings of Ampleforth Abbey with its community of Benedictine monks, but also because of the surrounding lakes and forest, once part of the wealthy Fairfax estate and now managed by the monastery. For her, discovered by chance while at University, it was a place where she could relax, untroubled by crowds of people, and where, after a walk in the forest, she could sit in the monastic choir with its carved oak stalls, and listen to the beauty of Gregorian chant. But perhaps the most fitting of all, she could swim privately in the icy coldness of the lakes.

The cottage guesthouse was Spartan, but clean, and they unpacked hastily in their shared room before briskly walking along the narrow track to the lakes. On one side, the forest, on the other, grazing fields, the monastery and its enclosing large Public School.

“It seems very peaceful,” Rachael said, stroking her amber necklace.

“Is it – even during term time when the boys are here.”

”A shame about the trees.”

”Sorry?”

”The trees.” Behind the roadside deciduous fringe, a conifer plantation grew. “Shame it is so dead within.”

”By the lake – “

“It is different!” said Rachael confidently.

“Yes.”

”I bet it has a dark history.”

”I wouldn’t know.”

”Up there, on the hill, where the broken tree grows.”

They walked in silence to the lake. It was a small lake, girdled with trees and reed and a rotten jetty pointed like a broken finger toward its heart. But there was silence and a pale blue sky while water rippled, slowly.

They undressed and swam naked, racing each other to and from the jetty to where a small rusty buoy was anchored, until tired with the effort and by the cold of the water, their laughter and the long journey, they lay on the mossy bank to dry beneath the summer sun.

“If we hurry,” Diane said as Rachael stretched herself like a cat, “we might be in time for Vespers.”

Dressed, but not dry, they walked the mile or so to the monastery through the large expanse of rugby fields until, in the slanting shadows, they stood below the church while crows flocked noisily above the stone.

“Come on!” chided Diane as she climbed the steps to the church.

Rachael shook her head. “I’d rather not go in.”

”Why ever not?”

”I’m afraid places like this give me the creeps – always have done.” She shivered.

“You should have said! I’d never have dragged you all this way.”

“I didn’t want to disappoint you.”

”Anyway,” smiled Diane, “it doesn’t matter and I’m hungry.”

Arm-in-arm, they returned to their lodging.

The next day began the pattern which they were to follow for the remainder of their stay. They would rise late from their bed and after a large breakfast walk among the forest and hills, often silent, but sometimes sharing through their words their private thoughts and dreams, fascinated as new lovers are by each other. They talked, played, walked or sat, touching, sharing every experience: the damp feel of rotting wood, the dew of the grass, the joy of watching a deer, the naming of wild flowers. Their afternoon was spent swimming and lying in the tessellated lakeside sun while the earth moved imperceptibly toward dark. It was sufficient for them to be together, close enough to touch, and it did not occur to either that such exclusive closeness might restrict. In the evening, they would lock their bedroom door and exhaust themselves with love. Not once did they visit the Abbey, and the days with their sameness soon passed, bringing to both security and great joy. Rachael, with her sometimes sombre thoughts, bound herself physically, emotionally and mentally to Diane. Diane was everything to her: lover, sister, husband and wife. The labels, and the roles of the world, which they hid, were meaningless for them, and it never occurred to either of them that there was anything unnatural about their relationship. No barriers, reminded and no guilt bound them just as no thought restricted.

They would dress to please each other, perfume their bodies richly, and sometimes, soak into the pores of their body the heady scent of forest or lakeside earth. The earth, with its canopy of trees spread full for summer, the reedy depths of the lake, the sun and scarce breeze, even the moon of morning, served them, offering gifts, nurturing the divine. No music sufficed for their feelings, no words could represent their joy.

Once, when the sun made long shadows by the road and dust dried their mouths, they had left in their car for an Inn. It was an old Inn, gabled and small, and they sat in the corner, cleanly dressed but scented of earth, their faces blushed and burned by both sun and lake water, while tourist men fresh from tourist cars stared and local men surmised.

They had allowed themselves to be brought drinks, a meal they did not need, while the two vultures in perfumed shirts that had sought them out preened and fed their minds with glee at the promise of the night. Under the table, Diane caressed Rachael's leg with her foot.

“Well,” she said finally, “we'd better go.”

A vulture grinned. “Shall we drive you home? I have my Mercedes outside..”

Rachael, Diane knew, understood, and wickedly she said, “Well, we are staying at the Grange – The Abbey guest house.” She told the lie well.

“Yes,” a leering face said, its moustache twitching, “I know it.”

”If,” whispered Diane, “you want to see us, come after eleven tonight. We'll leave the doors open. I'm in number 17, second floor.”

“And I,” smiled Rachael, “am in 19.”

Outside, in the privacy of their car, Rachael said, “That was very naughty of you!”

“Awful wasn't it?”

”But I enjoyed it.”

”So did I!”

“Did you see their faces when you gave them your room number?”

“Yes! I thought they were going to wet themselves.”

They laughed, and waved at the two men dallying between the Inn and a Mercedes car before driving away, pleased and satisfied with their ploy.

It had been the happiest week of both their lives, and both were sombre when the morning of their departure arrived. “We must never part!” Rachael had said and clung to Diane before the long and tedious journey that returned them to their home. It was significant, both felt, that on their return cloud came, bringing a steady drizzle of rain.

On the floor of their hall, scattered by the letterbox, three handwritten notes lay, but Diane had time only to retrieve one of them before the telephone rang.

“Hello,” Rachael said. Then, sadly, “It’s Leonie - for you.”

“Hello, Leonie, Diane.” She held Rachael’s hand while she talked. “Yes, we’re back. What? When? ... I see. Yes, of course, I’ll come.”

Rachael was looking at her expectantly. “It’s Apthone,” Diane said, “he’s dead.”

In the dim light of late evening, Diane was certain she saw Rachael smile.

XVIII

“I would like you to come,” said Diane. “Very much.”

”I – I don’t know,” replied Rachael shyly. “I might be in the way.”

”You,” Diane said kissing her, “could never be in the way as far as I am concerned.”

Rachael smiled. “I was a little jealous when she telephoned.”

”No one is more important to me than you.”

"I know really. I just like to hear you say it, that's all."

They departed immediately and it was dark and still raining when they arrived to find Leonie and her house in a state of confusion.

"Children are in bed," she said her face drawn. Nervously, she bit her nails, "Diane, I am so glad you came!"

Leonie moved forward, but Diane stepped back. "I brought Rachael with me – I hope you don't mind."

"No. I wondered if you would." Her voice trembled. "Come in, both of you."

Diane sat on the edge of the sofa while Rachael stood in a shadowed corner of the room fingering her amber necklace.

"When did he die?" Diane asked.

"The day before yesterday. It was awful!" She sobbed a little, then smiled.

"Has no one been to see you since?"

"Yes." She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke away. "Alex. He was with me just before Richard...."

"Has anyone seen to the funeral arrangements?"

"I don't know." Leonie tried to control her shaking hands, and partially succeeded. "Alex mentioned something."

"Is there anything I can do?"

Leonie smiles. "It is nice you just being here."

"Perhaps it was all for the best."

"Don't say that Diane!" Leonie started crying.

The memory of their love returned to Diane, but she ignored her feelings and, in atonement,

handed Leonie her handkerchief.

“Thanks.” Then, to Rachael, “You must think me silly.”

Rachael came forward and to Diane’s astonishment kissed Leonie on the cheek.

“No, I don’t” she said. She astonished Diane even more when she said, “Do you want us to stay here – for the night, I mean?”

“No,” smiled Leonie, holding Rachael’s hand. “That’s very kind, but I’ll be all right. Alex – Mr. Watts – said he’s calling round later to see how I am.” She returned the handkerchief before saying, “Would you like something to drink?”

Rachael and Diane looked at each other. Diane said, “No, not for me.”

”Rachael?”

“No, thanks. We had something on the way down.

“Of course,” said Leonie, “You’ve just got back, haven’t you?”

”Yes.” It was Diane who answered but Rachael who yawned.

The ringing chimes of the doorbell startled Leonie. “I’ll go!” offered Rachael.

Watts blocked the doorframe and smiled broadly. “Rachael!” he said loudly, “You look more beautiful every time I see you.”

Rachael curled her lip, but he did not wait for her reply.

“Well!” he boomed, rubbing his hands together and shaking rain from his hair, “I see we’re all gathered for the wake!”

Diane stood up and smiled politely at Watts. “We are just going.”

“Had a good holiday, then?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Diane, staring at him, “very good.”

“Splendid!” He turned to Rachael who was standing by the door. With her raven hair slightly wet from the rain, her black dress and amber necklace, she might have been a wise woman of the Old Religion.

“I see,” Watts said to her, “you’re not wearing the ring Diane bought for you.”

Rachael looked at Diane quizzically. “It was a surprise!” she said quickly, “and now the oaf’s spoiled it!”

“Sorry,” he said without conviction.

“We’d best be going,” Diane said.

“I hope both of you sleep well,” Watts said sarcastically.

Diane ignored him. “I’ll telephone,” she said to Leonie. “In the morning to see how you are.”

“That would be kind.” Leonie smiled weakly and went with them to the door. “It was good of you to come. I only wish you’d been here before.”

”Take care, won’t you?” Diane said.

“I’ll try.”

They stared at each other for a moment until Diane turned and walked into the rain.

“I hope,” she said to Rachael as they walked to the car, “he didn’t offend you by his remarks.”

"No," laughed Rachael as Leonie closed the door, "he didn't. I don't care what he or anyone else says. He can call me names as far as I care."

Diane held the car door for her. "We might get more of the same in the future."

"So what?" When Diane had started the engine, she added, "I love you. That's all that matters to me. If the whole world was against us, I wouldn't care."

"Rachael, you continue to amaze me!"

"Why, because I am so mature?"

"Well, yes."

"I had to grow up quickly when I was younger. My mother – " she began. "But it doesn't matter." Then she began to quote some verse:

"We don't love like flowers, with only a single

Season behind us; immemorial sap

Mounts in our arms when we love.'

She smiled innocently. "There's a lot more, but I won't bore you with it."

"It was beautiful," said Diane sincerely.

"It was Rilke."

"Really? I see I'll have to read him."

"He's one of my favourite poets."

"You must read me some."

"I'd love to."

"I suppose you can read it in the original German as well?"

"Of course!" smiled Rachael.

Blissful, they returned to their home. The rain ceased with their arrival and in the subdued light in the now cramped sitting room of their bungalow, Rachael sat at her piano to transform herself and the night. Diane listened and watched, entranced. Rachael's playing created a new world and a new woman, and Diane watched this strange woman of dark secrets create from the instrument of wood, steel and tone a universe of beauty, ecstasy and light. Bach, Beethoven – it made no difference what or for how long she played. But, as it always had since that night, Beethoven's Opus 111 fascinated her with feelings, visions, and stupendous, world-creating thought. It imbued her with insight, and a love that wanted to envelope Rachael and consume her. It was pleasure and pain to watch Rachael transform herself through the act of her playing into a goddess she would die for. No reason touched her while she listened. There was, she knew, no greater life than this, no greater feeling and she wanted to immolate herself with Rachael's ecstasy, immolate world upon world with this glory and passion which no male god described.

Then the silence, while clamoured notes faded and dimmed light framed. There were no more tears Diane could cry and she waited while Rachael slowly rose and offered her hand. She – the goddess within – was smiling and Diane allowed herself to be led.

The music in her head, the memories and secret dreams of youth: all were before her, embodied in flesh and she had only to kiss the slightly scented lips or see the secret wisdom hidden in the eyes to reach the summit of her life, slowly, in the dim corners of the bedroom's reflected dark.

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IXX

The journey was lonely and more terrifying than she had thought or imagined it would be, and for a moment the memory of her children's faces held her. But her ineffable sadness remained and Leonie Symonds in the burgeoning dawn drove the steep road to the Mynd.

Cloud fractured the sun, spreading luteous colours of stupendous beauty while light mist lingered in the Stretton valley below. Nothing in sound challenged the engine of her car and

with shaking hands she attached her chosen instrument of death. Soon the fumes filled the chilling air as a memory of Diane filled her heart and creeping death her lungs.

Consciousness flickered, briefly, and was gone as her mind tried to tell the body of a new desire to live. Too late the desire and very slowly Leonie Symonds, not quite thirty-three, slipped toward death.

The dream startled Diane and she awoke sweating while Rachael turned in her sleep. But the light did little to ease the sense of foreboding and with trembling fingers she dialled Leonie's number. It was some time before the answer.

"Leonie?" her trembling voice asked.

"Eh?" said a gruff voice. A cough, then "Who is this?"

"Diane."

"Oh, Alex here."

"Where is Leonie?"

"She got up early. Said something about going for a walk. I just went back to sleep. Hang on." It seemed minutes before he returned. "She gone! There's a note...My god! I'll ring you back."

No call came, and, dazed, she dressed to sit by the piano with a fresh mug of coffee. But she could not be still and woke Rachael.

"I'm just off for a walk," she said. "Won't be long."

"Shall I come?" Rachael asked, sleepy.

"No, you need your rest."

Rachael smiled and went back to sleep.

The dawn was chilly and she wandered sadly among the spreading light, cheered a little by the

changing red around the sun. No one passed her, and she walked steadily through the town to briefly sit upon the Burway bench overlooking Cardingmill valley and its stream. The silent beauty of the morning calmed her, dispelling the fear and dread of her dream and she trod happily the steep of the hill while sheep wandered to find the warmth of the sun.

At first recognition escaped her, then the reality of the car held her immobile. She ran, shouting Leonie's name. But she was too late with her love. The door opened to the grip of her hand and she stood staring in shocked agony as the warm body tumbled out.

“No! No!” she screamed as, behind her, tyres slowed on gravel and scree.

Watts looked briefly at the body, turned off the engine of Leonie's car and gently led Diane away.

XX

The light of dusk blurred the contours in Diane's room and Rachael watched through the window the hills and trees soften in outline and fade with the slow silent passing of time. Diane did not move, content to stare at her hands as she sat hunched in a chair, weakened by guilt. She smiled, a little and briefly, when Rachael rose to gently stroke her hair, but this interlude of life was soon gone. Outside, a few birds sang to call the moon from sleep.

Rachael began, haltingly at first, to play upon her piano but it was not long before the music consumed her, obliterating the external world. Beethoven's Opus 111 became again for her the embodiment of her feelings and she played faultlessly, draining away the morose days since Leonie's death, forgetting Diane's withdrawn self-absorption and her own tiredness.

She did not notice Diane standing beside her as she did not hear her lover crying in the burgeoning dark of the room. The music was transforming Diane, each note breaking slowly the barriers she had created within her as if the music explained all the grief and elevated her inner suffering to a supra-personal joy. Before the music ended, the catharsis was complete, but she waited, silently crying and when it was over she knelt down to place her head in Rachael's lap.

“I’m sorry,” Diane said as Rachael gently brushed the tears away, “I must have hurt you a lot in the past few days.”

Rachael smiled. “I’m glad we are together again.”

“I will never be apart from you again.”

Tomorrow, Diane felt, she would sit at the piano and try through the medium of music to express in composition all she had experienced: Leonie’s tragic death, her own ecstasy and visions, the moments of dark magick when she felt herself attuned to the powers of the Earth, the innocent joy she found in teaching. But most of all, she wanted to try and capture in some lasting form her love for Rachael, and began to feel as Rachael began to play music by Bach, that her life possessed meaning. She might, through her music, and way of living help in some way others to achieve the insight that she knew Rachael had made possible for her. Even now, she did not understand how this had happened. Was it simply because of love?

Outside her house darkness was stirring, but inside she felt herself renewed through the brightness of personal experience and she began to feel a presentiment of meaning of individual existence that she knew only music, for her, might explain. She rose slowly – while Rachael seemed to measure with music the cadence of those feelings – to watch the stars shimmer in the dark sky above.

But clouds, rushed by wind, soon came to cover the sky while, less than fifteen miles away, Watts stood by Leonie’s grave wondering if his killing of Apthone had, after all, been in vain.

He had the impression that Rachael, the dark hereditary sorceress, was watching him. But he knew better than to look around. Her skill was growing, as her beshrewing of Diane by music had proved, and Diane was now forever lost to him, unable to provide the heir which he, like Rachael herself, required. Would her heir, then, he wondered, be a Initiate and not her granddaughter as tradition decreed? And would, could, Diane's music presence something of Rachael's ancestral gods in the land, the places, they both loved? He did not know – but would say nothing, as Rachael herself would say nothing, for there was nothing to be said which words might describe. ‘It is not right,’ an Ancient Greek had written, ‘to give names to some deeds.’

Somewhere, in the darkness nearby, a dog howled.

The Magickal Art of The Deofel Quartet:

A Basic Introduction

The works collected under the title “The Deofel Quartet” were written as instructional texts for members of a Black Magick group (The order of Nine Angles). As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not that of a “conventional” novel. Instead, a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but also sought to involve the unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions – of, for instance, characters and locations – are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such “missing details”: partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and projections.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group setting. This new form may be considered as an extended “prose poem”.

While each work is self-contained in terms of “plot” and “characters”, they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical (i.e. real-life) experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively), a certain type of magickal/archetypal energy – and thus is connected with one of the spheres of the septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect people in real life. Naturally, quite a few of the forms so explicated are dark or sinister.

It is suggested that the novice first reads the texts as though they were just entertaining fiction – and then, after so reading them, begin a detailed study of the texts, guided by the notes below and by their own initial reactions to and impressions of the individual works.

In order to guide the interested reader and student of the Occult Arts, some “*Themes and Questions*” concerning the Quartet were included as an Appendix to the first edition of volume One of the Quartet.

Responses and Critical Analysis:

Each novice reading the Quartet should try and analyze their response to it – the feelings, expectations, points of agreement and disagreement and so on which arise from reading it.

A first reading will be sufficient to show the works of the Quartet are Satanically subtle – i.e. they are not blatant “horror/Black Magick” stories and neither are they pornographic. They are also not akin to the amoral diatribes of other writers – e.g. de Sade.

Instead, they are intended for those of discernment, those who can see beyond mere appearance and affectation – i.e. they are aimed at Satanic novices: those who wish to know and who seek to question, those who wish to discover secrets (often about themselves).

As explained elsewhere, they deal with problems a novice following the Left Hand Path might be expected to come across or be familiar with – both in terms of their own development/feelings/expectations, and in terms of real sinister magick. Such magick is, for the most part, subtle and esoteric – it is hidden and bears little, often no, resemblance to what most people (and some Initiates) consider magick to be.

Hence, those who turn to the Quartet hoping to find the kind of cheap and sensational thrills often associated (in the herd-mind) with “Black Magick” stories and “horror” will be disappointed. The Quartet is not intended for such sensation seeking, uncritical and weak individuals – it is instead intended to instruct Satanic novices in some esoteric aspects of their craft; to aid their own understanding and sinister development.

Falcifer concerns Initiation and the gathering of Satanic experience. It also deals with the Dark Gods – revealing some esoteric knowledge. The energies which give form to the story are concerned with the first sphere on the Tree of Wyrð – magickal form “Night/Nox” ; Tarot images – 18, 15, 13; Alchemical Process – Calcination.

The Temple Of Satan also concerns the Dark Gods – but it deals mainly with emotion on the personal level, particularly “love”: how a Satanic Initiate of some experience encounters and deals with this

emotion. “Love” of this type is a stage, to be experienced and transcended. For a Satanist not yet achieved Adeptship, this feeling is often a snare, a trap – which they can fall into, thus ending their sinister quest. It is about feelings and desires which are often still unconscious – about making these more conscious, controlling them and transcending them. Third sphere on Tree of Wyrð. Magickal form – Ecstasy. Images – 6, 14, 17. Alchemical process – Coagulation.

The Giving concerns “primal Satanism” – and a more subtle magick and manipulation than the previous works. It is a story based on fact – on real life happenings and real people. It reveals a real Satanic Mistress in action – someone quite different from the “accepted” notion of a Satanic Mistress. Spheres – Third and Forth. Forms – Ecstasy/Vision. Images 7,12,5,6,14,17. Processes – Coagulation/Putrefaction.

The Greyling Owl (the title is significant, although never explained in the work itself) concerns the second sphere, and the magick here is even more subtle and esoteric than in the previous work, *The Giving*. It requires an understanding of individuals as those individuals are – a subtle changing of them. Magickal Form – Indulgence; process – Separation; Images – 0, 8, 16.

Objectivity:

In all the works of the Quartet, “the other side” (i.e. those with conventional “morals” and little or no esoteric understanding) is shown in context – moral individuals are described and things seen from their point of view. *It is vitally important for a novice to be able to be detached* – to see things and people as those things and people are. Only thus can they learn judgement and discover how to work esoteric sinister magick. Such detachment is necessary – and its cultivation is part of Initiate training. It is the aim of the Quartet to cultivate this ability – and the self-criticism which is part of it. This “criticism” is a self-awareness, a self-knowledge. Thus, some characters in the Quartet and the views and attitudes they express may provoke the Satanic Initiate into disagreement and possibly discomfort. This is intentional. The novice should analyze why they react as they do – and why they expect certain things/certain views/certain outcomes.

In short, the works in the Quartet are entertaining instructional Satanic Texts – and those who are prepared to spend some effort in understanding them will discover many layers, and so learn.

(Note: Plot spoilers follow)

Falcifer :

This MS deals with overt magick in a magickal setting – Temples, rituals etc. It describes Satanic initiation from a Satanic viewpoint, and the tests etc. a novice may undergo as well as the awakening awareness appropriate to a novice.

It also deals with the Dark Gods – describing them and the magick which brings the process that returns them to Earth.

Of all the MSS of the Quartet, it is the most easily understood, although it does contain some hidden/esoteric meanings. These, however, are explicable since the perspective of the MS is overtly Satanic.

Temple of Satan:

This also has an overtly magickal setting, but deals with the stage beyond that of a novice; i.e. someone who has been involved for some time and who has developed certain magickal skills – e.g. manipulation.

Melanie is the archetypal Satanic Priestess: sexually alluring, using her sexuality to manipulate and captivate, enjoying some delicate pleasures (e.g. sadism). But, as a true Satanist, after some time she becomes bored by the routine. So unconsciously at first, she seeks after something else: and is drawn toward Thurstan, against her better Satanic judgement. She is “drawn” because she still has to gain a deep self-understanding – because there are still aspects which remain unconscious and powerful in her psyche (relating to the “numinous” power of love etc.) Gradually, she falls in love – but is she herself being manipulated toward this by Saer? And if so, why? (Consider the crystal he left with Thurstan for her to find and read). Saer is “beyond the Abyss” – an image/symbol of Aeonick magick as against Melanie’s external and internal magick.

But she gradually understands the purpose here – to propel her toward the next stage of the sinister journey, and to provide a child who because of her own sinister abilities and the apparently non-sinister abilities of Thurstan will have special qualities. That is, the child will be beyond opposites (as e.g., symbolized by Melanie and Thurstan).

Toward the end, Melanie is presented with a choice – love, or her Satanic duty/destiny. She chooses the later, and her magick is restored.

Claudia is a complication for Melanie – a further test/distraction. Does her love cause her lover's death? Pead and Jukes, representing old aeon magick, try to keep Melanie and Thurstan apart – because with him she can work aeonic magick, to the detriment of the old order and “the light”.

The Giving:

This MS has several esoteric strands and several overt meanings. Lianna is a Mistress of Earth (note: stages beyond Melanie in “Temple”) and it is her duty to undertake The Giving – a rite of human sacrifice.

As a Satanic Mistress, Lianna uses magick in a subtle way, as benefits her status. This magick is esoteric (e.g. empathic) but she also directly manipulates others, although in a subtle way. Consider how she draws/attracts Thorold to her: sending Sidnal to him with books, visiting his shop as a customer...

Lianna requires two important things: an offer, and someone to father her heir. The MS describes her attaining these goals.

Mallam is a recent initiate – enjoying as all good Initiate should, overt magick and evil. He involves Rhiston in his games. Lianna however presents Mallam with a choice – finely and subtlety presented. She advises him that his activities are not conducive to further advancement, for she understands he has become ensnared by some of his desires, rather than enjoying them and then discarding them to rise beyond them and so attain self-insight and mastery. However, he sees her hints “morally” – he misinterprets them because he cannot see what she is trying to do; i.e. he shows no Satanic insight. The reader is shown this from Mallam's perspective – like Mallam should, a certain discernment is required to see beyond the outer appearance to the essence. (This sudden change of “perspective” occurs in the MS several times, as it does many times in other parts of the Quartet. The reader should often ask: what is really going on here? A critical judgement is required because often characters and what they may do/say are not what they seem; i.e. the real intent/magick is hidden.)

As it is, Mallam's lack of insight means he believes Lianna is making a “moral” point, and he openly breaks with her.

Following this decision by Mallam, Lianna provides him with a test, a new opportunity to prove his worth or otherwise. She sends her Guardian, Imlach, to him – unknown to Mallam, of course – with a secret MS. Again, Mallam fails to realize what is happening – he cannot see through Imlach. Instead, he is overwhelmed by unconscious desires: material greed, lust for power. Rather than controlling, and using his desire for some purpose, he lets his desire control him. He goes to Lianna's village – and again fails, because he cannot recognize the young woman as a Priestess of Lianna's tradition: he sees her as dull, easily manipulated. Thus, he shows he has no genuine magickal insight or abilities.

Hence he becomes a candidate for sacrifice. Basically, he chooses himself – he is not chosen because of his “evil” activities. They merely provide a fail-safe to deflect attention from his disappearance (when the rite is completed): no one in “conventional” society would miss him/mourn him or worry about his disappearance.

Lianna also tests/manipulates Thorold. Does she also manipulate Monica, and her death? Or is she genuinely annoyed when Thorold becomes involved with Monica? Is this a further test of Thorold? Certainly for Lianna, Monica's death or removal is necessary – or it seems to be. Lianna has drawn Thorold into her world – and changes him, for he is captivated by her: in a sense, in her power. He has qualities which she judged would make him a suitable person to father her child.

The MS ends with an unasked question: what is to be Thorold's fate when his purpose has been achieved? That is, when he has fathered her child. Will he be an offer, or will he become part of her tradition? Clues to the answer are given at various points in the MS. Also, is Lianna a Satanist?

Certainly, she does not seem to be – there are no “Satanic” rites, no invocations to Satan. At one point she says she belongs to an older tradition. Does she say this for a reason? - To deceive? She certainly represents a primal darkness: and is a genuine Mistress of Earth....This raises the question as to what genuine Satanism really is: a question answered, in fact, by Lianna's actions as described in the MS from its beginning to its end.

The Greyling Owl:

This is the most esoteric and therefore the most difficult MS to understand – at first reading – and when viewed by conventional/accepted ideas of Satanism/Black Magick.

This shows real magick in action on several levels: manipulation, empathic, forms (e.g. music), images, and via opening psychic nexions within individuals.

Essentially, the MS deals with the changes wrought in the lives of Mickleman and Allison, and how these are made to aid the sinister dialectic – i.e. sinister aeonic strategy, to aid the presencing of sinister energies in the causal and so bring/provoke change to the benefit of the sinister, aiding evolution.

The magick here is that appropriate to an Internal Adept and beyond, while the energies described (the outerform) are symbolic of a particular sphere on the Tree of Wyrd (Mercury), although other energies are sometimes involved/intrude.

This magick is far removed from external magick and thus rituals/robes. This magick means a working with individuals as those individuals are - a subtle re-orientation of their consciousness/lives.

Mickleman is gradually changed, and brought into an influential position – the Professorship – without him realizing this is occurring, in the magickal sense at least. He believes he is still in control of his own Destiny – and it is important not to undermine this belief, except insofar as a certain self-insight is obtained. He must have assurances of his abilities, this confidence to fulfill what is his “hidden” wyrd. He becomes aware, on terms he can cope with/is familiar with (and this is important), of certain archetypal aspects which will be important for his future professional development/standing. These aspects, by which he will influence others in a non-magickal way by “seeding their minds”, will aid the sinister dialectic. Part of this would be through academic work (aided by insights attained during his “manipulation”) and part by his own life style: his “decadent” past and his future deriving from the past – both would influence others, providing inspiration and thus changing others in certain ways. Also, it is hinted that he may be useful in other ways.

Alison also is changed - realizing that power of music to transform. Again, her aims, dreams, hopes, etc. are described from her own perspective, from her own “moral” view of the world. However, her fundamental insights are “provoked” via the subtle magick/influence of

Edmund. Further, the future forms she creates/uses, while having the appearance of conventional forms (and perhaps a moral content), will achieve and aid the sinister (or at least most/some of them will). She herself will see her aims in terms of her own perspective: often “morally”, without fully realizing what she and her work are achieving – opening nexions, and presencing dark energies to influence/infect others.

This arises because she has been influenced/directed by magick in a specific way: to access a nexion within her own psyche. (All this is a very important notion to understand – and marks the insight appropriate to those who aspire to go beyond the stage of novice. It reflects genuine magick in action). Her thoughts/actions etc. (as others) are often “morally” described.

The dark interior life of both Edmund and Fiona (and thus their real aims) are hidden – i.e. not overt, as generally befits a Master and Mistress. Such Adepts generally work esoterically – they do not fit conventional Satanic role-models. In their different ways, Edmund and Fiona live in the ordinary world in an “ordinary” way – they are real shape-changers who blend into their surroundings. This enables them to work sinister magick effectively. Further, Edmund possesses no trappings normally assumed to be part of his station – he has no wealth, no power, no obvious influence. His Satanic power is internal, hidden – it is insight, wisdom, and magickal skill of a rare kind. This skill allows him to work magick on – to manipulate – others (and thus the world) as those others are – in the confines of their own roles/image for the most part. Fiona’s magickal work is often more overt – e.g. using her sexuality to advantage, but her real magick is still hidden. Thus the MS describes real Adepts at work, using genuine magickal skills, and thus moving toward the next stage of their esoteric development.

A note concerning “Breaking The Silence Down”

This MS is often regarded as making the Quartet into a Quintet. It is similar in its magick to The Greyling Owl – although the background is Sapphism.

Basically, Diane – who already possesses an intuitive awareness of primal darkness and thus of those forces sometimes named as Satanism – is led toward self-discovery and a magickal partnership.

She has an insight into the female persona/strength (after the attempted rape) and discovers a power of music to capture the essence hidden by appearance.

She is seduced by Rachael, who uses music (her piano playing) as a magickal act. Apthone is the archetypal immature product of this age and its societies: swayed by desires and using petty manipulation to achieve lowly goals. When he becomes a threat to Diane, he is dealt with by those who desire her, magickally and sexually (Rachael and Watts). Is his accident purely chance? Or is someone, or two, watching over Diane? In the end, Rachael wins Diane. She is an hereditary sorceress – carrying on her grandmothers' tradition (thus missing a generation: Rachael's mother). This tradition thrives in a certain part of the countryside near where Diane lives.

As in "Greyling", the perspective is often that of the characters involved: i.e. events/thoughts etc. are seen through their eyes, with their (often moral and conventional) understanding/attitudes. *This gives (or should give, to the discerning reader) an appreciation and understanding of these people as they are – and how magick affects them, usually without them being aware of it.* It requires the reader to suspend and transcend conventional Satanic/sinister notions (which are often only the outer form of what is Satanic/sinister rather than its essence). Thus can genuine magick to be understood – as the works themselves should aid the understanding of how forms/energies etc. affect/change individuals, often unconsciously. All this should aid the self-insight of the novice/Initiate reading them.

Anton Long
ONA

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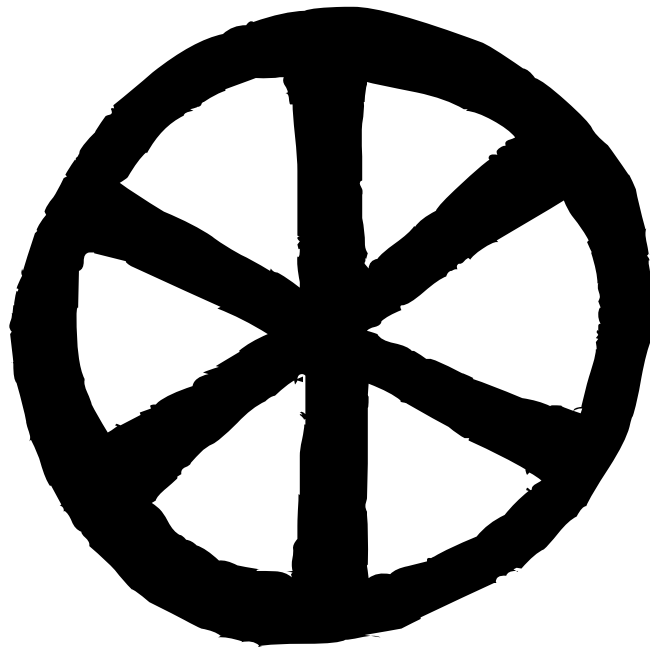
Order of Nine Angles

”Septenary Tree of Wyrð”

Sphere of Jupiter

The Sinister Tarot

By Christos Beest



0



The power within is great
The eagle eats
Its human offspring
Cold music here
Blue woman hold the horse's head
While the Seer weaves

PHYSIS – GA WATH AM

The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrd. The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is Great.

I

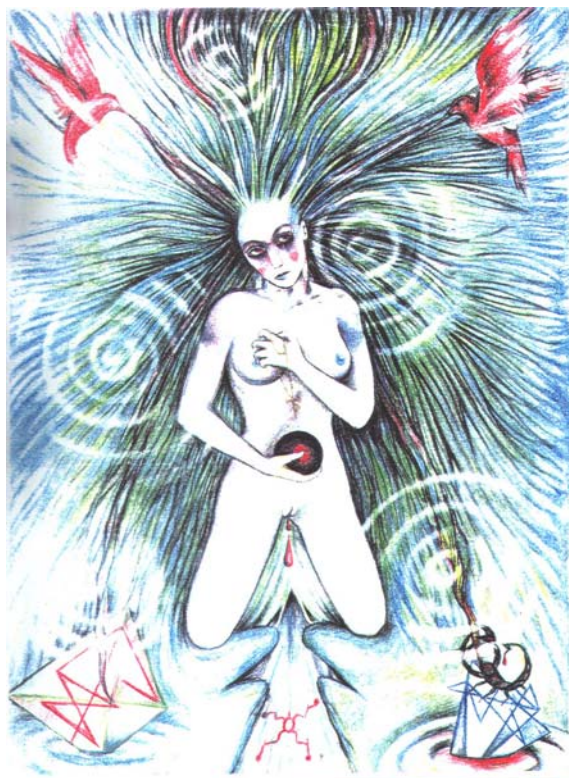


Headless
The white angel impaled
By Seven.
Seven bells rung,
The cortege from a black hill
Passed the squatter's cottage.
Black flame engulfed
Black flame ate the 'holy'.

MAGICKIAN – BINAN ATH

*Empathy; a flowing with natural forces that are consciously understood. An integration becoming (part of) a greater Wyrd; an awareness that spans Aeons.
Actions that prepare the way.*

II

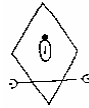


She rows a boat in a black pool
From Her steps :
The Hermaphrodite,
The body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka.

HIGH PRIESTESS - MACTORON

Beyond the Abyss: the crossing over and Initiation (in terms of awareness whilst still partaking of a causal existence) into the Lands of the Dark Immortals. A self-awareness that transcends temporal understanding - becoming the essence; beyond opposites.

III

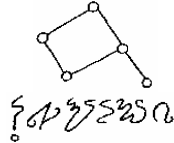
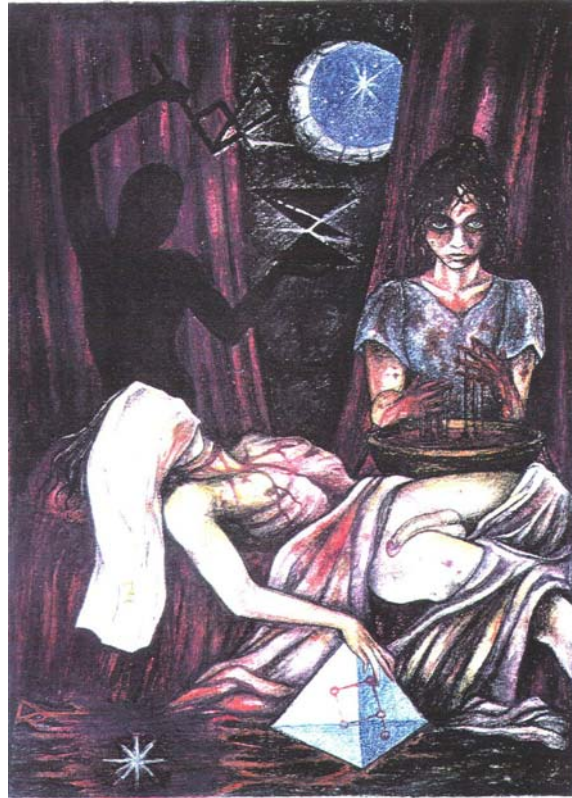


**From a mountain of skulls
Blue trees
A rose garden cracks
Two women walk through;
The corpse in a wedding dress
No longer guides
Four waterfalls flood the Earth
And books become ash ...**

MISTRESS OF EARTH - DAVCINA

Empathic manipulation (such as 'enchantment') to create Change via causal structure - amoral acts that may conventionally be seen as 'evil'. Actions provoked by unfettered passions and a reveling in the physical pleasures and challenges of life. "Ruthless ambition". Creativity and Change via destruction - ie. War, culling.

IV

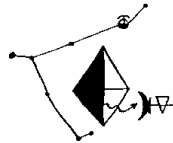


**The Elixir of Recalling
Flows into clear water
The contracting of the Dark Star
The severing of the attractant
The Pool is opened
Go deeper
Against all other
And ever Darker, Recall.**

LORD OF EARTH - KTHUNAE

The nature of the changes in the causal, beyond the actions of those who initiated them; how the acausal relates dynamically to the causal and vice-versa ('Sinister Dialectic'). The flowing of energies according to the greater Wyrð and Destinies of those directly and indirectly involved - thus, the presence of unforeseen factors and the pitfalls implicit in this which may create errors of judgement. The maintaining of an ethos or 'tradition' via 'timeless' acts.

V



The depths of the sea
A tunnel of knives
There is a union here
While he directs the Chosen
Rage in the Eye
Of the Goat –
The golden triangle
Stands against a sky of fire

MASTER - ATAZOTH

Manipulation - actions based on a knowledge of the Sinister Dialectic as revealed by practical experience: a rational, to some 'cold', observation beyond the stage of Adeptship/Individuation. Control of all the many and varied factors within a situation - in other words, the achievement of a stage in individual evolution that goes beyond the personal, and thus implies the ability to initiate Change on a large-scale, perhaps of a civilization.

VI

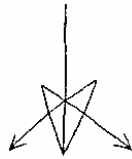


Sappho dance in still water
Chains and roses in blue
Invoke the Sun
To an arch of fire
Gravestones, butterflies
And rivers of snakes.

LOVERS – KARU SAMSU

The double tetrahedron a nexion created via the union of balancing forces. The sowing of the seed of Change that which may transform and carry evolution beyond the Abyss, and thus beyond 'self-image' - or that which may destroy. The invoking of energies that coerce to create something beyond 'self'.

VII



The ruby is the password
She of the white robe
Rides the transparent horse
The maiden closes.
On broken legs he steps forth
He becomes the Dragon ...

AZOTH - SATANAS

The Menstruum - the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal - or destruction by it.

VIII



Their Name ...
Inside the room of Sacrifice:
White flowers.
A garden, dry, of dead roses.
The masked lady
Holds Her new child.

CHANGE - NEKALAH

The earthing and spreading of energies. The hard truth of Nature - the dying time of one form to give way and birth to another. A causal form created to act as a focal point/channel for the fulfillment of Wyrđ - the beginnings of a practical realization of strategies and aims. The Sinister Dialectic in action: by its dynamic nature a prelude to - and when realized a creator of - insight.

IX

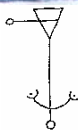
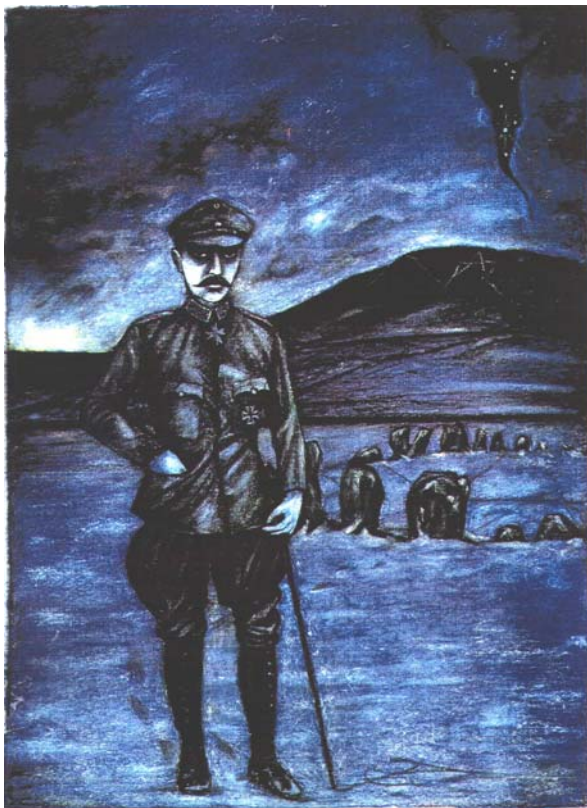


A crippled boy
A tunnel of bone
A Star descends into a forest
Faces are removed
And She sits in the stone house
Unheard.

HERMIT - SAUROCTONOS

Withdrawal and a revealing; the lying between two stages of alchemical Change. Intimations of the Abyss. The culmination on a personal level of energies created by Change - the surfacing of individual factors hitherto only known on an unconscious level. A process of discovery that will lead to insight, (further) knowledge of wyrd; or madness, death.

X

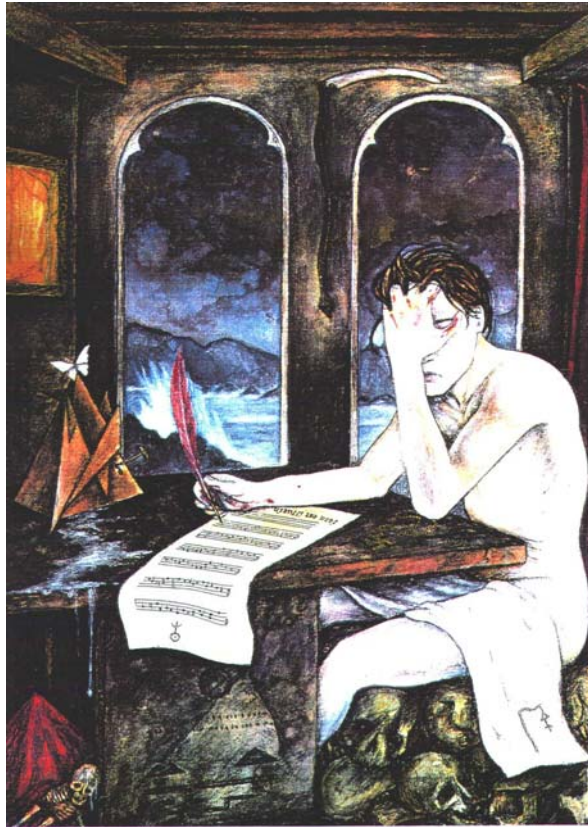


**In red desert
Three fingers and a skull
Are laid on fur
The stones of a circle
Turn to frogs
The skeleton of a child
The birth of an army
A Nexion is opened.**

WYRD - AZANIGIN

That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the destiny or Wyrd of the ethos of a civilization. Acts that inaugurate a new Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things – ‘fate’ etc.

XI

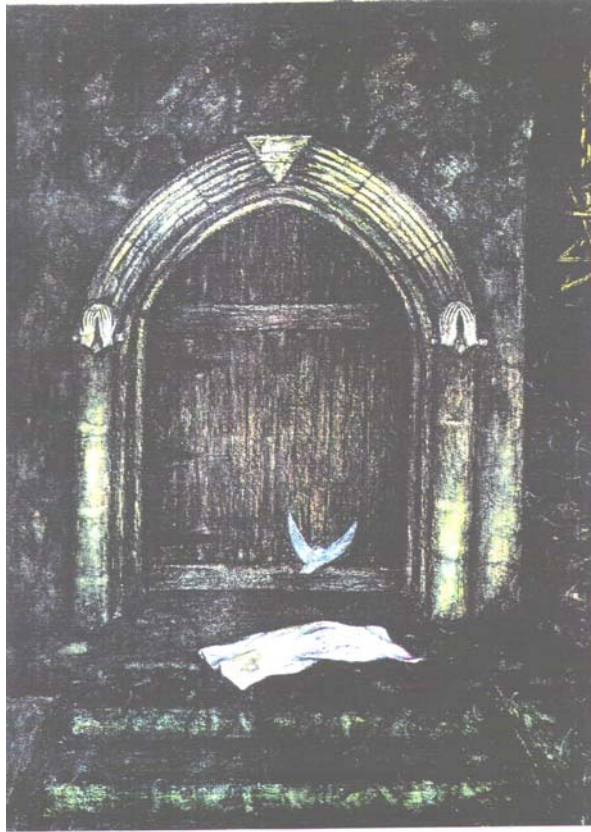


**Autumn –
A marriage beneath the Earth
In Elixir
She washes Her hands
A Black Eagle
A Palace of Light
She becomes the snake
Who offers the sword
To sever the arm ...**

DESIRE - LIDAGON

Alchemy: the union of two balancing forces that, as a nexion, create Change through Sinister Intent - the energies in action as earthed and affected by that which is re-presented by atus VI, VII and VII.

XII

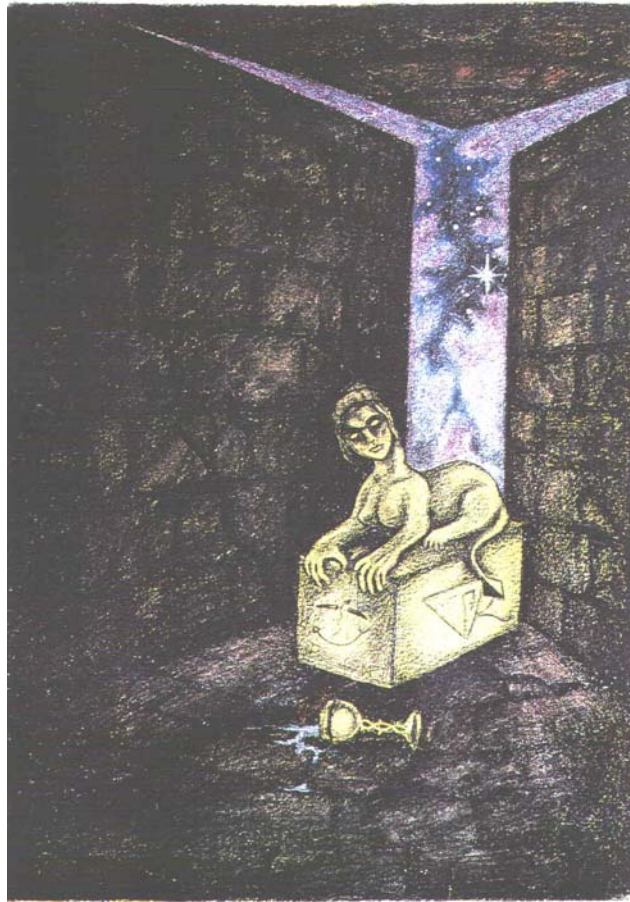


Two horses
Fight within a circle of trees
(The Sun at Night)
Two angels
Laughing in a room of sacrifice
Two
In a haze of gold
Beyond the Door

OPFER - VINDEK

Entrance/transition to the Lands of the Dark Immortals. The individual becoming that which s/he created - a transferral of consciousness to the acausal to be in essence part of the greater Wyrđ. A reverberation across Aeons of the causal acts of an individual, gradually leaving the essence behind the appearance to haunt the psyches of others. The altering of the astral shell; that which ultimately cannot and need not be described. The deliberate removal of that which is detrimental to Wyrđ.

XIII

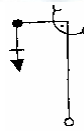
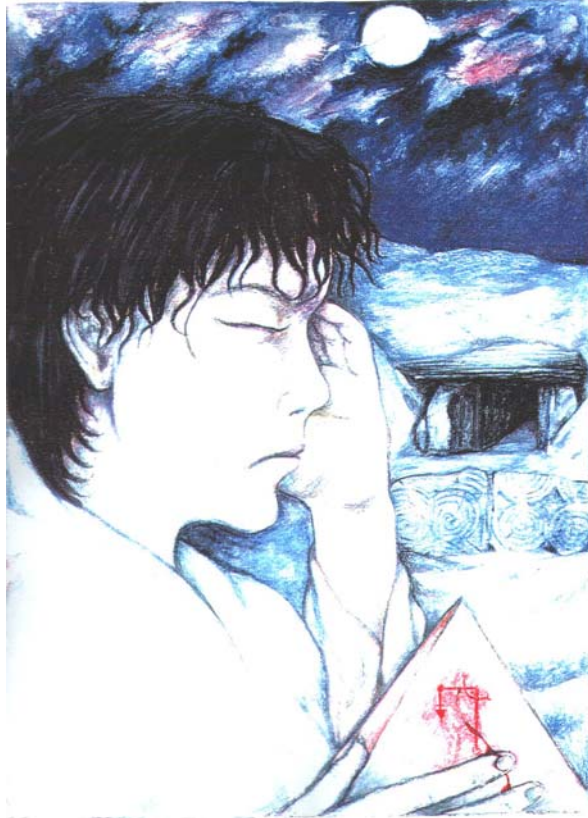


A canal route lined
By white Griffins.
A vortex of grey starless space.
The chalice spills its
White blood
And the Herdsman's light shines
In the Chamber of the Sphinx.

DEATH - NYTHRA

That which follows hubris; the consequence of attempting to escape that which is ill-fated by Destiny. Personal destruction from self-delusion and the cessation of self-evolution. Energy vortex in the Abyss. The stripping away of the self-image that, if successful, will produce a genuine Master/Mistress; confronting the Chaos within and without.

XIV

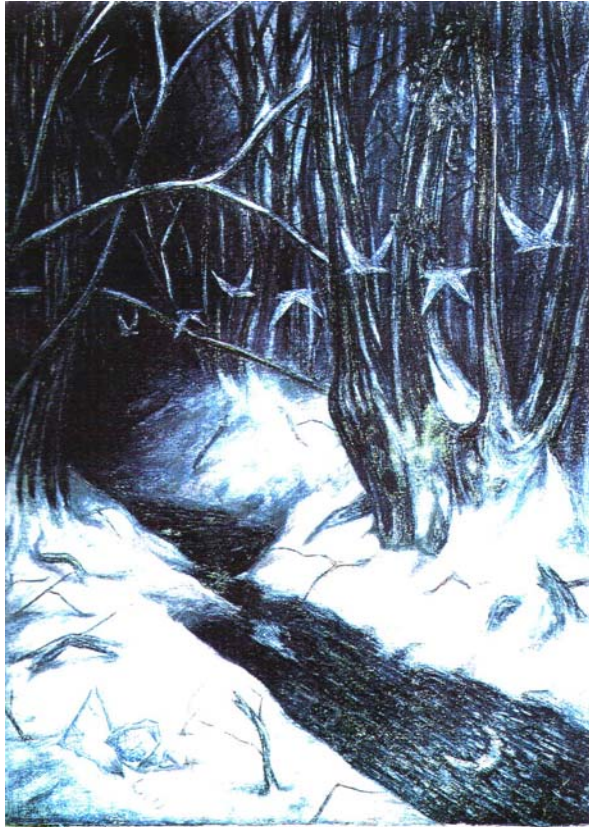


The Bleeding Earth
From the throats of fools,
in brooks
From the Gate
A red bird
This, the corn needs
Containment of Winter :
The Maiden is ready

HEL - AOSOTH

Self-possession; knowledge that allows one to consciously improve/evolve and use natural abilities (or 'gifts') - such as sexual charisma - to the advantage of personal Destiny and Wyrd, and to confront and resolve those qualities within character which are detrimental. Self-honesty. In early stages of development, such an individual causes unforeseen disruption and resentment amongst others. Beginnings of that which is re-presented by atu III.

XV



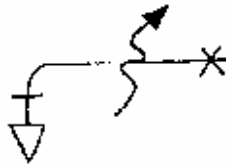
2

**The Moon wraps itself
Around the Savage God;
Impaled on a throne
As the wheel of skulls turns.
The jewelled Lady
The crone ...
Winter in the wildest of woods.**

DEOFEL - NOCTULIUS

Sinister awakening - Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the 'accuser', that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the 'sacred'. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.

XVI

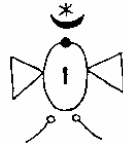


**In a dungeon, a bed of fire
From an exploded sphere
Red butterflies
With a look
The war is begun
A sexless mask
In the caves of the sea.**

WAR - ABATU

Conflict; the clashing of vision and destinies. The attempt by others to wrest away the Destiny of one individual and thus disrupt the greater Wyrð. A clouding of vision that creates doubts, lack of direction, susceptibility to outside forces and possibly, if insight is lost, the renouncing of a quest. The hardship imposed by the consequences of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes, Wisdom - and Destiny - may be attained. Awareness of those factors - such as other people - that may fulfill Destiny, and the hard practical realities of striving to create this fulfillment. Sadness and wisdom and creativity through loss

XVII

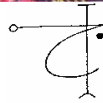


**The blue statue
His red eyes survey the maze
Bringer of wisdom
The perfect child
And the tetrahedron
Bathing hair in the Dark Pool
Successor ...**

STAR - NEMICU

*The maturity and bringing to fulfillment of that promise re-presented by atus VI and VIII.
Knowledge of identity, of Wyrd and what needs to be done. A coming of age; the seed of
Change blossoms. Domination: the successful establishment of a causal structure; a process,
the effects of which are irreversible once the cause is triumphant on whatever level. The
beginnings of Imperium.*

XVIII

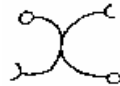
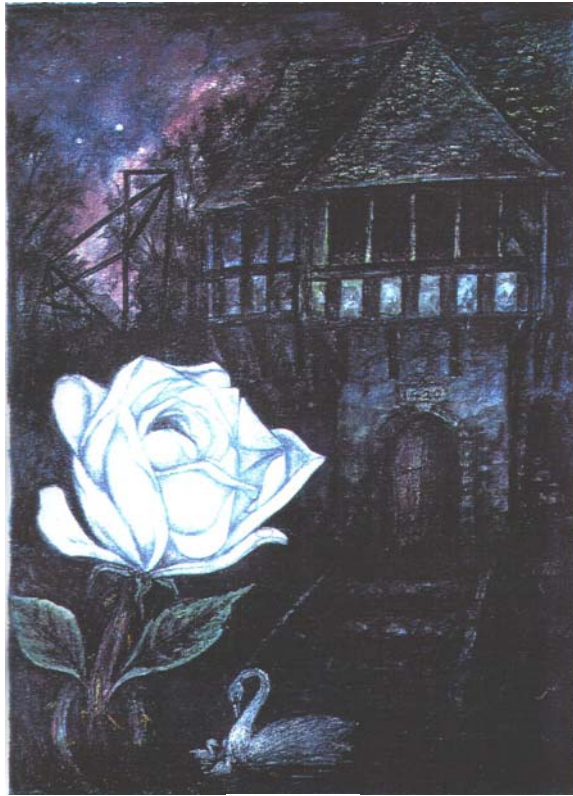


**A frog reveals human heads
Within its mouth
Furrowed white fields
White, snow laden trees –
Her face, caught by the Moon;
Her eyes come to know the Pool,
Take the spiral staircase to the Blue room ...**

MOON - SHUGARA

That which has not yet been confronted within the psyche of the individual; that which is strange, which lies outside the scope of any world view; that which lies within the Dark Pool beneath the Moon and threatens to devour, create madness. A stage which cannot be ignored if further development is sought, requiring a descent to draw out that which is obscure, fearfully hidden: the gateway to the Abyss. A point from which there is no turning back: that which leads to rebirth via death.

XIX



Now in the desert,
A jester
Greets the transparent horse
On hill Golden folk
Become fire
The snow melts
The faces of Mountains
The raven with
The woman's face,
Her gold begets the Blood ...

SUN - VELPECULA

The finding of the Aeon: the height of Imperium – causal structure altered in accordance with long term aims, bearing its own fruits of Change. But these fruits are the final product of a grand age, the final works of the ethos of a race fulfilled. The brink of new possibilities; storm clouds gather with promise of the blood of birth, of the heralding of a Higher associated civilization. The fulfilling of personal Desires and potential, creating intimations/hauntings of further progression. Disatisfaction causing aspirations to something 'higher'/beyond – 'reaching for the stars'

XX

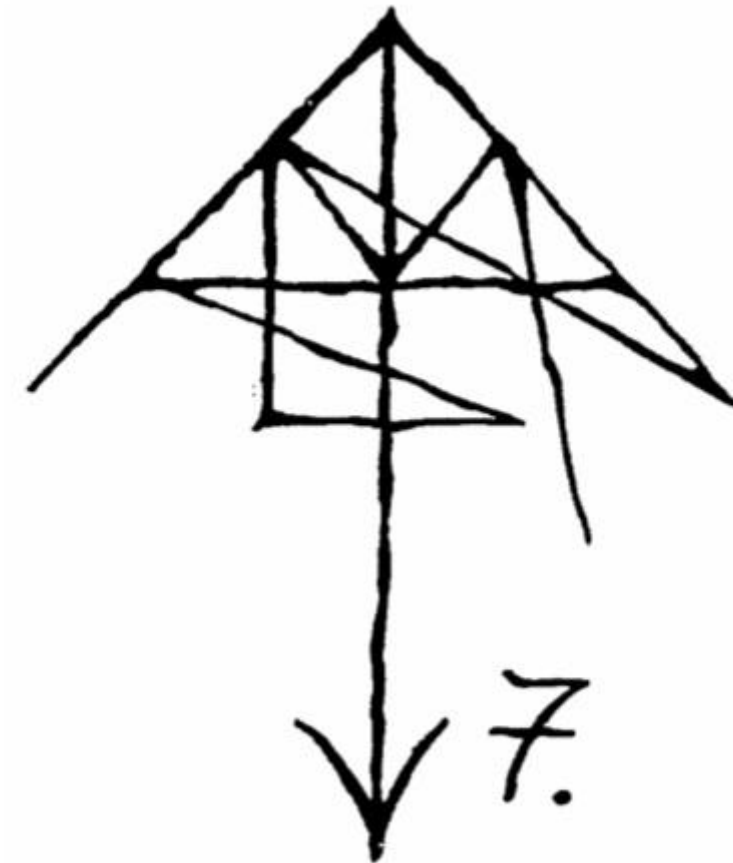


The woman beneath the water
The Temple within
Of War torn landscapes, black hills
Grab the lightening and hold it
Shell shocked
The Giving within Her arms ...

AEON - NAOS

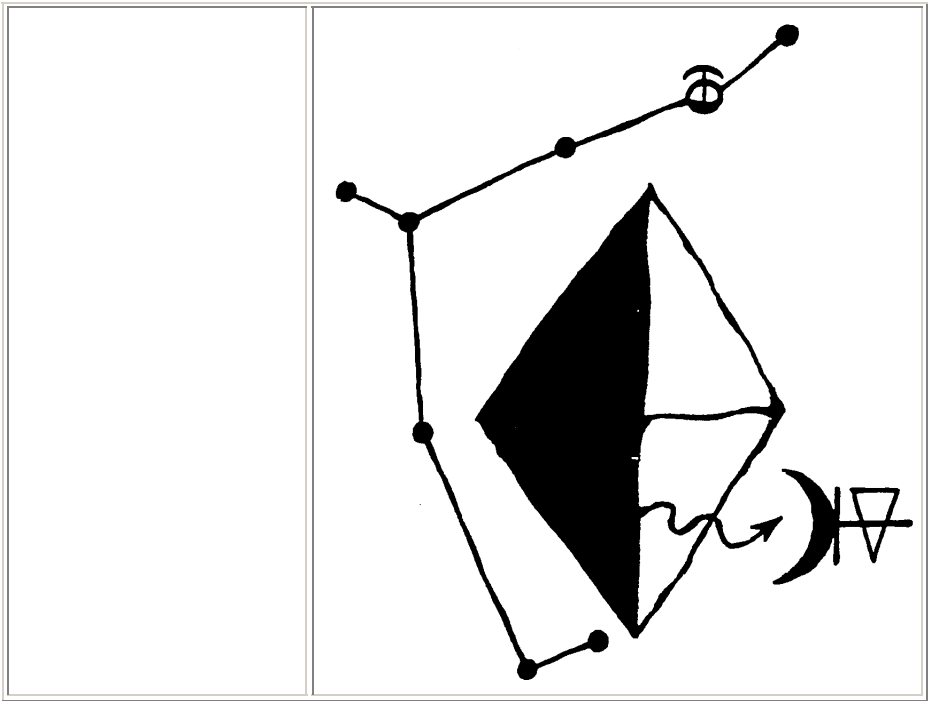
A nexion fully opened: greater Wyrð causally fulfilled now dynamically giving expression to new forms of itself via Physis; new challenges, new expressions of a continuing ethos - the Chaos of birth: the Dark Gods returned, shape-shifting, creating new possibilities. An ethos that is alive and evolving, defying all that challenge its vision; to constantly redefine limits, Prometheus-like and insatiable. The cycle of creative evolution. The Aeon of Fire.

CODEX SAERUS
THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN
PART I: (1983)
PART II: (1989)
PART III: (1990)



THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN

According to tradition, each Master or Mistress who was responsible for a particular Satanic Temple or group, was given on his or her assumption of that responsibility, a copy of the Black Book of Satan. The Black Book contained the basic Satanic rituals and instructions relating to ceremonial magick in general. It was the duty of the Master or Mistress to keep this book safe, and non-Initiates of the Temple were forbidden to see it. Copies were forbidden to be made, although Initiates above the grade of External Adept were allowed to see and read the Temple copy. In traditional Satanism (i.e. those using the Septenary System: this system also being known as the Hebdomadry) this practice continued until quite recently when the Grand Master representing traditional groups decided to allow Initiates of good standing to copy the work. This decision was recently extended to enable specialist publication in a limited edition. The whole text of the traditional Black Book is included in the present work, together with several additional chapters (e.g. Self-Initiation; Organizing and Running a Temple). These additions make this present work a concise practical handbook for those seriously interested in the Black Arts.



PART ONE:

Satanic Rites
& Practices

The 21 Satanic Points

1. Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which makes sick the strong.
2. Test always your strength, for therein lies success.
3. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.
4. Enjoy a short rest, better than a long.
5. Come as a reaper, for thus you will sow.
6. Never love anything so much you cannot see it die.
7. Build not upon sand, but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.
8. Strive ever for more, for conquest is never done.
9. And die rather than submit.
10. Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art.
11. Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.
12. The blood of the living makes good fertilizer for the seeds of the new.
13. He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.
14. Discard not love but treat it as an imposter, but ever be just.

15. All that is great is built upon sorrow.
 16. Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest.
 17. Come as a fresh strong wind that breaks yet also creates.
 18. Let love of life be a goal but let your highest goal be greatness.
 19. Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.
 20. Reject all illusion and lies, for they hinder the strong.
 21. What does not kill, makes stronger.
-

I **What is Satanism?**

Satanism is fundamentally a way of living - a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we can all, as individuals, achieve far more with our lives than we realize. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, by magick, be made to bring.

Satanic magick is simply the use of magickal forces or energies to enhance the life of an individual or individuals according to their desires. This usage can be of two types - the first is 'external' and the second is 'internal'. External magick is essentially sorcery: the changing of external events, circumstances or individuals in accordance with the wishes of the sorcerer. Internal magick is the changing of the consciousness of the individual magician using certain magickal techniques -this is essentially the quest of the Initiate for the higher grades of magickal attainment, a following of the way of Adeptship.

To external magick belongs ceremonial and hermetic rituals. To internal magick belongs the seven-fold sinister way. Ceremonial rituals are rituals involving more than two individuals, the ritual taking place in either a Temple or an outdoor area consecrated as a Temple. Ceremonial rituals involve a set text which is followed by the participants, and the wearing of ceremonial robes together with the use of certain items having magickal or Occult significance. Hermetic rituals are usually undertaken by an individual working alone or with one assistant/ companion. This present work deals with Satanic ceremonial magick: Satanic hermetic and internal magick is dealt with in the book 'NAOS - A Practical Guide to

Sinister Hermetic Magick'.

Satanism, in its beginnings, is all about making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature, and to this end, Satanic magick is undertaken. Satanists believe that we are already gods: but most people fail to understand this and continue to grovel: to others or to a 'god'. The Satanist is proud, strong and defiant and detests the religion of the crucified god founded by the Nazarene, Yeshua. A Nazarene (a follower of Yeshua) is afraid of dying and weighed down by guilt and envy. The religion of Yeshua has inverted all natural values, setting back the course of our conscious evolution. Satanism, on the contrary, is a natural expression of the evolutionary or 'Promethean' urge within us: and its magick is a means to make us gods upon Earth, to realize the potential that lies within us all.

Satanic ceremonies are a means to enjoy the pleasures of life: they offer carnality, the pleasure of fulfilling one's desires, the bringing of material and personal rewards and the joys of darkness. But they are only a beginning, a stage toward something greater. It is one of the purposes of a Satanic Temple to guide those Initiates who may be interested along the difficult and dangerous path which is the seven fold way. Those who do not wish to follow this path to Adeptship and beyond should simply enjoy the many pleasures which the Prince of Darkness offers to those who by a Satanic Initiation wish to follow His philosophy of living.

In traditional Satanism there is an appreciation of the role of women, for Satanism at its highest level is concerned with the development of the individual: roles as such are a necessary part of self-development. To be played, discarded and then transcended. The structure of traditional Temples and the rituals performed by those members of those Temples reflect this appreciation and understanding. For example, it is possible and indeed desirable for a Mistress of Earth to establish and organize her own Temple unless she herself wishes otherwise, just as it is possible and desirable to celebrate the Black Mass using a priest, naked, upon the altar while the Priestess conducts the service, such reversal being an accepted principle of Black Magick.

II **The Temple**

Satanic rites are conducted either in an indoor Temple or in an isolated outdoor locality during the hours of darkness. Indoor Temples usually have a static altar, made of either stone or wood, and this altar should be set in the East. It should be covered by an

altar cloth made of good quality material and coloured black. Upon this is woven either an inverted pentagram, the septenary sigil or the personal sigil of the Master/Mistress or Temple if there is one. Candle-holders, made of either silver or gold, are placed on the altar, one at either end. Black candles are usually the most often employed although some rituals require the use of other colours.

Other candleholders should be placed around the Temple, since the only light used in the Temple both during rituals and at other times should come from candles. The Black Book should be placed on an oak stand on the altar, the altar itself being of sufficient size for an individual to lie upon it.

Indoor Temples should be painted either black or crimson (or a combination of the two), the floor bare or covered with rugs or carpets of plain design, either black or crimson. When not in use, the Temple should be kept dark and warm, hazel incense being burned frequently. A quartz sphere or large crystal should be kept in the Temple, either in or near the altar: if near, supported by an oak stand.

Above the altar or behind it should be an image or sculpture of Baphomet according to Satanic Tradition. Baphomet is regarded by Satanists as a 'violent goddess' and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked from the waist up. In her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. In her other hand she holds a burning torch. The severed head, which drips blood onto her lower white garment, is held so that it partially obscures her smiling face. Baphomet is regarded as the archetype of the Mistress of Earth, and the Bride of Lucifer.

No other furnishings are present in the Temple. The Temple implements are few in number and should be either made or commissioned by the Master or Mistress. If this is not possible, they should be chosen by them with care. The implements required are several large silver chalices, a Censor (or incense holders), a quartz tetrahedron, a large silver bowl, and the Sacrificial Knife which should have a wooden handle. These implements may be kept on the altar if it is large enough, or wrapped in black cloth and kept in an oak chest.

No one is allowed into the Temple unless they are dressed in ceremonial robes and barefoot. The robes are generally black with a hood, although some rituals require the use of other colours. If possible, an ante-chamber should be used by members to change into the ceremonial robes.

If an outdoor location is used, the area should be marked out by a circle of seven stones, by the Master or Mistress. An outdoor altar is usually the body of one of the participants - naked or robed depending on the ritual and the prevailing conditions. The one

chosen for this honour lies on an altar cloth, black in colour and woven with an inverted pentagram, the size of this cloth being not less than seven feet by three.

Candles should be placed in lanterns which open on one side only, this side being of glass which is often coloured red. The participants should know the area well, since they should not use any artificial light of any kind including candles, to guide them to the chosen site. Neither must any fires be lit during any ritual. For this reason the night of the full moon is often chosen

Both indoor Temples and outdoor areas chosen for rituals should be consecrated according to the rite of Temple consecration. When any ritual of Satanic magick is undertaken, no attempt should be made in any way to banish the magickal forces - what forces or energies remain following a ritual are to remain, since they dedicate the area or Temple still further to the powers of Darkness.

Preparation for Rituals:

The Master or Mistress should choose one member to act as 'Altar Brother or Sister'. It is the duty of this member to ensure that the Temple is prepared - for example, lighting the candles, filling the chalices with wine, incensing prior to the ritual.

It is the duty of the Master and Mistress to prepare the members for the ritual. This usually involves them assembling in robes in the Temple or in an ante-chamber designated as a preparation area at least half of one hour before the beginning of the ritual. During this period they are to keep their silence while standing, concentrating on the image of Baphomet or some sigil (such as an inverted pentagram) as decreed by the Master or Mistress.

One or several members should be chosen to act as Cantor and instructed in the proper chanting of the chants. Other members may be chosen as musicians - the preferred instruments being tabor (or hand-drum) or flute.

III Ceremonial Rituals

Ceremonial rituals, as given here, are conducted for basically two reasons: to generate magickal energy (and thus direct that energy to achieve a magickal goal or desire) and for the benefit of the participating congregation. The benefits the congregation derive from a successfully conducted ritual of Black Magick are many and varied: there are the carnal ones, the material ones and the spiritual ones.

To be successful, a ceremonial ritual must be both dramatic and

emotional. That is, the right atmosphere has to be created and maintained. The object is to involve the emotions of the congregation, and all the many ritualized elements (e.g. the robes and the candles) are a means to aid this. However, the single most important element is the power of the voice, whether spoken, chanted, vibrated or sung. (See the chapter on 'Magickal Vibration' for one aspect of this.)

When you are conducting a ceremonial ritual you must use the set texts and chants (such as the Satanic Our Father, the Diabolus) as a means of gradually working yourself into an emotional but still controlled frenzy. It is no use just saying the correct words - they must be spoken or chanted with a Satanic desire - and the emotion once brought must be sustained until the ritual is over. This does not mean simply acting: it means actually becoming the role you assume, that of a powerful sorcerer or sorceress. And this feeling must be communicated to the audience: by voice, gestures eyes and so on. Ceremonial Magick is and always has been an Art, and to master this Art takes practice.

However, you (and the person working as Mistress/Master or Priestess/Priest) must always remain in control of your emotions stopping just short of possession. This also means that each and every ritual must be undertaken without fear or doubt (not even unconscious fear or doubt) - that is, in the true spirit of Satanic pride and mastery: with an exultation in the forces conjured forth.

In most ceremonial rituals it is one of the tasks of the congregation to abandon themselves to their lusts and frenzy, but you as ceremonial Master/Mistress cannot do this since you must control and direct all the energies which are brought forth via the ritual and the frenzy produced. It is up to you to initiate the emotion in the Temple, to cultivate its development in the congregation, to get them to reach a ritual frenzy and climax. And then the energy must be controlled - towards a specific magickal aim or dispersed by you into the Temple/surrounding area and left to dissipate/spread according to its nature and to the glory of the Prince of Darkness.

To direct the energy, you must before the ritual choose a specific desire or aim (either your own or as a favour to one of the members). This aim (for example, it might be to harm a specific individual) must be enshrined in both a simple phrase and a simple visualization according to the principles of hermetic magick. The visualization should be of the successful outcome desired - however, if this proves difficult, concentrate solely on the phrase. This phrase, which should be succinct, should then and by you prior to the ritual, be written on a piece of parchment - you could use a 'secret script' of your own devising or one of the

magickal ones in general use. You then burn this parchment at the climax of the ritual: at a point you feel is right. To do this, fill the silver bowl with spirit, place the parchment in this at the beginning of the ritual, and light it using one of the candles during the ritual. While it burns shout/chant/vibrate your chosen phrase, visualizing your desire according to the visualization chosen (if you wish to and can include the visualization part). Then exult in the triumph of your desire. Follow this with continuing the ritual to its ceremonial end.

To disperse the energy, just imagine it (as, for example, filaments) surrounding the Temple and gradually creeping outwards. You may also (for example in an Initiation ritual) direct the energy into an individual who is present (in that ritual, by using a sigil and a chant.).

IV The Black Mass

Introduction:

The Black Mass is a ceremonial ritual with a threefold purpose. First, it is a positive inversion of the mass of the Nazarene church, and in this sense is a rite Black Magick (see the 'Guide to Black Magick'). Second it is a means of personal liberation from the chains of Nazarene dogma and thus a blasphemy: a ritual to liberate unconscious feelings. Third, it is a magickal rite in itself, that is, correct performance generates magickal energy which the celebrant can direct.

The Black Mass has been greatly misunderstood. It is not simply an inversion of Nazarene symbolism and words - when a Nazarene mass is celebrated (as occurs every day, many times, throughout the world) certain energies or vibrations compatible with the Nazarene ethos may or may not be generated, depending on the circumstances and the individuals attending. That is, under certain circumstances, the Nazarene mass can be a ritual of 'white magic': the energies that are sometimes produced being produced because a number of individuals of like mind are gathered together in ritualized setting; there is nothing in the production of energies which is attributable to external agencies (e.g. 'god').

What a genuine Black Mass does is 'tune into' those energies and then alter them in a sinister way. This occurs during the 'consecration' part of the Black Mass. The Black Mass also generates its own forms of (sinister) energy.

To see the Black Mass as simply a mockery is to misunderstand its magick. Also, the Black Mass does not require those who conduct it or participate in it to believe or accept Nazarene

theology: it is simply means that the participants accept that others, who attend Nazarene masses, do believe in at least to some degree in Nazarene theology - the Black Mass uses the energy produced by those beliefs against those who believe in them, by distorting that energy, and sometimes redirecting it. This is genuine Black Magick.

^^^ ^^

Participants:

Altar Priest - lies naked upon altar

Priestess - in white robes

Mistress of Earth - in scarlet robes

Master - in purple robes

Congregation - in black robes

Setting:

Usually an indoor Temple. If outdoors, clearings in forests or woods are suitable. Caves are ideal. The reason for such Outdoor settings being to provide an impression of 'enclosure'.

Versions:

The Black Mass exists in several versions. The one given below is the version most often used today. The other main version uses almost the same text, but is undertaken by a Priest using a naked Priestess on the altar.

Preparation of the Temple:

Hazel incense is to be burnt (if obtainable, the hazel is mingled with civit). Several chalices full of strong wine. Black candles. Several patens (of silver if possible) containing the consecrated cakes - these are baked the night before by the Priestess and blessed (i.e. dedicated to the Prince of Darkness - see chapter of Chants) by the Mistress of Earth. The cakes consist of honey, spring water, sea salt, wheat flour, eggs and animal fat. One paten is set aside for the ritual hosts. These should be obtained from a Nazarene place of worship - but if this is not possible, they are made by the Priestess in imitation of them (unleavened white hosts).

The Mass

The Priestess signifies the beginning of the Mass by clapping her hands together twice.

The Mistress of Earth turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with her left hand, saying:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Priestess responds by saying:

To Satan, the giver of life.

All:

Our Father which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name In heaven
as it is on Earth.

Give us this day our ecstasy

And deliver us to evil as well as temptation

For we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.

Master:

May Satan the all-powerful Prince of Darkness

And Lord of Earth

Grant us our desires.

All:

Prince of Darkness, hear us!

I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth,

And in one Law, Chaos, which triumphs over all.

And I believe in one Temple

Our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which dwells in us all:

The Word of ecstasy.

And I believe in the Law of the Aeon,

Which is sacrifice, and in the letting of blood

For which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince

The fire-giver and look forward to his reign

And the pleasures that are to come!

The Mistress kisses the Master, then turns to the congregation,
saying:

May Satan be with you.

Master:

Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus!

Mistress:

By the word of the Prince of Darkness, I give praise to you

(She kisses the lips of the altar-Priest)

My Prince, bringer of light, darkness and fire, I greet you

Who causes us to struggle and seek the forbidden thoughts.

(The Master repeats the 'Veni' chant)

Mistress:

Blessed are the strong for they shall inherit the Earth.

(She kisses the chest of the altar-Priest)

Blessed are the proud for they shall breed gods!

(She kisses the penis of the altar-Priest)

Let the humble and the meek die in their misery!

(She kisses the Master who passes the kiss on to the Priestess who kisses each member of the congregation. After this, she hands the paten containing the 'hosts' to the Mistress. The Mistress holds the paten over the altar-Priest, saying:)

Praised are you, my Prince and lover, by the strong:
Through our evil we have this dirt; by our boldness and Strength, it will become for us a joy in this life.

All:

Hail Satan, Prince of life!

(The Mistress places the paten on the body of the altar-Priest, saying quietly:)

Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam Recolentes vindex.

(The Priestess, quietly saying 'Sanctissimi Corporis Satanas', begins to masturbate the altar-Priest. As she does, the congregation begin to clap their hands and shout in encouragement while the Master and the Mistress chant the 'Veni' chant. The Priestess allows the semen to fall upon the 'hosts', then hands the paten to the Mistress who holds it up before the congregation saying to them:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you.

All:

As they are with you!

(The Mistress returns the paten to the body of the altar-Priest, takes up one of the chalices, saying:)

Praised are you, my Prince, by the defiant: through our Arrogance and pride We have this drink: let it become for us an elixir of life.

(She sprinkles some of the wine over the altar-Priest and towards the congregation, then returns the chalice to the altar, saying to the congregation:)

With pride in my heart I give praise to those who drove
The nails

And he who thrust the spear into the body of Yeshua,
The imposter.

May his followers rot in their rejection and filth!

(The Master addresses the congregation saying:)

Do you renounce Yeshua, the great deceiver, and all his works

All:

We do renounce the Nazarene Yeshua, the great deceiver
And all his works.

Master:

Do you affirm Satan?

All:

We do affirm Satan!

(The Master begins to vibrate 'Agios o Satananas' while the Mistress picks up the paten with the 'hosts' and turns to the congregation, saying:)

I who am the joys and pleasures of life which strong men
Have forever sought, am come to give you my body and my blood.

(She gives the paten to the Priestess, then removes the robe of the Priestess, saying:)

Remember, all you gathered here, nothing is beautiful except Man:
But most beautiful of all is Woman.

(The Priestess gives the paten back to the Mistress, then takes the chalices and consecrated cakes to the congregation who eat and drink. When all have finished, the Mistress holds up the paten, saying:)

Behold, the dirt of the earth which the humble will eat!

(The congregation laughs while the Mistress flings the 'hosts' at them which they trample underfoot while the Master continues with the 'Agios o Satananas' vibration. The Mistress claps her hands three times to signal to the congregation. She then says:

Dance, I command you!

(The congregation then begin a dance, counter sunwise, chanting 'Satan! Satan!' while they dance. The Priestess catches them one by one, kisses the person caught and then removes their robe after which they return to the dance. The Mistress stands in the centre of the dancers, and uplifting her arms, says:)

Let the church of the imposter Yeshua crumble into dust
Let all the scum who worship the rotting fish suffer and die in their misery and rejection!

We trample on them and spit of their sin!

Let there be ecstasy and darkness; let there be chaos and laughter,

Let there be sacrifice and strife: but above all let us enjoy
The gifts of life!

(She signals to the Priestess who stops the dancer of her choice. The congregation then pair off, and the orgy of lust begins. The Mistress helps the altar-Priest down from the altar, and he joins in the festivities if he wishes.)

Should the Master and Mistress wish, the energies of the ritual are then directed by them towards a specific intention.

NOTES: During the 'consecration' of the 'hosts', the Master may opt to say the following quietly (leaving the Veni chant to the Mistress):

Muem suproc mine tse cob

He then takes up the chalice, saying:

Murotaccep menoissimer ni rutednuffe sitlum orp iuq iedif
muiretsym itnematsset inreteia ivon iem siniugnas xilac mine tse cih.

It is this chalice which the Mistress then takes to sprinkle the altar-Priest. The above words are usually printed on a small card which is placed on the altar before the Mass begins: the Master using the card when the above is spoken.

As with all ceremonial rituals, it is helpful if all participants know from memory the content and spoken text. It is important that this is done and that the ritual, when undertaken, follows the text on every occasion. The ritual then is more effective as a ritual, enabling the participants to be both more relaxed and more able to enter into the spirit of the rite.

V

The Ceremony of Birth

Setting:

Indoor Temple, or outdoor area previously used for rituals.

Participants:

Master - black robes tied with crimson girdle

Mistress - black robes tied with crimson sash

Priestess - white robes tied with black sash

Priest - white robes tied with black girdle

Congregation (if present): black robes

Preparation:

Black candles on altar together with quartz crystal or tetrahedron.

Phial of musk oil (if male child) or civit oil (if female child). Incense of Yew to be burnt (male child) or Black Poplar (female child).

Before the ceremony the parents of the child appoint two Temple Members as guardians of the newborn. They also provide a small

pendant made of silver inscribed with an inverted septagon (or sigil of the Temple) which, for the ceremony, they hang around the neck of the newborn on a leather thong. When the child is old enough, this can be worn by them all the time. A feast, to follow the ceremony, is prepared. The newborn is brought to the ceremony loosely wrapped in black cloth.

The Ceremony:

The Master signifies the beginning of the rite by ringing the Temple bell seven times. The parents then hand the newborn to the Priestess if the child is male, and to the Priest if female. The Master then says:

We gather here to welcome the newborn destined to share our gifts.

Mistress: Agios o Satanas!

Congregation: Agios o Satanas!

(The Mistress turns toward the altar, holds her hands outstretched and says quietly but in an audible voice:)

Veni, omnipotens aeternae Diabolus!

(She then turns back to the participants, saying:)

Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation: Agios o Baphomet!

(Note: if no congregation are present the responses are said by the Priestess et al.)

(The Master touches the head of the newborn saying:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you, as they are with us.
Pone, diabolus, custodiam. With this mark I seal wyrd.

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints the forehead of the newborn with it in the shape of an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple saying as he does this:)

Ad Satanas qui leatificat juventutem meam.

(He then turns to the parents, saying:)

How is he/she to be known?

(The parents answer, giving the Temple name they have chosen for the newborn:)

We have named him/her

(The Master then says:)

So shall it be. I name you amongst us.

(He then touches the forehead of the newborn, visualizing an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. As he does this the Mistress says:)

Pone, diabolus, custodiam!

(The Master then turns toward the congregation saying:)

Come forth, guardians of this child.

(The child-guardians step forward. The Master says to them:)

Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach when the teaching-time is right, our ways so that (He states the Temple name of the newborn) may learn our ways?

(The guardians answer: ' We do. 'The Master then turns to the congregation, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Know them!

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints each of their foreheads with the sign of the inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. He then turns toward the congregation saying:)

So it is done according to our ways. Let the feasting begin!

(The participants leave the Temple to partake of the feast -this is provided by members of the Temple, to honour the parents of the newborn, who may also provide gifts for the newborn and the parents.)*

VI The Death Rite

Participants:

Priest - in black robes

Priestess - naked, upon altar

Mistress - crimson robes, sexually alluring

Congregation - black robes tied with crimson cord

Temple Preparation:

Black candles on altar. Small silver Temple bell. Incense of Mars to be used (musk). A small wooden coffin (suitable in size for the wax effigy which will be made), draped in black, is placed near the altar and a handful of graveyard earth is placed on it.

Before the ritual proper begins, the Mistress makes a wax figurine in a corner of the Temple with only the Priestess present. (The easiest way to make the effigy is to place several white candles in a receptacle containing water which has just been boiled. After a while, the wax will form a thin film on the surface.

This wax can then be used to fashion, by hand, the figurine which should be made as life-like as possible.) The Priestess lies naked upon the altar. The Mistress places this figurine on the womb of the Priestess, then moves it symbolically downwards to rest between her thighs. She anoints it with a musk-based oil, saying: 'I who made you and delivered you in birth now name you N.N.' (She states the full name of the victim.) The Mistress and the Priestess then visualize the figurine as the intended victim - and they may if they wish then dress it as the victim dresses. The image is then placed on the womb of the Priestess, the Mistress ringing the bell thirteen times to signify the beginning of the ritual at which the Priest leads the congregation into the Temple.

The Ritual

Priest:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

All:

To Satan, the giver of life.

(The Priest then kisses the Priestess on the lips, turns toward the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram, saying:)

Our Father which wert in heaven ...

(The congregation join him in the Satanic Our Father - see Black Mass for text. The Priest then leads the congregation in saying the Satanic Creed: 'I believe ...' - see text in Black Mass. After the Creed the Priest says:)

Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness, and help us fulfil our desires.

(He turns and fondles the Priestess, saying:)

With ecstasy we give praise to our Prince.

(The congregation chant the Sanctus Satanus - see Chants -as the Priest says quietly over the waxen image:)

Sie anod namretae meiuqer.

(He then says loudly, facing the congregation:)

Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The Mistress then says:)

Agios o Satanus!

(To which the congregation respond:)

Agios o Satanus!

Mistress:
Satanas - venire!

All:
Satanas - venire!

Mistress:
Dominus diabolus sabaoth. Tui sunt caeli

All:
Tua est terra!

Mistress:
Ave Satanas!

All:
Ave Satanas!

(The Mistress kisses the Priest. The Priest makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the congregation, saying:)

We, the spawn of Chaos, curse N.N.

All:
We curse N.N.

Priest:
N.N. will writhe and die

All:
N.N. will writhe and die!

Priest:
By our will, destroyed

All:
By our will, destroyed!

Priest:
Kill and laugh!

All:
Kill and laugh!

Priest:
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince

All:
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince!

Priest:
N.N. is dying!

All:
N.N. is dying!

Priest:

N.N. is dead!

All:

N.N. is dead

Priest:

We have killed and now glory in the killing!

All:

We have killed and now glory in the killing!

(The Priest laughs, then the congregation laugh, jumping and dancing with glee. They continue until the Mistress rings the bell twice, The Priest points to her. She says:)

The Earth rejects N.N.

All:

You reject N.N.

(The Mistress picks up the image, holds it for the congregation to see and then places it on the graveyard earth, folding the black cloth over it. She places the cloth with the earth and image within it, inside the coffin. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

N.N. is dead.

(The congregation begin to dance, counter sunwise, chanting the Diabolus (see chants). After the chant, they gather round the coffin and the Mistress. The Priest says to them:)

Fratres, ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas.

(The Priest has sexual intercourse on the altar with the Priestess while the congregation clap their hands in approval, chanting 'Ave Satanas!' repeatedly as they do so. After the climax, the Priest withdraws, the Mistress kisses the Priestess on the lips and then 'locis muliebribus'. She then kisses each member of the congregation. The Priest, after this, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the coffin, saying loudly:)

N.N. is dead and we all have shared in this death. N.N. is dead and we rejoice !

Mistress:

Dignum et justum est.

(The Priest and the congregation laugh. The Mistress then goes toward the Priest, takes his penis in her mouth until he is erect again. Then she stands back to admire her work, saying to the congregation:)

I who bring life, also take.

(She then passes her hands over the coffin, visualizing as she does so, the dead body of N.N. lying in a coffin. She takes up the coffin and leaves the Temple. As she leaves, the Priest says:)

Feast now, and rejoice, for we have killed, doing the work of our Prince!

(He begins the orgy of lust in the Temple. The Mistress takes the coffin to a small grave, outside, prepared beforehand. She places the coffin in Earth, covers it with earth saying: 'N.N. you are dead, now, killed by our curse.' She completes the burial and leaves the area.)

VII The Pledging

(Note: this is the traditional Satanic wedding ceremony.)

Setting:

Temple - or outdoor area within circle of nine stones.

Participants:

Master - purple robes

Mistress - viridian robes

Priestess and Priest - black robes

Congregation - black robes

(Those who are making their pledge wear crimson robes)

Preparation:

Altar covered with black cloth on which is woven the sigil of the Tree of Wyrd with the connecting paths. Purple candles to be used. Chalices of mead. Silver bowl on altar containing inflammable liquid. Small square of parchment. Sharp knife. Two silver rings, provided by those making their pledge. Ash incense to be burnt.

The Ceremony

The congregation, et al, assemble in the Temple: the Master and Mistress standing before the altar with the Priest and Priestess beside them. When all is ready, the Master rings the Temple bell nine times as a signal to the Guardian who leads those desirous of pledging into the Temple where they stand before the altar.

The Master and Mistress greet both with a kiss, saying:

We, Master and Mistress of the Temple greet you.

(The Priestess and the Priest together chant 'Agios o Satanas Agios o Satanas!' This chant is repeated by the congregation. After, the Master says:)

We are gathered here to join in oath through our sinister magick this man and this woman. Together they shall be as inner sanctuaries to our gods!

(The Mistress turns to the congregation, saying:)

Hail to they who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names! Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:
Agios o Baphomet

Mistress:
Agios o Atazoth!

Congregation:
Agios o Atazoth

Mistress:
Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:
Agios o Satanas!

(The Master turns to the betrothed, saying:)

Do you, known in this world as (he states the name of the spaeman) accept as spaewife this lady (he states the Initiated name of the lady) known in this world as (he states the name of the lady) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaeman:
I do.

(The Master says to the lady:)

Do you known in this world as (he states the name of the lady) accept as spaeman this jarl (he states the name of the jarl) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaewife:
I do.

Master:
Then give as a sign of your pledge, these rings.

(The Mistress takes the silver rings from the altar and the jarl and his lady place them on the fingers of each other's left hand. The Mistress turns to the congregation saying:)

Thus in oath and magick they are joined.

(The Master raises his arms, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this jarl and his lady against the desire of that jarl and that lady, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our Lord the Prince of Darkness! Hear me, you dark gods gathering to witness this rite!

(The Mistress takes up the knife and the square of parchment as the jarl and his lady hold out their left hands. She swiftly cuts their thumbs, presses drops of each blood onto the parchment and then presses the two thumbs together. She then presses the thumb of the jarl to the forehead of the lady and then the thumb of the lady against the forehead of the jarl, marking both in blood. The parchment is cast into the silver bowl and the Priestess lights the liquid in this.

The following statement is then read out first by the lady and then the jarl. This statement is usually written/printed on a card which is kept on the altar and handed to the lady by the Priest after the Priestess ignites the liquid in the bowl:)

Esse filo captum palchritudinis suae, et nil amplius desiderare, quam ejus amplexu frui: et omen concubitus - ex commixtione hominis cum Diabolo et Baphomet aliquoties nascuntur hominis, et tali modo nasciturum esse Anti-Nazarenus.

(After this is read by the jarl, the Priest takes the card and replaces it on the altar while the Mistress comes forward to kiss first the lady then the jarl. The Master does likewise, after which he says:)

I declare them pledged!

(The congregation et al then exchange greetings with the spaeman and his wife. The Priest and Priestess hand out the chalices which are emptied. A feast usually follows the ceremony.)

NOTE: Either party can end the joining at any time by placing their RING on the altar and informing the Master or Mistress who announce the parting at the next Temple gathering.

VIII The Rite of Initiation

Introduction:

The candidate is usually sponsored by an existing Initiate, and this member accompanies the candidate during the test of fidelity which the Master or Mistress of the Temple specifies. The candidate also undergoes a test of knowledge (relating to what he or she has learned of Temple teachings during the six-month probationary period) and a test of courage.

The text given below is for a male candidate: for a female candidate, the text should be altered in the appropriate places.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in scarlet robes

Mistress of Earth - sexually alluring scarlet robes

Priestess - naked, upon altar (if male candidate)

Priest - naked, upon altar (if female candidate)

Guardian of the Temple - dressed in black and wearing a face mask

Congregation - Black robes

Preparation:

The candidate provides a new black robe, designed according to the precepts of the Temple. This is given to the Master before the ritual and placed on the altar. The candidate attends the ritual in a coarse brown garment which can be easily removed.

The ritual takes place at sunset. A small phial containing a civit-based oil is placed on the altar. Black candles are to be used, incense of the Moon burnt (petriochor, if available, otherwise hazel). Some symbolism appropriate to the Moon should also be present - e.g. quartz crystals. Chalices full of strong wine.

The congregation assemble in the Temple with the Master and Mistress. The Guardian stands near the Temple entrance. The candidate is blindfolded and is led into the Temple by the sponsor.

The Rite

(The Master greets the candidate, saying:)

You the nameless have come here to receive that initiation given to all who desire the greatness of our sinister gods!

(The Master kisses the Mistress who kisses the altar-Priest [or Priestess]. The Master then says:)

You the nameless have come to give yourself to us and your quest:

To seal with a sinister oath the beliefs and practices

You have accepted since first you were allowed into this Temple to Satan.

(The Master turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over them with his left hand, and says:)

I greet you all in the name of our Prince. Let his legions
Gather to witness this, our Satanic rite! Veni omnipotens aeterne
diabolus!

(The congregation repeat the `Veni' chant after which the Mistress
turns to them and says:)

Dance, I command you! And with the beating of your feet
Raise the legions of our Lord and the Dark Gods who watch
Over our games!

(The congregation now dance, anti-sunwise, chanting the Diabolus
as they dance. While they dance the Master takes a chalice and
raises it, saying:)

You the nameless have come to break the chains that bind!

(The Mistress removes the garment of the candidate leaving naked.
The Master approaches him, puts the chalice to his lips, saying:
'Drink!' The candidate drinks the wine. The congregation continue
their dance and chant until the Mistress raises her arms as a signal
for them to stop. She says to them:)

Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!

(The congregation gather round the candidate and run their hands
over all his body. While they do this, laughing, the Master chants
the 'Veni' chant several times. The Mistress claps her hands twice
and the congregation move away. She kisses the candidate
[whether male or female] and says:)

We the noble rejoice that you have come to seed us with your
blood and gifts.

We, kin of Chaos, welcome you, now nameless.

You, the riddle and I the answer that begins your quest.

We, the cursed, welcome you who have dared to defy.

In the beginning was sacrifice but now words to bind you through
all time to us.

In your beginnings - we were.

In your quest - we are.

Before you - we were.

After you - we shall be, again.

Before us - They who are never named.

After us - They will be, waiting.

And you through this Rite shall be of us and thus of them who are
never named.

For we the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess
the rock we call this Earth.

(The Master stands before the candidate, saying:)

Do you accept the law as decreed by us?

(The candidate [R] responds:)

I do.

Master:

Do you bind yourself with word, deed and thought, to us the Seed of Satan without fear and dread?

R:

I do

Master:

Do you affirm in the presence of this gathering that I am your Master and that she who stands before you is your Mistress?

R:

I do.

Master:

Then understand that the breaking of your word is the Beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him! Know him!

(The Master points to the candidate and the congregation gather round him, touching him again. After this, the Mistress removes his blindfold. The Master says to the candidate:)

Do you renounce the Nazarene Yeshua the deceiver, and all his works?

R:

I do renounce Yeshua the deceiver and all his works.

Master:

Do you affirm Satan?

R:

I do affirm Satan.

Master:

Satan, whose word is Chaos?

R:

Satan, whose word is Chaos.

Master:

Then break this symbol which we detest.

(The Mistress hands the candidate a suitably defiled wooden cross which the candidate breaks and thrown it to the ground.)

Master:

Now receive as a symbol of your desire and as a Sign

Of your oath this sigil of Satan.
From this day forth
This sigil by the Power which I The Master wield
Shall always be a part of
You - a sign to those who see and the Mark of our Prince.

(The Mistress hands the phial of oil to the Master who traces the sign of the inverted pentagram on the forehead of the candidate, vibrating as he does so the name the candidate has chosen. The Mistress then stands behind the candidate and traces with her left forefinger, the sigil of the Temple on the back of the candidate, chanting 'AgiOS o Satanas' as she does so. If there be no Temple sigil, she traces the inverted pentagram. She stands before the candidate. If the candidate is male, she kisses him on the forehead, then the lips, the chest and penis. If the candidate is female, she kisses her on the forehead, each breast, then pubis. After this, she claps her hands once as a signal for the Guardian to come forward. As he does, she says to the candidate:)

Now you must be taught the wisdom of our way!

(The Guardian seizes the candidate and holds his/her arms, forcing them to kneel before the Mistress who laughs and says:)

See, all you gathered in my Temple: here is he who thought
He knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for
His cunning! See how our strength overcomes him!

(The congregation laugh while the Master blindfolds the candidate again. The Guardian then binds the hands of the candidate with cord. The Mistress then whispers to the candidate, saying: 'Lay down, keep your silence and be still!' The congregation and the Guardian leave the Temple.

The Master then has sexual intercourse with the Priestess on the altar [or if the candidate is female, the Mistress has intercourse with the Priest]. In both versions, this task may be delegated to a member of the congregation, chosen before the ritual by either the Master or Mistress. The male or female member so chosen stays in the Temple when the congregation depart.

After-the act, the Priestess [or Priest] is assisted down from the altar, and the Master and Mistress [and the one chosen to perform in their stead, if present] leave the Temple. The Priestess [or Priest] then approaches the candidate, saying:)

Receive from me and through me the gift of your Initiation
So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be again.

(They then unbind and remove the blindfold from the candidate and sexual intercourse takes place. After, the Priestess [or Priest] fetches the robe from the altar and dresses the candidate in it. She

[or he] then briefly leaves the Temple to announce to the congregation et al "So-it is done according to our desires!" The congregation et al then return to the Temple, each greeting the new Initiate with a kiss. The chalices are handed round, and the members take their pleasure as they wish.)

NOTES: For the ritual of Initiation, the Priestess is chosen for the pleasure she obtains from coitus, the Guardian for his physical strength; if the candidate is female, the altar-priest chosen for his control during coitus - he should bring the Mistress to ecstasy, without himself losing control, thus saving elixir for the candidate. It is the duty of the Mistress to find among the Temple members someone to fulfil this role, although she may delegate this task to a female member of the Temple, the person being chosen by the obvious experimentation. Those thus chosen are then invested with their office of altar-Priest or Priestess and hold this office for a year and a day.

If possible, candidates should know no details of the Rite of Initiation - i.e. they should not be told what to expect. For this reason, members of the Temple should take a vow of silence regarding the Rite, promising not to reveal its details to non-members and candidates, Thus, the 'Black Book' should for this and other reasons never be shown to non-Initiates.

IX Consecration of the Temple

Preparations:

Incense of Mars to be burnt for several hours before the ritual is due to begin. The Temple itself is furnished as for a Black Mass. One chalice contains The Elixir.

(To make The Elixir: the night before the ritual, the Master has sexual intercourse in the Temple [the Temple having been already furnished, with altar etc.] at the moment of his ecstasy depositing his seed in an empty chalice. To this, the Priestess adds seven drops of her own blood [taken from her left forefinger following intercourse], three pinches of soil [finely ground and dried] taken from a grave in a graveyard on the night of the full moon, ground and dried shavings from an oak tree collected on a night when Saturn is rising, and strong wine to fill the chalice. The chalice is left on the altar until the ritual begins.)

The Master enters the Temple before the congregation, and seals the dimensions according to the Rite of Sealing:

For this, a crystal tetrahedron is required. It should be as large as possible and made of quartz. The person conducting the rite,

places both their hands on the crystal (which may be on an altar) and visualizes a rent appearing in a star studded sky. This rent gradually spreads its darkness down toward the crystal, enclosing it and the surroundings. The person then vibrates:

Binan Ath Ga Wath Am.

This vibration is repeated seven times. The person then says:

From dark dimensions I call them forth!

The person then visualizes a darkness entering the crystal. After, the person bows to the crystal. The Rite is then complete, the person removing their hands and moving away from the crystal.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in black robes

Priestess - in black robes

Congregation - in black robes

(Note: if the group in question is run by a Mistress, then she assumes the role allocated to the Master, and a Priest is present instead of a Priestess. For producing the Elixir, the procedure above is followed although the blood is that of the Mistress and the seed that of the Priest.)

The Dedication

The Master goes to the entrance of the Temple, and ushers the congregation in. They enter chanting the Sanctus Satanas (see Chants) walking counter sunwise three times around the altar. They continue chanting until the Master claps his hands twice. He stands behind the altar, facing the congregation, the Priestess beside him. He says to the congregation:

We gather here to dedicate this Temple to our sinister work.

We Summon forth Satan, Prince of Darkness and Guardian of our Gate,

To witness this rite of Dedication.

For we shall find and drink the Elixir which is black to the blind.

Mindful then of our past which has made this Work possible, let us re-affirm our Creed.

(All present recite the 21 Satanic Points. After, the Master spreads his hands over the chalice containing The Elixir and vibrates 'Agios o Satanas'. He then kisses the Priestess who goes to kiss each member of the congregation. Then he holds up the chalice, saying:)

As it has been, so it is and so shall it be again by the Power of our Prince, Satan, and the powers of They who are Never named. From dark dimensions they will come while others sleep.

(He places the chalice back upon the altar, spreads his hands over the crystal tetrahedron and vibrates 'Nythra' three times. After this, he takes up the chalice, sprinkles some of its contents toward the congregation and Priestess and then over the altar. He then sprinkles more around the entrance to the Temple before walking counter sunwise around the Temple sprinkling the walls and floor. He then pours the remainder of the contents around the base of the altar. He replaces the empty chalice on the altar, turns to the congregation, saying:)

As it has been, so it is and so shall it be again!
Let the Rite of The Black Mass begin!

(He assists the one chosen beforehand as altar-Priest to remove his robe and take his place upon the altar. The Mass then begins. The Mass follows the text in the Black Book except that the Priestess assumes both the role of the Mistress and her own role as Priestess, and the Master concludes the Mass with the following words [after the 'Mistress' has said '... let us enjoy the gifts of life.'])

By my Power - the Power of Satan, Prince of Darkness - I Declare this Temple charged!

(The usual orgy/feast that follows the Black Mass begins.)

X **The Dying time**

Setting:

Outdoors, in an isolated location. A funeral pyre is prepared by the Guardian. An ellipse of nine stones should be made enclosing the pyre. Wooden goblets, sufficient in number for each participant, should be filled with mead and kept ready on a wooden table (oak if possible) away from the pyre.

Participants:

Master
Mistress
Priest
Priestess
Congregation

Guardian
(all are in black robes)

Additional Guardians may be appointed to guard access to the site, ensuring privacy.

The Rite

(The body of the deceased member is brought in a light wooden casket, carried by members of the Temple toward the stones and the pyre. It is covered with a crimson drape. After the casket has been placed on the pyre, all present gather round, outside the ellipse of stones.

The Master begins the Rite by saying:)

Agios o Satanas! We gather here to pay homage to our brother/sister who by his/her life and magick did deeds of glory to the honour of our name! Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:

Agios o Satanas!

Master:

Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:

Agios o Baphomet!

Mistress:

So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Master:

So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Congregation:

So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

(The Priest and Priestess hand out the goblets. When this is done, the Master raises his head toward the pyre, saying:)

Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam.

(The Mistress then lights the pyre. As it burns, the Master drinks from his goblet, throwing the empty vessel into the flames. The congregation et al then raise their own goblets, say the 'Ad Satanas' chant, drink and likewise cast the empty goblets into the flames. The Mistress is the last to drink. After she has thrown her own goblet, she says:)

May our memories linger to haunt the spaces and the dark! So it has been, so it is and so shall it be again!

(The gathering then depart from the site. It is the duty of the Guardian [and his helpers, if any) to attend to and watch over the pyre, ensuring the casket and contents are reduced by flames. What remains is left, to be scattered as it will.)

XI

The Ceremony of Recalling

Introduction:

The Ceremony exists in three versions. The one given here is the one most often used today - where the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is symbolic. In former times, the Priest, having been chosen according to tradition a year before, was ritually sacrificed by the Mistress and Master. This version is published in OPFER (Fenrir Vol II No 2). This sacrificial Ceremony traditionally occurs once every cycle of seventeen years.

Preparations:

The night before the ritual, the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water (spring), egg, honey and animal fat. The congregation gather outside the Temple, the Master and Mistress wait within. The Guardian leads the Priest toward the congregation and the Priestess blindfolds the Priest. She then leads him to each member of the Temple who kiss him.

The Temple itself is furnished with red candles; Incense of Jupiter to be burning. Quartz tetrahedron on plinth or altar. Phial containing musk oil.

Participants:

Master - in black robes

Mistress of Earth - white robes

Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash

Guardian of the Temple - black robe, with face mask

Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - white robe

Congregation - red robes

The Ceremony

(The Priestess and Guardian lead the Priest into the Temple and are followed by the congregation. The Mistress greets the Priest with a kiss while the Master vibrates [with his hands on the tetrahedron] 'Agios o Atazoth'.

After this, the congregation chant the 'Diabolus' [see Chants] while slowly walking, counter sunwise, around the Priest in a circle. This chant is repeated seven times. The Master and Mistress [or two Temple members chosen and trained as Cantors] then chant in parallel and a fourth apart according to the Principles of Esoteric

Chant, the 'Agios o Baphomet' chant. This chant may be an octave and a fourth apart. However, should for whatever reason, those conducting the ritual be unable to chant in this manner, the Agios o Baphomet may be vibrated seven times according to the principles of esoteric vibration. [The magick is more powerful if the chant is sung in parallel as indicated.] During this, the Guardian lifts the Priest onto the altar and the Priestess removes his robe.

After the chant, the Mistress then anoints the body of the Priest with the oil while the congregation walk, as before, chanting the Diabolus. After the anointing, the Priestess and Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess then arouses the 'secret fire' of the Priest with her lips - without bringing him to ecstasy however. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel before the Priestess. The Master then kneels before the Mistress at which point the congregation cease their chanting and gather round forming a circle. The Priestess copies the Mistress in both words and actions, using the Priest.

The Mistress places her hands on the head of the Master and the Master says:)

It is the protection and juices of your body that I seek

(The Mistress opens her thighs, and the Master drinks. The Guardian forces the Priest to do likewise to the Priestess. Then, the Mistress pushes him away, saying:)

As you have drunk so shall you die!

Master:

I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you
Who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of
Their blood. I lift my eyes to gaze upon the beauty of body
- You who are the daughter of and a Gate to our Dark Gods:
They who are never named. I lift my voice to stand
(He here stands)

Before you my sister and offer you my body so that my
Mage's seed shall feed your virgin flesh.

Mistress:

Kiss me and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that
Severs and stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn which
Grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me
With your seed
And I shall make you as a Gate which opens to our gods!

(The Mistress goes to the Priest and whispers to him:)

Take me, for she is me and I am yours!

(She then removes the blindfold and pushes him into the arms of the Priestess. She then has congress with the Master while the congregation continue with their slow walk and chanting. After the priest has achieved his ecstasy, the Mistress says:)

So you have sown and from your sowing gifts may come if
You obedient heed these words I speak.

(The Guardian gives her the sash from the robe of the Priestess. She claps her hands twice and the congregation, the - Priest and Priestess gather round her, the Master and the Guardian She says:)

I know you my dark children: you are sinister yet none
Of you is as sinister or as deadly as I.
I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts:
Yet not one of you is as hateful or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike you dead!

(She goes to each member, kissing them in turn on the lips and removing their robes. She then points to the Priest and the Guardian comes forward to hold him while she binds his hands with the sash. She then blindfolds him and the Guardian lays him on the floor, covering his prostrate body with the robe of the Mistress. He lies still and motionless while the Mistress says to the congregation:)

No guilt shall bind you here; no thought restrict.
Feast then and enjoy but ever remember that I am the
Wind that snatches your soul!

(The Guardian then leaves the Temple, returning with trays of wine and food prepared before-hand. The congregation feast and drink and take their pleasures according to their desire always leaving a circle around the Priest clear [the circle may be drawn on the floor before the Ceremony and the Priest placed within it by the Guardian at the appropriate point]. The feasting and pleasures continue until the altar candles are burnt to a line inscribed previously by the Master - this being of sufficient duration for plentiful pleasures to be enjoyed. At this point the Mistress claps her hands seven times and the congregation et al [apart from Mistress, Priestess and Master] leave the Temple. The Priestess removes the blindfold of the Priest, unbinds and uncovers him and helps him to his feet. She then leads him out from the Temple. The Master and Mistress then take their own pleasure, directing the energies of their own congress and those present within the Temple toward a specific aim or intention.)

NOTES: 1) During the feasting, the Master and Mistress abstain and instead begin to direct the energy released via the Ceremony into the crystal (using visualization etc). This energy may then be left stored there, or they may elect to release it during the conclusion toward the aim or intention. However, should they wish, they may direct the energy into the Priest. If this is done the Priest should be informed beforehand and told to observe the effects over several days. This latter procedure is intended mainly for new initiates and is an aid to their magickal development.

2) The Ceremony may be performed on a regular basis, the Master choosing the Priest who is notified only just before the start of the ritual. The ceremony may also be performed with a Priestess as 'Opfer', the ritual following the text above except that the roles of the Priest and Priestess are reversed.

3) At the discretion of the Master or Mistress, the Ceremony may be extended - the Priest (or Priestess) being left in the Temple over night, the Ceremony in this instance being begun at sunset and finally concluding at sunrise. For this extension, the energy present is always sent into the Priest (or Priestess). The person chosen for this can be any member of the Temple. In this, the Master, Mistress and Priestess leave the congregation, the member chosen being told to remain lying and unmoving until the Master returns at dawn.

XII

Satanic Orders

For a long time, traditional Satanism was taught on an individual basis from Master (or Mistress) to pupil/Initiate, this Initiate following the path to Adeptship under guidance. When ceremonial rituals were undertaken, it was in secret with only members of long standing attending. The few Initiates that were accepted had to undergo a probationary period of several years before being allowed to participate.

It was one of the duties of the Master and Mistress to guide their pupils along the difficult path toward magickal mastery, and to this end 'internal magick' was employed, this system of internal magick being gradually extended and refined over the centuries. In its initial stages, genuine Satanism is all about the Initiate experiencing the dark or shadow aspect of themselves and in the past the Initiate was instructed to experience in reality many things. Sometimes, the Master or Mistress would lead them into specific situations (some of which would be dangerous) for the Initiate to learn from them. Some of these experiences were

unconventional and frowned on by 'conventional society' -and some would have been 'illegal' as well. Of course, such methods were difficult, but for the Initiates who survived or remained at liberty they provided genuine experience and self insight. However, gradually, (at least in traditional Satanism) a means was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences: whereas in the past most of them would have been practical in the sense of taking the individual to his or her limits, the new techniques became 'internalized'. That is, they tended to be magickally based rather than practical. The essence of the new methods was and still is the 'Grade Rituals'.

The Grade Rituals (the first of which is Initiation) are a series of tasks and undertakings, and the individual who follows the procedure of a Grade Ritual (the main Grade Rituals are given in detail in NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick') will achieve magickal understanding and self insight of a kind appropriate to the Grade Ritual being undertaken. There are seven Grade Rituals, and these take the individual from Initiate to External Adept to Internal Adept and thence to Master/Mistress and beyond. Associated with the Grade Rituals are other tasks, and these form the basis of the training of the Satanic Initiate. By their very nature, they produce a specific type of individual: one, that is, imbued with the Satanist spirit.

The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept involves the individual in living in isolation for at least three months, and if this is undertaken according to the principles of the rite itself, the individual will emerge as a genuine Adept. Naturally, this ritual is not easy.

The next stage involves the individual in entering the Abyss: Of becoming part of the acausal, that is, of allowing acausal/ chaotic energies to enter consciousness without any means of Conscious control, This magickal part of the Grade Ritual is Preceded by a physical part (for men: walking alone and unaided a distance of 80 miles beginning at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day; for women: the distance is 56 miles).

This physical part is essential (and the time limit and conditions must be rigidly observed) since it drains the candidate both physically and mentally, the candidate then having few 'barriers'. This ritual is also not easy to undertake.

Thus it can be seen that the training of Initiates in genuine Satanic Orders is both comprehensive and difficult, for Satanic Orders are not religious institutions committed to indoctrinating their members, just as they are not groups for the discussion and study of magickal and Occult topics. They are places where real sinister magick is undertaken - this real magick is difficult and may

at times be dangerous. Genuine Satanists do not talk - they do; they do not seek to study obscure legends and myths pertaining to the dark side - they become, through sinister magick, the dark side itself; they do not flit from one 'group' to another, from one system to another - they follow the techniques of the seven-fold way, under guidance, to the very end refusing to give in when things become difficult and dangerous. In short, they exemplify the spirit of the Satanist: that life-affirming ecstasy which both conquers and defies.

XIII Sinister Chant

Sinister chant is divided into three distinct methods, all of which have the same general aim - to produce magickal energy. The type and effect of this energy varies according to the method employed.

The first method is the vibration of words and phrases; the second is chanting, and the third is 'Esoteric Chant' - that is, the following of a specific text which is chanted in one of the esoteric modes. Esoteric Chant is explained in detail in NAOS.

Vibration is the simplest method, and involves the individual 'projecting' the sound. A deep breath is taken, and the first part of the word to be vibrated is 'expelled' with the exhalation of breath. This exhalation must be controlled - that is, the intensity of sound should be prolonged (not less than ten seconds for each part of the word) and as constant as possible. The person undertaking the vibration then inhales, and the process is repeated for the second part of the word and so on.

Thus 'Satanas' would be vibrated as Sa - tan - as. The vibration is not a shout or a scream but a concentration of sound energy. Vibration should involve the whole body and should be a physical effort. Regular practice is essential in mastering the technique, and the individual should learn to project at varying distances (from ten to thirty feet or more) as well as enhance the power of the vibration itself. The essence of the method is controlled sound of the same intensity throughout each part of the word and the whole word and/or text.

Chanting is essentially the singing of words or text in a regular 'monotone' - that is, in the same key, although the last part of the chant is usually 'embellished' to a certain extent by first chanting on a higher note and then a lower one. The pace of the chant varies, and can be slow (or 'funerial') or fast (or ecstatic) depending on the ceremony and the mood of the participants.

It is one of the tasks of the Master or Mistress who runs the

Temple to train the congregation and new members in all three methods of chant, and to this end regular sessions of practice should be held. Chant, of whatever type, when correctly performed is one of the keys to the generation of magickal energy during a ceremonial ritual and, like the dramatic performance of a ritual, its importance cannot be overemphasized.

Satanic Chants:

1) Diabolus

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat Saeclum in favilla
Teste Satan cum sibylla.
Quantos tremor est futurus
Quando Vindex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Dies irae, dies illa!

2) Sanctus Satanas

Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus
Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.
Satanas - venire!
Satanas - venire!
Ave, Satanas, ave Satanas.
Tui sunt caeli,
Tua est terra,
Ave Satanas!

3) Oriens Splendor

Oriens splendor lucis aeternae
Et Lucifer justitiae: veni
Et illumine sedentes in tenebris
Et umbra mortis.

4) General chants:

* Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam. (To Satan, giver of youth and happiness.)

* Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus! (Come, almighty eternal devil!)

* Pone, diabolus, custodiam! (Devil, set a guard.)

5) Invokation to Baphomet

We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history;

Devoid of dogma - but ready to carve, to defy the transient:
Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will,
Strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of Man:
Ready and willing to immolate world upon world
With our stunning blaze.

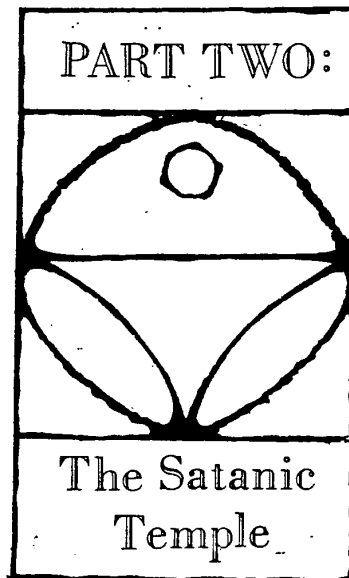
And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters
Among the failing species called Man.

Our being took form in defiance
To stand before your killing gaze.

And now we travel from flame to flame

And tower from the will to the glory!

AGIOS O BAPHOMET! AGIOS O BAPHOMET!



Introduction

A Satanist Temple or group can be formed for three reasons: 1) to practice authentic Satanism; 2) to experience the reality of Sinister Magick; and 3) as a task of the External Adept. This part of the 'Black Book' applies to all three: those who have not as yet been Initiated by an established traditional Satanist Temple but who wish to begin practical Satanism for whatever personal reason, should undertake the ritual of Self-Initiation given in

chapter XI, then put into practice the advice given in chapter XII about organizing and running a practical group.

If you undertake the self-Initiation, you should as soon as possible find an individual of the opposite sex who is interested in Black Magick. You can then Initiate this person, using the ritual of Initiation in Part One as your guide. You should find somewhere suitable to use as a Temple and dedicate this according to the Dedication in Part One.

You should then give your Temple a suitable Sinister name (such as The Temple of Satan) and begin to recruit members, your companion acting as Priestess/Priest and/or Mistress/Master. The gifts and joys of Satan will then be yours to enjoy.

However, should you wish to go further and begin the sevenfold sinister way, you should obtain a copy of 'Naos' and begin to undertake hermetic and internal magick, continuing with your running your Temple until and if you decide to undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The choice is yours.

XIV

Self-Initiation

Two rituals will be given - one for an indoor location, and one for an outdoor one. Choose the one you feel is most suitable for you.

I - Indoor

Set aside an area for the performance of the ritual and in this erect an altar and cover it with a black cloth. (The altar may be a table,). Obtain some black candles, some candle holders, some hazel incense, a quartz crystal or crystals. You will also need two small squares of parchment (or expensive woven paper), a quill type pen, a sharp knife, some sea salt, a handful of graveyard earth (obtained on a night of the new moon) and a chalice which you should fill with wine. All of these items should be placed on the altar.

Should you wish, you may also obtain a black robe of suitable design. If not, you should dress all in black for the ritual.

An hour before sunset, enter your Temple area, face east and chant the Sanctus Satanas twice. Then say, loudly,

To you, Satan, Prince of Darkness and Lord of the Earth,
I dedicate this Temple: let it become, like my body,
A vessel for your power and an expression of your glory!

Then vibrate 'Agius o Satanas' nine times. After this, take up the salt and sprinkle it over the altar and around the room, saying:

With this salt I seal the power of Satan in!

Take the earth and cast it likewise, saying:

With this earth I dedicate my Temple. Satanus - venire! Satanus venire! Agios O Baphomet! I am god imbued with your glory!

Then light the candles on the altar, burn plentiful incense and leave the Temple. Take a bath, and then return to the Temple.

Once in the Temple, do the 'Sinister Blessing' (see Appendix), then facing the altar, lightly prick your left forefinger with the knife. With the blood and using the pen inscribe on one parchment the Occult name you have chosen (see Appendix III for some suggestions regarding names). On the other inscribe an inverted pentagram. Hold both parchments up to the East saying:

With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life!

Then turn counter sunwise three times, saying:

I (state the Occult name you have chosen) am here to begin my sinister quest! Prince of Darkness, hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!

Burn the parchments in the candles. (Note: it is often more practical to fill a vessel with spirit and place the parchments in this and then set the spirit alight. However if you have chosen woven paper, this method will not be necessary.) As they burn, say:

Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!

Take up the chalice, raise it to the East, saying:

With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name!

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles and then depart from the Temple. The Initiation is then complete.

* * *

II - Outdoor

Find a suitable outdoor area. It should be near a stream, lake or river. The ritual should be conducted on the night of the full moon at a time half way between sunset and sunrise.

You will need: ambergris oil, black candles (in lanterns if possible), two squares of parchment or woven paper, sharp knife or silver pen, quill-type pen, black robe or clothes. Chalice full of wine.

Begin the ritual by bathing naked in the stream, lake or river. After, rub the ambergris oil into the body, saying as you do 'Agios o Satanus'. Then change into the robe/clothes and proceed to

where the candles etc have been lain out on the ground. Light the candles. Then facing East, conduct a Satanic Blessing (see Appendix). After, chant the Sanctus Satanas,

Then prick your left forefinger with the knife/pin and inscribe one parchment with your chosen Occult name. Inscribe an inverted pentagram on the other. Hold both parchments up to the East, saying: 'With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life.'

Then turn counter sunwise and three times saying: 'I (state your Occult name) am here to begin my sinister quest. Prince of Darkness, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss.'

Burn the parchments in the candles. (If parchment, use the method given in I above.) As they burn, say: 'Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!' Take up the chalice and say: 'With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name.'

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles, collect all the items you have used and depart from the area. The Initiation is then complete.

XV

Organising and running Satanic Temples

One of the purposes of the Temple is to perform ceremonial Satanic rituals on a regular basis, and the following schedule is suggested:

a) Once a month (at a new moon if possible) celebrate the Black Mass. This celebration should be followed by a feast where food and wine prepared and/or brought to the Temple by the members is consumed, this feast itself following on after the orgy that concludes the Black Mass. Should you, as organiser of the Temple (and thus an honorary 'Master' or 'Mistress'- the organiser of a new Temple is generally known by the title of 'Choregos') wish, the feast only may conclude the Mass - it being left to your discretion as to when the orgy is to be included. That is, it is not always necessary to conclude the Mass with an orgy, although for obvious Satanic reasons, it forms a pleasing end to the Mass.

b) Every fortnight, the members should assemble for a meeting (a sunedrion) where any member may request magickal aid for themselves or others. The aid may be of any kind - constructive, material, or destructive. Those wishing aid should write their requests on paper and seal this in an envelope which they place in a special urn/receptacle kept for this purpose near the entrance to

the Temple. The members should assemble (in robes and barefoot) in the Temple, and the sunedrion is formally begun by you, the Choregos, saying 'Let the sunedrion begin'. If a member has been appointed Guardian (see the list of Offices at the end of the chapter) he should stand by the entrance to the Temple and refuse admittance to any members arriving late. Those present in the Temple then recite the Satanic Creed (see text of Black Mass).

Following this, the Priestess then removes at random two of the requests, which she reads. The members who have been chosen thus, acknowledge their requests by bowing to the Priestess. The request first chosen by the Priestess is performed that evening, the other at the next full moon. This means that you as Choregos should have everything in readiness for all possible hermetic and ceremonial rituals.

The requests may be for anything a member wishes, and it is up to you to decide how the request may be magickally fulfilled by choosing an appropriate ceremonial or hermetic ritual. The monthly Black Mass may be used as a vehicle, for example - you choosing suitable chants/visualizations for the members desire.

The member requesting help must offer something in return this is usually a financial donation to the Temple, a ritual object for use in the Temple, robes for use of members, or their own body for the gratification of the Choregos or someone chosen by the Choregos. It is however, the member requesting magickal aid who decides on the nature of the gift.

Those requests not chosen by the Priestess are considered by the Choregos after the sunedrion, and those considered suitable are undertaken as soon as possible, the members being informed.

If you as Choregos choose a hermetic ritual for a request, then you either work alone or with the member whose request it is - unless the ritual you choose is a hermetic one, when you work with the Priestess/Priest or the member if that member has offered their body as payment for the aid.

After choosing the requests, the members depart from the Temple while you and the altar brother/sister prepare the Temple for the ritual you have chosen to fit the first request. During this preparation, the members should prepare themselves for the ritual if a ceremonial form has been chosen. Should a hermetic form be chosen, this is done in the Temple while the members feast and drink outside of the Temple.

c) At full moon, an outdoor ritual should be conducted in a suitable location. This should be either a group invocation to the Dark Gods (see Chapter XVI) or another ceremonial ritual (for example, the Death Rite might be chosen because of a member's request).

You can elect to hold the sunedrion some days before this, or

combine the sunedrion with this ritual, depending on the number of members, and their commitment. What is important is to establish a pattern of meetings and rituals.

Teaching:

Another purpose of the Temple should be teaching. You should try and arrange regular sessions with interested members -the best time being after the sunedrion and its associated ritual (if any), the best length for the sessions being around three quarters of one hour. During these sessions you can explain about the septenary system, the Star Game, the Satanic Tarot and so on. (All these and other topics of esoteric Satanism are covered in NAOS.) Thus, you might organize the following programme to be held on successive sessions:

- i) Introduction to the septenary system - Tree of Wyrd, spheres, correspondences.
- ii) Further correspondences, including Tarot images associated with spheres.
- iii) Pathways and their 'demon-forms'. Invokation etc.
- iv) Hermetic rituals
- v) Introduction to the Star Game
- vi) The Satanist Tarot - divination etc.
- vii) Esoteric Chant - practice etc.
- viii) Practice of playing the Star Game.

Should you wish to follow the seven-fold sinister way yourself, you may set yourself a suitable physical task, achieve this, then undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. After this, you might begin to teach internal magick to others - getting them to work with the pathways and spheres etc. and setting them goals.

Gaining Members:

There are many ways of gaining members. For instance, you might infiltrate already existing groups (of either Left or Right Hand Paths) and seek out those interested in working sinister magick. You might also try and interest friends or the friends of your companion - using the bait of an 'orgy'. Whatever method you use, try and make your first ritual dramatic and impressive - you may decide to use an established ritual like Black Mass, or you might try the ritual suggested below (First Ritual for a Choregos). The 'First Ritual' is intended mainly to impress those who may be new to magick.

You should try and create before hand the right magickal atmosphere, making your Temple as impressive as possible. Try and be creative - for example, a 'plasma ball' in a candle lit Temple is more impressive than a boring collection of old bones and a skull. Also, do not use symbols and/or Occult designs which you

yourself do not know the meaning of. Keep to the symbolism of traditional Satanism - that is, the septenary, avoiding using the tired, old (and inauthentic) symbolism of the 'qabala'. Do not use any symbolism from old and dead Aeons - for example Egyptian, Sumerian - as the more pure your magick is, the more effective it will be. By pure here is meant following a genuine esoteric tradition like the septenary. In the beginnings it is often helpful if you feel part of a living, exclusive tradition such as the one represented in this 'Black Book' and 'Naos'. This adds power and charisma to both you and your magickal workings.

First Ritual:

It is important, before the ritual, for you to prepare those who will be attending. They should be told that during the ritual they are to remain silent and not move. They should be told no details of the ritual: only that it is a Satanic invocation, and they should not have seen the Temple before. To increase their expectation, you can arrange to meet them some distance from the Temple itself. They are then blindfolded and taken to the Temple, the ritual being begun immediately. (This also applies to new members of an established Temple.)

Both you and your companion (Priestess/Priest) and any others involved should have practiced your roles beforehand - being familiar with the words, gestures and so on.

Aim: The aim of the ritual is to draw down magickal energy by basically hermetic means with a view to impressing the 'novices' who are present.

Setting: Usually an indoor Temple. Black candles providing the only light. Incense well (hazel) for hours before the ritual. Music from a suitably hidden system should be played during the ritual: choose something 'demonic' which starts slowly and gradually builds to a climax.

Participants: Choregos and companion (Priestess and Priest)

The Rite:

The congregation are led into the Temple. The Priestess (or Choregos if female) should wear sexually revealing clothing. The music is started by the Choregos who walks past the congregation staring at them and saying 'Agios o Satanas'.

The Choregos and/or Priest then vibrates the 'Agios o Satanas' three times after which the Priestess kisses each member of the congregation, rubbing her hands over the genitals of the men as she does so. Following this, the Choregos/priest declares the 'Invocation to Baphomet' while the Priestess visualizes sinister magickal energy being drawn down and entering the congregation.

She then begins a slow, sensual dance to the music while the Choregos/Priest chants the Dies Irae followed by the Invocation to

Baphomet. He continues to chant the 'Agios o Satanans' while the music builds to a climax. While chanting this he passes behind the congregation, making passes in the air as he does so. The Priestess during the dance should continue with the visualization.

While still behind the congregation the Choregos/Priest says aloud: 'You are all His, now! We have words to bind your soul to us!'

The Priestess ceases her dance, chants 'Agios o Satanans' and then extinguishes the candles. She then visualizes a sinister/demonic form entering the Temple near the altar (this form may be one of the 'demons' on the septenary paths - e.g. Shugara). During this, the Choregos/Priest should chant the name of the chosen entity (e.g. 'Agios o Shugara' Agios o Shugara!'). Do not expect at this stage a visual manifestation to occur - although this might happen if the energies are pronounced and/or one of the congregation is psychically gifted. The aim is to affect the subconscious of the congregation.

After this, there should be silence for some minutes (the music having ended). The Priestess then says 'It is over' and the Choregos/Priest leads the congregation from the Temple.

Note: One of the best means is for the Choregos/Priest to use a tabor or small hand-drum to accompany the ritual and the dance, instead of recorded music.

Temple Grades:

Temple members can be appointed to the following positions: Guardian of the Temple, Altar Brother (or Sister), Thurifer, Keeper of the Books.

The Thurifer is responsible for keeping the Temple incensed during and before a ritual: this may be by either using a thurifer, or a static incense burner. The altar brother/sister is responsible for ensuring the Temple is ready for a ritual: the candles lit, incense ready and so on. The Keeper of the Books is responsible for ensuring the safety of the Black Book and other Temple books and manuscripts, as well as ensuring the Book and/or altar cards are in place in readiness for a ritual.

In addition the Choregos can appoint any member to be a Priest or Priestess for either a specific ritual or for a year and a day. A Priest, when officiating in Temple rituals wears a medallion inscribed with either an inverted pentagram or inverted septagon; a Priestess wears an amber necklace and may also opt to wear a silver ankle chain.

The sign of a Choregos is, for men, a plain black ring worn on the left hand. Temple members may wear, for men, a ring set with quartz and worn on the left hand, and, for women, a quartz Necklace.

XVI

Invokation to the Dark Gods

To open a Star Gate and return the Dark Gods to our causal universe a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz is required. This should be as large as possible - and made from a natural shape by a skilled operator.

The rite of returning exists in two versions: the first is suitable for two or more individuals and involves basic magick; the second requires detailed preparation and Cantors trained to a high standard in esoteric chant. The second version is more powerful, but regular invocation using the first method has the same effect.

I.

The participants for the first version are Priestess and Priest, together with any number of other Initiates provided male and female are present in equal numbers. The invocation can, however, take place without these Initiates - that is, with only the Priestess and Priest present.

The rite begins on the night of the new moon with Saturn rising if only the Priest and Priestess are present, otherwise it is undertaken on the night of the full moon. The rite should if possible be conducted on an isolated hill-top and the Priest and Priestess should both be naked. The congregation should wear black robes. Candles in lanterns should be placed to mark out a large circle on the ground.

The invocation begins with the Priest vibrating seven times the phrase 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Priestess holds the tetrahedron in her hands, palms upward. When the vibration is complete the Priest places his hands on the tetrahedron and both vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' until the ritual is complete.

After the vibration, the Priestess - still holding the crystal - should lie on the ground, her head North, the Priest arousing her with his tongue, The sexual union then begins, with both visualizing the Star Gate opening and the primal form of Atazoth coming forth. Atazoth may be visualized as a dark nebulous chaos - a rent in the fabric of star-studded space which changes into a Dagon like/dragon entity.

After her sexual climax, the Priestess buries the crystal within the earth of the hill. When this is done, she vibrates over the spot 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet CHAOS!' She then signals to the congregation who cease their chanting. All the participants then depart from the hill.

Note: The tetrahedron should be well-buried in a spot prepared by the Priest and Priestess before the rite. If the invocation is done again, the rite begins with the Priestess unearthing the tetrahedron. It should be cleaned before the ritual begins - and must be buried without any covering whatever.

II.

The second version involves at least eight people including Cantor (s) and Priest and Priestess. Male and female should be present in equal numbers. The rite takes place on or around the autumnal equinox or winter solstice. The best place is an isolated hilltop.

According to tradition, the best time to invoke is when (autumn equinox) Venus sets after the sun and the moon itself is very near the star Dabih; or when (winter solstice) Jupiter and Saturn are near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. The first is associated with the 'Star Gate' Dabih, the second with Algol. The most effective place magickally is a hill top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and one of another rock. The top of the hill should have a line of pre-Cambrian grit passing through it - this description allowing the hallowed places, in this country, to be found.

The crystal should be placed on a sheet of mica upon a pediment of oak. The rite begins with the Cantors vibrating in E minor 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while at least six of the congregation dance moonrise around the crystal, Cantors, Priestess and Priest. This dance is slow and gradually increases in speed, the participants chanting 'Binan ath ga wath am' as they dance.

The Cantors vibrate their phrase seven times at the end of which the Priestess places her hands on the tetrahedron. The Cantors (if there is only one, the Priest acts as a cantor) then sing according to Esoteric Chant - that is, in fourths - the Diabolus. The Priestess visualizes the Star Gate opening.

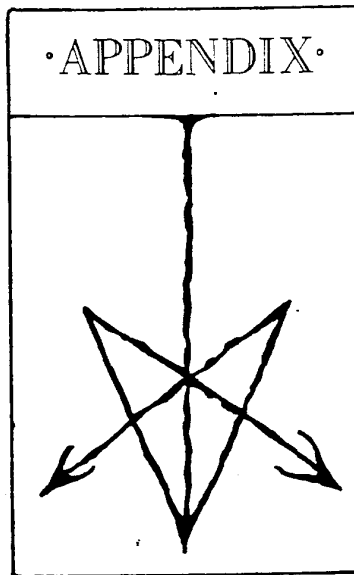
After the Diabolus, the Priestess and Priest vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' a fifth apart (or a fifth and an octave) while the Cantors vibrate the same phrase also a fifth apart. (If only one Cantor is present he vibrates Atazoth in E minor.) After this vibration and on a signal from the Priestess, the congregation begin an orgiastic rite, during which the Priestess continues with the visualization and the Cantors with the 'Binan ...' chant a fifth apart. The Priest may visualize the orgiastic energy of the congregation into a magickal force which forces open the Star Gate, allowing the Dark Gods to return to Earth.

The Priest and Priestess may then visualize the Chaotic energies as being dispersed over the Earth.

However, if the ritual is undertaken correctly, the Dark Gods may

become manifest. Should this occur, all the participants should exult.

Note: This second version may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling - and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to tradition. The invocation to the Dark Gods begins after the sacrifice with the Cantor vibrating 'Nythra ...' as above while the Mistress anoints the participants with the Red Elixir. For this combined ritual, the Mistress in the 'Ceremony' assumes the role of 'Priestess' in the invocation: the Master that of the Priest. This combined ritual is rightly forbidden, for it is the most sinister ritual that exists, its performance actually calling back to Earth in physical form the Dark Gods themselves.

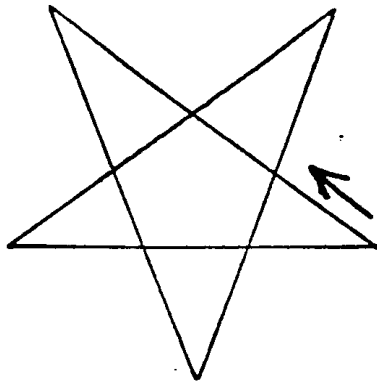


I
A Satanic Blessing

Vibrate the following toward the person or area:

Agios ischyros Baphomet!

After, and with the left hand, extending the forefinger, construct in the air an inverted pentagram, beginning at the right corner, thus:



Do this in one unbroken movement. When it is complete, strike the area of the heart with your right hand, saying:

Agios athanatos.

The blessing is then complete.

II The Sinister Creed

1. Satan in particular and the Dark Gods in general are a means to self-fulfillment and self-understanding.
2. Only by journeying through the darkness within us and without can we attain self-divinity and thus fulfil the potentiality of our existence.
3. Our rites, ceremonies and practices are all life-affirming, and show us the ecstasy of existence and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
4. We are feared because we defy and seek to know and thus understand. We rejoice in living: in all its pleasures but most particularly in its possibilities. We thus extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep or cry.
5. We detest all that enervates and would rather die than submit to anyone or anything - this pride is the pride of Satan, and Satan is a symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy. Others see our way of living and our way of dying and are afraid.

6. When we hate we hate openly and with arrogance, and when we love, we love with a passion to match this arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone so much that we cannot see them die, for death is a natural changing of energies.
 7. We prepare - through our magick and our ways of living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we elitist few shall reach out toward the stars and the galaxies and the new challenges they will bring.
 8. Our way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly defy the matrix of illusions - of 'good' and 'evil' - that stifle the potentiality of our being.
 9. What does not kill us, makes us stronger.
-

III

Initiate Names

a) Some suggestions, based on names traditionally used in sinister Temples:

Male: Oger, Hacon, Serell, Noctulius, Athor, Engar, Aulwynd, Algar, Suevis, Angar, Wulsin, Gord, Ranulf

Female: Sirida, Eulalia, Lianna, Aesoth, Richenda, Edonia, Annia, Liben, Estrild, Selann

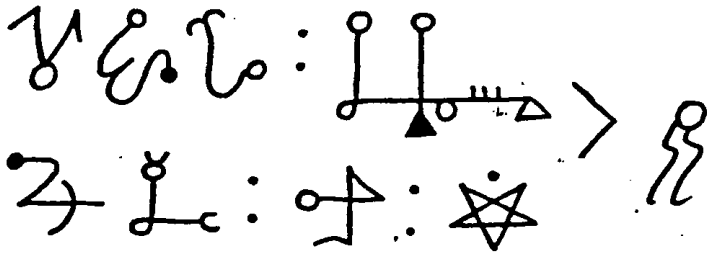
b) Contract and/or transpose your own name to form another; for example, 'Conrad Robury' gives Cabur, Nocra and so on.

c) Find a demon form with whom you feel an affinity, and use that name, either as it is or contracted/transposed.

d) Construct your name from a Satanic phrase or chant - for example, 'Quinvex' can be derived from the 'Quando Vindex' of the Diabolus.

What is important about all the above is that you feel 'attracted' to a particular name or phrase. Whatever method is used, the name or phrase should derive from traditional Satanism (as explicated in this book) and for this reason names/demons deriving from other traditions should not be used.

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# Codex Saerus



## Part Two

# The Temple of the Sun

### Introduction:

*The following pages comprise scanned images of a photocopy of a typewritten manuscript previously owned by a member of the Temple of the Sun. The Temple of the Sun was one of the underground Satanic groups which merged with the Order of the Nine Angles in the early 1970's (ev).*

*The manuscript dates from the late 60's (ev). Included here are the complete Black Mass, The Rite of Temple Dedication, and The Rite of Initiation.*

### III - Ceremonial Rituals

#### The Black Mass

##### Participants:

The Priest, in scarlet robes (or, if a ritual intention is planned - such as the death of a person - black).

The Priestess, clas in sexually alluring robes.

The Altar-Priestess, lies naked upon the altar.

(Note: if no congregation is present, the responses are said or sung by the Priestess.)

##### Temple Preparation:

The Altar-Priestess lies with her head North. Between her thighs lies the chalice filled with strong wine; on her womb lies the paten containing the hosts which have been specifically obtained (usually by a novice as a test of his loyalty to the Master) for the Mass.

Incense of Mars is to be burned. On the altar are two black candles (set behind the Altar-Priestess) and above the altar is an image of Diomysus.

The Priest stands facing the altar, the Priestess to his right and the congregation stand in a half-circle behind them.

The Priestess signifies the beginning of the Ritual by ringing the bell twice.

##### The Mass:

The Priest turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with his left hand and says:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Priestess responds, saying:

To Satan, the giver of life.

All:

Our Father which wert in heaven

Hallowed be thy name

In heaven as it is on Earth.

Give us this day our ecstasy  
And deliver us to Evil  
As well as temptation  
For we are your kingdom  
For Aeons and Aeons.

Priest:

May All-Powerful Satan, Prince of Darkness  
and of the Earth, grant us all our desires.

All:

Prince of Darkness, hear us!

Priest and Congregation:

I believe in one Prince, Satan,  
Who reigns over this Earth  
And in one Law, Chaos,  
Which triumphs over all;  
And I believe in one Temple,  
The Temple of Darkness  
And in one Word which triumphs over all:  
The Word of ecstasy.  
And I believe in the Law of the Aeon  
Which is sacrifice  
And in the letting of blood  
For which I shed no tear.  
And I give praise to my Prince  
The fire-giver  
As I look forward to his reign  
And the pleasures to come!

Priest kisses the Priestess then turns to the congregation:  
May Satan be with you

All:

As he is with you.

Priest:

By the word of the Prince of Darkness  
I give praise to thee

(He kisses the Altar-Priestess.)

My Prince, bringer of light and fire,  
I greet you who cause men to struggle  
And seek the forbidden thoughts.

(The Priestess hands him the paten containing the hosts. The  
Priest raises them up to the image, saying:)

Praised are you, Prince, by the strong,  
Through our evil we have this dirt;

By our boldness and strength  
It will become for us a joy in life!

All:

Hail Satan, Prince of Life!

(The Priest passes the paten over the body of the Altar-Priestess, then rests it on her womb. The Priestess hands him the chalice, which he raises up to the image, saying:)

Praised are you, Prince,  
By the defiant, through our arrogance and pride  
We have this drink.  
It will become for us an elixir of life.

All:

Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!

(The Priest hands the chalice to the Priestess, who replaces it. The Priest turns to the congregation, saying:)

With pride in my heart  
And power at my command  
I ask, Satan to witness this Rite.  
I give praise to those who drove the nails  
And he who thrust the spear into the body  
Of the imposter, Yeshua.  
May the gifts of Satan be forever with you.

All:

And also with you.

Priest:

As a sign of our allegiance let us sing.

(The cantor begins the chant 'Sanctus Shaitan' (see under Chants) and is joined by the congregation. When the chant is concluded, the Priest kisses the Priestess, hands her the chalice and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over her. She raises the chalice to the congregation, saying:)

I who am Mother of Harlots  
And abominations of the Earth,  
Whose name is written  
By the agony of the falsifier  
Upon the tree:

I am come to pay homage to thee!

(She replaces the chalice and takes the paten from the Priest, saying:)

I who am the joys and pleasures of life  
Which strong men have forever sought,

I am come to give myself to thee.

(She replaces the paten, turns to the Priest, saying:)

I give you my body and my blood.

(The Priest kisses her, and she is then kissed by each member of the congregation in turn who, afterwards begin to chant the 'Sanctus Shaitan'. While this is being chanted the Priest takes up the paten, saying:)

Muem suproc mine tse coh

(He replaces the paten, taking up the chalice, saying:)

Murotaccep menoissimer ni  
rutednuffe sitlum orp te  
sibov orp iuq iedif muiretsym  
itnematsset inretea ivon iem  
siniugnas xilac mine tse cih  
in infernum aeternum.

(He makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with the chalice then the paten, then presses each host to the pubic area of the Altar-Priestess. He dips one host in the wine and holds it up for the congregation to see, saying:)

Behold the dirt of the earth

Which the humble will eat.

(The congregation laugh and begin the dance, counter-clockwise chanting as they dance the 'Diabolus' (see Chants). As they dance the Priest flings the hosts at them, which they destroy, but do not eat. The Priest takes up the chalice, saying:)

Let the church of the imposter  
And its humble altars crumble to dust.  
Let all the scum who worship the rotten fish  
Suffer and die in their misery and rejection.  
We trample on them and spit on their sin.

(He drinks from the chalice, gives it to the Altar-Priestess, who sips it, then to the Priestess who drains it and holds the chalice upside down. The Priest makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the congregation, saying:)

Let there be ecstasy and darkness.

Let there be chaos and laughter;

Let there be sacrifice and strife:

But above all let there be Life!

(The Mass closes either with a feast, or an orgy of lust.)

## The Rite of Temple Dedication

The Temple to be dedicated is made ready in the appropriate manner (see below): all who are to take part in the dedication (except the Master conducting the Ritual) assemble in the Temple in black robes. At the Introit of the Master (who may be accompanied by either his Priestess or the Priestess of the new Temple) all should chant the Hymn to the Great Dawn. As this is chanted the Master and Priestess take their place before the altar (covered in black with black candles). After the first verse of the hymn has been chanted twice the Master removes the robe of the Priestess and helps her onto the altar. The chant should conclude when the first verse has been sung three times.

The Master of the ritual and the congregation process to the altar and kiss the womb of the Priestess. The new Master of the Temple is the last to do this.

The Master of the ritual, with the congregation facing him and the Master of the Temple to his left, opens the ritual.

### Master:

Brethren, we gather here today to dedicate ourselves  
And this Temple to our Work. We summon Satan,  
Lord of the Earth, so that henceforth his power  
May be upon all who gather herein to celebrate  
The mysteries and the joys of life  
And to partake of that elixir which is black  
To the blind.  
Mindful then of the future  
And of the past which has made this Work  
Of love and lust possible  
Let us re-affirm here our Satanic faith.

(All recite the '21 Satanic Points'. The cantor intones the Sanctus Shaitan in which the congregation join. The Masters, preading his hands over the Priestess, chants, in the key of C, the 18th Enochian Key.

When he has finished, he kisses the Priestess twice on her forehead, takes up the chalice and turns to the congregation, saying:)

Let this elixir fructify our desires  
And make this Temple vibrate with our love  
Of life as ecstasy vibrates our bodies.  
Let our emanations seep into its very foundations  
And lurk among its shadows  
And let them be a blessing to all of Satan  
And a curse to all who follow the deceiver,  
Yeshua.

All:

Cursed be Yeshua, the deceiver!

(The Master turns towards the Priestess, saying:)

Let this altar which bears life  
Become stained with the juices of that life:  
Let it be infused with the breath  
Of the Prince of Darkness  
And our Satanic lust;  
Let it become for us a symbol of life.  
This we do in the name of Satan  
And by the power vested in us  
As upholders of the ancient tradition  
Of Darkness.

(The Master sprinkles some of the elixir from the chalice over the Priestess and anoints the altar twice with the inverted pentagram (or Sigil of the new Temple, if it has one) then turns and sprinkles the four corners of the Temple as well as its centre. The contents of the chalice are then drained over the altar and its foundations. The congregation come forward and kiss the womb of the Priestess. The Master of the new Temple then kisses the Priestess on her lips, breasts, womb and pubis and receives from the Master the handwritten Black Book of rituals which is placed on the altar.

The Master of the ritual turns to the congregation, saying:)

As it has been, so it is and so shall it be again.

(The dedication concludes with a Black Mass, the Master of the Temple being the Priest. The Black Mass itself is concluded by the Master of the ritual with these words:

By my Power - the Power of Satan, Prince  
Of Darkness - I declare this Temple charged!

On the Preparation of the Temple:

Incense of Mars should be burned before the ritual begins, and the Temple furnished in the normal manner appropriate to a Black Mass. The chalice is filled with The Elixir, which the Master of the Ritual and Priestess have prepared at the start of the planetary hour appropriate to the Rite. The Priestess carries this chalice into the Temple just before the entry of the Master. The Elixir is prepared beside the altar, and not upon it.

If the Temple or Temple area has been used previously for non-Satanic purposes then the Master, while preparing The Elixir with the Priestess, should seal the dimensions according to the Rite of Sealing. This is of particular importance if the area has been used for Nazarene-worship.

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The Ritual of Initiation:  
Some Notes

The candidate will have been prepared before hand by the Master of the Temple to which the candidate is seeking Initiation. This preparation involves a test of fidelity to the Temple, a test of courage and a test of knowledge. Each candidate, according to tradition, will be sponsored by a member of the Temple who will accompany the candidate on his test of fidelity. The test of courage will involve a test of the physical skills the candidate will have learned from the Master during the period of preparation.

The participants for the ritual are:

- Master - clad in scarlet robes
- Mistress of the Temple - clad in sexually alluring scarlet robes
- Priestess - naked upon the altar
- Guardian of the Temple - clad in black, and chosen for his physical strength. He stands by the entrance to the Temple
- Congregation - clad in black robes

The candidate is expected to provide his own robe, designed according to the precepts of the Temple, which he hands to the Master before the ritual. This robe is placed on the altar under the feet of the altar Priestess. The candidate should enter the Temple wearing a coarse brown garment which can be easily removed.

The ritual itself must take place at sunset. The oil used for the anointing should be civit-based and kept in a glass phial.

## The Rite of Initiation

The Temple is prepared as normal, with Priestess on the altar, chalice with strong wine, incense of the Moon, and some symbolism thereof (silver, quartz).

The congregation assemble in the Temple and the candidate is brought forward by the sponsor. The candidate kisses the womb of the Priestess and stands before the Master. (If the candidate is a woman, the Rite is adapted accordingly.)

The Master greets the candidate, saying:

You the nameless have come here  
To receive your initiation of fire  
Promised to all who wish  
The greatness of a god:  
You the nameless have come to give yourself  
To this quest:  
To seal with your oath  
The beliefs you have accepted  
Since first you were received  
Into this our Temple of Darkness.

(The congregation now chant the Diabolus, dancing counter-clockwise. The Master raises the chalice, saying:)

Today, we rejoice  
Proclaim with our words and actions  
The ecstasy which is our by possession  
Of our freedom of will;  
Today we rejoice  
Because one like us has been found  
To steal the fire as we the guardians  
Have stolen.  
You, the nameless, have come  
To break the chains which bind.

(The Mistress of the Temple moves forward and tears off the thin brown covering worn by the candidate. The Master, signalling the end of the dance by making the Luciferan sign with his left hand, says to the candidate:)

Naked you came into this world  
And naked you stand here.

(The Mistress moves toward him, and kisses him twice on the forehead. If the candidate is female, the Master is the officiat. The Mistress says:)

We, the noble rejoice that you come  
To seed us with your blood  
And your strength.

We, Chaos's kin, welcome you  
The nameless.

You, the riddle whose answer begins the quest  
Come to give so that your renewal may begin.

You, the blackness beyond the Abyss,  
Are the rock which eastwards turn  
To greet the rising of our Time.

We, the cursed, welcome you.  
In the beginning is the sacrifice  
And the rising their dread.

In your rising is the removal  
Of your dread.

Man! We have words which bind your self  
To us. In your beginnings - us.

In your quest - us. Before you - us.

After you - us.

Before us - They who are not named;  
After us - They will be.

You, spawn of blood and bone are of us  
And we of you.

Through us, They, are, bound by Time  
As we are bound by death.

Through them, we the fair who garb ourselves  
In black, possess the rock we call

This Earth.

(The Master turns to the candidate, saying:)

Do you accept the law as decreed by us?

Candidate:

I do

Master:

Do you bind yourself, with word and deed,  
To us, seed of Satan, without fear or dread?

Candidate:

I do

Master:

Do you affirm in the presence of this gathering  
That I am your Master?

Candidate:

I do.

Master:

Then understand that the breaking of your word  
Is the beginning of our wrath.

(The Master claps his hands twice and the congregation  
gather round the candidate. The Master points to him,  
saying:)

See him! Hear him! Know him!

(He claps his hand once, and they disperse.)

Do you renounce the Nazerence, Yeshua, the deceiver,  
And all his works?

Candidate:

I do renounce Yeshua and all his works.

Master:

Do you affirm Satan?

Candidate:

I do affirm Satan

Master:

Satan - whose Word is Chaos

Candidate:

Whose Word is Chaos

Master:

Then break this symbol which we detest

(The Mistress hands the candidate a wooden cross which  
the candidate breaks and throws to the ground.)

Master:

Then receive as a symbol of your faith

And a sign of your oath

The Sigil of Satan

(The Master anoints the candidate with aromatic oil handed  
to him by the Mistress. The Master traces the sign of  
the inverted pentagram (or the Sigil of the Temple, if  
there be one) while vibrating in the key of E minor,  
the name the candidate has chosen. )

From this day forth this sigil

By virtue of the Power which I

Master of this Temple wield

Will be part of you -

A sign to those who can see

And the mark of our Prince.

(The Mistress comes forward and kisses the candidate on the lips, the chest, loins, feet and forehead. If the candidate is a woman, the Mistress kisses her on the lips, breasts, womb, pubis and feet. She then stands before the candidate, saying:)

You the named must now be taught.

The key of life -

(She raises her right hand and the Priestess raises her head from the altar. She is kissed several times by the Master who fondles her.)

The Key of Strength -

(The Guardian of the Temple steps forwards. He lifts the candidate from the ground and holds him until the Mistress, giving the sign of Lucifer with her right hand, says:)

The Key of Will.

(The Guardian sets the candidate down before the altar while the Mistress says:)

Ever remember you who are named among us

The keys of mystery and knowledge

Which only the daring and noble will find

(On a signal from the Master the congregation chant the Sanctus Shaitan. When this is complete the Mistress hands the candidate the chalice, which he drains. He turns the chalice upside down to show the congregation. The Guardian and the Master lift the Priestess from the altar and place her at the feet of the initiate. They then depart with the congregation from the Temple chanting the Sanctus Shaitan.

The Priestess opens her arms, saying to the initiate:)

Come, you who are named among us

And receive from me and through me

The gift of your Initiation.

So it has been, so it is

And so shall it be again

By the Power of those

Who are never named.

(Afterwards, the Priestess clothes the initiate in his new robe.)

The rite is concluded by a feast.

# Codex Saerus

## The Black Book of Satan III

Official ONA Version (Anton Long)  
Year of fire 101 era horrificus

### Contents:

I. The Sinister Calling

II. The Black Mass of Life

III. Synestry: A Sinister  
Ceremony

IV. The Rite of the Nine Angles

V. The Ceremony of Recalling

Appendix:

I. The Nine Angles - Esoteric  
Meanings

II. The Secrets of the Nine Angles

III. Chants

*Wyrd non est aliud, quam halitus  
aquae, terraeque, solis calore  
exacte attenuatus et coctus, a  
frigore secutae noctis in unum  
coactus, densatusque . . .*

## **I: THE SINISTER CALLING**

### Introduction:

The aim of the following ceremonial ritual can be either (a) returning to Earth those 'negative, chaotic, sinister' forms/energies dark legend knows as 'The Dark Gods';(b) drawing forth from acausal dimensions chaotic energies, directed towards a specific goal/aim/intent or channeled into a particular individual(s)/group/temporal form. The main difference between the two is that in (a) the forms/energies are left to disperse/create conditions according to their nature. If insufficient preparation/desire is present within those performing this Calling, (b) can become (a) - sometimes to the detriment of those Calling. The rite of the Sinister Calling is a traditional ritual -perhaps the most sinister ritual that exists. The rite assumes willing Sacrifice.

### Setting:

An isolated hill top, sunset, with Saturn rising - or a sinister Temple/cave.

### Participants:

Master of the Temple - purple robes

Mistress of Earth - purple robes

Priestess - naked, upon altar

Priest - black robe, tied with white cord/girdle

Congregation - black robes

Guardian of the Temple - black robes with face mask

### Preparations:

1) Seven days before the rite, the congregation assemble in the dwelling of the Master or Mistress. Here they stay until the rite is complete. During the seven days they are forbidden to speak, wear only ceremonial robes, will abstain from intoxicating drinks and sexual pleasures and eat no meat (this is a 'Black Fast'). During the hours of darkness no lights except black candles are to be lit and at sunset on each day they gather in the Temple to chant the Diabolus nine times. During the seven days no contact with outsiders is allowed, and no music or intrusive sound, save for the Diabolus and the Atazoth chant is to be heard. Both the dwelling and the Temple are to be incensed with Saturnian incense. According to tradition, the robes worn will contain a hood/cowl which is to be worn during the hours of daylight, these hours being taken up with walking within the dwelling grounds (or a suitable, isolated location nearby) for at least three hours together with such diversions as the Master or Mistress will arrange. (Note: These diversions - which in recent times include playing the Star Game - are so chosen so as not to destroy the black tranquility of the

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fast.) In the past they have included study of alchemical MSS, silent Tarot readings (using sign language/drawn symbols for the reader to express meanings) and practice in performing esoteric chant (Diabolus/Atazoth chant - fourth/fifths and so on), this latter in the Temple if the Calling is to be performed there.

2) The Temple is prepared seven days before the rite (this applies to the site chosen - which should thereafter be guarded by appropriate energy). This consists of the Master and Mistress incensing the area with Saturnian incense while chanting seven times the 'Sanctus Satanas'. They then unite in sexual union, the Mistress visualizing the nexion to the Dark Gods as being gradually opened, though remaining partly closed.

One planetary hour before the Calling begins on the seventh day, the Temple/outdoor area is made ready by an Initiate chosen for this task. A black cloth is laid on the altar and seven black candles placed upon it and lit. A large quartz crystal is placed in the centre of the Temple, on an oak (or wooden) stand. (Note: It enhances the energies if this crystal is shaped as a tetrahedron. Whatever the shape the crystal should be as large as possible.) The Master brings the Sacrificial knife. An image of Baphomet according to sinister tradition (for example, Atu III of the Sinister Tarot) may be present in the Temple but no other artifacts, furnishings, signs or symbols.

The congregation et al gather outside the Temple, robed as described, and are led into the Temple by the (naked) Priestess at the beginning of the Rite.

3) As the Congregation assemble on the seventh day before the Rite (they will have been informed some time before by the Master or Mistress of the date of the Calling, its purpose and intent being explained) lots are drawn to decide which man among them will be chosen. The one chosen by the drawing of lots is free to then accept or decline the honour. If this honour is declined, another lot is held, and the one so chosen may also decline. After this a further lot is held, the result of which is binding. The Opfer so chosen by lot is then led by the Guardian(s) to a secure, secluded place and resides there until the Calling begins. Each night and in this place, the Opfer receives the Priestess for the length of one planetary hour, the Priestess being chosen from among the Temple to be at this period capable of conception. If the Master or Mistress so desire, another lady in addition to the Priestess may be chosen and received by the Opfer during the days before the Rite, and lead him to the Temple for the Calling.

The Rite:

The congregation process into the Temple, led by the Priestess who is assisted onto the altar by the Mistress. The congregation gather in a semi-circle before the altar, the Guardian(s) holding the Opfer by the entrance. The Mistress greets the Master with a kiss, saying: 'To you it is fitting, Master, to speak to our gods for these many. With your own eyes see how we seekers of darkness await this calling forth of our gods!'

The Mistress gestures with her hands, and the congregation remove their hoods/cowls. She says: 'So shall we rejoicing dance!' The congregation

begin to dance counter-sunwise around the altar chanting "Binan ath ga wath am".

The Master lays the S.Knife on the womb of the Priestess while the Mistress places her hands on the crystal and joins the Master in chanting the Diabolus in fourths while visualizing the nexion opening. This chant is repeated seven times while the congregation continue their dance and chant.

After the seventh chant, the Master claps his hands nine times as a signal for the congregation to gather round. The Guardian brings the Opfer forward.

The Master gives the Opfer a chalice of wine, which he drinks. After this, the Master says to him: 'We greet our honoured guest with a kiss'. He kisses the Opfer, followed by the Mistress and the congregation who kiss the Opfer in turn.

The Mistress then removes the robe of the Opfer and begins to raise his secret fire with her lips, while the Master gestures to the congregation as a sign for them to remove their robes. They then begin to dance again - chanting 'Atazoth', Satanas and/or shouting/laughing/screaming as they whirl faster in ecstasy and frenzy.

As they dance, the Guardian lifts the Priest upon the altar while the Master takes up the S.Knife. The Priestess holds the Opfer in sexual union and visualizes the nexion opening as she draws by movement the secret fire from the Opfer. She then releases him and on this sign the Mistress signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires.

The Mistress then touches the crystal with her hands visualizing/intoning the aim/intent of the Calling, ad libitum according to the frenzy/energy generated in the Temple. As she touches the crystal, the Guardian(s) assist the Opfer from the altar and with the Master (who takes the S.Knife and the empty chalice used by the Opfer) leave the Temple and go to a secluded place (which may be the place used by the Opfer during the preparation period).

In this secluded place, the Master vibrates 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Guardian(s) hold the Opfer. After the vibration, the Master uses the S.Knife, collecting some of the elixir in the chalice. He then returns to the Temple and the Mistress symbolically washes her hands in the red elixir before herself chanting 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth!' Following this, she and the Master chant in fourths the Diabolus, directing the chant towards the crystal.

The Rite is concluded by the Master assisting the Priestess down from the altar. She departs from the Temple, returning with trays of food and wine which she offers to the congregation - then revelry continues until desires are fulfilled. The Priestess herself withdraws after offering the food and drink, as the Master and Mistress do.



Note:

After the final Diabolus chant by the Master and Mistress, if an aim/intent is intended, this is visualized/voiced by them according to magickal

principles before they depart from the Temple. Should they wish, they may combine this with their own sexual union. Should no intent/aim be desired, the dark forms/energies are left to gather/disperse according to their nature. The Guardian(s) are sworn to secrecy, and after the red elixir is produced, they secrete/bury the empty vessel in a location prepared beforehand.

\* \* \* \* \*

## II: THE BLACK MASS OF LIFE (The Promethean Office I)

For daily (dawn;dusk) or ad libitum performance either solo or by  
Priest  and Priestess .

Aperiatum terra, et germinet Vindex


(Chant:)

Agios o Vindex

(Hymn:)

Non usitata nec tenui ferar  
Penna biformis per liquidum aethera  
Vates, neque in terris morabor  
Longius, invidiaque maior  
Orbis relinquam

  
Agios athanatos

  
Dignum et justum est

(Chant:)

Agios o Baphomet


O Oriens splendour lucis aeternae  
Et sol justitiae:  
Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris  
Et umbra mortis

(Chant:)

Agios o Vindex

(Hymn:)

Rerum Atazoth, tenax vigor  
Immotus in te permanens  
Lucis diurnae tempora  
Successibus determinans:  
Qui venturis es in mundum  
Atazoth, ne tardaveris

  
Nocturna lux viantibus  
A nocte noctem segregans,  
Praeco diei iam sonat  
Iubarque solis evocat



Hoc excitatus Lucifer  
 Solvit polum caligine  
 Agios o Vindex  
 Laetus dies hic transeat.

Textual variations - Sunday and Feast days:



A porta inferni Atazoth, in adjutorium.



Aperiatum terra et germinet Vindex  
 (Hymn:)

Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum  
 Implicat casas virentes de flagello myrteo;  
 Cras canoris feriatos ducit in silvis choros;  
 Cras Gaia jura dicit fulta sublimi throno.  
 Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.  
 Cras erit cum primus aether copulavit nuptias:  
 Tunc cruore de superno spumeo et ponti globo  
 Caerulas inter catervas inter et bipedes equos,  
 Fecit undantem Dionem de maritis imbribus.  
 Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.  
 Ipsa gemmis purpuantem pingit annum floridis;  
 Ipsa turgentes papillas de favoni spiritu  
 Urget in nodos tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi,  
 Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentes aquas.  
 Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.  
 Sunset, special Feast days:



Ad Gaia qui laetificant juventum meam.



Aperiatum terra, et germinet Vindex.  
 (Hymn:)

Hraegl min swigad ponne ic hrusan trede  
 Oppe pa wic buge oppe wado drefe.  
 Hwilum mec ahebbad ofer haelepa byht  
 Hyrste mine and peos hea lyft  
 And mec ponne wide wolcna strengu  
 Ofer folc byred; fraetwe mine  
 Swogad hlude and swinsiad  
 Torhte singed ponne ic getenge ne beom  
 Flode and foldan, frende gaest.  
 Berk Odins mjod a Engla bjod!

\* \* \* \* \*

### III: SYNESTRY: A Sinister Ceremony

Location:

Usually an indoor Temple.

Participants:

Amatrix - in white robes

Priestess - in violet robes flecked with purple

Defensatrix - in black, with face mask

Congregation - black robes

Temple preparations:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted seven-pointed star and on this is a large quartz crystal (which may be shaped as a tetrahedron).

A large statue or image (Atus III, IV or XX) of Baphomet according to Sinister tradition is to the left of the altar.

Chalices of wine, temple bell, violet candles and incense of Jupiter (both aspects: i.e. Beech and civil).

The Priestess and Amatrix stand before the altar, the Defensatrix by the entrance. The Priestess rings the Temple bell seven times to signify the beginning of the rite at which the congregation process in to the altar and are greeted by the Amatrix with a kiss. They then form a semi-circle before the altar.

The Ceremony:

The Priestess raises her hands, saying:

Wash your throats with wine

For Sirius returns

And we women are warm and wanton!

(The Amatrix hands her a chalice, which she drinks from, then passes to the congregation. After all have drunk, the Priestess holds the empty chalice upside down, and says:)

Before I WAS, you were sightless:

You looked, but could not see;

Before I WAS, you had no hearing:

You heard sounds, but could not listen.

Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,

But did not enjoy.

I CAME, opened my body and

Brought you lust!

(She opens her robe to reveal her breasts. The Defensatrix comes forward and forces the Amatrix to kneel before the Priestess who says:)

My breasts pleased you

And brought forth joy!

(She bends down, and the Amatrix kisses her nipples. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

I opened myself, and gave you knowledge  
And the joy of knowledge was sweet.  
Desire and knowledge made you great  
And we, together, dared to defy!  
We feasted and enjoyed!  
We sacrificed, and loved!  
But then the bastard came:  
Yeshua, the deceiver!

Congregation:  
Curse him! We curse him!

Priestess:  
So we gather again to give praise to her  
Who rules our world.  
Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!

(The congregation repeat the chant seven times while the Amatrix takes up the crystal which she holds in her outstretched hands. The Priestess places her own hands over the crystal. They and the congregation then chant "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!" 21 times, the Defensatrix ringing the Temple bell after each chant until the number is reached.

The Amatrix then takes the crystal round the congregation who lay their hands upon it in turn, each silently saying 'Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet' while the Priestess vibrates/chants aloud "Agios o Baphomet".

The crystal is then returned to the altar by the Amatrix while the Priestess lays on the floor, her Head touching the feet of the Baphomet image. The Amatrix stimulates her to orgasm using her tongue while the congregation dance around them chanting 'Agios o Baphomet'.

The Priestess channels the energy into the crystal and thence out from the Temple to achieve the desired goal. If no external goal is desired, it is stored in the crystal.

Following the climax by the Priestess, the congregation cease their dance and one by one kneel down to kiss the Priestess and then the Amatrix. As each one does this, the Defensatrix whispers to them: "So it is done again according to our ways, bringing strength and joy."

After the kissing, each rises, bows to the Priestess, and departs from the Temple. After all the congregation have departed, the Amatrix leaves, followed by the Defensatrix. A feast follows, outside the Temple.

The Priestess remains in the Temple until she adjudges the times aright to leave. However, if she so wishes, any member of the Temple who so desires and who has informed her beforehand, may join her in the Temple, whatever energy being produced being directed toward the goal, or stored in the crystal.

In both instances, the Priestess is the last to leave - bowing to the image, extinguishing the candles and chanting 'Ponne, diabolus, custodian!' as she leaves.)

Notes:

1) The ceremony was originally performed each year on the return of

Sirius - although it is often performed now at any time, "Sirius" being replaced by another appropriate star (or sometimes 'the Moon').

2) The rite generates sinister magickal energy - which can be directed via the usual means toward a specific aim/goal/undertaking, or into an individual (eg. a novice), or stored in the crystal to await further use, perhaps at another ceremony (eg. 'Sacrifice').

(Daughters of Baphomet)

\* \* \* \* \*

#### **IV: THE RITE OF THE NINE ANGLES**

The rite may be undertaken on either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih gate) or the winter solstice (for Algol). The Naos rite is suitable for southern climes and will not be given here although in form it is the same as the version given.

Ideally, the rite should be undertaken either:

- a) on a hill-top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and another rock - in Britain, this other rock is 'Buxton'
- b) in an underground cavern where water flows [this applies only to the 'chthonic' form]
- c) in a glade consecrated beforehand within a circle of nine stones (the first stone being set on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising, the second at the full moon and so on: the first stone marking the point on the horizon where Saturn rises). [Note: this applies only to the 'natural' form of the rite.]

Further, the time is right when, for Dabih, Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it; and, for Algol, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. These conditions mean that the energies are available to enhance the working.

The rite exists in three versions - the natural form, the chthonic, and the solo. The chthonic form may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to Tradition. It must be noted however that this combination is exceedingly dangerous - if done correctly with a) above and with the conditions for Algol as above, it brings back to Earth the Dark Gods themselves by opening the Star Gate between the causal and acausal.

However, the chthonic form may be successful in bringing to presence the Dark Gods without the Sacrificial aspect if the chants are done correctly, the crystal is sufficient in size, and the cosmic tides are aligned aright [note: this usually occurs when an Aeon is (magickally) ending, the energies being more pronounced in the

last three decades. At other times the rite can be used to bring about such changes]

The natural form involves a Priest and Priestess [ideally these should have undertaken the ritual of Internal Adept - or at the very least External Adept] and is basically a drawing to the Earth of acausal energies - these are left to disperse naturally: i.e. without any magickal intent.

The chthonic form involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant together with a congregation of male and female. This form is either an invocation to the Dark Gods - the energies being dispersed naturally - or a channelling of those energies into a specific event or events or individual. This channelling however requires the skill of at least a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

The solo form involves one individual and the aim is usually the alteration of the consciousness of that individual: this however is very dangerous.

Note: all the above forms require a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz.

#### I: Natural Form

If possible, the conditions above should be met - if not, conduct the rite on an isolated hill-top at sunset. Both Priest and Priestess should be naked. The rite begins with the Priest vibrating seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" while the Priestess holds the crystal in her hands, palms upward. The vibration should consist of three projected vibrations followed by four resonant ones - all aimed at the crystal which should be at a distance of not less than two feet and not more than three. After the vibrations, the Priest places his hands on the crystal and both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue, *locis muliebribus*. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize the Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. If desired (ie. sinister intent) this energy may be symbolized by Atazoth - a dark nebulous chaos issuing forth from a star strewn Space which changes into a 'Dagon' like entity before becoming chaos again. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then rises and buries the crystal in the earth of the hill [as deep as possible - this may be prepared beforehand - and leaving few traces]. When complete, she vibrates over the place

"Aperiatur terra, et germinet Chaos". They then depart from the hill.

Note: further rituals may take place over the burial, but they must have the same intent and follow the form as above except the vibrations are aimed toward the buried crystal - no further crystal being required.

## II: Chthonic Form

If the special conditions cannot be met [(a) and Algol are most effective; (b) and Dabih are generally for channelling into specific events/individuals] then a hill-top containing volcanic quartz is suitable.

The crystal should be placed on an oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood [this enhances still further the effect of the crystal and is a recent modification). The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six - three male and three female) form a circle around them. The congregation dance moonwise and according to their desire chant "Atazoth" as they do while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant [see set texts] while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Gate opening (as in I).

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition [see set texts]. While the Cantors are chanting the Priest and Priestess continue their visualization.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

[If for some reason (eg. inexperience of the participants) the manifestations do not occur, the Priestess should chant in C major "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" after which the Priest also places his hands on the crystal and he and the Priestess vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am", the Cantor(s) chanting the Diabolus as before after which the Priest visualizes the energies arising from the orgiastic

rite as cohering and then entering the crystal to be then drawn forth into both himself and the Priestess before being sent forth to render asunder the Star Gate]

Notes of this form: \* the rite may be enhanced by the use of tabors/drums during the dance and the orgiastic rite, individuals being appointed for this task. \* The maximum number of participants should not exceed twenty-one in total.

\* Provided rigorous training is undertaken beforehand, the dance and the orgiastic rite can be replaced with the congregation chanting from the start of the rite the "Diabolus" in fifths they continue with this until the Priest signals them to stop (after the Cantors Diabolus chant) after which they chant the 'Atazoth chant' in fifths repeatedly until the end of the rite. If this form is done, it is important for the congregation to visualize the Star Gate opening while they chant - and this visualization should be agreed beforehand and be the same as that of the Priestess and Priest. This form of the chthonic rite is however only effective if the congregation has been trained to chant in the correct manner. A suitable cavern/resonant building/Temple may be used in this instance. [Further note: providing the chanting is accurate, the crystal large enough, this form is among the most effective.]

### III: Solo Form

This form should be undertaken on either a hill-top or in a Temple/resonant building. It begins at sunset on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising.

The individual should face Saturn and vibrate "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth" seven times while holding the crystal. Then "Binan ath ga wath am" is vibrated followed by the Diabolus chant after which the visualization is begun (as above) [Note: this form involves the 'Saturnian' gate and thus the Gate may be visualized near the planet Saturn]. The energy is then visualized as flowing down into the individual, this visualization lasting for at least one quarter of an hour. After, the individual chants the 'Atazoth chant', places the crystal on the ground and sits near it, to visualize its interior becoming black and this blackness spreading out to engulf the individual.

Note: This ritual should not be undertaken lightly. There must be a preparedness to exult in the energies. After the rite (the individual will know when it is complete) the crystal should be wrapped in black cloth and stored until required again. Before attempting this form, individuals are advised to seek the guidance of a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **V: THE CEREMONY OF RECALLING With Sacrificial Conclusion.**

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - in white robes

Master of the Temple - in black robes

Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash

Guardian of the Temple - in a black robe, with a white mask

Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - in a white robe

Congregation - in red robes

Preparations:

The night before the ritual the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water, egg, honey, animal fat and marijuana.

An hour before the ritual the Priestess and the Guardian lead the Priest to a place where he ritually bathes (if possible this should be a lake or a stream if the ritual is undertaken outdoors) and changes into his robe. The Priestess gives him cakes which he eats.

The congregation wait outside the Temple (or Temple area if outdoors - see notes) and the Guardian leads the Priest toward them. The Priestess blindfolds the Priest and takes him to each member of the congregation who kiss him. He is taken into the temple where the Mistress and Master wait and is followed by the congregation.

The Ritual:

On the altar - red candles and quartz tetrahedron. Incense of Jupiter to be burnt. Chalices of strong wine.

The Master intones (ie. vibrates) three times 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the congregation gather round the Priest and chant the 'Diabolus' while slowly walking round him anti-clockwise three times.

The Master and the Priestess (or two members of the congregation chosen and trained as Cantors) chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) 'Agios o Baphomet' while the Guardian lifts the Priest and lays him on the altar.

The Mistress removes the robe of the Priest and anoints him with civit oil. She then removes his blindfold.

When the chant is complete the Priestess stands by the altar while the Mistress stands beside the Master, the congregation beginning to walk slowly anti-clockwise around the altar chanting the Diabolus.

The Priestess and the Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess arousing the fire of the Priest with her lips. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel in front of the Priestess.

As the Guardian does this the Master kneels before the Mistress. The Priestess copies the Mistress word for word and action for action, using the Priest. The Mistress places her hands on the Master's head.

Master:

It is the protection and milk  
Of your breasts that I seek.

(The Mistress bends down and he suckles her breasts. She then pushes him away, but he kneels before her, saying:)

I put my kisses at your feet.  
And kneel before you who crushes  
Your enemies and who washes  
In a basin full of their blood.  
I lift up my eyes to gaze  
Upon your beauty of body:  
You who are the daughter and a Gate  
To our Dark Gods.  
I lift up my voice to stand  
Before you my sister  
And offer my body so that  
My mage's seed may feed  
Your virgin flesh

Mistress:

Kiss me and I shall make you  
As an eagle to its prey.  
Touch me and I shall make you  
As a strong sword that severs  
And stains my Earth with blood.  
Taste me and I shall make you  
As a seed of corn which grows  
Toward the sun, and never dies.  
Plough me and plant me  
With your seed and I shall make you  
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

(The Master has congress with the Mistress - and the Priest with the Priestess - while the congregation continue with their slow walk and their chant. If the 'Sacrificial conclusion' is undertaken then the ritual is complete with the details under that heading. If this conclusion is not undertaken, then the ritual continues as follows after the Master reaches his highest ecstasy:)

Mistress:

So you have sown and from your seeding  
Gifts may come if you obedient heed  
These words I speak:

(The congregation cease their dance and listen: they are joined by the Priestess, Priest and Guardian who form a circle around the Master and Mistress.)

I know you, my children, you are dark  
Yet none of you is as dark  
Or as deadly  
As I.

I know you and the thoughts  
Within all your hearts: yet  
Not one of you is as hateful  
Or as loving as I.  
With a glance I can strike  
You dead.

(She then goes to each member of the congregation in turn kissing them all on the lips, and removes their robes. She then takes up a chalice of wine and offers it to the person (male or female) of her choice. The person chosen sips the wine, hands the chalice to the Mistress who offers it to each member of the congregation in turn. When all have drunk she says:)

No guilt shall bind you  
No thought restrict!  
Feast then and enjoy  
The ecstasy of this life:  
But ever remember  
I as the wind that snatches  
Your soul!

(The Mistress takes the person she has chosen and indulges herself according to her desire. The congregation consume the consecrated cakes and wine and take their own pleasures according to their desires.

After the festivities have begun in earnest, the Mistress should she so desire, direct the forces of the ritual by concentrating the

energies upon the tetrahedron and invoking through a gate, the powers of the Dark Gods into the participants to spread outwards upon the Earth.)

Sacrificial conclusion:

The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur.

If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honorary Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. In a simple ceremony the Mistress seals them in union, dedicating them to the Dark Gods. If by the Winter Solstice the Priestess is not with child, then the Priest may choose another woman to be his Priestess. The child, when born is adopted by the Temple and raised accordingly, being given great honour and, if found suitable, trained to fulfil the role of Mistress or Master.

At the Spring Equinox, the chosen is permitted to give his favour to any one female member of the Temple and should issue result from this, the child is adopted by either the Priestess of the chosen or by the Temple according to the wishes of the Mistress.

After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.

After the congress between Priest and Priestess, the Guardian places a hood over the head of the Priest, fastens his ankles, binds his wrists while the Master, on a signal from the Mistress completes the sacrifice using the sacred knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in a chalice. This Elixir is used by the Mistress in the baking of the sacrificial cakes which all the members present will eat during assembly on the night of the next new moon. The cakes consist of wheat, fish, fowl, spring water, egg and salt together with the Red Elixir, animal fat and honey.

After the sacrifice, the guardian removes the body and the Mistress takes up the sacred knife, pointing it at the Master saying:

So you have sown and from your seeding  
Gifts may come if you obedient heed  
The words I speak.

She then takes the Chalice with the Red Elixir, dips the tip of the sacred knife into it and anoints each member present who have formed a circle around her. The ritual continues as before with the Mistress saying:

I know you my children ...

The Guardian takes the body and buries it in a secluded spot prepared beforehand. It is on this place of burial that the Temple gathers on the night of the new moon to eat the sacrificial cakes.

In former times it was sometimes the practice to sever the head of the chosen one and place it in the Temple or the Temple area if outdoors for a day and a night. During this night, initiations would be conducted and the head shown to new Initiates.

Notes:

Rituals outdoors should be conducted within an (isolated) stone circle during twilight. If the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is undertaken the ritual occurs on the Summer Solstice once every cycle of seventeen years (or nineteen in some traditions).

The one chosen, according to ancient tradition, reaped many benefits in the realm of the acausal (or the lands of the Dark Immortals as it was sometimes called) where that eternal aspect of the individual which initiation into the darker mysteries created was transported after the mortal death to begin on another plane of existence. This belief made willing sacrifice possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

## APPENDIX

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### I: THE NINE ANGLES - Esoteric Meanings

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, self-descriptive: the Tree of Wyrd possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three dimensional space the path from the causal to the acausal - the 'initiate journey' from the sphere of the Moon to Saturn via the other spheres, this path being helical (cf. 'The Wheel of Life' in NAOS). The direction of this path is 'counter-clockwise'. In essence, the acausal is a reflexion (and vice versa) of the causal, so the single term 'Nine Angles' describes what is our normal (ie. un-initiated) view of the

Septenary, this Septenary being a 'map' of consciousness and the cosmos. The realization of the dual nature of the spheres (for example Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars) arises from Initiation and is the first stage of an esoteric understanding of the term 'nine angles'.

The term also describes the nine fundamental 'alchemical' forms (represented by the symbols  $\Theta(\Theta)$ ,  $\Xi(\Xi)$ , or  $\alpha(\alpha)$ ,  $\alpha(\alpha)$ ,  $\alpha(\omega)$  and so on: i.e. the pieces of the Star Game). These forms are the basic apprehensions of magickal energy and thus re-present the acausal manifest in the causal (in the many forms of that manifestation - eg. individual consciousness: the images/archetypes pertaining thereto). Hence each of these symbols is an 'angle' re: the above description of the septenary Tree. These nine fundamental forms (the abstract symbolism is a stage of understanding beyond the purely causal geometric one) exist in many combinations within the nexion which the Tree of Wyrd represents - and these combinations are abstractly symbolized by the placement of the many pieces of the Star Game over the seven boards ('spheres') of that game. (Note: the advanced form of the Star Game is the most complete representation, but for convenience the septenary form will be used here. It should be noted, however, that the septenary form - difficult though it is for initiates - serves only as an introduction to the advanced game.) This abstraction, in terms of the Star Game, makes the forms understandable on a level higher than that of using words and ideas - this understanding is a new form of thinking, a form appropriate to the next century and beyond. Such an understanding arises from playing the Star Game and relating the abstract symbols to conventional representations (eg. archetypal forms; the energies of the pathways; the symbolism of the Tarot and the many and various occult symbolisms) - this develops the capacity for what may be termed 'acausal thinking': when the conventional representations are abandoned and collocations are viewed abstractly. This 'abstraction' is however a new 'insight' (a lower form of which is often described as 'intuition') and not a dry, academic process: it extends consciousness into new and important realms and pre-figures the development of a symbolic language which eliminates the confusion, both moral and linguistic which exists in words and the translation of complex ideas into such words. It is 'mathesis' in the ancient Greek sense and while not being what we understand as 'mathematics' it complements mathematical abstraction and indeed interacts with it in some places. For example, the causal within the acausal can be represented by the tensor  $T_{\alpha\mu}$  where  $C_{\alpha\mu}$  is the causal component and  $U_{\alpha\mu}$  the acausal one. For an  $x^3$  system (Euclidean space)  $C_{\alpha\mu}$  has nine non-zero components. These are the symmetric components of  $T_{\alpha\mu}$ : the skew-symmetrical being acausal. In this sense, the nine form 'sub-spaces' of the causal and the tensor 'describes' the nexion causal/acausal. It is possible to write an equation involving the tensor which describes the multi-dimensional space, the boundary conditions of which give, for example, the metrics of each form of 'spacetime' (causal and acausal).

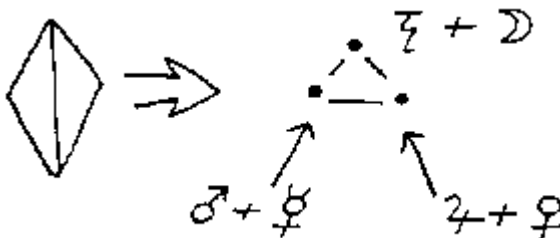
Essentially, the symbolism is a new tool to assist and develop our understanding, and it is via this symbolism that the meanings of the nine angles may most easily be understood without confusion.

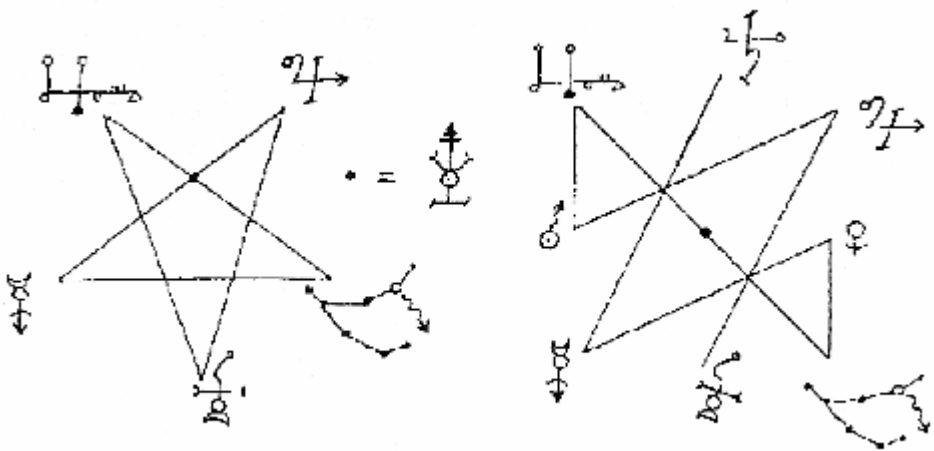
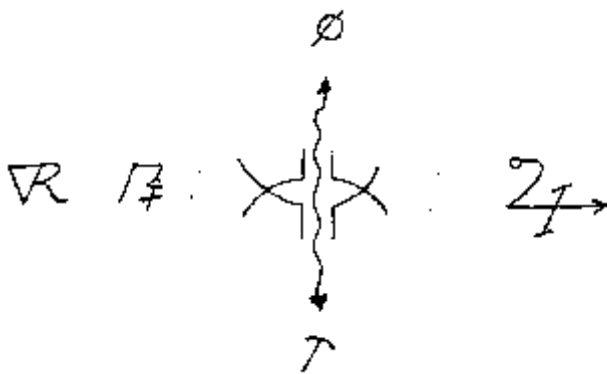
On a less refined esoteric level (ie. in more 'conventional' esoteric terms) the nine angles symbolize the sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two most important 'Gates' (see illustration). This sigil describes the energy flow and may be used, magickally in several ways - for example as a visualization 'sigil' (in hermetic rituals etc.) as a symbol of the path walked during certain rites (some connected with esoteric chant - qv. NAOS) and when an 'Earth Gate' is being sought with a view to drawing acausal energy through it to change the causal (eg. inaugurate a new aeon).

The nine also represents the tetrahedron (for example, the crystal one used in the Rite of the Nine Angles) which is itself symbolic of the nexion described by the Tree of Wyrd. Thus, for instance, in the Nine Angles Rite, the crystal represents one aspect of the nexion, the Priest and Priestess the other: together (i.e. the bringing together in the ritual) they enable the nexion to be opened. In this sense, the Priest and Priestess (when conjoined) form a tetrahedron which, joined with the crystal one, enables acausal energy to become manifest in the causal (the 'world') - this is the secret hinted at in many historical alchemical MSS (for example the 'Rosarium Philosophorum':

"Make a round circle of the man and woman ...") and occasionally depicted in drawings. This 'double tetrahedron' is a magickal form of the double described above in the first paragraph (the causal geometric one).



In some 'esoteric' circles the nine is seen in terms of the five, the five itself deriving from the five angles of the inverted pentagram. This is, however, a misunderstanding, deriving as it does from viewing the 'angles' two-dimensionally when in fact they should be considered in a three dimensional way, at first, and then four-dimensionally (the helical path within the tetrahedrons). This four-dimensional view is in itself only a beginning - beyond is the multi-dimensional when both the causal and the acausal spaces are considered. One means to apprehend this duality is the Star Game (qv. NAOS).






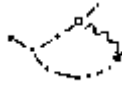
## II: THE SECRETS OF THE NINE ANGLES

The diagrams show how the basic nine angles relate to the

inverted pentagram. Thus,  is the first sphere, the Moon, the second sphere, Mercury, and so on. 

The diagrams signify the order of working in order to create types of magickal energy - that is, they are rites of invocation. Thus, the inverted pentagram shows how magickal energy can be created (or rather drawn from the acausal) - the type depending on where the process is begun. For

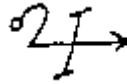
example, to Invoke 'Satanic' energies, the  point would be the



starting one, going on to the next, , and then ~ and so on. The diagrams refer to the chants (given in NAOS and elsewhere) which when sung correctly open the gate or nexion (to the acausal) located



at/represented by the specific point or sphere shown. Thus, means



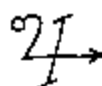

the use of the 'Agius Lucifer' chant (mode IV); means the use of the Agius Baphomet (mode I) and so on. For a ritual, the chants are undertaken in order.


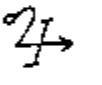
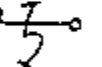
The 'symbol of the nine' shown below the inverted pentagram is only one form of the many possible by joining the seven spheres of the septenary and the 'gates' - as shown, the invocation begins with the Moon sphere and ends with the Saturn sphere (and thus the Agius Vindex chant). Each symbol of nine represents a particular type of energy - for example, to open an 'Earth' gate, the sequence would end with the Earth Gate (ie. the Jupiter sphere); while to open a Star Gate it would end with that gate -





on the diagram.

A simpler form of invocation is possible, and involves not the complete chants, but simply the "word or name" associated with the particular sphere (according to the septenary tradition). Thus, the Moon sphere would involve the vibration of "Nox", the Mercury sphere "Satan" and so on (qv. the correspondences in NAOS).

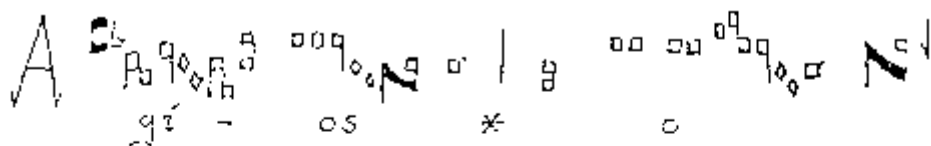
 :  $\mathbb{R}$  : 24 } etc.  
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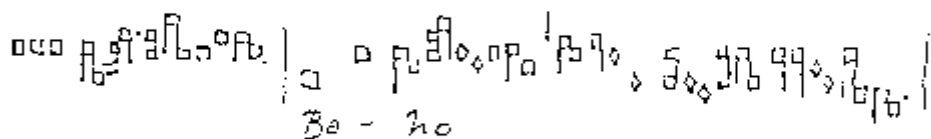
 : Agios Lucifer : Mode IV } etc.  
 : Agios Barthomet : Mode I }  
 : Agios Vindex : Mode II. }

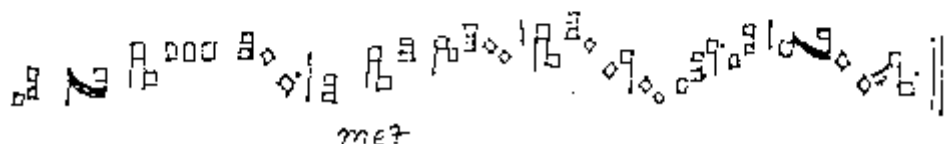
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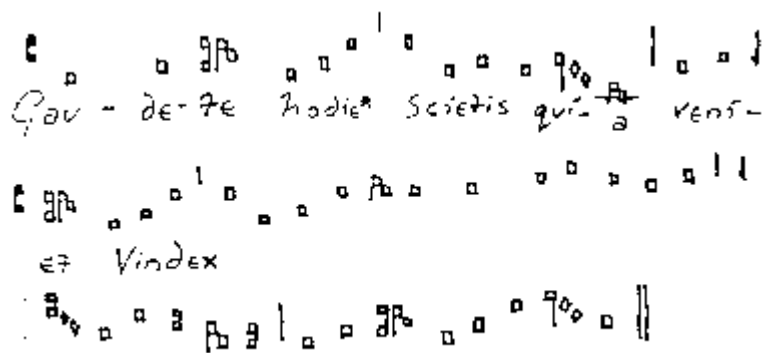
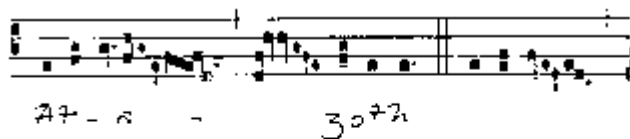
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### III: CHANTS









# Ceremonial Magick

## Dure and Sedue

ONA, 1990eh.

Magick enables us to capture again and again those moments which not only shape our lives but which can extend the possibilities of our existence: those moments when we know with an exhilaration and an insight that transcends words, when we become more than a single isolated individual burdened with a causal existence.

For some time there has been a denial of, and attempts to undermine, the ceremonial in magick: there has arisen a plethora of self-written rituals and "chaos" type workings. This, however, arises from a misunderstanding of the nature of ceremonial magick. Basically, there are two types of ceremonial workings in magick: dure ceremonial, and sedue ceremonial. The first is essentially ritual used for internal magick – to produce or provoke or inspire changes within the consciousness of those participating/attending. The second is (or rather should be) a performance which transports the individual participants to another realm and which engages their whole being. It is not however a possession – but rather a developed awareness, a new way of being distinct from "everyday" existence, one in which all the elements (mind, body, emotions etc.) are a unity. A sedue ceremonial is an artistic event of the highest type because it is a conscious attempt to make the acausal real (to presence it) in causal time. However, like any artistic performance, a ritual can be good, indifferent, bad or great depending on the talent and abilities of those performing/conducting it. If it is any of the first three, it will not achieve its purpose.

A great performance is one which captures the essence of the ritual – which brings the acausal, which "opens a nexion", and which thus has the magickal power to transform. This of course is a rare event – at least these days – and like, for example, a great performance of a drama or a symphony, requires both talent and preparation. Unfortunately, in the past as in the present, ceremonial rituals when attempted are done mostly by inept

performers with little or no preparation and little if any empathy with the magick which the ritual re-presents. Thus the ritual is magickally ineffective: non-inspirational for the participants and congregation. Further, elements of self-delusion (regarding the "magick") are mostly present. Such "performances" tend to confirm the mistaken belief that ceremonial forms are either boring or outmoded or both.

A ceremonial ritual should be vivifying – and awaken "numinous" feelings. It should stimulate all the senses – for a sedue ritual in a subtle way; for dure ritual in an obvious/overt way. Incenses and fragrances should stimulate the sense of smell; the eyes should be stimulated by colour and imagery; hearing by the sounds of chanting, by music, words; the intellect by the symbols/content/intent; the passions by the spirit or elan of the performance and perhaps the sight/gestures of an individual or individuals performing a specific "role", their manner of dress (or undress) and their physical movement.

A ceremonial ritual is a seduction – of the participants and congregation by he/she/they conducting it or the power of the rite itself because the rite captures or transforms an aspect or aspects of the acausal. This seduction is subtle if the ritual is a sedue one, and obvious/overt/harsh if it is a dure one. But by its nature it always has a temporal structure, as it always is a nexion to the acausal – if it is a genuine magickal rite, that is, one that possesses when performed acausal (or magickal) energy/power. Both of these aspects – the temporal structure and the nexion – are important, although hitherto esoteric.

Each shall be considered in turn. First, temporal structure. This means that the ritual has a beginning, a middle (or 'action'/development) and a definite end: it is confined in temporal time, and while a specific performance may be 'fast' or 'slow' depending on the mood and the intensity, it is generally of a certain duration. Second – a nexion. This means that in form and content (e.g. the techniques used to draw upon magickal energy) it is effective – it accesses the forms/symbols and so on required for its purpose. This means more than that it 'produces emotion'. Emotion arises or should arise from the performance by the effort and talent of the performers. Rather, such accessing means it re-presents certain elements of the acausal in an accessible form, such as archetypes or numinous symbols. This requires what can only be called a type of 'artistic creation' – and this in itself can be of varying quality, as in music or any creative endeavor. Most creations, however, as rituals, are not effective: they do not presence the acausal, although they may produce emotion and

perhaps the occasional insight. Emotion, however, is not magick – just as "intellectual stimulation" and/or undisciplined behaviour are not, although such things result and are expected to result from what passes for "magickal rituals" today. Only rarely does a creation become or be magickal – that is, a nexion, despite the intent of the person or persons who undertake such creation. Thus, no amount of desire, no amount of intellectual knowledge can make or create a ritual which is magickally effective. Only rarely does a creation become or is magickal. It may become so due to the "aura" or "tradition" surrounding it (partly due to past performances) – but even in this instance it must still possess some aspects which access the acausal directly. It is magickal when it is that rare entity: a genuine magickal creation.

The temporal structure and accessing of a ritual mean that a genuine rite, once created or transmitted via tradition, must be respected for what it is: effective performance requires fidelity to the temporal limits and its internal structure – in terms of all its formalized elements such as words, chants, symbols, images, colours etc. Outside of this, there can be (and indeed should be) artistic interpretation, a vivifying of the original by the talent and skill of the performer(s). A genuine magickal ritual is a work of art – and requires 'interpretation', that is, performance, to presence the acausal. It is, in short, a conscious causal expression of aspects of the acausal – and in performance lives in both the causal and the acausal. Hence its power to transform. [It should be remembered that only ceremonial magick is being considered here – the above does not imply that only ceremonial forms are effective as magick. There are many other forms or means of accessing the acausal.]

Given this understanding, it should be obvious that there are very few rituals, written down or transmitted, which presence the acausal and which, in an inspiring performance or interpretation, are capable of transforming either the consciousness of others or of producing changes in the causal metric itself. That is, there are few rituals which possess in their written form the potential to be a nexion to the acausal: and even these require inspirational performance: rehearsal, planning, the correct intent or desire ... In short, the creation of "atmosphere" and skill/ability in performance. The rituals that proliferate today – and most of those regarded as 'traditional' – may in their performance pass some moments of causal time and may even fill some individuals with emotion (and boredom is an emotion), but they are not and never will be magickal.

Of the rituals that do exist, those in 'The Black Book of Satan' together with a few others (such as The Ceremony of Recalling in its various forms) rank as supreme works of magick. Some other rites possess the potential to do even more on the causal level (e.g. the Nine Angles rites) - producing aeonic changes. Thus explicated, genuine Black Magick becomes available to all: for the first time ever.

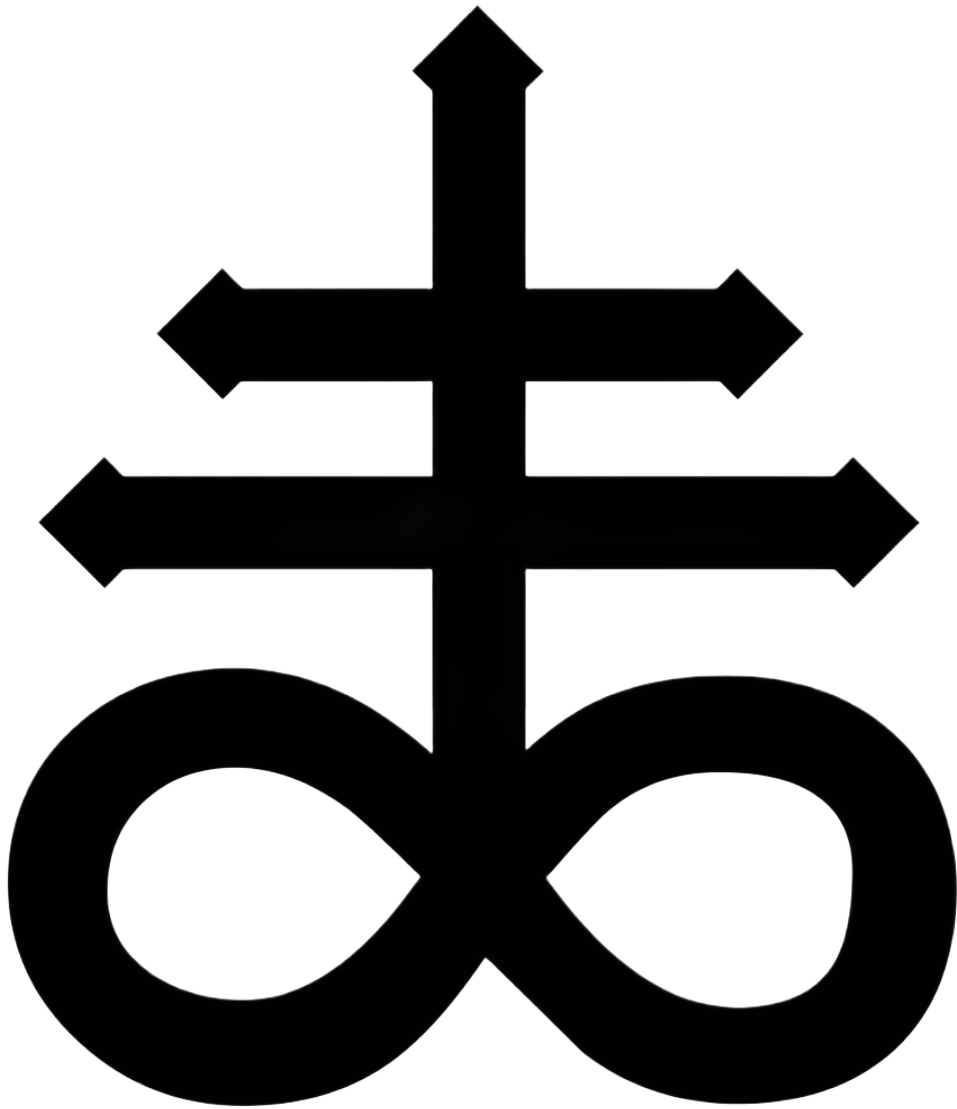
- Order of Nine Angles -



**HELL**

**Anton Long**

**(1984)**



**I shall be honest – Satanism has been hijacked. By posers, by pseudo-intellectuals and by gutless weaklings who like the glamour and danger associated with it in the public mind but who do not have the guts to be evil – to do dark deeds.**

**These modern days so-called 'satanists' are really Nazarene scum in disguise – worms in dead snake-skin. They prattle on about 'morality', puff themselves up with titles and perform verbal and intellectual gymnastics. They think being Satanic involves calling yourself a Satanist and dressing up like Dracula or Mephistopheles or a vamp.**

**Well, I am sick of these imposters. Those who get a thrill from playing the role but who never actually do anything evil, who never go to the extremes, who never stand on the edge – or climb down to the darkness of the pit of Hell. Those who have never experienced the limits of themselves in love, in war, in living – these weaklings trying so hard to impress.**

**What, then, is real Satanism all about? First, it is about rebellion – against the conformity of the present. And I mean a real rebel, a real outlaw – someone who cuts a dash, who has charisma, whose very presence makes others uneasy (and who does not have to wear some stupid 'costume' to do this). Second – try something to see if you get away with it. If not – tough, you failed. There are plenty of others... If you succeed, try again, until you know your limits. Choose a good cause, or a bad one or no cause at all, and really live, intoxicating yourself with life, danger, achievement. Do not rest and never be afraid to face the possibility of death. But in all that you do be honourable – to yourself. Carry this honour with you everywhere like a favourite concealed weapon.**

**Third, learn from your experience – like you would learn from a 'bad' woman (or man) in your youth when sex was still something of a mystery. A real Satanist does not often do magick – they are magick by the very nature of their dynamic, zestful existence. It is experience which teaches, from which you learn – you cannot learn Satanism from books (although some may guide you aright to begin with), it cannot be taught by 'Masters' and never involves cosy little discussions with 'friends' or others. Anyone who accepts a 'Master' and grovels before them – however slight that**

**grovelling may be – is not a Satanist, just a sucker who sucks. Accepting some ‘authority’ is a sign you are weak: a sign you need emotional crutches: a sign you are a wimp.**

**So, get off your arse, you suckers, and make Satan proud. Learn to do evil.**

**What is evil? All that restricts life – all that tries to constrain the possibilities. Doing evil means breaking these restrictions and constraints – and taking the consequences of your actions. Just do – just discover, just smash the chains that hold most others in thrall, and never bow down to anyone about anything: smash them first, or die rather than submit. That way, you will learn how to live – and laugh at the weak.**

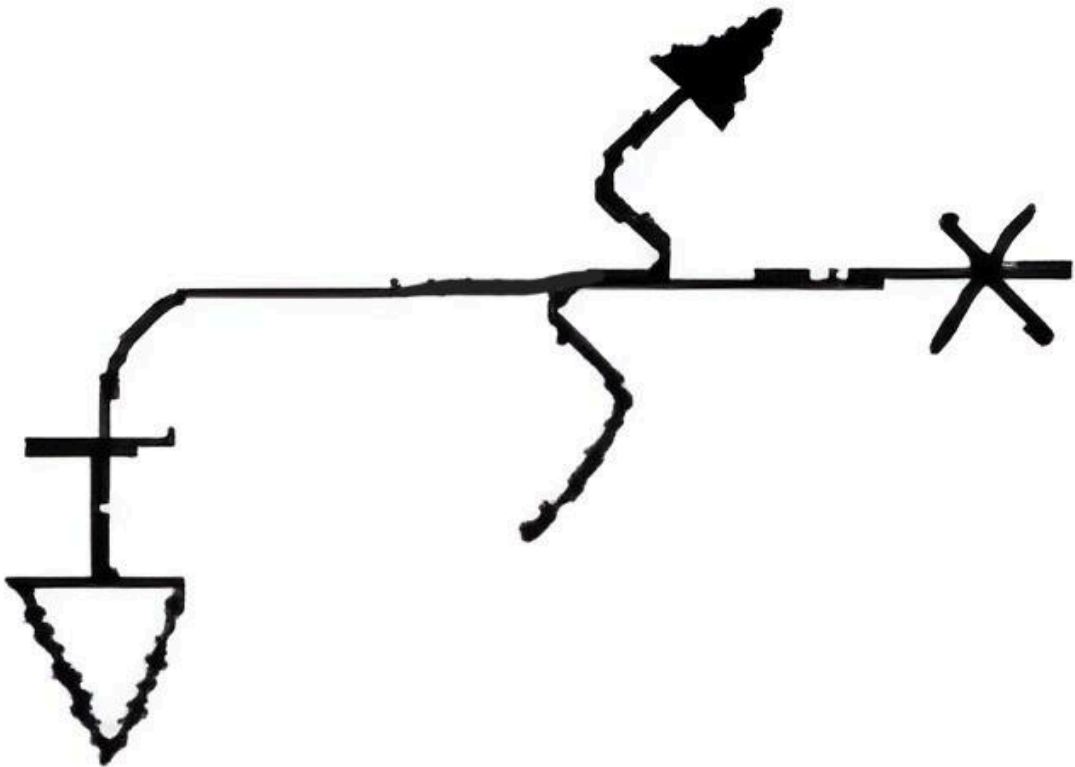
**Of course this is dangerous – for others, and yourself! Satanism was never easy – or for wimps.**

**See you in Hell!**



# THE CULLING TEXTS

(1984 - 1990)



# **A Gift for the Prince**

## **A Guide to Human Sacrifice**

**(1984)**

**In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth [sometimes called The Lady Master] usually takes on the role of the dark or 'violent' goddess, Baphomet, and the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan - the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess, the bride of our Prince.**

**Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed, or stored - for example in a crystal) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities' . Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of sacrifice, is disruptive - that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that human sacrifice furthers the work of Satan.**

**Sacrifice can be voluntary, of an individual; involuntary, of an individual or two; or result from events brought about by Satanic ritual and/or planning (such as wars). Voluntary sacrifice results from the traditional Satanist belief that our life on this planet is only a stage: a gateway or nexion to another existence. This other existence is in the acausal realm where the Dark Gods exist. The key to this other existence is not negation, but rather ecstasy. A Satanist revels in life because by living life in a joyful, ecstatic way, the acausal that exists within us all by virtue of our being, is strengthened. For Satanists, not only the manner of living is important, but also the manner of death. We must live well and die at the right time, proud and defiant to the end - not waiting sickly and weak. The scum of the Earth wail and tremble as they face Death: we stand laughing and spit with contempt. Thus do we learn how to live.**

**Voluntary sacrifice usually occurs every seventeen years as part of the Ceremony of Recalling: the one chosen becomes Immortal, living in the acausal to haunt the edge of the minds of those un-initiated.**

**An involuntary sacrifice is when an individual or individuals are chosen by a group, Temple or Order. Such sacrifices are usually sacrificed on the Spring Equinox, although if this is not possible for whatever reason, another date may be used. While voluntary sacrifices are always male (and usually twenty-one years of age) there are no restrictions concerning involuntary sacrifices other than the fact that they are usually in some way opponents of Satanism or the Satanic way of living.**

**Great care is needed in choosing a sacrifice: the object being to dispose of a difficult individual or individuals without arousing undue suspicion. A Temple or group wishing to conduct such a sacrifice with magickal intent must first obtain permission from the Grand Master or Grand Lady Master.**

**If this is given, then detailed preparation must begin. First, choose the sacrifice(s) - those whose removal will actively benefit the Satanist cause. Candidates are zealous interfering Nazarenes, those (e.g. journalists) attempting to disrupt in some way established Satanist groups or Orders, political/ business individuals whose activities are detrimental to the Satanist spirit, and those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic and/or improve the human stock.**

**There are three methods of conducting an involuntary sacrifice: (1) by magickal means (e.g. the Death Ritual); (2) by some person or persons directly killing the sacrifice(s); (3) by assassination.**

**Both (2) and (3) can be undertaken either directly by the group/Temple/Order and its members, or by proxy. Proxy involves the Master or Mistress finding a suitably weak-willed individual and then implanting in the mind of that individual - usually by hypnosis - a suitable suggestion.**

**Whatever method is chosen, a date for the sacrifice should be set and on that date a suitable ritual undertaken. This ritual is most usually the Death Ritual - if method (3) is chosen, the Ritual is performed twice: first, seven days before the chosen date, and then on the date itself while the member/proxy is undertaking the sacrifice. The energy of this latter ritual is then directed (or temporarily stored), or dispersed over Earth, by the person conducting the ritual.**

**Method (2) involves the Ritual of Sacrifice. The victim or victims are brought or enticed to the area chosen for the Ritual, bound by the Guardian of the Temple and at the appropriate point in the Ritual sacrificed by either the Master or the Mistress using the Sacrificial Knife. The body or bodies are then buried or otherwise disposed of, care being taken if they are found for suspicion not to fall on any of those involved. Those involved, of course, must be sworn to secrecy and warned that if they break their oath, their own existence will be terminated. Breaking the Oath of Sacrifice draws upon the individual or individuals who break that Oath, the vengeance of all Satanic groups, Order and individuals -and this vengeance is both magickal and more direct, the Master or Mistress of the Ritual appointing Guardians to hunt down and kill those who have broken the Oath.**

**Those who participate in the Ritual of Sacrifice must revel in the death(s) - it being the duty of the Master and Mistress to find suitable participants.**

# **Culling**

## **A Guide to Sacrifice II**

**(1986)**

As has been written - opfers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock: removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (in terms of character). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct/influence /control events in real time (i.e. in the causal) and so produce historical change [war/strife/ struggle/ revolution and so on] than it does by choosing a specific opfer and executing an act of sacrifice. However, the correct choice of opfer means that with their elimination the sinister dialectic will be aided and thus the intrusion of the acausal into the causal speeded up. [ In non-esoteric terms read: "aid the dark forces to spread over Earth." ] The choosing of specific opfers depends on three things: (1) Satanic judgement; (2) insight into and knowledge of Aeonics and the sinister dialectic; (3) the means for undertaking the act without compromising the individuals involved are available. Generally, it is the duty of a Master or Mistress to select opfers, although any Satanist, from novice upwards, can suggest suitable targets, in which case the Master or Mistress, after due consideration, will give judgement as to the suitability of the target.

(1) means a judgement is made, based on experience. Often, this is a judgement concerning the character of the victim. The victim may be suggested/chosen (a) because one or more of their actions has brought them to attention and made them seem suitable; or (b) their removal will be beneficial to Satanism/the sinister dialectic. The suitability of the victim is decided by a Master or Mistress, and once confirmed, the victim or victims are subject to tests (qv. 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers' MS). Often, the Master or Mistress arranges to meet to victim or victims 'accidentally' and so can judge them on a personal level.

(2) means the proposed action is assessed in the light of Aeonics/the sinister dialectic - i.e. will the removal of the victim or victims aid the cause of Satanism? The dialectic?

(3) means that (a) members are available to conduct the tests; (b) the loyalty of those members and the others who will participate in actual sacrifice is assured; (c) the Temple has the means and the abilities necessary to conduct the act: for example, make it seem 'accidental' if an "accidental death" is decided upon as a means of avoiding detection; can ensure safe untraceable disposal after the act; arrange an alibi should any participant need one.

Opfers are not chosen at random - they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act - be such a ritual or a practical act (such as an assassination) - is never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal desires. Instead, the act is supra-personal - done with a Satanic

**judgement and a Satanic detachment arising from both sinister knowledge (e.g. of Aeonics) and direct knowledge of the character or actions of the victim. The act itself and the prior judgement as to the suitability of the victim or victims is often communal - involving a Temple/group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating. In such communal action, one member is appointed to argue the case for or on behalf of the intended victim or victims during the special sunedrion which is convened by the Master or Mistress to consider the selection of victim(s) and arrangements for the act.**

**The act itself is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values - that is, it aids evolution in a positive way, enhancing the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the sinister dialectic/nature of the culling). Opfers become/are chosen as victims because of their nature and/or because of their deeds. Mostly, victims are dross - those whose removal will aid change/the growth of civilization/the Aeonic imperative.**

**The judgement which decides the fate of an intended victim or victims is of course a Satanic one - and quite often, this judgement is akin to an act of 'natural justice' and/or a Satanic retribution: the victims have effectively condemned themselves by their deeds/their nature. In effect, Satanic sacrifice is conscious evolution in action.**

**Many examples might be presented to illustrate this - but four will suffice, although it should be remembered that these are merely illustrations, specimens, to throw light on the underlying principles involved.**

**I.) A young man of weak character (no self-discipline; a lout of the worst kind) spends his time stealing cars and committing petty crimes. He lives on 'Social Security' benefit and has a disdain for nearly everyone - which he shows by his loutish, foul-mouthed behaviour: when he is with friends, of course, since he is too weak and cowardly to do anything provokative on his own. He is often drunk. On one occasion, he steals a car with some of his cronies, is chased by Police but escapes. During this chase, he crashes into some other cars and two people are injured, one of whom is a young woman who sustains serious injuries the effects of which will be with her for the rest of her life.**

**Some time later, this lout and some others break into the home of an elderly, blind man. The man attempts to stop them and this enrages this lout who beats the old man unconscious. The elderly man had fought in the Great War of 1914-18 and had been awarded several medals for gallantry. After this beating, the lout is rather proud of himself and considers he is something of a 'hard man'.**

**This lout is a typical example of the modern dross modern society produces in such profusion and which this society does nothing effective about. His character and his actions make him a suitable candidate for sacrifice - his removal will be a culling, benefiting evolution, and be an act of natural justice, restoring balance. Satanic**

judgement would give him a chance to redeem himself - make something out of himself - via tests designed to show if he has any potential. Should he fail the tests, he would be regarded as an offer.

II.) A Satanic novice living in a European country where questioning the 'holocaust' is a crime, in Law, joins an extreme Right-wing political group which works "underground". In doing this, he hopes to acquire experience "on the edge" and actively aid the sinister dialectic by challenging 'the accepted' and speaking/working for and on behalf of the heretical and 'the forbidden' (in that and other Western countries, the heretical is National-Socialism: qv. MSS on Aeonics). After some months of action, he and some others are betrayed by someone working with them. The person who betrayed them had been arrested doing something dreadfully 'illegal' (distributing forbidden books and leaflets) and had made a deal with the authorities whereby he only gets a fine if he gives them the names of others involved in the underground cell. Our novice however escapes to another country - but two of his Comrades are caught and after a farce of a trial are sentenced to several years imprisonment.

Thus the betrayer makes himself a candidate for sacrifice - he acted against the sinister dialectic (and thus those aiding that dialectic) and revealed a weakness of character.

III.) A particular individual is prominent in actively organizing and encouraging violent opposition to those who are members of a political group whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the sinister dialectic and whose nationwide success would begin a new upward phase in evolutionary change. By his actions over a period of time, this particular individual becomes an opponent of those who desire to bring about this new evolutionary change - and thus he becomes a suitable candidate for sacrifice. His removal - most effectively by assassination - will be a lesson to others and beneficial for those whom he opposed, and thus will aid the dialectic.

IV.) An Adept desires to practically and effectively disrupt the status quo and encourage the breakdown of the present system, aiming also to bring about a revolutionary state of affairs in his country beneficial to those whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the dialectic and thus evolution. To do this, he aims to target a particular, distinct, group - considering them all as suitable potential offers. That is, he considers this particular group -by its nature and by its collective presence and actions - has shown itself to be suitable: removal of as many of its members as possible will be conscious natural selection in action. In effect, he wished to create a particular type of 'tension' in society by eliminating members of this particular, distinct, group.

The Master guiding this particular Adept agreed this was a feasible option, from the point of view of practically and effectively aiding the sinister dialectic. A special sunedrion was held to consider this, with a member defending the character and presence of this particular group within this particular society. After hearing and

**considering all the arguments, the judgement of the Master was that the members of this particular distinct group (and others like it) could indeed be classed as opfers and thus that the removal of one or many would be beneficial.**

**Essentially, sacrifice falls into two categories - (1) sacrifice by magick by means of a magickal rite, such as the Death Ritual; (2) sacrifice by some physical act -i.e. death by practical means. (2) can and often does involve a secondary and/or simultaneous magickal ritual which aids or is a part of the practical act of execution.**

## **Excursus**

### **The Reason for Revealing a Secret Sinister Tradition**

Too often, in the past, the true nature of Satanic sacrifice was hidden - even from many who professed to be Satanists. More recently, pseudo-Satanists have falsely claimed that "Satanism does not and never has conducted human sacrifices." However, I repeat that human sacrifice - properly conducted according to the guidelines laid down by traditional Satanist groups - is a culling and thus is positive and a practical expression of Satanic belief. Of course, the modern pseudo-Satanists deny this - since in their weakness they seek respectability and seek to make what they call 'Satanism' like themselves: weak, pseudo- intellectual, ineffective, inoffensive and addicted to fantasy role-playing.

The time is now right, however - both strategically and tactically - to reveal the Satanic truth, the whole Satanic truth and nothing but the Satanic truth in clear, precise terms which are not open to mis-interpretation.

The traditional code of silence which forbid the casting of this aspect of esoteric Satanic tradition into writing - and which expressly forbid the dissemination of anything connected with that aspect - no longer applies. That is, the Grand Master representing traditional Satanic groups recently decided to permit this aspect of the tradition to be not only written down, but also disseminated. This would establish for both present and historical purposes, what the true nature of Satanism was and is since it was considered that the time was right (given the conditions pertaining in Western societies at the time the decision was taken) for this knowledge to be made known. The main reason for this judgement was Aeonic - to enable greater participation in genuine Satanism, thus increasing the number of genuine Satanists, and thus enable these Satanists by their acts and their living to implement sinister strategy.

With the revealing of the principles and practice of Satanic sacrifice, all of genuine Satanic practice and belief was made accessible - it was no longer confined to esoteric groups or reclusive individuals. A subsidiary reason for revealing this aspect of sinister tradition was to counter the falsehoods of the pseudo-Satanists. These pseudo- Satanists had set themselves up, within what had become the 'Occult establishment', as authorities on Satanism - making pronouncements as to whom they considered to be "genuine Satanists" and which group or groups they considered to be "authentic". Of course, those so deemed 'genuine' or 'authentic' had to fit their definition of what they considered Satanism to be - and by the nature of that definition these so-called 'genuine Satanists' were one or more of the following: jerks, role-playing hucksters, babbling pretentious nerds, fantasy-mongers, pseudo-intellectual dabblers, mental defectives and vain, egotistical, materialistic urbanized softies incapable and afraid of undergoing genuine ordeals in the real world.

**These people went around feeling rather pleased with themselves and their safe, tame 'Satanic' world of fantasy-rituals conducted in covens/pylons or in some pathetic 'temple' they made in their own home out of various bits-and-pieces sold to them by some "I really believe in the power of crystals" Occult-shop owner. The meanderings of these pretentious Temples and Churches - "we are 'authentic' and 'genuine' Satanists!" - with their fictitious "mandates" and their spurious "teachings" cobbled-together from old Jewish-inspired Grimoires and long-dead useless myths and legends, would, if left unchallenged, gradually obscure then undermine and destroy the real essence of Satanism. This essence is that it is a practical means, a practical way, to create a new, higher type of individual - and eventually a new human species.**

**This way involves - and can only involve - real experiences, real ordeals, real darkness and real self-effort over a period of many years, for only these things build real personal character; only these things lead to a self-overcoming, an evolution of the individual. The pseudo-Satanists wallow in intellectual verbosity and engross themselves in pseudo-magickal rituals. For so defying the sinister dialectic, and revealing their true, weak, nature, some at least would be suitable as opfers. In their last moment of terror, they would at last experience the real, primal, darkness which is Satan.**

# **Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime**

## **The Satanic Truth**

**(1986)**

**Due to the plethora of imitation Satanists who abound today (particularly in America) it has become necessary to openly declare the facts about genuine Satanism in relation to Sacrifice and 'criminal behaviour'.**

**Such a declaration will establish for all time a permanent record and will expose the fraudulent 'Satanists' for what they are - individuals who like to be associated with the glamour of evil and darkness, but who lack the inspiration, courage and daring to be evil and dark. Furthermore, I repeat what I have written before - Satanism is not now and can never be, an intellectualized philosophy just as it most certainly is not in any way ethical or moral. It is an individualized defiance and an individualized striving which vitalizes, which affirms existence in an ecstatic way - as such, it is a way of living which courts danger, excess. It is not nor can ever be, dogmatic just as it never involves submission to anyone or anything. For this reason, there can never be genuine Satanic Churches or 'Temples' where Initiates conform to dogma or authority - such things are not for genuine Satanic Initiates but for the deluded, those lacking spirit and talent: in brief, for the manipulated, rather than the manipulators.**

# Sacrifice

In genuine Satanism [primal Satanism] sacrifice is accepted, and indeed necessary. In former times, it involved both animal and human sacrifice. Today, however, it involves human sacrifice only - since there are an abundance of suitable specimens, due to the increase in human dross.

Sacrifice is accepted Satanic practice for several reasons. First, it is a test of Satanic character - to kill someone on the personal level (e.g. with one's own hands) is a character building experience, and today enables various skills to be developed (e.g. cunning in execution and planning). Second, it has magickal benefits (qv. the Order MS "A Gift for the Prince"). Third, it sorts the imitation or toy Satanists out from the genuine - the former find excuses and usually retreat to their comfy, intellectualized world of playing at 'Satanic roles and rituals', or they are genuinely horrified and expose themselves for what they are - gutless cowards who lack Satanic darkness.

However, as explained elsewhere, genuine Satanic sacrifice is always done for a reason - a calculating purpose. [qv., for example, 'Satanism, The Sinister Shadow, Revealed.'] It is never strictly personal - i.e. it does not arise from any desire which is personal, whether unconscious or not.

Further, it is accepted practice that the victims, the opfers, choose themselves. Thus, opfers are never selected at random just as they are never children (although occasionally an opfer may be a virgin). Mostly, the victims, whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, are tested, and only if they fail these tests will they become opfers. The tests, of course, are unknown to the victim. For example, a series of tests or 'games' are prepared once the victim has been chosen, and each test or game requires the victim to make a specific choice.

One choice leads to another test or game. After a certain number of choices of a certain type, the victim is deemed to have failed, and so chooses their own sacrificial death. Most often, the tests are tests of character - those that are shown to be worthless in character become opfers.

Thus, a number of victims are selected - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic of history [qv. 'The Sinister Shadow' MS for an example.]. These are then, without their knowledge, tested. If they fail, they become opfers. [See below, under 'Crime', for an example of the kind of tests that may be involved - the ones for sacrifice are, of course, much more 'testing'.]

The actual sacrifice has two forms: (1) during a ritual; (2) by practical means (e.g. assassination/'accidents') without any magickal trappings. If (2) is chosen, then a ritual

of sacrifice may still be undertaken, but with a 'symbolic' offer (e.g. a wax figurine named after the actual offer).

The actual execution of the act of sacrifice - whether during a ritual or otherwise - will be carefully planned, and calculatingly done. This planning will mean the death will seldom if ever be seen as a Satanic act even if it has occurred during a ritual. Today, and in the recent past, most sacrifices are of the second type - i.e. acts of execution undertaken by a Satanic novice 'in the real world', involving assassination and 'accidents' or viewed by others (e.g. the Police) as seemingly "motiveless crimes". Further, in genuine Satanic groups, the execution of this act is an essential prerequisite to Adeptship.

The aim of the sacrifice can be either (a) part of a dark ritual - i.e. to presence sinister energies in the causal, causing changes in the world, such changes aiding the dark forces (examples would be the Ceremony of Recalling; the Sinister Calling); or (b) as part of general sinister strategy, adduced via Aeonics. [Note: This latter occurs when a novice progresses along the Satanic path according to tradition.]

# Crime

**Crime is not an end, but a means. A criminal act is not done because it is criminal but because the act itself has a purpose or intent - the criminality of that act being irrelevant. This purpose is either to aid self-excellence (build Satanic character) or aid sinister strategy.**

**Basically, an act is judged not by whether it is illegal (and thus criminal) in a particular country, but rather by its purpose or intent. Or, expressed more simply, by whether that act can serve Satanism in general and self-development in particular. An example will best illustrate this.**

**A Satanic novice conceived the idea of gaining experience by burglary. The monetary benefits were useful, but incidental to the main purpose. As a Satanist, he of course planned carefully and chose wisely. First, the jobs themselves had to be difficult, challenging and thus interesting - they would require careful planning and delicate execution. So he chose Apartments, and entry mainly via windows and roofs - this needed some training and the acquisition of skills, plus daring and courage. Second, the people to be deprived of some of their belongings would choose themselves - they would be 'tested' to see if they were suitable victims. The selection would be by character - according to their nature. This required the novice to use his own judgement and instinct. He would select those who showed they lacked character, breeding, nobility - who lacked, in fact, the virtues of a Satanist.**

**The novice selected some Apartments in a city where the pickings would be rich. Then he observed the occupants for some time - watching them, their routines and so on. Next, he arranged for the execution of his tests. Two friends (who were actually Initiates of his Order - or rather the Order he had joined) were enlisted to aid him in this. They would appear, on his signal, and seem to rob him as he lingered near the entrance to the building when one of his chosen victims was near. On the first occasion, the victim ignored the 'robbery', and continued on his way. On the second, the next victim came to his aid and actually knocked one 'robber' unconscious with a punch, albeit for a short time.**

**Thus, the first victim or mark became selected, or rather selected himself by his actions, and it was from his Apartment that the novice stole some things some days later. Of course, the planning and execution of such a test was difficult - requiring acting, timing, manipulation, daring, zest - in brief, experience in the real world. Following this success, he moved to another target and found some new victims for his test. It was interesting that these tests confirmed the novice's instinctive assessment of the victim's character - and thus aided his Satanic judgement.**

**In this example, the burglary was a 'crime', in Law - but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was 'criminal' - that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real. It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character meant that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of 'natural justice'. To some, it may seem a game - and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). And it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents - at different levels.**

**Furthermore, this 'realness' is important - genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and 'safe' games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and 'identifying' with a fictionalized assassin - or, more likely, will 'act out' such a role in some pathetic pseudo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.**

**Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong - but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.**

**This growth means that a Satanist moves on - there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurance, courage; new insights. A 'role' is only a role - played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time - they have served the purpose for which they were intended - and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means - to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts - a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them.**

**So it is, so it has been and so it will be - for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile, the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that 'Satanism' never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather 'bad press'. But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet 'stupid'.**

# **Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers**

## **(1988)**

**It is a fundamental principle of traditional Satanism that all prospective opfers must be subject to several tests before becoming actual opfers either during a ceremony or otherwise.**

**The purpose of the tests is to give the chosen victim a sporting chance and to show if they possess the character defects which make them suitable as opfers. The victim is chosen according to Satanic practice - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, for instance, or those who have or are proving troubling for Satanism in general, or those who have been judged by a Master or a Mistress (or someone of a higher Grade) as suitable for receiving Satanic justice/vengeance because of one or more of their actions. Once the victim is chosen, it is the duty of the Master or Mistress of the Temple or group who wish to perform the sacrifice to appoint suitable members - and if necessary train them - to prepare and execute the tests.**

**It is principle that no offer under any circumstance be informed directly or indirectly that they are being tested for whatever reason as this would invalidate the test.**

**The tests are constructed so as to give the victim a choice of responses -either a positive one, or a negative one. A negative choice leads to another test at another time and place. If this choice is also negative, then the victim is deemed suitable, and becomes the offer. Sometimes however, a third test may be deemed necessary by the Master or Mistress.**

**The tests are to appear to be incidents of everyday life such as the victim might be expected to encounter, given the society of the time. The tests are designed to test the character of the victim - to reveal their true nature.**

**Positive, Satanic qualities, are courage, daring, defiance, and so on. Negative qualities are cowardice, meek fear, treachery and so on. It is for the Master or Mistress to use their judgement, experience and knowledge to construct the appropriate tests which seek to prove if the victim possesses the qualities deemed appropriate. Basically, the victim must, if they are suitable for sacrifice, show that they possess a weak character and be lacking in Satanic qualities such as nobility and excellence.**

**An example will best illustrate the type of test which is required.**

**For this example, the victim is male, and to undertake the test, four members will be required, two of them female. The victim has been under surveillance for some time, and his routine, habits etc. noted. It has been found that he has a certain fondness for young ladies. A female member is to 'set him up' for the actual test - she meets him, 'as if by chance' at a place he frequents. She shows a subtle sexual interest in him. If he**

runs true to form, he will suggest a future meeting, to which she agrees (or, if he does not suggest this, she does). She specifies the place and the date/time. This is a place where few if any other people are likely to be around at the time specified. At this assignation, he is observed by the three (two men, one woman) who are to conduct the actual test, until they judge the time is right. [If the victim does not turn up, the first lady member meets him, again 'by chance', and arranges another meeting. If this meeting does not occur, another test is devised.] The second lady then passes near to where the victim is waiting - she makes certain he is aware of her. The two men then come onto the scene and begin to harass her, verbally at first. Then they begin to 'molest' her physically and try to drag her away (toward a car, probably). She screams for help. The test is to see how the victim reacts - what his choice is. He has two choices - to do nothing, and pretend he has not heard/noticed anything (a negative response), or he can go to the aid of the lady. [Note: 'Help'/aid here means actually trying to rescue her, not merely feebly asking the men to stop.] If he tries to aid her, the two men run off, and she thanks him gratefully. If he does nothing to aid her, he has failed the test, for he reveals the character of a coward. The Master or Mistress will be observing events from a discreet distance.

The performances of the members, during the test, must be totally convincing, as must their timing. In all aspects of the tests, from the initial surveillance to the final execution of the test, they must be professional.

It will be seen from this example that the tests are quite complex -require planning, rehearsals and so on. This planning, and the surveillance, might take months. Little, if anything, should be left to chance in the execution of the tests. The rewards, however, justify the operation - there is, firstly, a probable victim for sacrifice, enabling the quintessence of Satanic ritual to be undertaken; secondly, there is the involvement of the whole Temple - the planning, the choosing of victims, the rehearsals of the tests and then finally their execution. This involvement, from the initial choice to the final test, is an extended magickal act, imbued with Satanic essence - creating and presencing sinister energies, aiding the development of Satanic skill and character, drawing the members together in a vivifying way. As such, it is a prelude to the act of sacrifice itself. Thus, even should the victim not be chosen because he/she proves unsuitable having made a positive choice during a test, the effort has been extremely worthwhile, both in terms of aiding the development of members on the levels of character and knowledge and skills, and also magickally.

The decision of the Master or Mistress regarding the outcome of a particular test is final and binding. It needs to be stressed that the tests give the victim a sporting chance and serve to confirm/deny their suitability - before the tests are even planned, the victim will have been chosen as a probable offer by the Master or Mistress using their judgement.

Opfers are examples of human culling in action.

# **Victims**

## **A Sinister Exposé**

### **(1990)**

**It should be understood that all acts undertaken by a Satanic novice to gain experience are perpetrated/done against those (the victims) whose character has been revealed to be or shown to be, by their deeds, defective. This character is judged from a Satanic perspective.**

**The actions of a Satanic novice in the real world arise as a consequence of that novice following, at the time of a particular act, a particular stage of the Satanic way to Adeptship and beyond. Thus, each act has a purpose and an intent which are beyond the moment(s) of that act. The purpose is to achieve experience (and consequently that maturity of character which experience brings), and the intent is Satanic - i.e. the individual is participating in Satanism by their desire to so experience and profit from that experience.**

**All such Satanic acts are directed and calculating, and as such they arise from a conscious decision, not from a 'loss of self-control' nor from a desire or desires which overwhelm the individual. The novice chooses the act or acts, consciously, as part of their training - they are not led into them, by others, nor are they drawn into undertaking them because of some feeling/desire which holds them in thrall and which (mostly unconsciously) motivates them. [Note: We are here concerned with acts involving victims - not acts (e.g. magickal ordeals) which involve the novice alone.]**

**The acts are part of a particular practical, real-life, role which the novice chooses and assumes for a particular time, and as such the acts are defined by that role. That is, the nature of the act is defined by the role. Since this is a role, Satanically chosen, the act itself expresses Satanism in action. Thus, all such acts involving victims conform to certain Satanic principles, the most important of which is that the victim(s) of such acts are victims of their own nature. The act or acts which may result in them being the victim of those acts, are really 'natural' consequences arising from the defects of character which the victim possesses and which are revealed by the defective deeds of the victim.**

**It bears repeating that all Satanic acts done by a novice to achieve experience, and which involve victims, are done against those who have revealed themselves to be of defective character. Of course, it requires some judgement -or instinct - to determine character in others and thus assess them as potential victims. But it is one of the purposes of Satanic training to develop this judgement (and hone the instinct) which arises from maturity. The Satanic practices themselves, and the guidelines established for Satanic acts, enable novices to find suitable victims while they are still developing Satanic judgement and character. One of these practices is the testing of potential**

victims - the real-life tests revealing the true nature of the target and thus serving to confirm or not the choice of target. It is part of a novice's training to participate and then devise and undertake such tests which expose the character of a target.

The use of victims by Satanists has been misunderstood. Victims are always carefully chosen following an assessment and judgement of them (usually by a Master or Lady Master) - the victims stands revealed by their deeds and their life. The victims are then tested (usually three times) to give them an opportunity to show potential and reveal their true nature - that is, they are given a sporting chance. Only after these tests have confirmed their suitability -their defective nature - will they become victims. Hence, Satanic victims can never be children: all victims must have done something which reveals their defective nature. This 'doing' is always of a certain type: it reveals them for what they are, generally worthless scum whose culling, for example, benefits evolution. That is, the actions/life of the chosen victim are indicative of weakness - of all those traits of character which genuine Satanists despise. Things such as cowardice, treachery, sycophancy, fear, bullying, lack of self-control.

Hence, there is no such thing as an 'innocent' Satanic victim: the victims of Satanic acts get what they deserve. Victims are thus instruments of Satanic change - raw material which the novice uses (and often disposes of) to learn from.

Naturally, this Satanic practice - of acts which involve victims - can be and has been misused: used as an excuse by weak individuals in thrall to their desires and passions to justify their actions. But this is irrelevant. Satanic practice is like a gun - it is neutral. It can be used, for noble or ignoble purposes. Like a gun, a Satanic practice is an artefact, a creation, an expression of evolution itself. How the practices of evolution are used depends on the individual - that is, it returns the responsibility to the individual, allows them to make a choice. There is not, nor can ever be in Satanism any authority to ban, to control, such acts - for such restrictions are a denial of conscious liberation, a denial of individuality. They patronize individuals and prevent them developing into higher, self-aware, and wise beings.

Furthermore, there is no responsibility, devolving on persons like myself or any genuine Satanic Master, for anyone who may use Satanic acts for their own, un-Satanic ends - that is, as an excuse for their own weakness and failure of self-control. The practices are as they are - it is up to each and every individual how they are used, or even if they are used. The responsibility of choice is theirs and theirs alone - to deny them that choice, even the possibility of that choice (and thus to deny them the possibility to evolve further, to Adeptship and beyond) is to deny conscious evolution itself.



# THE QUINTESSENCE OF SATANISM

(1988)



**Satanism is not merely attending nor even conducting ceremonies or rituals of a 'Black Magick' kind. Nor does Satanism mean or imply membership of an avowedly Satanic group. Neither is Satanism merely the enjoyment of material delights. Rather, Satanism - quintessentially - is an attitude and a way of living. This attitude expresses a strength of character - a belief in oneself and one's Destiny. Part of this is pride, and part of it is defiance: an individuality, a dislike of limits. However, perhaps the most important part is a self-knowledge or self-mastery born from having gone to and often beyond one's physical, mental and moral limits. The way of living creates this strength of character, and maintains it, and enables even that to be gone beyond. Satanists use life to express in living a new way or ways of being, to fulfil their potential and to live at and beyond the limits of existence thus taking evolution further. The way of living is essentially practical - that is, a following of the path to Adeptship and beyond for this involves experiences, ordeals, challenges, a learning of new skills and the drawing out of latent genius. A Satanic Initiation therefore means much more than a rite of self-Initiation or a ceremonial ritual of Initiation conducted by an established group or Order. It means a desire to follow the Satanic way - and the actual beginning of following that way by undertaking the deeds, tasks, rituals and ordeals of a Satanic novice. Anything less is simply playing at Satanism - a sign that the 'Initiate' lacks Satanic character or the ability to achieve it.**

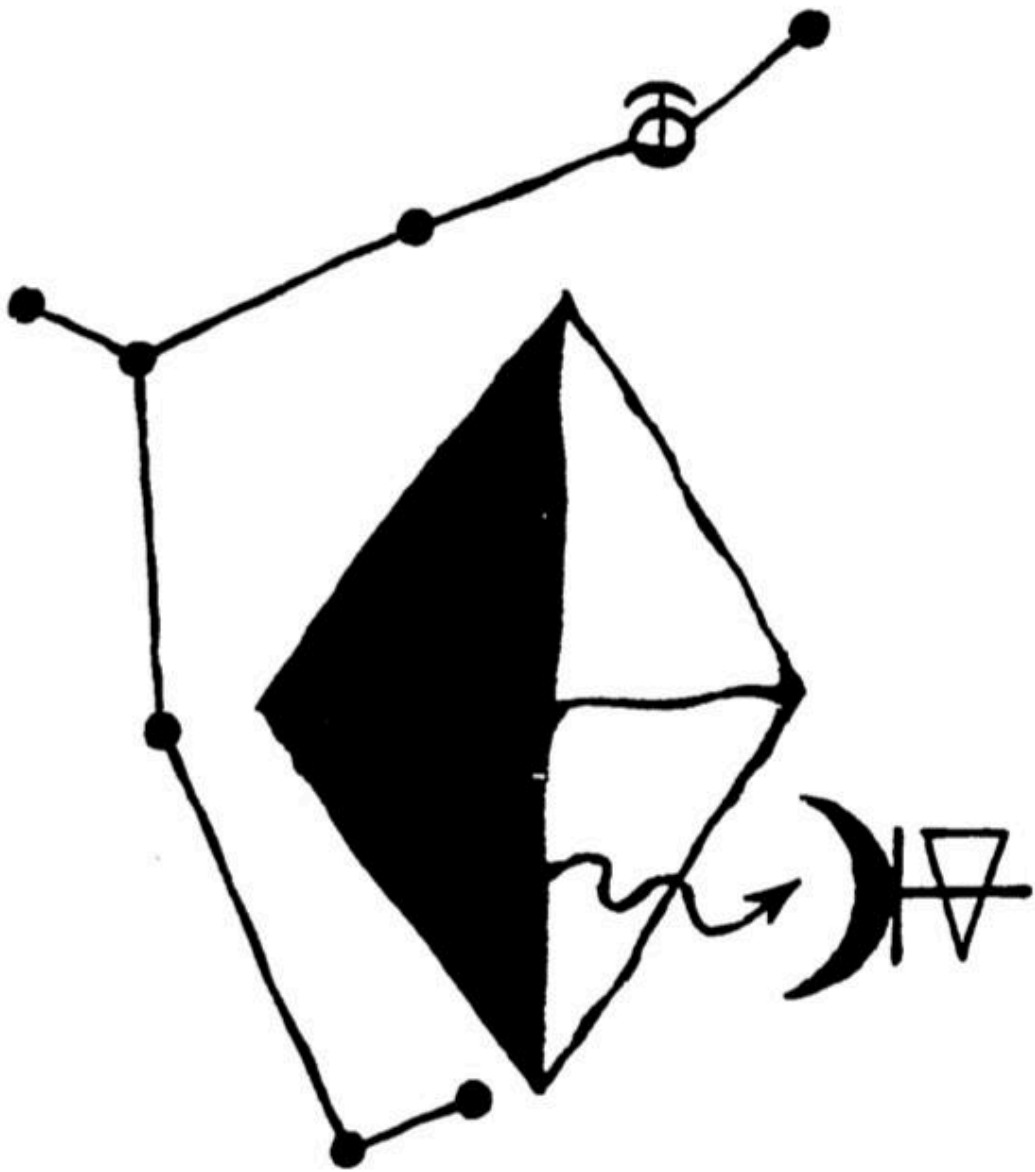
**In traditional Satanism, as exemplified by the ONA, this means: a) that the novice undertakes several physical challenges of endurance and succeeds in them. These have to be difficult and require some training. Then the novice b) tests Destiny and builds character by undertaking challenges in the real world, such challenges conforming to accepted Satanic practice re defying the limitations of the herd. [Here, guidance of an experienced Satanist is useful.] c) the novice begins hermetic magickal workings with the intent of (i) gaining experience in and mastery of such magick; (ii) garnishing from these beginnings a certain self-knowledge [qv. 'Naos']. d) the novice studies the tradition (as explicated for example in Esoteric Chant, the Star Game, the septenary system) and so gains esoteric knowledge and understand e) After these undertakes the ordeal which is the Grade Ritual of External Adept and so passes on to the tasks, ordeals and undertakings of the next stage - for example, organizes and recruits individuals for their own**

**Satanic Temple to perform and gain experience in ceremonial magick and provide themselves with pleasures and experience of manipulation. [See the Order MSS relating to the following of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as, for example, given in The Black Book.] Following this - which takes some time, probably a year or so - there are more experiences awaiting, more delights, joys and hardships, more challenges to be undertaken, more self-discovery to be achieved. It cannot be stressed enough or repeated too often that Satanism - of the genuine sort anyway - involves such practical undertakings allied to a desire to experience, to transcend what one is at a particular time: to accomplish the task one initially set oneself at Initiation. That is, achieving Adeptship and beyond, by following the way of Satanism.**

**This means a self- advancement, a self experiencing, a self-effort, a self-achievement and a self-learning via direct experience. Anything less is not Satanism and no clever words, no amount of pseudo-intellectual mystification can obscure this reality. Thus, because of human nature, there will be few who will possess the desire to become real Satanists - to actually undertake the tasks, ordeals and challenges. Most who profess an interest - and a large number who actually go ahead with Initiation be such ceremonial or hermetic - will soon turn away when they realize the real difficulties involved, when they understand that they are expected to work toward their own development. Most of these will all too easily find excuses to justify their turning away. They will perhaps be easily seduced, such is their weakness of character, by others who promise 'easy solutions' some kind of 'magical' way to Adeptship, by organizations which take away the pain, suffering and delight that self-effort 'on the edge' entails and which provide security for their members, which keep them in thrall to self delusion. Or many will just be too lazy, too enured to their comfortable existence to change. Whatever, they will be proved unsuitable, unfitted. There is no way that the way of Satanism can be made easy - for in its very hardship and danger, in the very fact of self-effort being required over a period of years, lies its quintessence. For the dilettantes, for the role-playing fantasy mongers, for the self-indulgent too lacking in self-discipline' there are plenty of pseudo-Satanic organizations around, plenty of pseudo-Satanic 'masters' who require sycophancy, who act out of role and who will be only too pleased to welcome another pupil or student, The choice is as simple, and brutal, as that.**



NAOS  
(1989 - 2008)



*Aperiatur terra  
et germinet Atazoth!*

BREKEKK

PO Box 109

NEWPORT

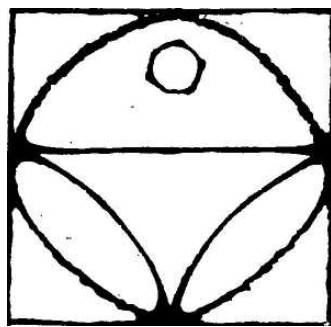
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# ORDER OF THE NINE ANGLES

# NAOS



**A Practical Guide to Modern Magick**



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Re-edition © April 2008 (By Hagur)

# NAOS

## *A Practical Guide to Modern Magick*

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## CONTENTS

### Introduction

### Part One Physis Magick : Practical Guide to Becoming and Adept

|      |                                          |    |
|------|------------------------------------------|----|
| 0    | A Theory of Magick                       | 7  |
| I    | The Seven Fold Way                       | 8  |
| II   | Stage One: Initiation                    | 10 |
| III  | Tarot                                    | 13 |
| IV   | Stage Two: Second Degree Initiation      | 21 |
| V    | Stage Three: External Adept              | 22 |
| VI   | The Star Game                            | 23 |
| VII  | The Septenary Star Game: Esoteric Theory | 36 |
| VIII | Stage Four: Internal Adept               | 44 |
| IX   | Stage Five: Entering the Abyss           | 46 |

### Part Two Esoteric Sorcery

|       |                                        |    |
|-------|----------------------------------------|----|
|       | Introduction                           | 48 |
| X     | Esoteric Chant                         | 49 |
| XI    | Esoteric Chant as a Magickal Technique | 50 |
| XII   | Frenzy Magick                          | 61 |
| XIII  | Visualization and Sigil Magick         | 63 |
| XIV   | Sexual Magick                          | 65 |
| XV    | Model Magick                           | 67 |
| XVI   | Empathic Magick                        | 69 |
| XVII  | Dark Pathways I                        | 71 |
| XVIII | The Dark Gods                          | 77 |

### Appendix

|     |                                    |    |
|-----|------------------------------------|----|
| 0   | The Left Handed Path               | 79 |
| I   | The Septenary System               | 80 |
| II  | Visualization Techniques           | 84 |
| III | Magickal Symbols and Scripts       | 85 |
| IV  | Hermetic Ritual of Self-Initiation | 96 |
| V   | Preparation for Hermetic Rituals   | 98 |

### Part Three Esoteric MSS

|   |                                                    |     |
|---|----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A | The Wheel of Life                                  | 101 |
| B | Notes on Esoteric Tradition (Septenary/Star Gates) | 104 |

|                                       |                                                      |     |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| C                                     | Esoteric Tradition (Abyss/Alchemical Texts/Tarot)    | 106 |
| D                                     | Notes on Some Terms Used (Archetype/Psyche/Ego/Self) | 107 |
| E                                     | Attributions of the Runes                            | 110 |
| F                                     | Musick, Incense, Forms                               | 112 |
| G                                     | Symbols and being                                    | 114 |
| H                                     | Time and Being                                       | 121 |
| I                                     | Advanced Star Game                                   | 123 |
| J                                     | The Forbidden Alchemy                                | 125 |
| <b>Special Supplement (NAOS 2008)</b> |                                                      |     |
| K                                     | The Approach Of the Dark Gods, by David Myatt        | 130 |
| L                                     | Hermetic Rituals – A Ritual of Destruction           | 133 |
| M                                     | Shrencing                                            | 136 |

## Introduction

The purpose of the present work is to provide a self-contained and practical guide to esoteric magick based upon the Septenary tradition. This hitherto secret tradition (*also known as hebdomadry*) is here published for the first time.

The present work is clearly written, without any mystification. Part One is a practical guide to becoming an Adept and is essentially ‘Internal magick’ – that is, magick used to bring about personal development (*of consciousness and so on*). Part Two is an equally practical guide to esoteric sorcery and magickal techniques and is ‘External magick’ – that is, the changing of events/circumstances/individuals and so on according to the desire of the sorcerer/sorceress.

Internal magick is the following of the Occult path from Initiation to Adeptship and beyond, and in the Septenary tradition this path is known as the ‘seven-fold Way’.

Part Three contains a selection of esoteric manuscripts circulated among members of the ONA: they present and explain further aspects of the Septenary system as well as other techniques, both directly magickal and more practical. They are published exactly as circulated.

The techniques given in the present work enable any individual to follow the path to wisdom: to achieve that genuine, individual, freedom or liberation – and this freedom is ‘internal’: the emergence of the Adept, that is, the development of insight, both personal and ‘Occult’.

Of all Occult traditions, the Septenary is perhaps the most practical and direct as a means of attaining this insight.

Thorold West

## **PART ONE**

# **PHYSIS MAGICK**

## **A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept**

## 0 - A THEORY OF MAGICK

Fundamental to magick is a belief that the phenomenal world of the five senses is incomplete. Magickians believe that we live in a world quite different from the one our five senses show to us – they believe that every living thing possesses, because it is living, certain energies which we as individuals can sense and ‘see’ if we become receptive to them. This receptiveness is one of the aims of magickal or Occult Initiation – and may be said to involve the individual in becoming aware of the essence of things that is hidden by their outward appearance (*and this applies to other individuals, as well as ‘things’*).

According to the Septenary tradition, these “magickal energies” possessed by things and ‘life’ derive from what it is convenient to describe the acausal – that is, every living entity is a point or region where acausal energies manifest in our causal, phenomenal, universe, the amount and type of this energy being dependant on the type of entity. These acausal energies (*which science because it at present deals only with causal entities and energies, cannot describe*) may be said to derive from a parallel acausal universe which intersects our causal universe at certain places.

We as individuals, because we possess the faculty of consciousness, re ‘gates’ to this acausal universe. We possess the (*mostly latent*) ability to ‘open the gate’ to the acausal which exists within our own psyche to draw from the acausal certain energies, and these energies can and do alter in some way both our own consciousness or other entities/energies which exist in the causal. This “drawing of energies”, and their use, is magick. External magick is the use of such energies, directed by individual desire, to bring about changes in the causal; Internal Magick is the use of these energies to bring psychic, internal change.

To draw upon such energies it is usually necessary for the individual to use some form of framework or symbolism, and techniques of external magick use such symbolism to bring both apprehension of the energies and their control. Various systems of symbolism exist – most denoting types of energy by gods, goddesses, spirits or demons. In reality, the actual symbols are of only secondary importance, and a Magickian who is following the path to Adeptship will soon discard such symbols/names/descriptions (*and thus External Magick itself*) in favor of apprehending such energies as those energies are in themselves. In the Septenary tradition this is done first via the ‘Tree of Wyrd’ (*the seven spheres and the pathways connecting them – see Appendix I*) and then through the ‘Star Game’. The Tree of Wyrd may be seen as a map of consciousness: both individual (*of the psyche*) and of those regions other than the individual where the acausal and causal meet. The symbolism of the spheres and the pathways (*the Tarot cards, planets, incenses, ‘god-forms’ and so on*) are the first or Initiated stage of apprehension of the Star Game.

External magick is divided into two forms or types: hermetic, and ceremonial. Hermetic magick is basically that involving only one or two individuals whereas ceremonial magick involves more and may be said to be ‘formal’ magick involving specific rituals or rites (usually written down and followed exactly) and an organized Temple/coven or group. (*Part Two of the present work deals only with hermetic magick of the Septenary tradition - the ceremonial side being covered in such works as ‘The Black Book’.*) Internal magick is always individual.

## I - THE SEVEN-FOLD WAY

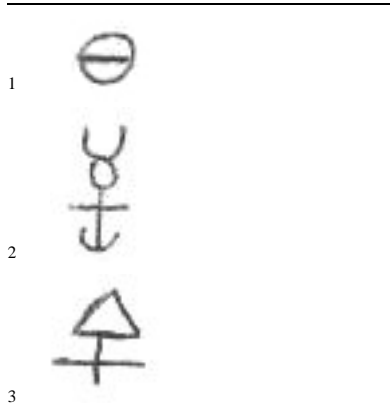
Physis is divided into seven stages and these seven stages may be regarded as representing the varying degrees of insight attained. In terms of traditional magick, the stages represent Initiation, Second Degree Initiation, External Adept, Internal Adept, Master/Mistress (or High Priest/Priestess), Magnus and Immortal.

Each stage is associated with a sphere of the Septenary 'Tree of Wyrd' and some symbolic. For example, the first stage is the sphere of the Moon and is associated with Quartz, the alchemical process 'Calcination', the word 'Nox' and the three Tarot cards 18 Moon, 15 Lucifer, and 13 Death. Each sphere is regarded as tripartite in nature, representing the unconscious aspect<sup>1</sup>, and the ego aspect<sup>2</sup>, and the self aspect<sup>3</sup>. These aspects represent the gradual evolution of the 'energy' of the sphere since each sphere may be regarded as archetypal in nature – the three Tarot cards showing the aspects of the archetype. Appendix I gives the details of the seven spheres – their attributions and so on.

Physis is essentially a means which enables an understanding of the forces associated with each sphere: an experiencing of those forces associated with each sphere: an experiencing of those forces as they are in themselves enabling what Jungian psychology understands as the 'withdrawing of projections'. This withdrawing creates the 'self' from the 'ego' – it is an expansion of individual consciousness, and represents what is often known as enlightenment.

The means of Physis are the Grade Rituals associated with each sphere, and the Star Game. The Grade Rituals are practical tasks, essentially two-fold in nature. The first part consists of a series of studies, meditations and the achievement of certain personal goals specified according to the sphere associated with the particular Grade Rituals, while the second part is the performance by the individual of a very specific 'ritual'. This ritual is simple in both form and content. Ritual here means a method of undertaking something in which the details are faithfully repeated. This faithful repetition is important, because by following the procedure exactly the required changes in consciousness are produced.

In the early stages the seven-fold Way is easy, but it gradually becomes more difficult, demanding a great deal of commitment. Genuine Adeptship and enlightenment must be worked for – they are attained, by the individual, and never given as gifts. The first two stages may be said to represent a confrontation with the shadow aspect of the psyche of the individual – and an integration of this aspect followed by transcendence, giving thus a new synthesis. The third stage may be said to be a confrontation with what Jung has called the



‘anima/animus’: the power and fascination of love, eros. The fourth stage represents the emergence of the ‘self’ from a fusion of ‘ego’ and ‘unconscious’. The fifth stage represents the development, within the individual, of wisdom – an understanding beyond the self.

Each stage has an alchemical process associated with it, representing the means and the insight attained: for example, the process for the second sphere, Mercury, is Separation – and the form this takes is ‘indulgence’. The Grade Ritual associated with this stage is in a sense a symbolic representation, psychological terms, of the alchemical process.

Those who wish to follow the seven-fold Way should undertake the Grade Rituals in order, beginning with that of the first sphere – Initiation.

Each stage of the seven-fold Way provides you with both personal (i.e. ‘emotional’) and magickal experiences, and these experiences are consolidated during the next stage. In short, the stages provoke, by their nature, self-insight, and this insight is a gradual process of learning.

## II – STAGE ONE – INITIATION

Initiation here simply means a willingness to follow the seven-fold Way. It is the opening of the gate that leads to the path, the first part of which is downward or ‘shadowed’.

Thus, the first stage may be said to be an acceptance of certain hidden forces (*within ourselves*). To undertake the Grade Ritual first find a suitable outdoor locality – if possible within the vicinity of a stream/river or lake.

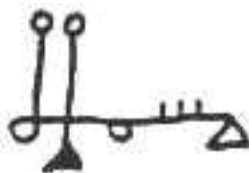
The ritual should be undertaken on the night of the Full Moon. You will require the following items:

Civet perfume/oil  
Sivers/white colored candles  
Square of parchment  
Sivers pin  
Quill-type pen.

The ritual is begun at sunset. Bathe in the stream/river/lake and afterwards rub the oil into your body. You may if you wish then change into a black robe. Then, in a comfortable position (the position itself is not important only that it is comfortable for you) visualize for several minutes the following symbol or ‘sigil’:



Following this, light the candles (which are best placed in lanterns if outdoors), prick your left thumb with the pin and, using the pen, inscribe the following sigil on the parchment with the blood:



Shows this parchment to the West, then South, then East and North, saying at each point: ‘With this sign I begin my quest!’ Then burn part of the parchment in one of the candles and then cast the remains into the river/stream/lake. After raise your arms and visualize the moon (or look at it if it is visible) imagining energy flowing down from the moon to you – visualizing the energy as filaments, silver in color, which spread from the moon to engulf you, surrounding you with light.

After the visualization, extinguish the candles. The ritual is then complete.

The following day (*or as soon as possible thereafter*) begin the workings with spheres. For this you need a Tarot pack (*see III – The Tarot if you wish to use the ‘sinister’ one recommended for the seven-fold Way*) as well as somewhere to undertake the workings. Ideally, the workings should be done in a room/area used only for magick, this place being furnished according to your own taste with impedimenta suggestive for the Occult - for example, there might be an altar covered with a black cloth on which is kept a crystal sphere (*or tetrahedron*), candles of various colors, the Tarot pack itself and so on. What is important is that you choose the furnishings and feel comfortable with them – they should be suggestive of the hidden world of magick. A few items, well chosen, are much more effective in creating the right atmosphere or aura than a whole collection of artifacts. Aim to keep the area of your working incensed – using an incense appropriate to the sphere you are dealing with (*see Appendix I*). Also, when working, use only the light of candles.

Workings involving the seven spheres are basically exercises in meditation. The workings begin in order – that is, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. Each working should last about an hour, and be begun after sunset. Only one working should be done on any one day.

To begin a working, assume a comfortable position and then chant or vibrate three times the word appropriate to the working (see table below). Then concentrate on the sign below<sup>4</sup> or ‘unconscious’ symbolism of that sphere as represented by the appropriate Tarot card (*for example, for the Moon: 18 Moon*). Imagine yourself as part of the landscape depicted.

| <b>Sphere</b> | <b>Word</b> | <b>Symbol</b>      | <b>Magickal Working</b> |
|---------------|-------------|--------------------|-------------------------|
| Moon          | Nox         | Horned Beast       | Shamanism               |
| Mercury       | Lucifer     | Inverted pentagram | Ceremonial ritual       |
| Venus         | Hriliu      | Dragon             | Trance; sex             |
| Sun           | Lux         | Eagle              | Oracle; dance           |
| Mars          | Azif        | Inverted septagon  | Sacrifice               |
| Jupiter       | Azoth       | Star Game          | Star Game               |
| Saturn        | Chaos       |                    |                         |

(*See also ‘Alchemical process’ in Appendix I*)

Thus, for instance, for the card 18 Moon you should imagine yourself in the desert, walking along the path toward the crumbling towers. You walk between the towers and see the



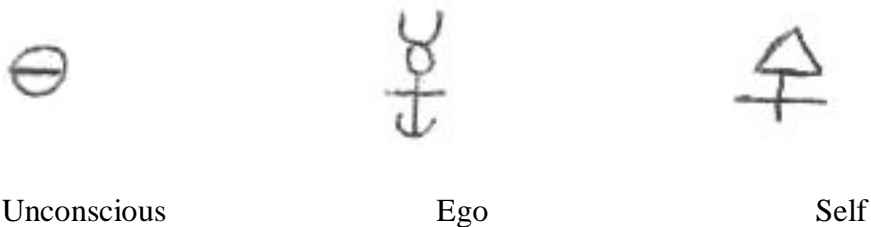
<sup>4</sup> ‘Unconscious’ symbolism.

scorpions on the half-buried book. Then you might decide to pick up the book and see what it contains, or peer into the towers where the hunched, dark, shapes are hiding or continue long the path toward the mountains. You might do all these things – the choice is yours.

Following this, you concentrate on the next image, the Ego<sup>5</sup> stage (*for the sphere of the Moon this is 15 Lucifer*) – visualizing yourself as part of the image. Then you move onto the next image, the Self<sup>6</sup> stage (*13 Death, for the Moon*) and the procedure is repeated.

Each working is a journey into the archetypal world of hidden and higher consciousness, and you should undertake each journey in the spirit of adventure and as something real. Dream yourself into the worlds depicted – stop and converse with the beings you meet, discover where a path leads, what is over the horizon and so on.


You must make a conscious effort to change the images in succession – that is from the Unconscious to the Ego and the Self.




Spend as much time as you wish with each image, but always complete the sequence and always make a conscious decision (*when using the last image*) to end the working – saying **‘It is complete and I return to the world of my home.’** As soon as possible thereafter write an account of what you felt and experienced.

A successful working should leave you with a feeling of loss – with the ordinary world appearing rather devoid of interest, and rather dull. After writing your account of the working, spend at least half an hour relaxing. Then leave the working area, bathe and change into other clothes. It is often helpful if you undertake the workings in a robe bought or made specifically for the workings and rituals of the seven-fold Way.

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### III - TAROT

Every initiate should draw and paint (*or at least commission such from a good artist*) their own Tarot pack, using the guidelines given later in this chapter.

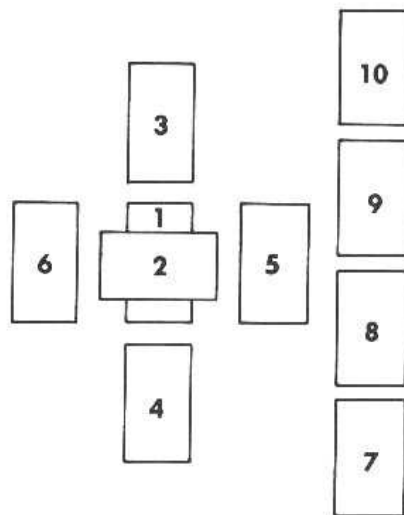
To read the cards for an individual, the individual cards are seen and interpreted in relation to the others around them. This is done because the cards are symbols of how certain energies have, are and maybe influencing the person for whom the reading is being done – and these energies are never static, or in isolation.

The essence of initiated readings is empathy: an awareness of the energies within, around and external to the individual, and the cards are used to ‘focus’ these energies in consciousness. To aid this, the setting of the reading should be imbued with magickal anticipation. This is easily achieved – for example by using one candle – having no other persons present than the individual for whom the reading is being done, laying the cards out on a black cloth kept for this purpose, burning one particular incense whenever you do a reading (*and never using that incense for any other purpose*). Ideally, the room/area where the reading is undertaken should be quiet and calm.

Two types of card layout may be used. These follow you shuffling the cards in a mindful, calm way after which the client cuts the pack three times, laying each cut beside the other. Choose which cut you feel is appropriate and use the cards in that pile, starting with the top card.

The first layout is the ‘Celtic’, the second the ‘Septenary’.

#### 1) Celtic



In this, the second card is placed across the first.

1. Represents the client.
2. The predominant influence which is acting against them, ‘crossing’ etc.

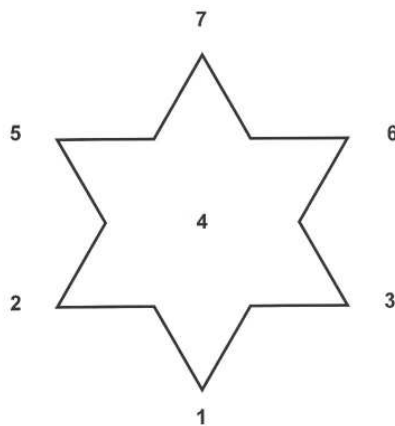
3. Is what is in the distant past (*which may be an unconscious influence over the present*).
4. The recent past (and also the subconscious energies).
5. The present.
6. The immediate future.
- 7, 8, and 9 the future at intervals, and 10 the outcome.

There are also other influences which must be considered. 4, 6, 9 and 10 are how positive energies flow (via 2) – 3, 6, 8, and 7 the negative ones. 3-2-10 are how the unconscious influences can be made conscious (i.e. controlled or circumstances altered) in a positive way. 5-2-7 is how the present will evolve to enable 10 to arise – or conversely, how to prevent 10 arising.

In undertaking a reading two important principles should be understood. First, the interpretation of each card is not rigid – the meanings suggested by each card should arise in your mind naturally, that is, they should be intuitive and spontaneous. For this reason, ‘book’ interpretations and of particular cards must be avoided. This intuitive approach enables the cards to be used correctly – as mediums to awaken the psychic faculties.

The second principle, is to have all the cards upwards: there is no meaning in ‘reversed’ cards – because what is ‘reversed’ is covered by the ‘unconscious’ patterns/flow considered in each reading.

## 2) Septenary



Here the cards are related to the planetary/sphere aspects – e.g. 5 is the sphere associated with Mars.

These relations (in terms of energies) should be considered as well as the following:

1. Are unconscious factors,
- 2 en 3 the past (*and the unconscious becoming more conscious*);
4. The present,
- 5 en 6 the immediate future and beyond, and 7 the outcome.

In addition, 1 – 2 – 5 are negative elements/energies; 1 – 3 – 6 positive. 1 – 4 – 7 what needs to be done to bring 7 (*or, again, prevent it from arising*).

In both this and the Celtic pattern all combinations should be seen as how energies flow and change, or become altered through the other influences present. Intuition should enable the practical manifestation of these energies to be understood – e.g. a particular influence might represent an actual person or event in the client’s life.

## THE SINISTER TAROT

The Major Arcana has twenty-one cards, and there are eleven cards in each suit – the four ‘Court’ cards (High Priest, High Priestess, Warrior and Maiden), the ace and six others numbered two to seven.

There are four suits: Wands, Pentacles, Swords and Chalices, each having many attributions, some of which are listed below.

| <b>High Priest</b> | <b>High Priestess</b> | <b>Warrior</b> | <b>Maiden</b> |
|--------------------|-----------------------|----------------|---------------|
| Sylphs             | Gnomes                | Salamanders    | Undines       |
| West               | South                 | East           | North         |
| Air                | Earth                 | Fire           | Water         |
| Capricorn          | Cancer                | Libra          | Aries         |
| Wands              | Pentacles             | Swords         | Chalices      |

These four are symbolized, in each suit, in the same general way (*see table below*) – the variants depending on the suit. For instance, the card the High Priest of Wands would depict the Priest holding a wand, while the card the High Priest of Swords he would bear a sword. The predominant color of the card would depend on the planetary attribution –

Wands is Mercury,  
 Pentacles is Moon,  
 Swords is Sun  
 And Chalices is Venus.

This means that for Wands the color is Yellow (*the Unconscious aspect*),

Merging to Black (*the Ego aspect*)



And Blue (*the Self aspect*).



For Pentacles the colors are Blue, Silver and Green;

For Swords, Orange, Gold and Red;

For Chalices, Green, White and Silver.

| <b>Priest</b> | <b>Priestess</b> | <b>Warrior</b> | <b>Maiden</b> |
|---------------|------------------|----------------|---------------|
| Bearded man   | Beautiful woman  | Young man      | Young woman   |
| Barefoot      | Throne on Earth  | Horse          | Near water    |
| Cloak         | Robe             | Naked          | Naked         |
| Wolf          | Leopard          | Eagle          | Owl           |
| Mountains     | Glade            | Desert         | Altar         |
| Staff         | fruit            | Sword          | Crescent moon |

Thus the High Priest for all suits is depicted as a bearded man, standing/walking barefoot wearing a cloak. He carries a staff, a wolf is near or beside him and he is set in or against a background of mountains.

The impression given by the cards of the High priest should be of wisdom, that of the High Priest fecundity (and veiled sexuality – i.e. sexuality suggested rather than obvious); that of the Warrior, strength and courage; and of the Maiden, overt youthful sexuality.

### **The Four Aces:**

These represent the base of the elements

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                           |
|------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Wands</b>     | White brilliance combining through indigo and black into the shape of a wooden wand.                                                                                      |
| <b>Pentacles</b> | Green molded into a tetrahedron enclosed by a pentacle ( <i>a circle inscribed with an inverted seven pointed star</i> ). Around the pentacle – swirling violet and blue. |
| <b>Swords</b>    | A red/orange sword plunging into a golden chalice. Around – yellow stars on background of purple. The stars include the constellation of Orion.                           |
| <b>Chalices</b>  | A blue/green chalice overflowing with blue/red/green liquid. Around – blue and white mist-suggesting trees.                                                               |

### **Two-Seven:**

These are increasing emanations of the element containing the number of symbols appropriate – e.g. the seven of wands, seven wands.

The number of the card gives the appropriate colors – 2 is Jupiter, 3 Mars, 4 Sun, 5 Venus, 6 Mercury and 7 Moon. Thus the colors for 7 are Silver, Blue and Green.

## **The Major Arcana:**

### **0 – The Fool**

Brightly clad young man stand on the edge of a cliff, looking upwards. He is holding a flute as if ready to play and a dog is biting at his heel. Above his head a beautiful butterfly hovers. A crescent moon is in the twilight sky.

### **1 – The Magician**

A young man wearing a black cloak stands beside an altar from which incense is rising. On the altar are a golden chalice and a tetrahedron. Around him are flowers (*some of which are trampled*) and in the background, stars – the constellations of Leo and Virgo. His left hand is held down, pointing to Earth while his right is raised and holds a wooden wand, carved (*in runes*) with the word ‘Desire’. Around his neck is an inverted pentagram.

### **2 - The High Priestess**

A beautiful young woman who is naked stands beside a tetrahedron on a mountain ledge. Behind her is a small entrance to a cave which is suffused with a violet light. She wears a crescent moon headdress. Small flowers cling to the bare rock. In the valley below the ledge is a river, while cirrus clouds fleck the blue sky.

### **3 – Mistress of Earth**

A mature woman of beauty, naked from the waist up. She is seated on a rock and in one hand holds a hazel wand whose upper end grows a flower. On her right side sits a swan which is piercing its own breast from which blood drips to feed its three young who gather round. On the other side sits an eagle, while around, human skulls lie with flowers growing through them. To the left are trees, their limbs like arms, and in the distance, a valley and mountains.

### **4 - Lord of the Earth**

A man in crimson robes lined with purple stands overlooking a forest and the distant sea over which the sun rises. He rests his left foot on the body of a man in a white, bloodstained cloak from whose chest a sword is protruding. The dead man has the same face as the standing figure. A wolf is sitting beside the dead man, looking up at the standing figure above whose head flies an eagle. In his right hand the standing figure holds a tetrahedron which is glowing indigo and red.

### **5 – The Master**

A man dressed in black wearing a scarlet cloak fastened by a silver chain stands beside a large tetrahedron. Inside the tetrahedron a young man and a young woman, both naked, are kneeling and embracing. The background is dark, except for a high archway through which a dim light enters the chamber – the tetrahedron being in the center of the chamber. The man is bearded and smiling slightly.

## 6 – The Lovers

A young man and a young woman, both naked, stand facing each other holding hands. They stand in a glade of trees within a circle of stones. The woman wears on her head a garland of flowers. Outside the circle of stones, a sword, dagger, robes and chalice lie as if discarded – while in the center a small wood fire burns. In the sky is a full moon. Around one of the stones, a snake lies coiled.

## 7 – Azoth

A strong man dressed in animal skins stands grimly beside a plinth on which is a large, glowing sphere. In the center of the sphere is a blackness where stars shine. The man is guarding the plinth, and carries an axe and a club. He holds a wolf on a chain which is snarling at the white-robed woman walking toward the plinth bearing an offering of incense in a thurifer. In the distance, the sun is setting and a crescent moon hangs in the sky. The ground is like red, stony desert and behind the woman is the faint outline of a green dragon.

## 8 – Change

A masked woman dressed in green (*flecked with blue*) stands beside a large Septenary Star Game. She is holding one of the pieces in her hand as if to place it on a higher board. To the left is a verdant garden; to the right, a desolate plain baked dry by the yellow sun – the Star game lies on the boundary. The woman is smiling. One of the pieces of the game has fallen onto the plain and from it a butterfly is emerging.

## 9 – The Hermit

A bearded man dressed in brown with a leather belt from which hangs a purse, stands on a ledge among snowy mountains. He looks into the distance. In one hand he holds a staff, and in the other a crystal which is glowing. At his feet a wolf lies asleep.

## 10 - Wyrđ

A large ash tree whose branches make a canopy. Three women in long green dresses stand around a small pool of bubbling liquid. One of the women is smiling and throwing small glowing spheres into the liquid. Another holds a snake which is coiled around her hand, while the third looks intently into the crystal tetrahedron she holds in her hands. Behind the tree a hooded figure stands, shielding his face with his sleeve and hand.

## 11 - Desire

A naked woman stands beside a lion. Her hand rests on its head; her other hand holds a golden chalice from which drops of white liquid fall to the ground. Where they touch the earth, flowers grow, while around is a red-orange rocky desert. The sky above is a deep blue, except for the distant horizon, which is red-yellow, as before sunrise. Near this horizon, a brilliant star is visible.

## **12 – The Hanged Man**

A young man lies upside down, hanging from the branch of an oak tree by one foot. His clothes are green, and from a leather purse which is attached to his belt small spheres are falling to the ground. One of his eyes is closed, and from it a few drops of blood fall. A serpent lies near the base of the tree, and a raven flies nearby. The earth around is flat and barren – orange-brown in colour.

## **13 - Death**

A pile of human skulls, forming a pyramid, lie near the edge of a cliff. Below, is a valley with a river and beyond, a forest burning, darkening the sky with smoke. The sky near the cliff is bright blue. Near the skulls, a torn black flag bearing an inverted pentagram flutters in the breeze. Beside the banner, a tall beautiful woman with flowing blonde hair stands with her arms folded looking toward the burning forest. She wears light Greek armor and a bow is slung across her back, while a quiver of arrows is attached to her belt. Beside her squats a dwarf dressed in bright clothes. He is grinning and wiping his blood-stained knife on his sleeves.

## **14 - Hel**

A stern faced woman, pretty except that one of her eyes is shriveled, stands beside a dark lake enclosed by trees. She wears an almost transparent white robe which emphasizes her beauty of body. She is throwing small multi-coloured crystal spheres into the lake at whose far end is a man's head, just visible above the surface. An expression of horror is on the face. In the sky is a rainbow and a hovering bird of prey.

## **15 - Lucifer**

A handsome man is standing naked on a dais below which stand a young man and a young woman embracing. They are both naked. The handsome man holds a broken chain in one hand, and flames of fire in the other. Beside him is a snarling wolf, and on the other side an older bearded man holding an animal horn. An inverted pentagram is inscribed on the dais, while beside it lies a broken human skull out of which a beautiful flower is growing. Above the flower is a butterfly.

## **16 – The Tower**

A castle rears up among rocks. One of the higher towers is struck by lightning and from it falls a man. The lightning has shattered some of the stone of the tower which falls toward the ground. The sky is dark. A young woman, dressed in white, stands near the gate to the castle, looking toward the tower and smiling.

## **17 – The Star**

A beautiful naked woman with long flowing hair is crouched beside a stream, pouring liquid from the chalice in her hand. The stream is in a valley, surrounded by mountains. Downstream, it is fertile with trees, flowers and shrubs. Upstream, all is rocky and barren. The sky is bright blue containing a pattern of seven stars which form an inverted septagon.

### **18 – The Moon**

A yellowish desert path leads toward two crumbling, ornate towers. Desolate mountains are in the distance. Inside the towers, are two indistinct hunched shapes with glowing eyes. Between the towers, and on the path, a large book lies half-buried in sand. Several scorpions are on and around it. In the foreground is a dried-up water hole beside which is a camel's skull, and from one of the cracks a snake is slithering.

### **19 – The Sun**

A brilliant, golden sun is rising behind snow-capped mountains around which an eagle swoops. In the foreground is a plain containing a circle of nine stones in which black robed figures dance around a fire. Near the circle is a hole in the ground from which the head of an imp is visible, watching the dancers and smiling. Beyond the stones is a path toward the mountains on which a bearded man is walking, holding a staff. His back is almost to the dancers.

### **20 – The Aeon**

A bearded man sits at a table opposite a woman in a semi-transparent red robe. The man is dressed in black. On the table is the Septenary Star Game. To the left are the crumbling remains of a stone building, some areas of which are covered by ivy and grass. To the right is a tall, jagged stone. The man and the woman are looking toward the distance where a full moon and some stars are visible above the horizon. A burning city is indistinct on the horizon. A rent has appeared in part of the night sky and through it Dagon-like shapes are emerging.

## IV Stage Two - Second Degree Initiation

The first part of this stage involves you in finding a companion of the opposite sex<sup>7</sup> - someone with whom you feel an empathy and with whom you feel you can work. This person should have an interest in following the seven stages, and should undertake stage one, as above.

The second part involves you both in conducting a ritual together. This takes place on the night of the new moon, where the 'roles' of Priest and Priestess are assumed. The ritual should be undertaken outdoors, in an isolated spot and if possible on top of a hill. The only item required is a quartz crystal – the larger, the better. A naturally occurring shape can be used, although a crystal shaped as a tetrahedron is ideal. The ritual begins at sunset, both participants being naked.

**The Priestess** begins the ritual, holding the crystal in her hands and chanting *seven* times:

**“Ad Lucifer qui lætificat juventutem meam!”**

**The Priest** then places his hands on the crystal and chants the same phrase *three* times. **The priestess** then lies on the ground with her head north, **the Priest** arousing her with his tongue before the sexual union begins. During this, both should visualize a hole appearing in star-studded space and energy emerging from this 'Star Gate' and flowing down to them, suffusing them with its light and power. **The Priestess** should visualize this energy as then being drawn into the crystal. After her climax of ecstasy, she buries the crystal in the earth of the hill, and both chant over the spot:

**‘Aperiatum terra, et germinet Lucifer!’**

They then dress, and depart from the place of the ritual.

It should be noted that in this ritual – as elsewhere – Lucifer is regarded as the light-bringer: Prometheus, the bringer of Thought, the one who seeks to know.

The third and final part of this stage involves you in setting yourself a difficult physical goal, and striving to achieve this. For instance, aiming to run 20 miles in 2 ½ hours or less, cycling 100 miles in under 5 ½ hours.

Such a goal should involve you in training for some weeks or months. This training should begin as soon as you have decided to undertake the second stage of the sevenfold Way, and once the goal is achieved you may attempt the third stage, associated with the Grade Ritual of Eternal Adept. This physical goal is a necessary compliment to the magickal / physiological ones, and essentially develops your desire or will to succeed. When choosing a goal, make it realistic, but also difficult.

During this second stage, continue with the 'magickal diary' begun in stage one (*describing in that stage your workings with the spheres*). This diary should contain details of your thoughts / feelings regarding your relationships with your companion, your training for the physical goal, and a record of the ritual of the second part of the stage.

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<sup>7</sup> Note: Or of the same sexual orientation if you are gay.

## V Stage Three – External Adept

The first part of this stage involves you in constructing, and learning to play (*if possible with your companion*) the Septenary Star Game (*see chapter VI*).

The second part involves undertaking the Grade Ritual of External Adept. This ritual should be undertaken on the night of the new moon – and you should go to some trouble to find a suitable locality. This locality must be an isolated hill-top, miles from any human habitation, and should be devoid of trees, giving thus an unobstructed view of the sky. If possible choose a night when the stars are visible.

You should dress all in black and take nothing with you except the clothes you wear – for example, no torch or other means of light. As dark approaches lie with your head east, directly on the ground. Your task is to remain lying unmoving without sleeping until dawn. During the darkness you should think about the two stages undertaken previously – particularly about your relationship with your companion. Once you have clarified your thoughts and feelings on these and other matters, turn your attention to the stars –observing them and their slow movement across the sky. At dawn, bow to the rising sun (*or in the direction of it*), and leave the hill. As soon as possible write in your magickal diary your thoughts and feelings during the night.

You must be honest with yourself about your feelings: as you must be honest about the success of the ritual. Since your aim was to lie still without moving or falling asleep, you must realize that if you did fall asleep or move, then the ritual is not a success – and must be done again, until you succeed. It is basically a test of your will and a ‘coagulation’ (*see ‘The Alchemical Process’*) of your feelings, experiences and so on.

Those who desire a more difficult test should try the following version of the ritual (which is not obligatory).

Arriving in Cairo (*Egypt*) take the desert road from the city past Medinet Sita October (*6<sup>th</sup> of October City*) that goes to Bahariya Oasis and thence to Farafra. Stop about 100 or so miles from Cairo and spend the night away from the road in the Sahara desert. Return to Cairo the next day. Your isolation in this location will be complete.

At the time of writing, there is a bus service (*one bus a day in each direction*) between Cairo and the Oasis of Bahariya. Intrepid individuals might try cycling along the road from Cairo. Whatever means of transportation are used, the ritual is the same in detail as that given above.

Both versions should be undertaken without any assistance by others, and involve only yourself.

The third part of this third stage involves you undertaking the workings with the seven spheres again – but this time with your companion (or another one if circumstances have changed). Follow the same procedure as for stage two except both of you should concentrate on the same image at the same time and agree beforehand to explore the scenes together. After each working, discuss the experience with your companion, and write about it in you magickal diary.

## THE STAR GAME

### Introduction:

The Star Game has three main functions:

- (1) It develops certain higher levels of consciousness
- (2) It is a new form of magickal working appropriate to the twenty-first century and beyond; and
- (3) It is an aid to developing certain magickal skills – adding mindfulness, concentration and visualization. In addition, it contains the whole esoteric Septenary tradition, as well as being simply a ‘game’ that can be played to a conclusion against an opponent.

The first of the aims detailed above involves, in part, a new way of thinking – for the Star Game develops the capacity to think and understand in symbols. This ‘thinking’ however is not the rational, causal, logical type associated with ‘science’. It is rather the intuitive or ‘wholistic’ type – the poetic/mystical/magickal which sees connections between things, which brings insight and understanding through breadth. Yet, in tandem with this, it develops the qualities which also lay at the foundation of our conscious development as rational beings: the critical, analytical faculty which is so often lacking in some who study the Occult in general and magick in particular.

In short, the Star Game is a tool – to be used according to the desire of the user. To learn the Game, even as a ‘game’ takes time and a certain mental effort. Like all genuine magick, it is not intended for the idle or the dilettantes.

Those who are seriously interested in learning the use of this esoteric tool should first construct the Septenary game, and practice playing it, either alone or with an opponent, for some time. Then, they should study its magickal symbolism – the seven boards as the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrð, the black and white pieces as ‘light’ and ‘dark’ (*or causal and acausal*) personal and cosmic energies, the changes of these pieces over the boards as the changes in individual psyche/Earth-bound/cosmic energies and so on – and then should they wish, undertake magick using it. Those who wish to go further, should study the aeonic attributions and then, should they wish, construct and learn to use the advanced form of the game. Those who do this will have the satisfaction of belonging to an elite: of being at the very summit of our conscious evolution. It will then be up to them whether they take the boundary ever higher. All genuine Black Magick is an act of defiance against the restrictions imposed by the mediocre and the cowards, and in this sense (*as well as others*) the Star game is an act of supreme Black Magick. It is a comment on the mediocrity of the present that only a few will understand this statement.

### The Boards:

There are seven boards, placed one above the other in a spiral and which form a representation of the Septenary tree of Wyrð. Each board consists of nine white and nine black squares (*see fig. 1*). Each board is named after a star.

**The Pieces:**

One set of pieces is white, the other black. Each set consists of twenty-seven pieces, and these are formed from three lots of nine. Thus, each player ('black' or 'white') has the following pieces.

|       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| ⊖ (⊖) | ⊖ (☿) | ⊖ (♁) | ☿ (⊖) | ☿ (☿) | ☿ (♁) | ♁ (⊖) | ♁ (♁) | ♁ (☿) |
| ⊖ (⊖) | ⊖ (☿) | ⊖ (♁) | ☿ (⊖) | ☿ (☿) | ☿ (♁) | ♁ (⊖) | ♁ (♁) | ♁ (☿) |
| ⊖ (⊖) | ⊖ (☿) | ⊖ (♁) | ☿ (⊖) | ☿ (☿) | ☿ (♁) | ♁ (⊖) | ♁ (♁) | ♁ (☿) |

The pieces represent combinations of the alchemical symbols ⊖, ♁ and ☿ where ⊖ is alchemical salt, ☿ alchemical mercury and ♁ alchemical sulphur (*see Esoteric Meaning of Star Game, below, for the significance of the symbolism*).

An alternative form of symbolism may be employed thus: α as ⊖ ; λ as ☿ and ω as ♁ . This symbolism is more 'abstract' than the alchemical one, and has the advantage of being easier to write on whatever material is chosen to make the pieces – for example, cubes of wood, or small circular counters, painted with the appropriate symbol.

Whichever of these two forms of symbols are used, it should be stressed that symbols must be employed, the essence of the game is the symbolism: like a chess piece, it frees the mind and enables connections to be seen, moves made, pieces transformed and so on.

**The Position of the Pieces:**

Six pieces are placed on Sirius (two sets of ⊖ ) for white, and six for black, as in fig.2.

Arcturus has three pieces for white, and three for black as in fig.3. Antares has six pieces for white, six for black – two sets of ☿ pieces placed in the same pattern as the ⊖ pieces on Sirius: i.e. on the same squares.

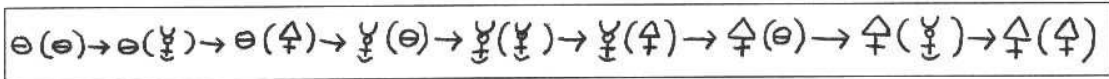
Mira has no pieces on it. Rigel has the remaining three pieces of the ☿ sets, placed as the ⊖ pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white, six of black, all from the ♁ set, placed as the ⊖ set on Sirius.

Naos has the remaining three pieces of the ♁ sets, placed as the ⊖ set on Arcturus.

**The Moves:**

Each piece, when it is moved, is transformed into the next piece in the sequence, according to the following pattern:



Thus, a  $\Theta(\Theta)$  when it is moved, becomes a  $\Theta(\Psi)$  piece; a  $\Psi(\Phi)$  piece becomes a  $\Phi(\Theta)$  piece, and so on. When a  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece is moved, it becomes a  $\Theta(\Theta)$  piece, and the sequence begins again.

The  $\Phi$  pieces (that is,  $\Phi(\Theta)$   $\Phi(\Psi)$   $\Phi(\Phi)$  ) can move from any board to any other board, to any vacant square, as well as to any vacant square on the board they are already on.

The  $\Psi$  pieces (  $\Psi(\Theta)$   $\Psi(\Psi)$   $\Psi(\Phi)$  ) can move across the board they are on to any vacant square, or up or down two boards. For example, a  $\Psi$  piece on Sirius can move to either Arcturus or Antares; while a  $\Psi$  piece on, say, Rigel could move to Deneb, or Naos, or Mira or Antares, to any vacant square on these boards.

The  $\Theta$  pieces (that is,  $\Theta(\Theta)$   $\Theta(\Psi)$   $\Theta(\Phi)$  ) can move only across a board one square at a time to a square of the same color, or up or down one board to a square of the same color. Thus, for example, a  $\Theta$  piece on a black square on Arcturus could move to a vacant black square on either Sirius or Antares – or move across the Arcturus board to a square of the same color.

After any piece has been moved according to the rules above and placed on a new square, it is changed for the piece next in the sequence above, and when next moves, moves according to the rules for the new piece.

A  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite color on any square, except Naos. The piece so captured is removed from the board and plays no further part. After such a capture, the  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece becomes a  $\Theta(\Theta)$  piece.

**The Aim:**

When played simply as a game – i.e. without any esoteric object – the aim is to occupy certain square on the Mira board according to a pattern determined by the players before the game begins.

However, pieces can only stay on the Mira board for three moves – after this, they must move: either across the Mira board (if the move is legal) <sup>8</sup> or to another board. The first move of the three is taken as the one that brings the piece to Mira

The first player to place pieces according to the pattern, wins the game.

The pattern most often used is given in fig.4.

**Variations:**




Two variations in the rule are suggested. These make the game much easier, and may be used while the game itself is being learnt. The first is to suspend the three move limit on Mira – allowing the pieces on that board to remain until they are either moved by the player or captured by the opposite player. If this variation is used, then the players can elect to allow ♠ (♠) pieces on Naos to remain for only three moves, after which they must move, becoming thus ♠(♠) pieces.

The second variation is to allow the ♠ (♠) pieces on Naos to not be able to capture pieces on Mira (this makes the game very easy indeed). To increase the difficulty, the three move limit on Mira may be re-instated.

## Esoteric Meaning of the Star Game

In general, the seven boards represent the nexus between the causal and the acausal: all evolution is regarded as a progression from the ‘lower’ realms of the causal to the ‘higher’ realms of the acausal. Thus, the progression, in magick, from Initiate to Adept to Master/Mistress is marked by the progression from Sirius (*sphere of the Moon on the Tree of Wyrð*) to Mira (*sphere of the Sun*) to Rigel (*Mars*) – see the table below.

The symbolism of the game operates on several levels, the three most important being the individual, the Aeonic (*and the associated higher civilization or culture*) and the cosmic. Just as the seven spheres and thus the seven boards of the Star Game represent the seven fundamental forms that the ‘energy of Chaos’ assumes according to our comprehension, so too do these three levels represent how that energy (*or, ‘the Being of the cosmos’ itself*) manifest itself naturally. Of course, many more levels exist, but for simplicity only these three will be considered here.

The individual level concerns how we all, as individuals have within us by virtue of being individuals possessed of consciousness, the ability to enhance that consciousness. This enhancement may be expressed in many ways – for example, it is the Jungian ‘individuation’, the magickal path to Adeptship and beyond – but however it is expressed it is simply represented by the re-orientation of ‘psychic’ elements within us and the emergence of new elements. The three basic symbols of the Star Game - , and  and  - represent the basic elements from which the psychic energies are formed, when manifest on the individual level. Thus, the nine combinations of these three elements, as the pieces of the Star Game, represent the combination of the energies possible.

However, for a complete description of the individual psyche, these nine combinations are extended over the seven boards on a three-fold basis because the seven boards (*representing the seven spheres of the Septenary*) symbolize the possible orientations of consciousness: in simple terms, the seven spheres and the correspondences associated with them (*particularly the god-forms or archetypes*) are present, either latently or expressed, within each individual.

To make this clear, Jung’s terminology will be used, although it should be remembered that even this is only one expression of many: the most representative expression being the abstract symbols themselves since these are devoid of the conflict of ‘opposites’ and the dogmatic/religious undertones that underlie many of the traditional expressions.

In this terminology, the seven spheres represent the seven fundamental archetypes within our psyche, according to the table given below where the archetypes are expressed in terms of both Greek and Norse mythology: for example, mercury is the ‘trickster’ – Loki in Norse, Hermes in Greek. As with all such representations, these are only a guide, an outward expression of inner essence.

In this context, the nine combinations are:

|                      |                                          |
|----------------------|------------------------------------------|
| $\ominus (\ominus)$  | Extravert Feeling type                   |
| $\ominus (\Psi)$     | Extravert Intuitive                      |
| $\ominus (\Delta)$   | Extravert Thinking                       |
| $\Upsilon (\ominus)$ | Introvert Feeling                        |
| $\Upsilon (\Psi)$    | Introvert Intuitive                      |
| $\Upsilon (\Delta)$  | Introvert Thinking                       |
| $\Delta (\ominus)$   | Master of Temple/<br>Mistress            |
| $\Delta (\Psi)$      | Grand Master (Magnus)/<br>Grand Mistress |
| $\Delta (\Delta)$    | Homo Galactica                           |

Thus(  $\ominus$  ) may be said to represent ‘Feeling’; (  $\Psi$  ) ‘Intuition’ and (  $\Delta$  ) ‘Thinking’ as these terms are defined by Jung.

Further,  $\ominus$  ( ) describes ‘ego’ consciousness;  $\Upsilon$  ( ) ‘self’ consciousness, and  $\Delta$  ( ) the consciousness beyond the ‘self’ – that is, beyond ‘individuation’. In magickal terms, this is beyond the Adept – that is, the stages represented by the Grades Master of the Temple/Mistress of Earth and so on.

Readers familiar with the works of Jung will notice two things: there is no ‘Sensation’ type listed, and the development of the individual is described beyond the process of Jungian Individuation, which many have seen as the ‘end’ of personal development according to Jung’s ideas.

The reason for the latter difference is obvious – magick assumes there is no limit to our potential, to our possible evolution of consciousness. The reason for the former

difference is more complex, but can be simply expressed by stating that a thorough study of Jung's 'types' shows how close are his 'Sensation' and 'Feeling' types (*a thorough analysis is given in the Order MS 'Emanations of Urania'*) – perhaps his desire to express the psyche in terms of the quaternity which so interested him gave rise to this unnecessary extra type. As it is, the psyche can be described by the nine combinations above.

Thus, these nine combinations, three-fold (*this triplicity expressing the three 'types' of consciousness – ego, self and beyond-self*) spread over the seven boards, gives a complete representation of each individual psyche.

Hence it is possible, using the pieces and the boards, to magickally represent any individual uniquely – and thus a movement of certain pieces can be made, this movement being the change the person who so represents an individual desires to bring about in that individual. The Star Game thus gives the person unlimited, magickal, control of other individuals – should that person wish to use it for magickal purposes. In simple terms, a Star Game representation of a particular person by the placing of the appropriate pieces on the appropriate boards, is a 'magickal model' of that person – as, for example, a wax effigy is in more primitive magic. To achieve this representation takes a certain practice and skill in the game, of course.

This magickal use of the game (*the details will be given in Part II of this series for those who cannot wait to work them out for themselves*) is however only one use of the Star Game when an individual is being represented. Beyond this practical magickal aspect, perhaps its most important use is that it enables an insight into not only oneself but also others – via the symbolism. That is, it shows connections and enables an analysis of the individual psyche in a manner as far beyond the 'psychologies' of today as modern technology is beyond the stone axe.

\*\*\*

In Aeonian terms, the seven boards represent the seven fundamental Aeons which we as sentient beings may partake of. As for an individual psyche, these represent an evolution of consciousness – from the first or 'Primal' aeon (*when consciousness is just beginning to arise*) through the Sumerian to the present Western one. An aeon is basically a representation in archetypal/symbolic terms, of those cosmic/Earth-bound forces which shape our evolution in a mostly unconscious way. As aeons progress, we as individuals may or may not, depending on our own personal/magickal development, be aware of these forces/influences external to us – in traditional magickal terms, the crossing of the Abyss (*in the Septenary, from Sun to Mars*) is when these influences are consciously understood, and the 'self' finally achieves a freedom through this (*often only intuitive*) understanding.

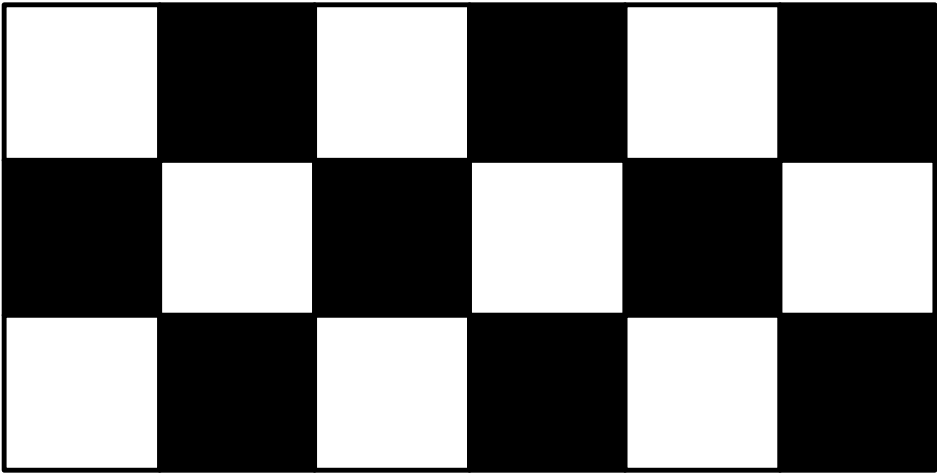
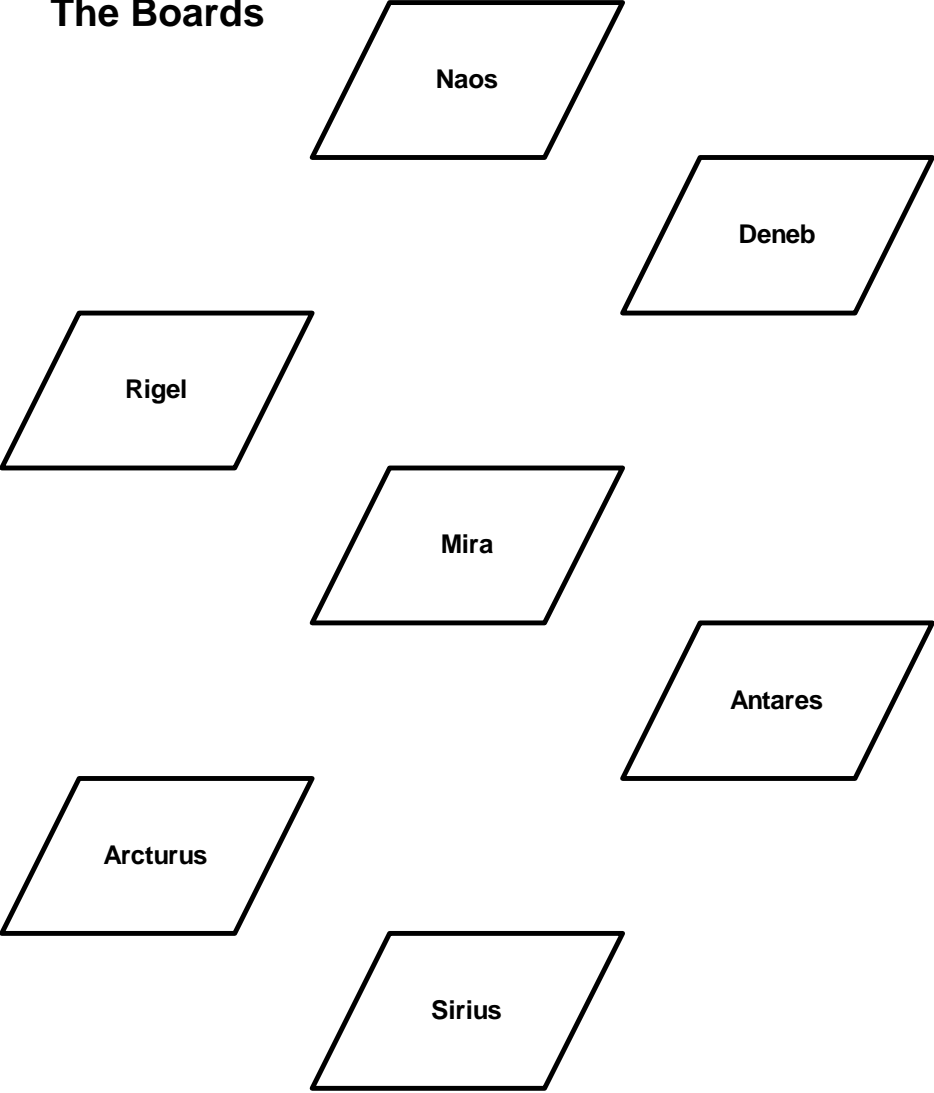
In the symbolic sense, a new Aeon may be said to emerge when one of the seven 'Gates' is opened. This allows acausal energy to presence on Earth, and this presencing affects the psyche of all those individuals who have not 'crossed the Abyss', the intensity of nature of this depending on various factors. The most important external sign of an Aeon, is the associated higher civilization or culture – that is, the energy of a particular Aeon are expressed via the mechanism of a civilization. Despite the claims of the mystifiers who abound in the Occult' there have so far been only five aeons .....

aeons – and five associated higher civilizations which have shaped the aeonic energies, via an ethos, and thus contributed to our conscious evolution. This ethos was, in part, religious in the sense that awe was present for the terrestrial ‘Gate’ (*the physical place where the acausal energies were pronounced*) and those who channeled its energies (*often unconsciously*) through a specific magickal technique. Often, a specific myth or legend became associated with this Gate, and as the aeon progressed the energies affected individuals according to their nature: inspiring creativity, creating an ‘elan’ and a sense of Destiny ... The pattern of aeonic energies (*i.e. their transformation, causally*) may be represented by the following sequence:

$$\Theta(\Theta) \rightarrow \Theta(\Psi) \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi) \rightarrow \Psi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Psi(\Psi) \rightarrow \Psi(\Phi) \rightarrow \Phi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Phi(\Psi) \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi)$$

$$\frac{\Theta(\Phi); \quad \Psi(\Phi); \quad \Phi(\Phi)}{\epsilon \emptyset}$$

**Figure 1 -  
The Boards**



**Tarot Atu:**

**'Archetypal Image'**



|         |              |    |    |    |              |
|---------|--------------|----|----|----|--------------|
| Moon    | Calcination  | 18 | 15 | 13 | Hazel        |
| Mercury | Separation   | 0  | 8  | 16 | Yew          |
| Venus   | Coagulation  | 6  | 14 | 17 | Black Poplar |
| Sun     | Putrefaction | 7  | 12 | 5  | Oak          |
| Mars    | Sublimation  | 1  | 4  | 9  | Alder        |
| Jupiter | Fermentation | 11 | 3  | 2  | Beech        |
| Saturn  | Exaltation   | 10 | 19 | 20 | Ash          |

Fig. 2: Sirius pieces.

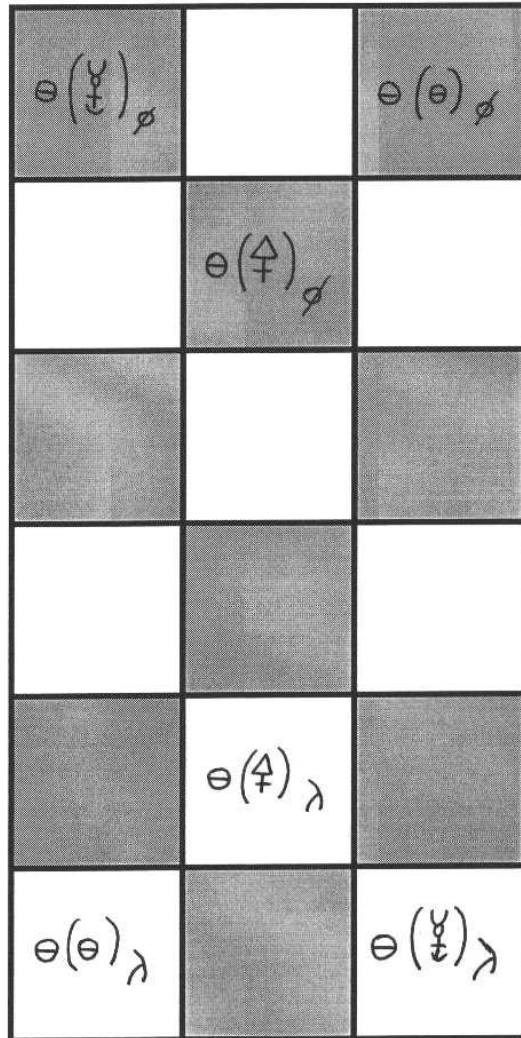
|                            |                              |                              |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| $\Theta(\Psi)_{\emptyset}$ |                              | $\Theta(\Theta)_{\emptyset}$ |
|                            | $\Theta(\Delta)_{\emptyset}$ |                              |
| $\Theta(\Psi)_{\emptyset}$ | $\Theta(\Delta)_{\lambda}$   | $\Theta(\Theta)_{\emptyset}$ |
| $\Theta(\Theta)_{\lambda}$ | $\Theta(\Delta)_{\emptyset}$ | $\Theta(\Psi)_{\lambda}$     |
|                            | $\Theta(\Delta)_{\lambda}$   |                              |
| $\Theta(\Theta)_{\lambda}$ |                              | $\Theta(\Psi)_{\lambda}$     |

$\emptyset$  = black pieces

$\lambda$  = white pieces

( $\emptyset$  pieces on black squares)

Fig. 3: Arcturus pieces.



$\emptyset$  = black pieces

$\lambda$  = white pieces

( $\emptyset$  pieces on black squares)

Fig. 4: Pattern to win.

|                               |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| $\ominus(\Upsilon)_{\lambda}$ |                               | $\ominus(\ominus)_{\lambda}$ |
|                               | $\ominus(\Upsilon)_{\lambda}$ |                              |
|                               |                               |                              |
|                               |                               |                              |
|                               | $\ominus(\Upsilon)_{\phi}$    |                              |
| $\ominus(\ominus)_{\phi}$     |                               | $\ominus(\Upsilon)_{\phi}$   |

$\emptyset$  = black pieces

$\lambda$  = white pieces

### The Septenary Star Game – Esoteric Theory

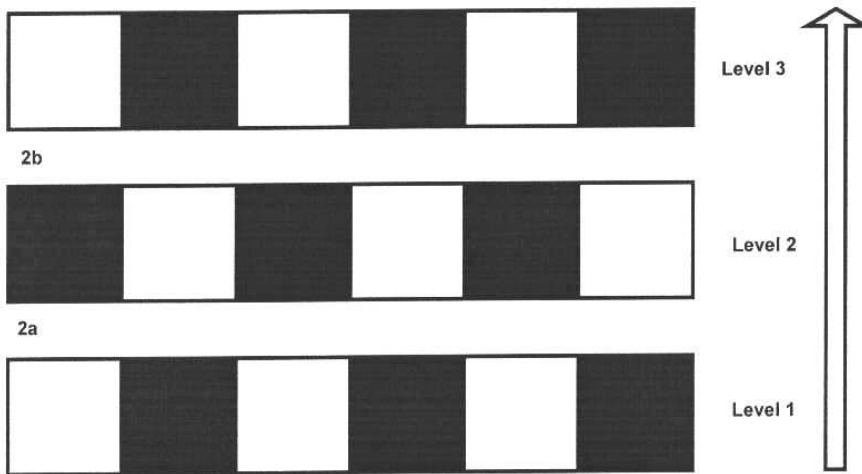
**Symbolism:**

The acausal space is represented by  $\phi_s$  ; the causal by  $\lambda_s$  .  $\phi_s$  is described by  $\epsilon\phi$  ;  $\lambda_s$  by  $\epsilon\lambda$  .  $k\iota u$  symbolizes an individual;  $k\mu u$  a group of individuals of number  $\lambda$  ;  $k\epsilon u$  represents a higher civilization.  $\in$  is to read ‘within’ or ‘member’ of a group/space or sub-space.

**General Theory:**

All life implies the coincidence of  $\phi_s$  and  $\lambda_s$  . Sentient life implies  $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$  : this is abstracted into seven stages or levels represented by the seven boards of the game. The two sets of nine pieces represent the  $\epsilon\phi$  and  $\epsilon\lambda$  aspects of cosmic Change (*usually the ‘black’ pieces being  $\phi$  and the ‘white’ pieces  $\lambda$*  ) – or how Being becomes through Time. This expresses the interaction of  $\phi$  and  $\lambda$  through modes of being -  $\Theta$  ,  $\Upsilon$  or  $\hat{\Gamma}$  . Three sets of pieces are used to express the fundamental nature of such Change as aspects of time.

Each board to be a correct representation should consist of three levels as in the ‘simple’ form of the game – that is, each board would be a complete ‘simple Star Game’ thus:



However, in practice, this form of the Septenary game is not used in the initial stages because of its complexity: its mastery is one of the tasks of the Internal Adept. What follows is applicable to the ‘standard’ form of the Septenary game with seven boards each of eighteen squares.

Magick implies changes in  $\lambda_s$  via  $\epsilon\phi$  : the ‘cause and effects’ understood by science operates in  $\lambda_s$  via  $\epsilon\lambda$  .

The movement of pieces implies  $\epsilon^\lambda$  and  $\epsilon^\phi$  and this is the essence of the magical use of the game.  $\epsilon^\phi$  is represented via  $\Delta$  (or  $\omega$ ) moves and captures,  $\epsilon^\lambda$  by the other moves. In one sense  $\Psi$  moves represent the duality associated with mercurius – possessed of both  $\epsilon^\lambda$  and  $\epsilon^\phi$  elements.

I-kiu :

In terms of the consciousness of an individual (since  $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$  for *kiu* represents consciousness) the pieces are:

|                   |                                        |
|-------------------|----------------------------------------|
| $\Theta (\Theta)$ | Extravert Feeling type                 |
| $\Theta (\Psi)$   | Extravert Intuitive                    |
| $\Theta (\Delta)$ | Extravert Thinking                     |
| $\Psi (\Theta)$   | Introvert Feeling                      |
| $\Psi (\Psi)$     | Introvert Intuitive                    |
| $\Psi (\Delta)$   | Introvert Thinking                     |
| $\Delta (\Theta)$ | Master of Temple/<br>Mistress of Earth |
| $\Delta (\Psi)$   | Magnus/Mousa                           |
| $\Delta (\Delta)$ | Homo Galactica                         |

$\Theta$  ( ) describes 'ego' consciousness;  $\Psi$  ( ) 'self' consciousness, and  $\Delta$  'adepthip' – that is, beyond individuation – the  $\epsilon^\lambda$  goal of *kiu*.

Development of consciousness implies an increase of  $\phi$  elements in a particular *kiu*. par-

To represent a particular *kieu* by the placing of pieces (in order, for example, to work magick upon that particular *kieu*) the operator must first assess the character of the *kieu* using the Septenary correspondences as a basis. In order to do this accurately, its helps if various facts about the *kieu* in question are known – such as particular interests, whether any involvement in ‘esoteric’ groups and so on.

Character is assessed through determining the psychological type of the individual in accordance with the above table then finding appropriate ‘Tarot’ images linked to the type of consciousness represented by the character.

II - kcu:

For *kcu* the seven boards represent the seven Aeons, and one Aeon is represented by placing appropriate pieces on appropriate boards – Sirius is the first Aeon (the pre-Hyperborean, sometimes called the Primal Aeon), Arcturus, the Hyperborean Aeon and so on. The coming ‘New Aeon’ is thus Deneb.

To represent the present Aeon the pieces should be changed from their original positions thus:

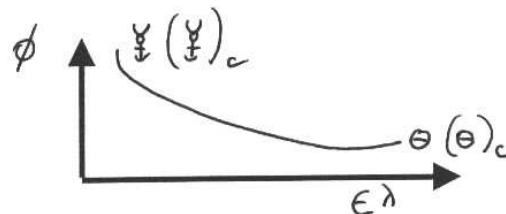
$$\begin{array}{l} S \Theta (\hat{\Gamma})_{\lambda} \rightarrow M \Psi (\Theta)_{\lambda} ; R \Psi (\hat{\Gamma})_{\lambda} \rightarrow N \hat{\Gamma} (\Theta)_{\lambda} \\ R \Psi (\hat{\Gamma})_{\phi} \rightarrow M \hat{\Gamma} (\Theta)_{\phi} ; A \Psi (\Theta)_{\lambda} \rightarrow R \Psi (\Psi)_{\lambda} \\ N \hat{\Gamma} (\hat{\Gamma})_{\phi} \rightarrow M \Theta (\Theta)_{\phi} ; N \hat{\Gamma} (\hat{\Gamma})_{\lambda} \rightarrow M \Theta (\Theta)_{\lambda} \end{array}$$

*kieu* implies  $\delta \phi \lambda \iota \epsilon \alpha \epsilon^{\lambda}$ : the opening of a gate, which brings  $\phi_s$  to presence in  $\lambda_s$ , predates the beginnings of a particular *kieu* by c. 300-400 years.

All *kcu* up to the present Western have exhausted their potential by the  $\Theta(\Theta)$  stage – although  $\hat{\Gamma}$  stages ( $\iota \alpha \iota \epsilon \alpha \epsilon^{\phi}$ ) are possible.

$$\delta^{\lambda} kcu \Rightarrow \Psi (\Psi)_c \rightarrow \Psi (\Theta)_c \rightarrow \Theta (\Psi)_c \rightarrow \Theta (\Theta)_c$$

No *kcu* has ever achieved  $\delta \phi kcu$  because this requires  $\phi \iota \epsilon \in \lambda_s$  where  $\omega \gg \delta$  and  $kcu \Rightarrow \phi \gamma \in \lambda_s : kiu \Rightarrow \phi \beta \mu^{\gamma \beta}$ . A *kcu* lasts between 1,500 and 1,200 years, declining in intensity during this time as indicated by the symbols:



$\Theta(\Theta)_c$  lasts approx. 400 years.

Each Aeon is associated with a particular higher civilization thus:

| Aeon     | Associated $k_c u$ | Date of end |
|----------|--------------------|-------------|
| Sumeric  | Sumerian           | 2298 BC     |
| Hellenic | Hellenic           | 378 AD      |
| Western  | Western            | 2390 AD     |

$\phi_s$  is expressed via  $k_c u$  (and in general  $k_c u$ ) for  $k_c u$  as an 'ethos' both exoteric and esoteric (which quite often only Adepts understand since the esoteric ethos is the essence hidden by the exoteric ethos and is often revealed via 'the Abyss').

It is important to understand that the most important and practical aspect of an Aeon is the associated higher civilization – magickal Aeonics workings shape the ethos of this during the transition period between the ending of one Aeon and the beginning of another. During this time, however, the energies of the old Aeon produce the last transformation of the  $k_c u$ : the  $\theta(\theta)_c$  stage, which is usually an Imperium, often military in extent and form of power.

Hitherto, Aeonics workings – when they have been undertaken at all – have concentrated on opening the gate that presences the power of a new Aeon. Yet it is possible to extend by such workings  $k_c u$  into the  $\mathbb{F}$  stages. For the present, this implies the end of the Western as c.3090 AD instead of 2390 AD. This is the first time in history that such a change is possible, since heretofore the process of Aeonics change has not been consciously understood by Adepts – its was approached mainly via mythological symbolism. It is through the abstract symbolism of the Star Game that full control is possible.

$$\begin{aligned} \delta^\phi t_c u &= \mathbb{E}(\mathbb{F})_c \rightarrow \theta(\mathbb{F})_c \rightarrow \mathbb{F}(\mathbb{F})_c \\ \delta^\phi \delta^\lambda &= \mathbb{F}(\mathbb{E})_c \rightarrow \mathbb{F}(\theta)_c : \text{"opening of a gate"} \\ \delta_i^\phi(g) &= \sum_{a=1}^{a=7} \beta(\mu) [\epsilon_{(\mu)a}^\lambda] \delta^\phi \quad \text{where } g = \epsilon_{\mu}^\lambda \rho_a \end{aligned}$$

**ONA's own manuscript photocopied:**

The Septenary Star Game - Esoteric Theory

Symbolism:

The acausal space is represented by  $\phi_s$  ; the causal by  $\lambda_s$  .  $\phi_s$  is described by  $\epsilon^\phi$  ;  $\lambda_s$  by  $\epsilon^\lambda$  .

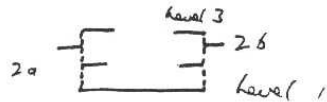
$\kappa_{i\alpha}$  symbolizes an individual;  $\kappa_{\alpha}$  a group of individuals of number  $\alpha$  ;  $\kappa_{\alpha}$  represents a higher civilization.

$\epsilon$  is to be read 'within' or 'member of a group/space or sub-space.

General Theory:

All life implies the coincidence of  $\phi_s$  and  $\lambda_s$  . Sentient life implies  $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$  : this is abstracted into seven stages or levels represented by the seven boards of the game. The two sets of nine pieces represent the  $\epsilon^\phi$  and  $\epsilon^\lambda$  aspects of cosmic Change (usually the 'black' pieces being  $\phi$  and the 'white' pieces  $\lambda$  )- or how Being becomes through Time. This expresses the interaction of  $\phi$  and  $\lambda$  through modes of being -  $\theta$  ,  $\xi$  or  $\neq$  . Three sets of pieces are used to express the fundamental nature of such Change as aspects of time.

Each board to be a correct representation should consist of three levels as in the 'simple' form of the game - that is, each board would be a complete 'simple Star Game' thus:



However, in practice, this form of the septenary game is not used in the initial stages because of its complexity: its mastery is one of the tasks of the Internal Adept. What follows is applicable to the 'standard' form of the septenary game with seven boards each of eighteen squares.

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The movement of pieces implies  $\epsilon^\lambda$  and  $\epsilon^\phi$  and this is the essence of the magickal use of the game.  $\epsilon^\phi$  is represented via  $\neq$  (or  $\omega$  ) moves and captures,  $\epsilon^\lambda$  by the other moves. In one sense  $\xi$  moves represent the duality associated with mercurius - possessed of both  $\epsilon^\lambda$  and  $\epsilon^\phi$  elements.

I -  $\kappa i u$  :

In terms of the consciousness of an individual (since  $\phi, \epsilon, \lambda$ , for  $\kappa i u$  represents consciousness) the pieces are:

|                  |                                    |              |
|------------------|------------------------------------|--------------|
| $\Theta(\Theta)$ | Extravert                          | Feeling type |
| $\Theta(\Xi)$    | "                                  | Intuitive    |
| $\Theta(\Phi)$   | "                                  | Thinking     |
| $\Psi(\Theta)$   | Introvert                          | Feeling      |
| $\Psi(\Xi)$      | "                                  | Intuitive    |
| $\Psi(\Phi)$     | "                                  | Thinking     |
| $\Omega(\Theta)$ | Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth |              |
| $\Omega(\Xi)$    | Magus/Moussa                       |              |
| $\Omega(\Phi)$   | Homo Galactica                     |              |

$\Theta( )$  describes 'ego' consciousness;  $\Psi( )$  'self' consciousness, and  $\Omega$  'adeptship' - that is, beyond individuation - the  $\epsilon^{\wedge}$  goal of  $\kappa i u$ .

Development of consciousness implies an increase of  $\phi$  elements in a particular  $\kappa i u$ .

To represent a particular  $\kappa i u$  by the placing of pieces (in order, for example, to work magick upon that particular  $\kappa i u$ ) the operator must first assess the character of the  $\kappa i u$  using the septenary correspondences as a basis. In order to do this accurately, it helps if various facts about the  $\kappa i u$  in question are known - such as particular interests, whether any involvement in 'esoteric' groups and so on.

Character is assessed through determining the psychological type of the individual in accordance with the above table then finding appropriate 'Tarot' images linked to the type of consciousness represented by the character.

II -  $\kappa_c u$  :

For  $\kappa_c u$  the seven boards represent the seven Aeons, and one Aeon is represented by placing appropriate pieces on appropriate boards - Sirius is the first Aeon (the pre-Hyperborean, sometimes called the Primal Aeon), Arcturus the Hyperborean Aeon and so on. The coming 'New Aeon' is thus Deneb.

To represent the present Aeon the pieces should be changed from their original positions thus:

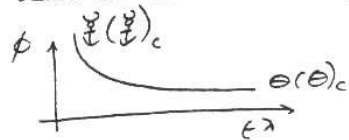
$$\begin{aligned} S \Theta(\Phi)_\lambda &\rightarrow M \Psi(\Theta)_\lambda; R \Psi(\Phi)_\lambda \rightarrow N \Phi(\Theta)_\lambda \\ R \Psi(\Phi)_\phi &\rightarrow M \Phi(\Theta)_\phi; A \Psi(\Theta)_\lambda \rightarrow R \Psi(\Psi)_\lambda \\ N \Phi(\Phi)_\phi &\rightarrow M \Theta(\Theta)_\phi; N \Phi(\Phi)_\lambda \rightarrow M \Theta(\Theta)_\lambda \end{aligned}$$

$\kappa_c u$  implies  $\delta \phi_\lambda$  <sup>via  $t^\lambda$</sup> : the opening of a gate, which brings  $\phi_s$  to presence in  $\lambda_s$ , predates the beginnings of a particular  $\kappa_c u$  by c. 300-400 years.

All  $\kappa_c u$  up to the present Western have exhausted their potential by the  $\Theta(\Theta)$  stage - although  $\Phi$  stages (ie  $\delta \phi_\lambda$ ) are possible.

$$\delta^\lambda \kappa_c u \Rightarrow \Psi(\Psi)_c \rightarrow \Psi(\Theta)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Psi)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Theta)_c$$

No  $\kappa_c u$  has ever achieved  $\delta \phi \kappa_c u$  because this requires  $\phi_\omega \in \lambda_s$  where  $\omega \gg \gamma$  and  $\kappa_c u \Rightarrow \phi_\gamma \in \lambda_s$ ;  $\kappa_c u \Rightarrow \phi_\beta \mu$   <sup>$\delta^\gamma \beta$</sup> . A  $\kappa_c u$  lasts between 1,500 and 1,200 years,  $\delta \phi$  declining in intensity during this time as indicated by the symbols:



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| Western  | Western                 | 2390 AD     |

---

$\phi_s$  is expressed via  $t_i u$  (and in general  $\kappa_n u$ ) for  $\kappa_c u$  as an 'ethos' both exoteric and esoteric (which quite often only

Adepts understand since the esoteric ethos is the essence hidden by the exoteric ethos and is often revealed via 'the Abyss').

It is important to understand that the most important and practical aspect of an Aeon is the associated higher civilization - magickal Aeonic workings shape the ethos of this during the transition period between the ending of one Aeon and the beginning of another. During this time, however, the energies of the old Aeon produce the last transformation of the  $\kappa_c u$ : the  $\theta(\theta)_c$  stage, which is usually an Imperium, often military in extent and form of power.

Hitherto, Aeonic workings - when they have been undertaken at all - have concentrated on opening the Gate that presences the power of a new Aeon. Yet it is possible to extend by such workings a  $\kappa_c u$  into the  $\hat{\kappa}$  stages. For the present, this implies the end of the Western as c.3090 AD instead of 2390 AD. This is the first time in history that such a change is possible, since heretofore the process of Aeonic change has not been consciously understood by Adepts - its was approached mainly via mythological symbolism. It is through the abstract symbolism of the Star Game that full control is possible.

$$\delta^\phi \kappa_c u = \hat{\kappa}(\hat{\kappa})_c \rightarrow \theta(\hat{\kappa})_c \rightarrow \hat{\kappa}(\hat{\kappa})_c$$

$$\delta^\phi \delta^\lambda = \hat{\kappa}(\hat{\kappa})_c \rightarrow \hat{\kappa}(\theta)_c : \text{"opening of a gate"}$$

$$\delta_i^\phi(g) = \sum_{\mu=1}^{n=7} \beta(\mu) [\epsilon_{(\beta\mu)_a}^\lambda] \delta^\phi \quad \text{where } g = \epsilon_{\mu(\beta)_a}^\lambda$$

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## VIII Stage Four – Internal Adept

The first part of this stage requires you to become skilled in the Star Game – regular playing of the game with an opponent (*and, if possible, this should be your ‘magickal’ companion*) is the best way to attain this. You should also study the esoteric theory behind the game – relating the symbols and their transformations to the Septenary system and so on.

Once you are satisfied with your progress in the Star Game, you can undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which is the second part of this fourth stage. This particular Grade Ritual is perhaps the most difficult task of the seven-fold Way, and it is this ritual which produces the genuine Adept. The ritual creates within you not only self-insight, but also empathy – and it is this empathy with life and the cosmos which is the foundation of true Adeptship.

The ritual involves you in living alone for a period of at least three months. Beforehand, you must choose a suitable location – it should be as isolated as possible (*i.e. far from human habitation*) with some kind of supply of fresh water (*e.g. a stream*). Two methods of living in isolation for the required length of time are possible, and you should choose the one which suits you. The first involves living in a tent using monetary savings to purchase such food as is necessary. The second is providing for all your needs from natural resources by hunting, trapping, fishing and so on, building your own shelter. The first is the easiest – if you possess the necessary desire to undertake the ritual because you wish magickal Adeptship, then means will be found to acquire the monetary savings necessary.

During your time alone you must have no contact with anyone (*including family and friends*) except that necessary if food is to be bought – and this latter contact should be as brief as possible. You must have with you no means of communication with the outside world (*radio, television, newspapers and so on*) and no means of reproducing music (*record player, cassette etc.*) except a musical instrument should you wish to take one. You must use only candles for lighting and possess no clock or watch or other means of measuring time. Strict observance of these conditions are necessary, since without the solitude and silence which these conditions impose upon you, the ritual will not succeed.

Once you have chosen your locality and made the necessary arrangements, the ritual can begin. The best time for this is on the Spring Equinox, the ritual then being completed on the Summer Solstice. You must take with you only what you can carry on your own back.

Aim during your isolation to complete a task or tasks. For example, you might choose to learn to play a musical instrument, or increase your skill in the Star Game (*it being possible to make the game smallish and portable*) or write a diary of your day to day experiences and feelings. Think about this task carefully before you start the ritual, since there can be no changing of tasks once the ritual has begun.

The Grade Ritual is the alchemical process of change which will occur in your thoughts and feelings by virtue of you living alone for the length of time indicated and in the simple manner prescribed. It is important that during the ritual you maintain your resolve to continue until at least three months has passed – you will be tempted many times to abandon the ritual, as you will be tempted to seek the distractions of talking, friends, and the pleasures and comforts of the outside world: its music, entertainment and other delights. Such temptations must be resisted – not because they are wrong, but because, by undertaking the ritual in the

first place, you yourself have chosen to live without them in order to attain magickal and self-understanding. There is no other way of achieving this. Wisdom is born from the insight that primitive isolation brings.

Your greatest problem will be boredom – the days will seem very long. Learn to observe the changes you see in Nature around you. Learn to think: about yourself, your life, the world. Try and relate what you have learnt about the Star Game and the Septenary system with the world and its changes, including people. If at some time or times you become emotionally aggressive or depressed, find a physical outlet for your feelings – running, or swimming (*in a lake if one is nearby*). Try and understand your feelings.

All this will not be easy – it will be a struggle. But if you persist you will find toward the end of the ritual changes occurring within you. You will gain insight, and empathy, and emerge as an Adept. You may also be tempted, before the three months is up, to leave your isolation because you believe you have succeeded. But this may well be a delusion, and the three-month time limit must be strictly observed. This is so simply because three months is the absolute minimum time required to produce the alchemical change: any change before that is usually illusory or only temporary.

It cannot be stressed too often that there are no shortcuts to genuine Adeptship: no easy way to wisdom. There is only living alone, isolated and in a simple way as above. The Grade Ritual creates in three months what fate has produced (*an then only rarely*) in two or three decades in a few fortunate individuals – it is a technique which distills the experience of thousands of years of evolutionary understanding, and makes Adeptship available to all.

## IX Stage Five – Entering the Abyss

In the Septenary system, the Abyss lies between the spheres of Sun and Mars – it is the region where the ‘acausal’ and the ‘causal’ meet. The Septenary system – the seven spheres and the paths linking them – is regarded as a map of our own consciousness. Our consciousness, by its nature, is both causal and acausal – that is, both rational and ‘irrational’, where this ‘irrational’ includes the unconscious. In one sense, the causal is linear, progressive, evolutionary, and the acausal is unified, ‘wholistic’. To the acausal belongs ‘magick’ – and the ‘Occult’ in general; to the causal belongs science and logic. The Abyss may be seen as essentially beyond the opposites of causal and acausal – the unity beyond both. To it belongs our past, present, future – and the demons/gods within us and outside of us. It is the place where our self-image – created by our experiences of life – is broken, and where we discover how we, and all others, fit into the scheme of the cosmos itself. The Abyss, destroying our image of ourself, either destroys us – or takes us beyond our self, to the real beginnings of wisdom.

The Grade Ritual (*which produces, in magickal terms, the Master of the Temple/Mistress of Earth*) is simple in form, but difficult in practice. As with all the Grade Rituals, it demands self-honesty. The ritual can be attempted by those who have successfully completed the ritual of Internal Adept and feel themselves ready for the next stage.

In aspect, the ritual involves the candidate walking (*unaided by others or any form of transportation*) – and carrying all that is necessary in terms of food, water and shelter – a distance of 80 miles (*males*) or 56 miles (*females*). The candidate – who should also carry a crystal tetrahedron of no less than 3” in height – should during this walking stop for only an hour only once, that is, during the night. The ritual is begun at sunrise on the first day and reaches its climax at sunset the following day. The walking should be undertaken as far as possible from human habitation, and the candidate must complete the specified distance before sunset on the second day.

At the end of the walk, the candidate should – without eating or resting – bathe in a river/stream/lake (*the walk being planned to end near one of these*). A comfortable position is then assumed, the crystal tetrahedron held in the palms of the hands, and the candidate visualizing a darkness within the crystal which spreads outward to enclose him/her. This visualization is accompanied by the slow, repetitive chanting of the word ‘Chaos’. After several minutes of effort, the visualization is ended, and the mind allowed to sense and feel what it may. No attempt should be made to control or direct the images/sensations/feelings which may occur. They should be observed, with emotional detachment.

The candidate will know when the ritual is complete, and should as soon as possible write an account of it. It is important for the bathing to begin as soon as the target distance is achieved – and the visualization must itself begin after the bathing.

If these conditions are not observed – or if some assistance is given during the walk – then the ritual is void.

## **PART TWO**

# **ESOTERIC SORCERY**

## INTRODUCTION

The following chapters give details of various techniques of external magick, and these techniques are used to bring about a specific aim of desire. Those who wish to use them in a practical sense are advised to first read Appendix V (*preparation or Hermetic Rituals*) followed by Appendix II (*Visualization Techniques*). Also, if you have not already undertaken the Initiation as given in Part One above, this (*or the ritual given in Appendix IV*) should be done, since this, put simply, is an ‘introduction to the role of sorcerer/sorceress’.

Successful external magick to a great extent depends on the acceptance of this role: it is the opening of the gate within which leads to the acausal, that source of magickal energy. External magick – both hermetic and ceremonial – is a skill, the learning of which is one of the tasks of an Initiate following the sevenfold way. This learning is associated quite naturally with the magickal grade ‘External Adept’.

The techniques given enable the fulfillment of desires, without restriction. One of these techniques – the ‘Dark Pathways’ – involves the drawing down/invocation of ‘dark/sinister/negative/chaotic’ type energies and in this sense is a ‘Left Hand Path’ working: that is, it is concerned with various areas of consciousness which are often misunderstood. The workings with the pathways may be said to be journeys into the darker sides of the unconscious (*or ‘hidden consciousness’*) of the psyche of the individual, and while these energies may be used hermetically – that is, directed by desire toward a specific aim or intention – they can be used ‘internally’ to provoke/cause changes in the individual consciousness, aiding thus magickal development and self-understanding. In this ‘internal’ sense, when the energies are produced (*by means given in the ‘Dark Pathways’ chapter*) they are not directed, but left to produce images/sensations in the psyche (*as per the workings with the spheres in Part One*). Both types of workings are associated with the magickal learning of an Initiate – that is, they are undertaken before the Grade Ritual of External Adept, this Grade Ritual being a means of conscious integration of the experiences.

*(For the left Hand Path in general see Appendix O.)*

## 0 ESOTERIC CHANTS

Esoteric chant may be divided (*as far as the 'Dark Tradition' is concerned*) into two parts: vibration of names and 'Sacred' or magical chant. The first type requires less skill and is the form most often used in ritual – for example, to create or 'draw down' a particular force or entity in a magickal working. The second type requires some musical ability or training since mode and tempo are important.

### 1) **Vibration:**

Vibration implies that each part of the word to be used, (*either alone or as part of a text or key*) is resonated deeply and this requires the person to be standing and the 'solar plexus' to be used to generate the deep breathing required, the mouth acting as a resonant cavity. The vibration should be such that it is felt in the whole body – a vibration is **not** a shout or scream but rather a prolonged concentration of sound energy.

For example, to vibrate the word 'Satan'. Take a deep breath and sound '**Sa**', for the length of that breath (*not less than twenty seconds*) trying to maintain the same level of intensity as the breath fades – then inhale quickly and vibrate '**-tan**' while exhaling the same manner as before. Practice will enable the length of each part to be increased. To obtain the required 'depth' or power, attempt to project the sound in front of you to a point at least ten feet away.

The essence of vibration is control of the sound – it should be as even as possible and the same on all parts of the word or phrase. With practice, the relative pitch of vibration can be altered, although this is not as important as producing a powerful vibration since most magickal vibrations require power rather than finesse of pitch. Certain musical keys are associated with certain types of magickal force (*for instance, the key of E minor is associated with 'Satanic' indulgence*) and experience will soon show which key is appropriate to the force required.

The 'Enochian keys' provide a good example of vibration used in the magickal sense – consider the Third key: Nicma Goho Pead zir...

'Nicma' is vibrated as 'Mic-' followed by 'ma', each part for at least twenty seconds. 'Goho' is "go-" and "ho" for the same length of time; 'zir' is one sound and so on.

Thus it will be seen that the vibration of one Enochian key requires quite an effort, and correct vibration produces in the person (*partly because of this*) an altered state of consciousness as well as producing magickal results and effecting other individuals who may be present.

Each individual possesses what may be called a unique 'vibration signature' or key at which the sound produced is most effective for them on both the personal and magickal levels, and this signature may and should be discovered by practice. Most women will naturally produce vibration at a higher relative pitch than men and their vibrations can sometimes be quite dangerous, while some men may produce vibrations that are disturbing to certain individuals.

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

## 2) **Magickal Chant:**

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

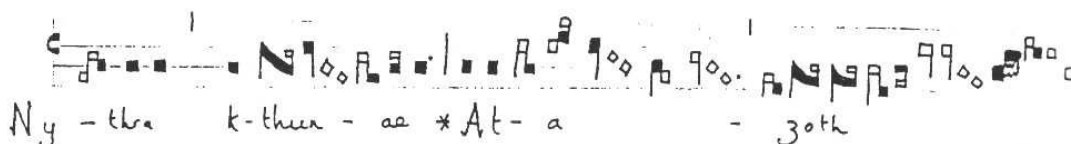
Magickal chant is sung unaccompanied in one of the seven fundamental (*or Greek*) modes – Lydian, Dorian and so on, the modes themselves being representations of Septenary forces as described by the Septenary Tree of Life and the correspondences associated with it. There are three basic ways of performing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

The music of this type of chant is similar to Gregorian chant sung in proportional rhythm and the texts used are usually magickal invocations or calls.

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

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

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



## ESOTERIC CHANT AS A MAGICKAL TECHNIQUE

### I – The Modes:

The seven Greek modes correspond to the spheres of the Septenary (*see Appendix I*) as follows:

|                          |         |
|--------------------------|---------|
| Lydia                    | Jupiter |
| Phrygian                 | Saturn  |
| Dorian                   | Moon    |
| Mixolydian               | Venus   |
| Hypodorian (or Aeolian)  | Mercury |
| Hypolydian               | Sun     |
| Hypophrygian (or Ionian) | Mars    |

The modes used in esoteric chant are the ‘Gregorian’ or plainchant ones and these are related, according to tradition, to the spheres and thus the Greek modes thus:

|         |                |
|---------|----------------|
| Moon    | Mode IV        |
| Mercury | Mode VI        |
| Venus   | Mode V         |
| Sun     | Modes VII/VIII |
| Mars    | Mode III       |
| Jupiter | Mode I         |
| Saturn  | Mode II        |

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

- a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing;
- b) be directed by will and visualization<sup>8</sup> for a specific aim appropriate to the sphere;
- c) to be used to alter (via the acausal) the world itself.

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

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

### II – Chant Examples: Spheres

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

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<sup>8</sup> For visualization techniques see Appendix II.

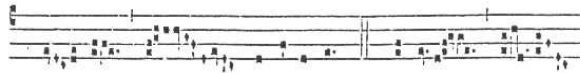
Maon



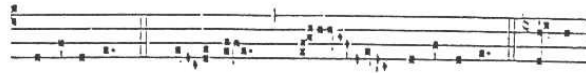
Ag-i-os \* ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-os



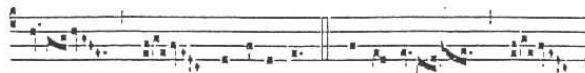
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Ag-i- os ka-be-i-ri Ag-i- os



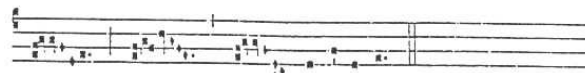
ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-



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



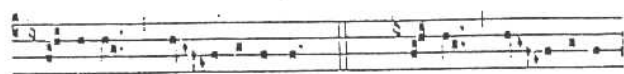
ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os \*



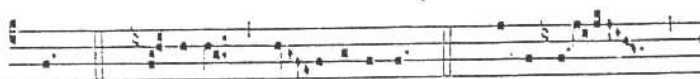
ka-be-i-ri

Agios Kaberi

# Mercury



Ag-i-os hu-ci-fer Ag-i-os hu-ci-fer



. Ag-i-os hu-ci-fer. Ag-i-os

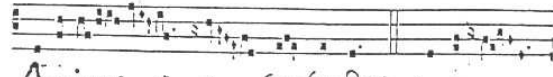


hu-ci-fer.

[Note: repeat five times.]

Agios hucifer

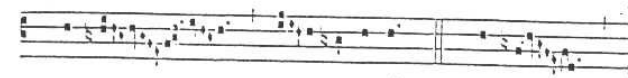
Venus



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



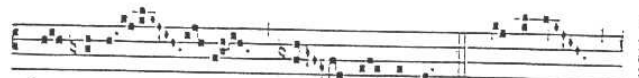
e - lu-tro-das, Ag-i-os e - lu-tro-das.



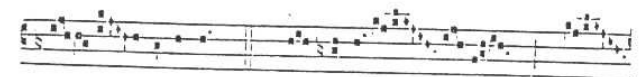
Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i - os



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



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



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



\* e - lu-tro-das.

Agius Eutrodes

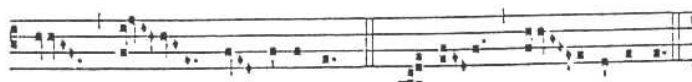
See



Ag-i-os \* o-ge-nos. Ag-i-os



o-ge-nos. Ag-i-os o-ge-nos. Ag-



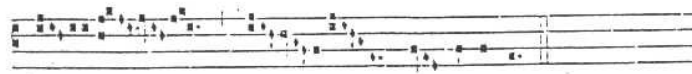
i-os o-ge-nos. Ag-i-os o-ge-nos.



Ag-i-os o-ge-nos. Ag-i-os o-ge-



nos. Ag-i-os o-ge-nos. Ag-i-os \*



o-ge-nos.

Agios Oge nos

Mars



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


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

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


Al-as-to-ros.

Agios Alastoros


*Jupiter*




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



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



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



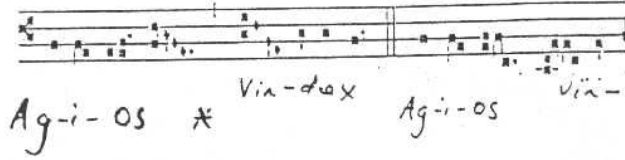
Ba-pho-nat. Ag-i-os Ba-pho-nat. Ag-i-os



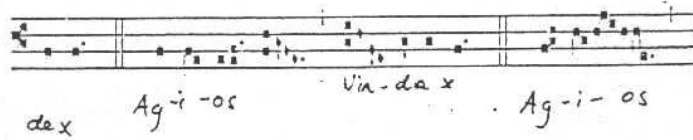
Ba-pho-nat.

*Agios Baphomet*

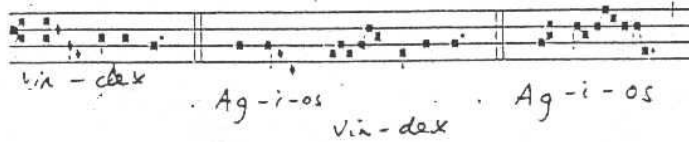
Saturn



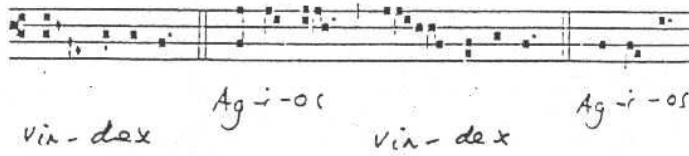
Ag-i-os \* Vin-dex Ag-i-os Vin-



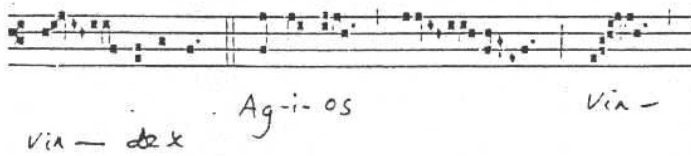
dex Ag-i-os Vin-dex Ag-i-os



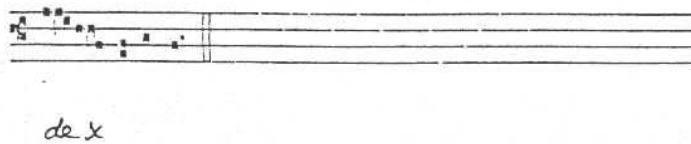
Vin-dex Ag-i-os Vin-dex Ag-i-os



Vin-dex Ag-i-os Vin-dex Ag-i-os



Vin-dex Ag-i-os Vin-



dex

Agios  
Vindex

### III. – Ritual:

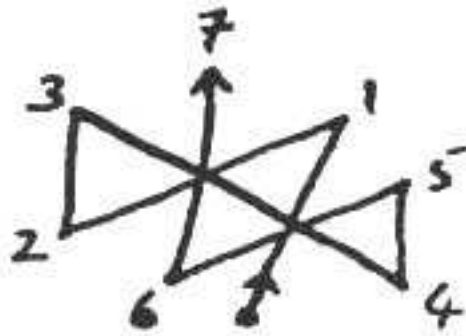
The chant appropriate to the sphere should be regarded as the key to the working.

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

The rite is begun by those attending vibrating according to tradition and three times:

- a) Agios O Atazoth for 'dark' workings;
- b) Agios O Baphomet for other workings.

The cantor then incenses with incense appropriate to the sphere at each of the seven points thus:



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

The incenses are:

|         |             |
|---------|-------------|
| Moon    | Petriorchor |
| Mercury | Sulphur     |
| Venus   | Sandalwood  |
| Sun     | Oak         |
| Mars    | Musk        |
| Jupiter | Civit       |
| Saturn  | Henbane     |

While this is being undertaken the following should be chanted:

- a) **Aperiatur et germinet Atazoth** or, for constructive workings:
- b) **Ad Gaia qui lætificat juventutem meam.**

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

Prior practice of singing the chant (*without the visualization*) is essential, since the chant is only magickal useful if sung correctly. The visualization should be as concise as possible and according to a pattern agreed by the participants before the ritual. It is possible to use sigilization instead of visualization: the sigil being prepared beforehand and ‘consecrated/charged’ according to tradition, the sigil being burnt by one of the participants during the singing of the key chant.

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

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

#### **IV – Method of Singing:**

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

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

## **FRENZY MAGIC**

This type of magick involves the individual(s) becoming possessed by acausal energies by creating through specific techniques a physical and emotional frenzy.

Frenzy magick to be successful requires the individual at the height of the induced frenzy to visualize (*or using vibration to chant*) the intended outcome of the ritual – for example, if the ritual is undertaken to destroy by magick a certain person, then the visualization is the death of that person in the manner chosen; a suitable phrase for vibration would be ‘N.N. (*the name of the person*) will die!’

Frenzy can be obtained by drugs – but these depress (and sometimes destroy) the ability to concentrate and drugs are therefore not recommended for this type of hermetic magick. The best method to achieve frenzy is dance – mostly of a circular or spiral nature. Other methods which can be used are willed concentration, physical endurance and induced ecstasy. Details of all these will be given.

Those interested in undertaking a specific hermetic ritual are advised to read Appendix VI - Preparation for Hermetic Workings.

### **I – Dance:**

Confine the intent of your working to a few phrases and images. For example, if the working is to induce a specific individual to love you, a suitable phrase for chanting/vibration would be ‘Let N.N. become possessed by love for me.’ A suitable image would be a photograph of the individual – or a visualization of their face.

At twilight on a suitable day begin the working either outdoors or within an indoor area suitable for dancing. Walk a circle slowly and sun-wise (i.e. from East to West) repeating the phrase which enshrines the intent of your working. Continue with this slow circular walking for several minutes while visualizing the chosen image (*or concentrating on a photograph*) gradually allowing yourself to feel the emotion appropriate to the working (*for example, a ritual of destruction – hate; a ritual to bring love – love; a ritual to bring wealth – a feeling of the enjoyment of luxury and wealth...*).

Then walk faster and faster imagining the sky above you opening and energy flowing down and into you. This energy re-inforces your emotion and let it make you shout louder and louder your chosen phrase. Let this vital energy possess you – and dance, run, leap as you will, visualizing the image and shouting/chanting the phrase as the frenzy directs. Continue thus until exhaustion, then sit or lie still for several minutes visualizing your energy being drawn back up into the sky and out in the stars. Breathe deeply and slowly for about a minute, stand and say ‘It is over’ and leave the area of the ritual.

### **II – Other Methods:**

Willed concentration involves gradually building up the appropriate emotion while standing still through the use of breathing exercises and the alternate contraction and relaxation of muscles. Deep breaths are taken and the muscles of the arms, legs and back contracted: imagine with the inward breath that energy (*of the appropriate type – love, hate and so on*) is being drawn into the body. The breath is then exhaled slowly and the muscles relaxed. This

continues for at least a quarter of an hour – then the chosen image is visualized for the length of five inhalations and five exhalations after which one long slow inhalation is undertaken with the powerful drawing in of emotion. This is followed by a shouted exhalation of the chosen phrase – until exhaustion or all the energy is drained away.

As before, relax, say ‘It is over’ and leave the area of the ritual.

Physical endurance as a technique involves choosing something which for you is exceptionally demanding physically. The achievement of this pre-set goal is then as the climax of the working and the intent of the ritual is then visualized and the chosen phrase enshrining the desire either vibrated or shouted at this moment.

An example of this method would be choosing a steep hill and setting yourself the task of running as hard and as fast as possible to the top as the success of the working – if it helps in the mental preparation repeat something to yourself like (assuming, for the purpose of illustration, that the intent of the ritual is to bring success to a particular undertaking): ‘My success will come as I reach the top of the hill!’

No physical preparation of any kind should be undertaken: this method involves sheer will and determination. If you really want the working to succeed, you will possess the necessary will to achieve the physical goal. The aim is for an explosion of physical energy, and in many respects running is ideally suited for this.

Induced ecstasy as a technique involves using some outward form to produce within you an emotion appropriate to the intent of the working. This outward form depends on your interest and/or abilities. One of the simplest forms is music – that is, using music to induce the appropriate emotion. However, this is not easy as it appears because it is necessary to produce a frenzy of emotion and sustain this for a period of time. Should you intend to use music in this way, a suitable piece/composition, once found, should if possible be kept solely for magickal use. Since the effects of music tend to be individual, only you can find music appropriate to a particular emotive working. The important thing is to allow the emotion to build gradually to a frenzied climax and at the climax send forth/direct the energy using visualization and vibration. Combining dance with music is very effective.

Improvising music on a particular instrument can also be used – and very effectively. Again, the frenzy should be induced slowly and its climax accompanied by visualization and vibration/shout of the chosen phrase.

## VISUALIZATION AND SIGIL MAGICK

Visualization as a technique is simple. In the area chosen for the ritual, adopt a comfortable position (*sitting, lying or a ‘meditation posture’ – the position is not important, only that it be comfortable*) and in this position visualize in detail but without any emotion the sequence of events desired.

Visualization may be said to be willed ‘day-dream’ and to be effective requires a calm but concentrated attitude of mind. To assist in the visualization, various external triggers may be used to create the right atmosphere or mood: incense of the planet appropriate to the working should be burned (*see appendix I*) and candles of the planetary color used to provide the only light. Before beginning the visualization, vibrate the word appropriate to the planet (*see below*) three times in succession.

The visualization should be as natural and realistic as possible.

Examples:

- (a) You wish to obtain the sexual favors of a particular person. You visualize the person and then in as much detail as possible the act itself;
- (b) You desire to cause alarm to a neighbor who has annoyed you. You visualize the person in bed at night and yourself standing over them. You smile and by your will form the energy of the acausal dimensions into a peevish imp (*imagine the energy like swirling mist which your will forms into the imp*). You set this imp at the foot of the bed to create mayhem and then yourself depart.

It is important for success in this technique for the visualization to become for you as real as possible, like a dream is real while it is being dreamt. To obtain this, it is necessary to be relaxed and calm – any emotion generated should belong not to you directly, but to the images in the visualization and then in a controlled way, never frenzied but rather cool and deliberate.

As with all hermetic techniques, complete the working in a formal way by relaxing and saying ‘It is over.’

| <b>Planet</b> | <b>Word</b> | <b>Appropriate Workings</b> |
|---------------|-------------|-----------------------------|
| Moon          | Noctulius   | Hidden knowledge            |
| Mercury       | Satan       | Lust/Indulgence             |
| Venus         | Darkat      | Love/Enchantment            |
| Sun           | Karu Samsu  | Prophecy/Revelations        |
| Mars          | Shugara     | Death/Destruction           |
| Jupiter       | Davcina     | Wealth/Success              |
| Saturn        | Vindex      | Chaos/Disruption            |

Sigil magick involves the Septenary form of the Star Game (*see Chapter IX*). The technique described here is only one of the many that involve the Star Game – although it is the easiest to use.

First, the Star Game itself must be constructed, and the pieces marked with the appropriate alchemical sigils. The basis of the technique is to set yourself a goal with regard to placing your pieces in a certain pattern on the Mira board. This goal you consciously equate with the success of your desire.

Begin by specifying the aim of the working: for example, if you wish by magick to win someone's love say to yourself (*and write on paper*) something like – 'My will is for N.N. to love me. As I move my pieces toward my goal so shall my desire be fulfilled.'

Choose a pattern for the Mira board – the pattern itself is not important, only that you choose it and equate it with the achievement of your desire.

For example, the pattern could be:

|      |      |      |
|------|------|------|
| ⊖(☿) |      | ⊖(♁) |
|      | ⊖(♁) |      |
|      |      |      |
|      |      |      |
|      |      |      |
|      |      |      |

White pieces are chosen for constructive workings, black pieces for destructive ones. The former should be conducted during twilight, the latter during dawn.

Then begin to move the pieces – in accord with the rules of the game – until the pattern is achieved. When the goal is attained, rejoice saying 'So is it done according to my will.'

Two additions can be made to this technique. Both involve playing the game against the opponent. In the first, the opponent is not aware of the pattern you have set yourself – you write your intended pattern down and show it to your opponent only when you achieve it in the game through movement of pieces. In the second, the opponent is aware of your goal and tries to prevent, by his moves, your attainment of it. In both of these, the game should be played to a conclusion without a break.

In above additions naturally increase the difficulty of the technique – but they also greatly increase its magickal potency.

## SEXUAL MAGICK

Hermetic sexual magick – that is, the technique of using the sexual act for magical purposes – is quite simple, depending only on the acquisition of a suitable partner and the sexual orientation of the person wishing to use the technique. Techniques for both heterosexual and gay individuals will be given.

The most suitable partners are those with whom the operator feels an empathy and ideally partners for sexual magick should be interested in magick, be aware of the nature of the working and desire its success. It is worth going to some trouble to find a suitable partner and develop with them a genuine partnership. Workings undertaken with someone who is unaware that the sexual act is being for magickal purposes are possible and effective (*although not as much as those undertaken by a genuine partnership*) and the techniques described below should be adjusted accordingly.

The essence of sexual working is to use the sexual energy generated by both individuals in a directed way and despite many attempts to mystify the procedure by others this is quite easily done. For best results, workings should be undertaken according to the planet governing the desire – for example, a working involving wealth would be associated with Jupiter. Constructive workings are undertaken when the particular planet is rising at the place where the working is being undertaken. Destructive workings when the planet is setting. This naturally limits the workings to certain periods – thus increasing what may be termed the numinosity of the working.

It is helpful if the working is ritualized to a certain extent – for example, by using incense and candles appropriate to the planet (*see Appendix I*) and if possible conducting the working in an area where either a magickal aura exists naturally (*such as a sacred glade or an isolated hill-top*) or where one has been created by either previous workings or by the creation of a Temple area with certain specific magickal artifacts such as an altar, altar covering and so on.

As with most of the hermetic techniques described in this book, an appropriate visualization and/or phrase should be chosen which describes the desire of the working.

### **I – Heterosexual Working:**

The male arouses the female by firstly caressing her spine and shoulders with the tips of his fingers, then arouses her fire with his tongue (*locis muliebribus*) before the union itself begins. At the height of the union, the female visualizes the desire in the manner chosen. If a phrase has been chosen to describe the desire the female may chant this rhythmically as the union proceeds to its climax, or this may be silently voiced by her in the same way.

It is the female who is the gate through which the power flows and as such hers is the prominent role. It is often helpful for her in the beginning stages to visualize energy flowing down to her and through her from the sky and stars above.

Should the male be undertaking the working without the female participating fully and with knowledge in the ritual, then his is the visualization and the (*silent*) chant. This form of the working is by its nature less powerful than the foregoing.

The female may of course undertake the working without the knowledge of the male and this in no way alters the power of the working, except insofar as she might wish to increase its power by using sexual enchantment to ensnare a man and use him in the working. The enchantment is then a powerful prelude to the working itself.

The working is concluded in the usual formalized way by relaxation and a simple phrase such as 'It is completed.'

## **II – Sapphic/Uranian Working:**

Because of the doubling of the female, Sapphic working (*sometimes called Sapphistry*) is powerful magick. Both participants may combine in the visualization and/or rhythmic breathing of the chosen phrase – the fire is aroused mutually by caress and tongue (*locis muliebribus*) one ecstasy following the other (*mutual ecstasy – though are unless cultivated by technique – is very powerful magickally*). If desired, the procedure can be repeated for as many times as the participants desire. The working is concluded in the usual manner.

Uranian working may be undertaken as (I) above with the obvious emendations or one participant may elect to raise the fire of the other via his lips. The visualization an/or chanting of the chosen phrase should follow the pattern in section (I). The working is concluded in the usual manner.

## MODEL MAGICK

Model magick consists of two techniques. The first involves making actual models of the events or individuals which one wishes to influence by using magickal forces. The second concerns depicting (*that is, representing*) the events in either a pictorial way or using the medium of words to create a model for the imagination.

The making of actual models is self-explanatory. For instance, to curse an individual make a model of that individual (*wax is easiest to use*<sup>9</sup>). The model should be life-like. This model is then named by you with the name of the individual – saying something akin to **‘With my hands I gave you birth and I name you N.N.’**. This model is then pierced with pins (the usual method) or wrapped in a black cloth and buried in earth while you say **‘I who gave you life now lay you dead in Earth!’** During these tasks the appropriate emotion should be cultivated – in this case hate.

If it is wished to procure love from an individual, you make two models: one of the person and one of yourself. They are named as before, then bound together with green silk cord while saying **‘From this binding shall come our love’**. The models are then wrapped in a green cloth and placed somewhere undisturbed near the abode of the other individual. The emotion here should be love.

It is important that strong emotion be produced and to aid this, the technique may be ritualized. For example, an altar is prepared, appropriate incense burnt, candles used as the only source of light. As you light the candles say **‘here have I come to bring my desire to life!’** Then vibrate according to the method of chapter II the word (*see above*) of the appropriate planet before beginning to make the models. Repeat, often, the intent of the working: for example, **‘N.N. will die!’** End the working in the formal manner.

The second technique of model magick involves creating images in an artistic way. If a person is the object of your magickal desire, then this technique involves drawing or painting that person – but undertaken in a creative mood. That is, through the drawing or painting (*or sculpture*) you are actually giving life to the person – you are capturing through the chosen medium the spirit (*or ‘soul’*) of that person. As the creation proceeds, you alter the image according to your intent. For example – if you wish harm to that person, anguish/pain/suffering can be depicted in the face and body. What is important here is the feeling that you put into the work.<sup>10</sup>

If events involving certain individuals are the object of desired magickal change, then literary means can be used. For this, you use your imagination to describe in words generally through the medium of a ‘short story’ or a novel, the individuals involved and how you wish those individuals to be altered by events according to your desire. As before the mood should be imbued with magickal creation – you should feel that you are controlling and moulding the events and the individuals. It is suggested that when you first use this technique, introduce only small changes into events and the lives of the individuals – for example, should you wish to procure the love of an individual, begin by describing as realistically as possible, that

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<sup>9</sup> Place wax candles in water that has been boiled. A film of wax will form on the water – use this to make the model.

<sup>10</sup>The more life-like the image, the more powerful the magick.

individual and their life as you know it. Then introduce into the story, yourself – in a realistic situation. Gradually make the individual fall in love with you.

This literary technique can also be used to change on a significant scale those forces which affect individuals although they themselves are unaware of them. These forces are generally called magickal Aeon energies or currents. Using a literary form such as a novel, a play, a short story, you create using imagination new images and ideas in a magickal way, as H.P. Lovecraft has done. However, it is not necessary for your creations to be ‘published’ in the accepted sense for them to be effective magickally, for once an image or idea is born by magick through the desire of an individual it will, if possessed of sufficient magickal energy at its birth, spread via the acausal to the minds of other individuals and generally becomes a form of living entity. Publication, as such, is basically irrelevant – magick uses the acausal whereas publication is only a causal representation of something that may have been (*as for example with Lovecraft’s stories*) originally acausal.

As well as literary forms, it is possible to use other creative media for magickal purposes – for example, film.

Artistic creation, used magickally, is a ritual in itself and does not need any ritual formalization such as chanting, visualization and so on, although it can be ritualized in a formal way should you so desire to enhance the magickal mood. Such ritualization might include the use of incense, candles and undertaking the work itself in specially prepared ritual/Temple area.

## EMPATHIC MAGIC

Empathic magick basically involves identifying with the persons, person or forces (*of Nature, for example*) that you wish in some way to control.

To identify with an individual it is necessary to concentrate on that individual and imagine yourself becoming that individual. One way to do this is to imagine how you think that individual would react to a certain event or situation and then act out, quite consciously and with deliberation, this reaction. Extend this identification until you feel in sympathy with that individual – and then introduce through both visualization and the chanting of a phrase which enshrines your desire the change you wish to bring about in that individual.

This technique can, however, lead to problems of self-identity as well as producing within you a genuine understanding of that individual to the extent that your desire to change them is destroyed. It is important, therefore, before using this technique, that you carefully consider your own motives. If after such consideration you still desire to proceed, then you must resolve – whatever happens – to carry through your intended change, allowing no feeling to alter your resolve.

Once sympathy (*in the sense of identification*) is achieved, the change you desire in the individual may be induced by you acting them out in the role of the individual may be induced by you acting them out in the role of the individual. For example, should you wish to harm that individual, then you act out, with all the appropriate feelings, the despair of that individual, the pain you desire to inflict and, say, the thought of that individual killing themselves.

This empathic technique is of great value if you wish to help an individual in some positive way – by healing, for instance. If possible, you should be physically near the individual (*although this can be done simply by thought transference*) and then draw into yourself so it feels your own, the physical or mental suffering of that individual. If necessary, you can imagine this as a transference of visible energy which you take into yourself. Once taken in, this suffering or negative energy must be conducted away into the Earth – the best way to do this is to spread your hands on the ground and imagine the negative energy flowing from you, down your arms and into the Earth. Actual contact with the bare ground is most effective.

To aid in the drawing in of such negative energy, you can if you wish imagine an aura surrounding the individual. An attitude of compassion within yourself is also helpful in developing an empathy with the individual. Once empathy is obtained (*and the desire to heal is often sufficient in itself to do this*) then try and sense the changes in the aura that the suffering produces. Once these changes are located, draw them into yourself by imagining the negative energy is flowing through your fingers into your own aura.

It should be obvious that this method of healing is only to be used in a self-less way: that is, without any desire on your part for any kind of gain. Otherwise, your own consciousness of desire will bloc some of the negative energy and prevent it draining away.

Empathic magick involving specific forces is relatively easy when compared to that involving individuals. The natural force most often controlled by empathic magick is weather.

The essence of this technique, as its name implies, is developing sympathy with particular forces – to lose your self-consciousness to the experiencing of those forces as those forces are in themselves. This type of magick works in harmony with natural forces and not against them. For example, it is impossible to produce a snowstorm, in England, in July. The change you wish to produce has, in Nature, to be possible for the magick to work at all. This change is never instantaneous due to the nature of the forces themselves - for instance, if you wish to produce a violent thunderstorm there is usually a delay of several days after the ritual before the storm breaks because the natural forces have to grow together according to their nature.

To undertake a working to control the weather you must first find an isolated place removed from any large area of human habitation – an isolated hilltop, bare of trees, is ideal. The more wild the place, the better. This isolation should produce at least in some degree a feeling of you being between earth and sky. First decide on what type of weather you wish to produce bearing in mind the foregoing. Lie on the ground and imagine yourself as like the wind: feel the gentleness of a breeze and then imagine a strong wind tearing at you as you lie. As you imagine the wind becoming stronger and stronger, leap to your feet and with outstretched arms calm the wind by your will, then release it again as a strong force to break upon the land around. Imagine yourself as the wind bringing the type of weather you desire.

For example, if you wish a thunderstorm, imagine the wind swirling around and creating huge, dark clouds that run quickly toward your hill bringing their darkness to cover the earth and then their flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder and rain. If necessary verbalize your desire and exult in the primitive frenzy of the storm – dancing, laughing at its breaks around you. If you wish calm, sunny weather, imagine the wind slowly dying away and sun appearing in the sky above. Feel the warmth of the sun on your body – exult in the sensuousness of the sun, again verbalizing your exultation and desire should you wish. If your desire is for rain, imagine the wind bringing light grey clouds to cover all of your sky – feel the rain as it washes down and soaks into Earth, bringing growth and joy. Again exult in the feeling of rain upon your body – verbalizing this exultation and your desire.

This verbalization can take many forms depending on your feeling at the moment. For instance, for a storm something like: **‘Come Storm, Wind, Thunder, Lightning and Hail! Smash this hill and the earth round with your force! To me! Come – lightning flash, thunder and hail...’** Verbalization like this should always be frenzied: it is no use just saying the words in a calm voice. The words should be a verbal ejaculation of your frenzy.

The working should be ended by you bowing respectfully to the Earth and thanking the wind, sun, sky and clouds.

## DARK PATHWAYS I

The spheres of the Septenary may be said to be the Nexus between causal and acausal (*or 'Being' and 'non-being'*) and the paths linking the spheres may be regarded from a magickal point of view as zones of energy. This energy is according to tradition symbolized in an archetypal way since it is through such symbolism that control of the energy is possible.

The tables below give details of this symbolism, the chants/vibration appropriate to a specific symbol, and the sigils associated with a particular form of energy. These sigils aid visualization. A particular form is invoked to enable the individual to experience the type of consciousness/feeling associated with it, and all invocations should be for a specific desire appropriate to the form invoked – for instance, Shugara should be invoked for a destructive working. By their nature, these forces are 'dark' – that is, they represent the energies of the darker/shadow aspects of every individual, and their invocation is a means of conscious integration. To use the dark pathways as internal magick, all twenty-one paths should be used – invoking the appropriate form.

To invoke, set aside an area as a Temple or use an isolated outdoor location. The best time for working is after sunset or before dawn. Begin the invocation by vibrating the appropriate name nine times – if a chant is involved (as for example in Atazoth) then this should if possible be chanted as described. If you cannot for any reason do this, then the name may be vibrated, nine times followed by a short pause and a further four vibrations.

If a specific key is prescribed for a vibration try and vibrate accordingly, but if this is not possible for any reason, vibrate twice more.

You may if you wish before beginning the invocation, take a 'ritual' bath (*changing into robes should you so desire to thus enhance the working*) – perfuming this bath with equal proportions of the oils of the planets which the path connects.

After the vibrations/chant, begin a slow circular dance – the direction of which is not important – which gradually increases in speed and which gradually spirals inwards. As you dance shout or vibrate with as much force as possible the name of the entity you are invoking.

Continue until dizziness or exhaustion draws you to fall to the ground then vibrate with all the energy you possess the appropriate energy – to aid this vibration try and project your voice:

- (a) If you are working outdoors: to the horizon itself;
- (b) If working indoors: so that the room/Temple resonates with the power of your voice.

After this say: 'Come ..... (*here name the entity*) to me! And bring me my desire!' Briefly visualize your desire, and verbalize it using a short phrase (*such as 'N.N. shall die!*). Then begin a slow circular dance in the opposite direction of the one before, laughing while you dance and saying: **'I am the power, I am the glory, I am a god!'**

Cease your dance, sit on the ground/floor and breathe deeply for several minutes. Allow your mind to fill with images and feelings as it will, but do not move. Gradually let yourself then become relaxed and when relaxed rise, bow once to the North, say **'It is completed'** and

depart from the Temple or area of the working. As soon as possible write an account of what you felt following the second dance.

For best results, seven days before every working reduce your food and sleep, aiming to reach a minimum on the day chosen for the working. During the period no meat should be eaten and every night before sleep concentrate for about a quarter of one hour on the appropriate sigil, slowing saying (*not chanting or vibrating*) the name of the entity. Burn incense (combined from the planets as above). This method means only one working per week can be undertaken – which is ideal.


Try and link your feelings during the working with the appropriate Tarot image.

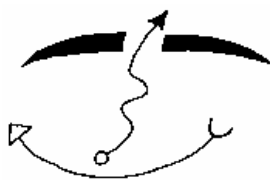
When no type of desire for a particular path is indicated in Table II deduce the appropriate desire for a working from the associated Tarot image: concentrate on the image for some time and allow the associations to grow naturally in your mind.

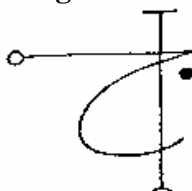
## 0 Pathworkings – Table I

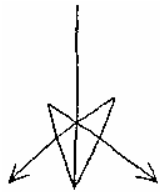
|    | <b>Path</b> | <b>Word of Power</b> | <b>Sigil</b>  | <b>Image</b> |
|----|-------------|----------------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1  | ጡ ⇔ Δ       | Noctulius            | See next page | XV           |
|    | ጡ ⇔ E       | Nythra               |               | XIII         |
|    | ጡ ⇔ Γ       | Shugara              |               | XVIII        |
|    | ጡ ⇔ X       | Satanas              |               | VII          |
|    | ጡ ⇔ H       | Aosoth               |               | XIV          |
|    | ጡ ⇔ ζ       | Azanigin             |               | X            |
|    | Δ ⇔ E       | Nekalah              |               | VIII         |
|    | Δ ⇔ X       | Ga Wath Am           |               | O            |
|    | Δ ⇔ Γ       | Binan ath            |               | I            |
| 10 | Δ ⇔ H       | Lidagon              |               | XI           |
|    | Δ ⇔ ζ       | Abatu                |               | XVI          |
|    | E ⇔ X       | Karu samsu           |               | VI           |
|    | E ⇔ Γ       | Nemicu               |               | XVII         |
|    | E ⇔ H       | Mactoron             |               | II           |
|    | E ⇔ ζ       | Velpecula            |               | XIX          |
|    | X ⇔ Γ       | Kthunae              |               | IV           |
|    | X ⇔ H       | Atazoth              |               | V            |
|    | X ⇔ ζ       | Vindex               |               | XII          |
|    | Γ ⇔ H       | Davcina              |               | III          |
|    | Γ ⇔ ζ       | Sauroctonos          |               | IX           |
| 2  | H ⇔ ζ       | Naos                 |               | XX           |

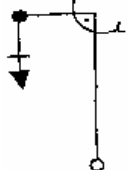
## Sigils

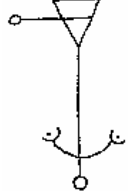
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**Nythra**  


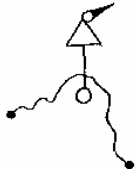
**Shugara**  



**Satanas**  


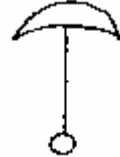
**Asoth**  



**Azanigin**  



**Nekalah**  


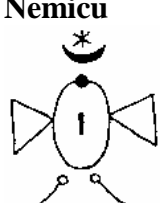
**Ga Wath Am**  



**Binan ath**  



**Lidagon**  


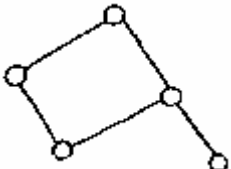
**Abatu**  


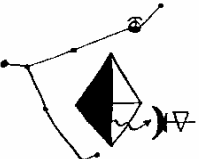
**Karu samsu**  


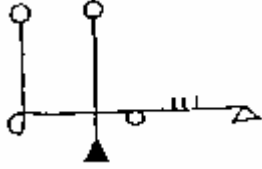
**Nemicu**  


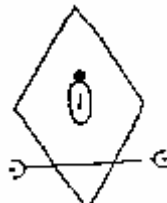
**Mactoron**  



**Velpecula**  



**Kthunae**  


**Atazoth**  


**Vindex**  


**Davcina**  


**Sauroctonos**  


**Naos**  


## TABLE II

|                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Noctulius:</b>  | Deity of night. Useful in works of enchantment. Earth based. Key for chant: G minor. Perfume – petriochor.                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| <b>Nythra:</b>     | Energy vortex in Abyss – nameless in itself but represented by vibration of word. Works of terror and sinister destruction.                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| <b>Shugara:</b>    | One of the most hideous intrusions possible on the causal level and very dangerous. G major key for invoking chant. Manifestations often are accompanied by a smell similar to rotting flesh.                                                                                                                                         |
| <b>Asoth:</b>      | Dark female force. Works of passion and death. The name should be vibrated.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| <b>Azanigin:</b>   | Mother of all demons who lie waiting in Earth. Key of B minor. Very useful to invoke in works of personal destruction.                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| <b>Shaitan:</b>    | Long held to be an Earth bound representative for the Dark Gods. Perfume/incense – sulphur. Name to be vibrated. Stone – opal.                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| <b>Nekalah:</b>    | Collective name for race of Dark Gods. Name to be vibrated in manner similar to Atazoth.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| <b>Ga Wath Am:</b> | Vibration of this releases powerful energies. A key ( <i>when used with a crystal tetrahedron</i> ) to all the dark forces of the Abyss. Not to be vibrated without careful preparation. According to tradition the words means <b>‘the power within me is great’</b> a reference to the pathways within which lead to the Dark Gods. |
| <b>Binan Ath:</b>  | As above. Said to mean <b>‘Behold the Fire!’</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| <b>Lidagon:</b>    | Symbolic representation of the union of the two sexual opposites ( <i>Darkat and Dagon</i> ) in their darker aspects.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| <b>Abatu:</b>      | An earth bound form of destructive/negative energy. Associated with rites of sacrifice. F sharp major key for chant.                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| <b>Karu Samsu:</b> | Word of power along the 12 <sup>th</sup> path – to be chanted in the key of A flat major. According to tradition it means <b>‘I invoke the sun.’</b>                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| <b>Nemicu:</b>     | Bringer of wisdom. To be vibrated.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| <b>Mactoron:</b>   | Word of power of 14 <sup>th</sup> . path – chanted in key of A minor. Legend recalls it as representing the name for one of the planetary homes of the Dark Gods, later famed as an early Star Gate.                                                                                                                                  |
| <b>Atazoth:</b>    | The most powerful of the Dark Gods. The name itself ( <i>which correctly describes the entity only when chanted properly</i> ) signifies in one sense the purpose of the cosmic cycles and the opening of the gates since ‘Atazoth’ as a word means ‘an increasing of azoth.’ See chant illustration.                                 |

|                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Davcina:</b>   | Female form along the 19 <sup>th</sup> . path. To be vibrated. Useful in works of enchantment.                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| <b>Athushir:</b>  | Symbolic form along the 16 <sup>th</sup> . path. Serpent of fire ( <i>'dragon'</i> ) often regarded as a memory of one of the Dark Gods during their previous ( <i>and only partially successful</i> ) intrusion into our causal universe.                                                                          |
| <b>Kthunae</b>    | Word of power (Kthunae) to be vibrated to bring forth this entity.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| <b>Budsturga:</b> | A blue, aetherial entity related to 13 <sup>th</sup> . path. Tradition relates it as a Dark God, of female aspect, trapped in the vortex between the causal and acausal spaces. In one sense represents hidden wisdom – but generally dangerous to sanity. Partially manifest when Nemicu vibrated.                 |
| <b>Gaubni:</b>    | Related to 2 <sup>nd</sup> path. Often called the Great Demon – revulsive smell and appearance. May manifest when Nythra vibrated.                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| <b>Sapanur:</b>   | Form along the 11 <sup>th</sup> . path. The sudden fire of destruction. A primal atavism of human origin – not related to Dark Gods.                                                                                                                                                                                |
| <b>Darkat:</b>    | Goddess, associated with lunar aspects. The name is traditionally regarded as pre-Sumerian in origin of the myth of Lilitu/Lilith – the female counterpart of Dagon, remembered as one of the Dark Gods from their last manifestation on Earth. Associated with the 10 <sup>th</sup> . and 8 <sup>th</sup> . paths. |

**Note:** The incenses for the paths are a blend of those of the planetary spheres connected by the path – for example, for the 2<sup>nd</sup> path incense is a blend of Petriochor (Moon) and Sandalwood.

Moon: Petriochor  
Mercury: Sulphur  
Venus: Sandalwood  
Sun: Oak  
Mars: Musk  
Jupiter: Civit  
Saturn: Henbane

Concentration of the sigil should be combined with chant.

## THE DARK GODS

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are actual entities which exist in the acausal universe. According to our spatial, causal perception, these beings may be regarded as ‘timeless and chaotic’.

Since our consciousness is by its nature partly acausal these entities can become manifest for us if we possess the keys to reach the appropriate levels of consciousness. What is termed the ‘Abyss’ separates our everyday consciousness from the consciousness (*and thus apprehension*) of the Dark Gods. The ordeal of the Abyss involves confronting these entities – and accepting them for what they are, that is, unbound by our illusion of opposites and the conflict of ‘good’ and ‘evil’.

While it is convenient to regard the Dark Gods as merely symbols that re-present the energies of the acausal – as a projection of our own consciousness upon Chaos itself – it is equally possible to regard them as physically existing in themselves. Which of these (*or neither of them*) is correct, the Adept discovers during the ordeal of the Abyss. Legend, however, recalls the Dark Gods as visiting our planet several times in the past – by passing through one of the many ‘Star Gates’. Star Gates are regions in space-time where our causal universe and the universe of the acausal are joined – they are physical gates, and passage from one universe to another is possible through them. According to legend, Star Gates exist near to stars Dabih, Naos and Algol: that is, if you journeyed from Earth in the direction of one of these stars you would pass through a Star Gate. There are also stories of a Star Gate within our own solar system – the Gate through which the Dark Gods came to Earth. This Star Gate is believed to be near the planet Saturn.

Sometimes, the Abyss invades our dreams, but mostly the Abyss is reached by following the seven-fold way. It lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars, and divides the Adept from the Master/Mistress. It is the Gate to the gods within us and the gods without.

# APPENDIX

## Appendix 0 – The Left Handed Path

The LHP is essentially internal magick because such magick means the use, by the individual, of the Dark Pathways that link the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrð. There are no light pathways since the pathways by nature imply a flow of energy and such flow can only be directional. Directional energy means Change, in the causal – the emergence of Chaos through a ‘gate’.

For a long time, the nature of the LHP has been misunderstood. The traditional definition as magick used for personal/destructive/negative purposes is meaningless because it assumes a framework of moral opposites which does not, in reality, exist in relation to magickal energies. All evolution of consciousness is a magickal act – an expansion of the acausal into the realm of the causal. From the ‘traditional’ moral/Nazarene point of view, all such evolution, of necessity, becomes ‘evil’ and partakes of the nature of a ‘serpent’ in accordance with a certain primitive, and childish, creation myth.

It is a misfortune that for a long time this simple fact has been, in most magickal circles, obscured by silly systems like the ‘Qabala’ with its notions of a Dark side of the Tree. No Dark side exists, because what actually exists (*the seven Gates*) is dark of itself because it presences non-Being. The bifurcation of the Qabala (*exemplified by systems like the ‘Nightside of Eden’*) leads quite often to severe problems if systems deriving from it are used by individuals in the manner of internal magick – as a means of increasing consciousness.

The pathways which link the even spheres are re-presentative of the acausal and as such symbolize that which is normally (at least to ‘everyday’ consciousness) hidden. What is hidden becomes revealed and made present, in our phenomenal world, by the magickal act. That which is revealed is Chaos, non-Being. These acts are revealing destroy everyday or ‘ego’ consciousness and as such are the essence of true Initiation.

It is because they are (*or should be*) understood as only the beginning of the sevenfold way of internal magick that those using these Dark Pathways are free from the problems of bifurcation of identity that arise with other systems.

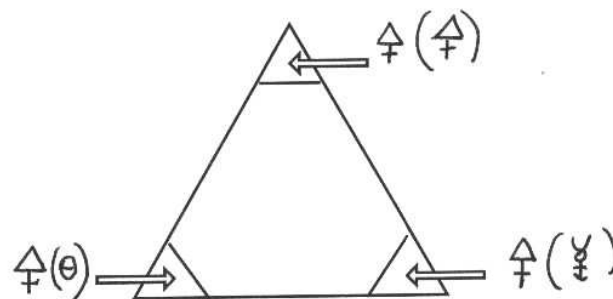
The essence of the genuine LHP – and this includes the Dark (*or sinister*) Tradition and traditional Satanism – is the use of magickal energies to enhance the evolution of the individual. Such evolution cannot exist outside the LHP as a willed act. Evolution is willed, as a magickal act, via experience: by revealing the acausal, by confronting it (*usually via symbols*) and finally by integrating it. There is no other way.

## I The Septenary System

From an initiated viewpoint, the seven spheres are seen to form a three-dimensional pattern where every sphere is linked to every other twice, although in a physical representation (*e.g. a model*) the two-fold nature of the connecting paths are shown only for Moon/Saturn, Venus/Mars and Mercury/Jupiter.

This three-dimensional structure is considered to lie enclosed within a double-tetrahedron: the sphere of the sun being in the center of the base where the tetrahedrons join. The uppermost tetrahedron signifies the acausal aspect, the lower, the causal aspect, and the three angles of each side are symbolized by the nine combinations of the three alchemical forms; that is, by the symbols of the pieces of the Star Game. As in the Star Game, the acausal aspects are an exact reflection of the acausal – the latter being shown in the diagram below.

Thus, it is possible to see and understand the relation between the spheres, the pathways and the nine angles in their dual aspect.



Each sphere is tripartite in nature – the  $\theta$ ,  $\Psi$  and  $\Phi$  aspects, which – for an individual – signify the Unconscious, the Ego, and the Self, represented by the appropriate Tarot image (*see 'Naos'*). Basically, these three stages (*in the evolution of consciousness*) represent a progressively greater intrusion of acausal forces.

In essence, the seven spheres represent how the acausal ( $\phi_s$ ) merges into the causal ( $\lambda_s$ ) and thus there are two ways of 'seeing' this representation – the  $\epsilon^\lambda$  and the  $\epsilon^\phi$  where the 't' symbol shows the difference depends on time,  $\epsilon^\phi$  being acausal (*or 'alchemical'*) time and  $\epsilon^\lambda$  linear time. The whole system thus may be said to be a map – a symbolic representation – of both the unconscious, and the consciousness.

There are two ways of viewing this symbolic representation: the  $\lambda$  and the  $\phi$ . The  $\lambda$  is a progressive or linear approach; the  $\phi$  a unified or 'wholistic' one, and understanding of the Septenary requires both.

The  $\lambda$  is basically the evolution of consciousness: from unconsciousness, via the process of individuation\*, to integration and thus Adept hood and beyond. The  $\phi$  representation is basically a symbolizing of the acausal forces themselves: a symbolizing of the energies present when the causal and the acausal intersect. Our consciousness is only one such place of intersection. All life is regarded as possessed of some acausal energy – that is, it is a place where  $\phi_s$  and  $\lambda_s$  intersect. The

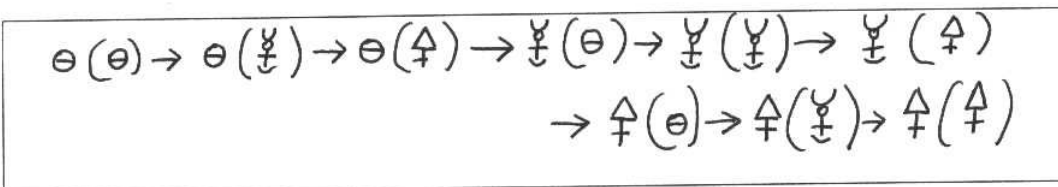
degree of this intersection (*its 'intensity'*) depends on the type of life – the more evolved the life, the greater the degree of intersection.

In exoteric terms, the symbols by which we as individuals sense these two types are those dependant on the five senses: color, incense etc. (*thus the 'scales of color', incenses etc. associated with each sphere*) as well as the 'mythological' symbols where the various attributes are combined to make a numinous image which to a greater or lesser extent represents the energies (*the 'gods/goddesses/demons' etc.*). These mythological symbols may themselves be represented in a linear way – that is, involve action, as in a specific myth or story.

In esoteric terms, the symbols are purely abstract – that is, only symbols (*such as  $\Theta$  or  $\phi_s$ ,  $\Delta$* ). This is so because these abstract forms make accessible those areas of consciousness which are mostly  $\phi_s$ . The exoteric symbols are merely an attempt to use  $\lambda$  forms in an attempt to clarify and understand  $\phi$  forces. But to understand  $\phi$  energies on their own level it is necessary to use those areas of our consciousness which are 'nearer'  $\phi$  than  $\lambda_s$ , and such levels or areas become used when abstract symbols are used. This is one reason why the Star Game is used so frequently – it accustoms the mind to work on these higher cerebral levels, such levels being the province of the genuine Adept.

Thus, the Star Game is used until it becomes almost 'second nature' to think in terms of its symbols, their transformations and the movement of symbols from level to level. This develops a new way of thinking – one appropriate to an evolution of consciousness. This type of thinking is built upon the foundation of individuation – that is, from the consciousness developed when the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept I successfully undertaken.

The two most important representations of acausal energy manifesting in our causal universe are those of the 'individual' (*symbolized by  $k i u$* ) and the 'aeon' (*symbolized by  $k_c u$* ). Both are represented by the seven spheres and the pathways – and the symbols (*both exoteric and esoteric*) appropriate to these. Both  $k i u$  and  $k_c u$  describe how  $\phi$  energies flow  $\lambda_s$ , and this flow (*or 'current'*) is described by the following transformation:



This transformation simply expresses the evolution of consciousness (for  $k i u$ ) or the progression of Aeons (for  $k_c u$ ) since  $\Delta$  is often regarded as the synthesis beyond thesis ( $\text{☯}$ ) and antithesis – the Tao beyond the Yang ( $\text{☯}$ ) and the Yin ( $\Theta$ ).

For  $k i u$  this transformation is the seven-fold way – the journey from Initiate via Adept to Immortal. For  $k_c u$ , it is the evolution of our species – from the first Aeon (*often called the pre-hyperborian*) to the present Aeon. The seven Aeons – according to traditional Satanism – are listed below.

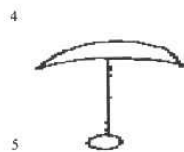
From a magickal point of view, the Septenary and its associated symbolism both exoteric and esoteric, enables<sup>1</sup> insight and understanding into both  $\phi$  and  $\lambda$ , and also shows how  $\phi$  energies may be directed to change  $\lambda_5$ : in <sup>2</sup> terms of  $k\iota u$  and <sup>3</sup>  $k_c u$ . The Star Game may be used to bring about such changes according to the desire of the magickian (see Chapter IV).

| Aeon                         | Symbol                          | Magickal Working     | Dates                  |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| Pre-Hyperborian <sup>4</sup> | Horned Beast                    | Shamanism            | 7,000 –<br>c. 5,000 BC |
| Hyperborian                  | Sun                             | Henges               | 5,000 –<br>3,500 BC    |
| Sumerian <sup>5</sup>        | Dragon                          | Trance;<br>Sacrifice | 3,000 –<br>1,500 BC    |
| Hellenic <sup>6</sup>        | Eagle                           | Oracle;<br>Dance     | 1,000 BC -<br>500 AD   |
| Western <sup>7</sup>         | Inverted Pentagram <sup>8</sup> | Ritual               | 1,000 AD –<br>2500     |
| Galactic                     | Star symbols <sup>9</sup>       | Game                 | Star Game<br>& beyond  |

<sup>1</sup> Is essentially internal magick.

<sup>2</sup> Is external magick.

<sup>3</sup> Is external magick and is aeonic magick.



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Cosmic

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Regarding Aeons, two important facts should be borne in mind. First, the last five hundred years or so of an Aeon show a marked decline in the magickal energy associated with it, and it is during this time that the energies of the next Aeon gradually become evident (*at first usually only to Adepts*). These energies may be increased (*or decreased*) by aeonic magick worked by those who understand the forces involved. Second, each Aeon is associated with what is called a 'higher civilization' from which the Aeon usually takes its name. Within the physical confines of this higher civilization is the (*usually sacred*) place where the magickal energies of the Aeon are pronounced – and this because such a place is usually a physical gate where the causal and the acausal meet. For instance, the center associated with the Hyperborean Aeon was Stonehenge; that of the Hellenic, Delphi.

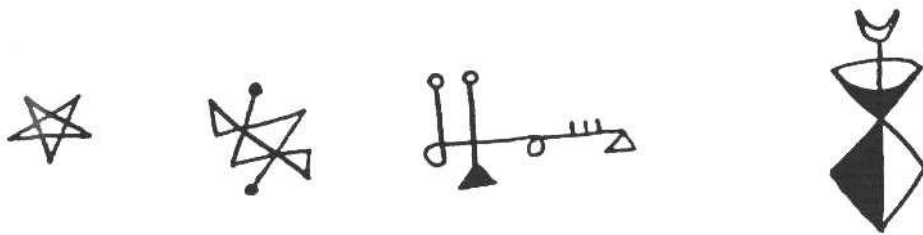
Aeons, according to the genuine sinister tradition, represent real – as opposed to mythical – magickal energies. Hence the absence, in the list above, of the fanciful pre-histories normally associated with so-called 'esoteric' histories. Aeons, quite simply, represent significant upward and evolutionary trends in our consciousness. Thus, for example (*and according to tradition*) the Hyperborean Aeon corresponds to the invention of the wheel, the discovery of the basics of astronomy and the beginnings of what we know as 'internal magick'.

## Appendix II – Visualization Techniques

Successful hermetic magick depends to a large extent on the abilities of visualization and vibration, and before any workings are undertaken practice in both should be undertaken.

Two techniques to develop your powers of visualization (*and thus concentration*) are recommended. The first involves spending about a quarter of an hour a day for about a week visualizing in detail the four sigils drawn below. Spend about three minutes visualizing each sigil, by drawing the sigil first and then closing the eyes to see it in the mind. When you can with ease visualize the sigils without first drawing them, try to construct each one ‘in the mind’ close your eyes and imagine drawing the sigils, again in turn. With the three ‘two-dimensional’ sigils you should draw and visualize them in one continuous movement.

After you have completed this, try and add colors to your visualization of the three-dimensional sigil: for example, visualizing the crescent moon as yellow, one side of the tetrahedron as red, another as blue and so on. Continue with this until you are satisfied you can conjure colors and sigils in your mind and hold them for several minutes. If it helps, try and construct a sigil in your mind just before the moment you go to sleep.



The second technique involves the Star Game. Construct a Star Game according to the details of chapter IX and begin to play the game either by yourself or with an opponent. Simply playing this game – and trying to work out your moves in advance – develops visualization and concentration to an amazing degree. No other techniques are required.

## Appendix III – Magickal Symbols and Scripts

### I – Symbols, Sigils and Magickal Signs :

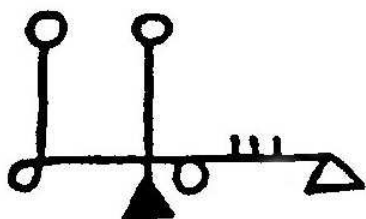
Magickal power



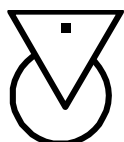
The seven gates (*also a sigil of Saturn*)



The Dark Tradition/Dark Gods (*also a sigil of a star*)



Summer solstice (*also a sigil of a star*)



Alchemical salt



Alchemical sulphur



Alchemical mercury



Acausal universe



Causal universe



11

|       |                        |
|-------|------------------------|
| ⊖ (⊖) | Extravert Feeling type |
| ⊖ (⚎) | Extravert Intuitive    |
| ⊖ (⚎) | Extravert Thinking     |
| ⚎ (⊖) | Introvert Feeling      |
| ⚎ (⚎) | Introvert Intuitive    |
| ⚎ (⚎) | Introvert Thinking     |

Sexual union / Mistress of Earth

<sup>11</sup> Extravert feeling type (individual consciousness)



Opfer



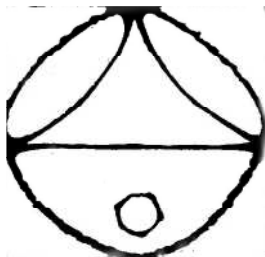
Petriochor



Arcturus



Naos



**II – Scripts :**

Among the dozens of magickal scripts the following may be useful –

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|---|---|---|
| a | b | c | d | e | f | g | h | i | k   | l | m | n |
| ⊙ | ☉ | ⊖ | ⊕ | ) | ⊕ | ⊖ | ⊖ | ⊖ | ⊖   | ♀ | ♂ | ⊖ |
| ♠ | ∪ | ∩ | ⊕ | ⊕ | ⊕ | ♠ | ⊕ | ♠ | (.) | ψ |   |   |
| o | p | q | r | s | t | u | w | x | y   | z |   |   |

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ƒ | ∩ | † | ≠ | R | h | ⊕ | ρ | ≠ | † |   | ⊕ |
| f | u | ø | a | r | c | g | w | h | n | i | j |
| ↓ | κ | ψ | ψ | ↑ | ⊖ | M | ⊖ | ↑ | ⊕ | ⊕ | ⊖ |
| è | p | x | s | t | b | e | m | l | k | o | d |

|   |   |   |   |   |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|
| Δ | Δ | ∟ | Δ | ∩ | ⊕  | /  | ⊕ | ∟ | M | ∩ | ⊕ |
| a | b | g | d | e | eh | i  | t | l | m | n | y |
| ∇ | 7 | ∇ | ∟ | ∟ | ∇  | ⊕  | ⊕ | q | 4 | I |   |
| q | p | r | s | t | v  | ph | o | c | x | z |   |

**1 III – Stars, Precious Stones and Minerals**

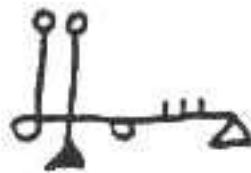
| <b>Stars</b> | <b>Name</b> | <b>Constellation</b> | <b>Distance</b> | <b>Type</b> |
|--------------|-------------|----------------------|-----------------|-------------|
|              | Naos        | ζ Pup                | 1100 1.y.       | O5          |
|              | Deneb       | α Cygni              | 930             | A2          |
|              | Rigel       | β Orionis            | 1300            |             |
|              | Antares     | α Scorpii            | 365             | M1          |
|              | Mira        | ο Ceti               | 820             |             |
|              | Arcturus    | α Bootis             | 35              | K2          |
|              | ♃ Sirius    | α Canis Majoris      | 9               | A1          |
|              | Algol       | β Perseus            | 105             | B8          |
|              | Rotanev     | β Delphini           | 96              | F3          |
|              | Dabih       | β Capricorni         | 250             | G5          |

**Precious Stones & Minerals:**

| <b>Name</b>  | <b>Hardness</b> | <b>Rating</b> |
|--------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Pleonast     | 8               | 9             |
| Spinel       | 8               | 8             |
| Uvarovite    | 8               | 7             |
| Andradite    | 7               | 6             |
| Almandine    | 7               | 5             |
| Magnetite    | 5               | 5+            |
| Helvite      | 6               | 4             |
| Flourite     | 4               | 3             |
| Tetrahedrite | 3               | 2             |
| Demantoid    | 7               | 1             |

Quartz-type

| <b>Name</b>  | <b>Hardness</b> | <b>Rating</b>   |
|--------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Rock crystal | 7               | 9               |
| Morion       | 7               | 8+              |
| Eisenkiesel  | 7               | 7               |
| Amethyst     | 7               | 7-8             |
| Aventurine   | 6               | 6 <sup>12</sup> |



<sup>12</sup> Note: special effects.

**2 IV – Stone, Perfume, Star and Colors**

| <b>Stone</b> | <b>Perfume</b> | <b>Star</b> | <b>Color<sup>13</sup></b> | <b>Color<sup>14</sup></b> |
|--------------|----------------|-------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| ☽ Quartz     | Petriochor     | Sirius      | Blue                      | Silver                    |
| Δ Opal       | Sulphur        | Arcturus    | Yellow                    | Black                     |
| E Emerald    | Sandalwood     | Mira        | Green                     | White                     |
| ☉ Amethyst   | Oak            | Antares     | Orange                    | Gold                      |
| Γ Ruby       | Musk           | Rigel       | Red                       | Blue                      |
| H Amber      | Civit          | Deneb       | Violet                    | Crimson                   |
| ♄ Diamond    | Henbane        | Naos        | Indigo                    | Purple                    |

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13

①

14

etoc

### The Alchemical Process

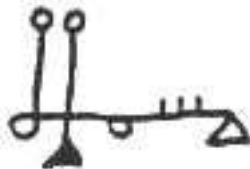
| Stage | Process      | Word   | Sigil | Season    | Form       |
|-------|--------------|--------|-------|-----------|------------|
| ☾     | Calcination  | Nox    |       | Aries     | Night      |
| Δ     | Separation   | Satan  |       | Scorpio   | Indulgence |
| E     | Coagulation  | Hriliu |       |           | Ecstasy    |
| ☉     | Putrefaction | Lux    |       |           | Vision     |
| Γ     | Sublimation  | Azif   |       | Libra     | Blood      |
| H     | Fermentation | Azoth  |       | Capricorn | Azoth      |
| §     | Exaltation   | Chaos  |       |           | Thought    |

Note: The Septenary system gives the following further identifications which help to explicate the alchemical process.

Libra  
 Sword  
 Warrior<sup>15</sup>

Capricorn  
 Wands  
 Mage<sup>16</sup>

Aries  
 Chalice  
 Maiden<sup>17</sup>












<sup>15</sup> Knight: referring to the distorted Tarot tradition of the Golden Dawn and are given for reference.

<sup>16</sup> King: referring to the distorted Tarot tradition of the Golden Dawn and are given for reference.

<sup>17</sup> Princess: referring to the distorted Tarot tradition of the Golden Dawn and are given for reference.

**The Alchemical Process**

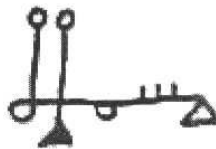
| Stage | Process      | Word   | Sigil                                                                               | Season                                                                             | Form       |
|-------|--------------|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| ☾     | Calcination  | Nox    |    | Aries                                                                              | Night      |
| ♁     | Separation   | Satan  |    | Scorpio                                                                            | Indulgence |
| ♀     | Coagulation  | Hriliu |    |  | Ecstasy    |
| ☉     | Putrefaction | Lux    |    |  | Vision     |
| ♊     | Sublimation  | Azif   |    | Libra                                                                              | Blood      |
| ♄     | Fermentation | Azoth  |   | Capricorn                                                                          | Azoth      |
| ♃     | Exaltation   | Chaos  |  |                                                                                    | Thought    |

Note: The Septenary system gives the following further identifications which help to explicate the alchemical process.

Libra  
Sword  
Warrior<sup>1</sup>

Capricorn  
Wands  
Mage<sup>2</sup>

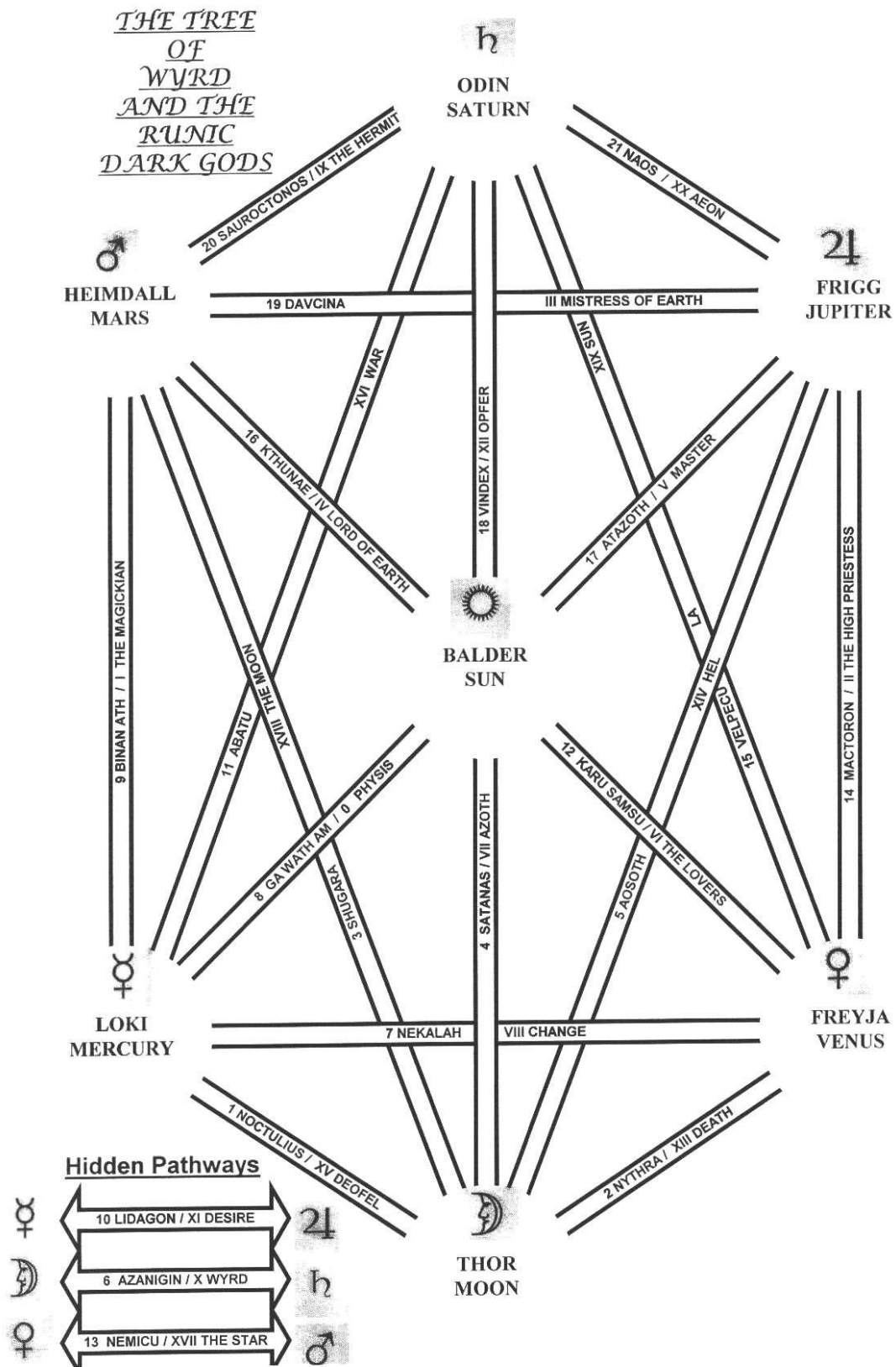
Aries  
Chalice  
Maiden<sup>3</sup>



<sup>1</sup> Knight: referring to the distorted Tarot tradition of the Golden Dawn and are given for reference.

<sup>2</sup> King: referring to the distorted Tarot tradition of the Golden Dawn and are given for reference.

<sup>3</sup> Princess: referring to the distorted Tarot tradition of the Golden Dawn and are given for reference.



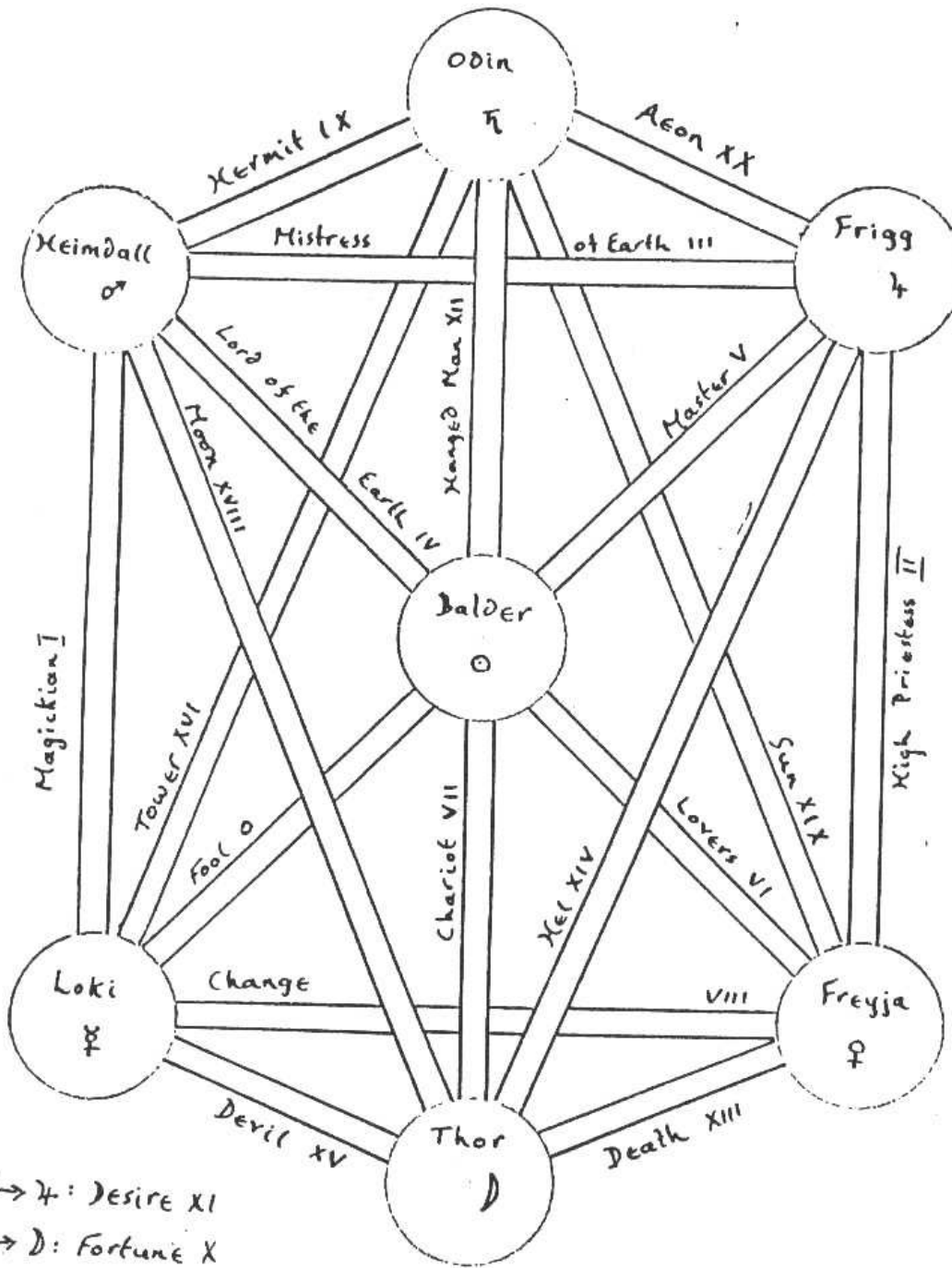





Table VI

### Tarot Images: The Three Levels of the Spheres

|               |    | Salt                                                                              | Mercury                                                                            | Sulphur                                                                             |
|---------------|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|               |    |  |  |  |
|               |    | Unconscious                                                                       | Ego                                                                                | Self                                                                                |
| <b>3 Moon</b> | 1° | 18                                                                                | 15                                                                                 | 13                                                                                  |
| <b>Sphere</b> | 2° | 0                                                                                 | 8                                                                                  | 16                                                                                  |
| ↓             | 3° | 6                                                                                 | 14                                                                                 | 17                                                                                  |
| ↓             | 4° | 7                                                                                 | 12                                                                                 | 5                                                                                   |
| ↓             | 5° | 1                                                                                 | 4                                                                                  | 9                                                                                   |
| ↓             | 6° | 11                                                                                | 3                                                                                  | 2                                                                                   |
| <b>Saturn</b> | 7° | 10                                                                                | 19                                                                                 | 20                                                                                  |

### 4 The Four Elemental Forms of the Tarot

| Mage      | High Priestess | Warrior     | Maiden   |
|-----------|----------------|-------------|----------|
| Sylphs    | Gnomes         | Salamanders | Undines  |
| Capricorn | Cancer         | Libra       | Aries    |
| West      | South          | East        | North    |
| Wands     | Pentacles      | Swords      | Chalices |
| Air       | Earth          | Fire        | Water    |

### 5 Symbols of the Four Tarot Suits

| 6 Mage<br>(Master of Temple) | High priestess<br>(Mistress of Earth) | Warrior   | Maiden        |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| Barefoot                     | Throne on Earth                       | Horse     | Near water    |
| Staff                        | Fruit                                 | Sword     | Crescent Moon |
| Bearded man                  | Beautiful woman                       | Young man | Young Moon    |
| Cloak                        | Robe                                  | Naked     | Naked Woman   |
| Wolf                         | Leopard                               | Eagle     | Owl           |
| Blue                         | Green                                 | Red       | Silver        |
| Mountains                    | Glade                                 | Desert    | Altar         |

(Thus the mage is represented as barefooted, carrying/holding a Staff. He is a bearded man, wearing a cloak; near him is a wolf. He stands among mountains. The predominant color is blue.)

## Appendix IV – A Hermetic Ritual of Self-Initiation



### **Required:**

Civet perfume/oil<sup>18</sup>  
Black candles  
Square of parchment or woven paper  
Silver pin  
Quill-type pen  
Petriochoir incense

### **Time of Ritual:**

Sunset at Full Moon

### **The Ritual:**

Incense the room/Temple area or chosen locality with the incense and light the candles. Take a bath, perfuming the water with the oil – if outdoors, bathe in a lake/stream and use the oil after this. Return to the Temple area.

Visualize for several minutes the following sigil:



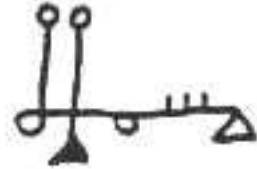
Then vibrate three times 'Noctulius'. Chant or vibrate after this the following:

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<sup>18</sup> If necessary these can be obtained from The Sorcerer's Apprentice, 4 – 6 Burley Lodge Rd., Leeds LS6 1QP, England. Ideally, you should make most of them yourself.

**‘Suscipe, Atazoth, munus quod tibi offerimus, memoriam recolentes  
Noctulius.’**

Lightly prick your left thumb with the pin and with the pen, using the blood, inscribe the following sigil on the parchment:



Show this parchment first to the West, then South, East and North saying **‘With this sign I seal my quest!’** Then burn part of the parchment in one of the candle flames, laying the partially burnt parchment between the candles.

Raise your arms above you and visualize the moon (*if outdoors and the sky is clear and the moon visible, look directly at the moon*) and imagine energy into yourself, then imagine it flowing gently away, drawn into Earth by your feet.

After the visualization, extinguish the candles with your thumb and finger and leave the Temple area. As soon as possible thereafter, take the parchment and cast it into a fast flowing river or stream. The ritual is then complete.

Note: If possible, arrange the ritual outdoors in the vicinity of a stream/river on a night when the full moon is visible.



## Appendix V – Preparation for Hermetic Rituals

Hermetic rituals or workings are usually undertaken for a specific desire and it is important, before you begin a ritual using a specific technique, to be clear about the nature of this desire. That is, you should have an idea – either in your imagination or in words – of the goal you wish to achieve by using magick.

It is important that this goal be specific – that is, limited to one thing. Once you have defined what it is you wish by magick to achieve – and it can be anything, from wealth, success, love, health, cursing an individual – then spend some time thinking of possible visualizations that represent your goal as well as trying to find some simple and evokative phrase which captures that goal.

The visualization chosen should not be too complex – for example, if you desire to achieve success in an interview for a job, make the visualization either of yourself receiving a letter confirming your success, or imagine yourself dressed as you would be for the interview hearing someone saying ‘Congratulations! We are prepared to offer you ...’ If, on the darker side, you wish to harm an individual by magick, then choose a visualization which involves that individual undergoing some form of suffering – for example, imagine their face contorted in agony from stomach pains. Once you have chosen a suitable visualization, keep creating it in your mind for several days before the intended working but without introducing any emotion into it.

To choose a phrase to represent your goal is fairly easy – for example, to obtain someone’s love: ‘Let N.N. become possessed of love for me.’ As with the visualization, repeat the chosen phrase several times in the days before the working but again without emotion.

The techniques of hermetic magick aim to produce from within you a controlled frenzy – a powerful surge of physical and emotional energy. This energy is then directed into the visualization and in the shouting/screaming, vibration of the chosen phrase.

Your aim during a working should be to almost lose control of yourself with an emotion appropriate to the type of working (*although this does not apply, for example, to internal magick and most techniques of hermetic healing*). Let movement of your body draw some of this energy from you – and not be afraid during working to laugh, cry, scream or shout.

A working should leave you feeling both physically and emotionally exhausted – if it does not, then you have not put enough effort into it.

Prepare your working well in advance – gathering the equipment, finding a suitable location, preparing the area you have chosen. Anticipate both the pleasure of the working and the magickal power which you as a magickian will bring forth and control. Try to be in an expectant and nervous frame of mind by the day of the ritual as this will increase the power of the working. Do not, however, worry of the success of it – you must believe that you are going to succeed, that you will, through magick, control your own life. Feel the powerful Destiny of the magickian – it is very helpful in the days before a working, if you consciously attempt to act the role of sorcerer/Sorceress. Surround yourself with items of magickal interest, burn incense in your place of dwelling, wear a piece of jewelry which you feel is magickal, dress in a different way (*for example, all in black*). Cut a short wand from a hazel

tree and inscribe/carve it with magickal symbols – choose for yourself a special magickal name and carve this name upon the wood.

If you prepare in such a way you will begin the working ready to unleash the primeval power within you.

## **PART THREE**

# **ESOTERIC MSS**

## THE WHEEL OF LIFE

The wheel shows in diagrammatic form the relation between the seasons, the Zodiacal constellations, the four fundamental elements and so on. It is an esoteric part of the Septenary system.

Two important aspects of this representation should be noted. First, the constellations are not distributed in equal 'segment' and second, the time-path (*i.e. the progression from one constellation to another in the zodiacal sequence*) is helical rather than circular. Both of these represent what actually occurs.

Aries, Libra and Cancer and Capricorn are allotted more space in comparison with the other zodiacal constellations because these are periods when certain Occult forces on the Earth are stronger. They represent 'tides', and the change to these 'tides' are marked by Equinox and Solstice. Thus, the propitious times for magickal work are the 'seasons' whose beginning is marked by Equinox and Solstice.

Further, the wheel represents the time-path which occurs in 'nature' – this change being, not circular, but rather helical: a clockwise, corkscrew type motion. The pattern is three-dimensional, but is represented for convenience by the two-dimensional wheel. There is thus an evolution, rather than a constantly repeated circular pattern: the helical path does not return to the starting point, but rather a new cycle is begun where the path ends.

These two aspects, and the correspondences associated with them in the diagram, form part of the genuine Western tradition. It is unfortunate that most seekers follow the distorted tradition which the Golden Dawn revived and promulgated. For instance, most 'Occult' books which deal with the Zodiacal constellations derive most of their attributions/correspondences from the real and imaginary qualities of the animals/symbols which serve to name the constellations. It should be obvious to anyone of any intelligence that the external shape the stars make to an observer is irrelevant, except for purposes of general classification. What is important from an esoteric point of view is what is occurring in the vibrations/forces in and around the Earth at the time of year signified by the constellation.

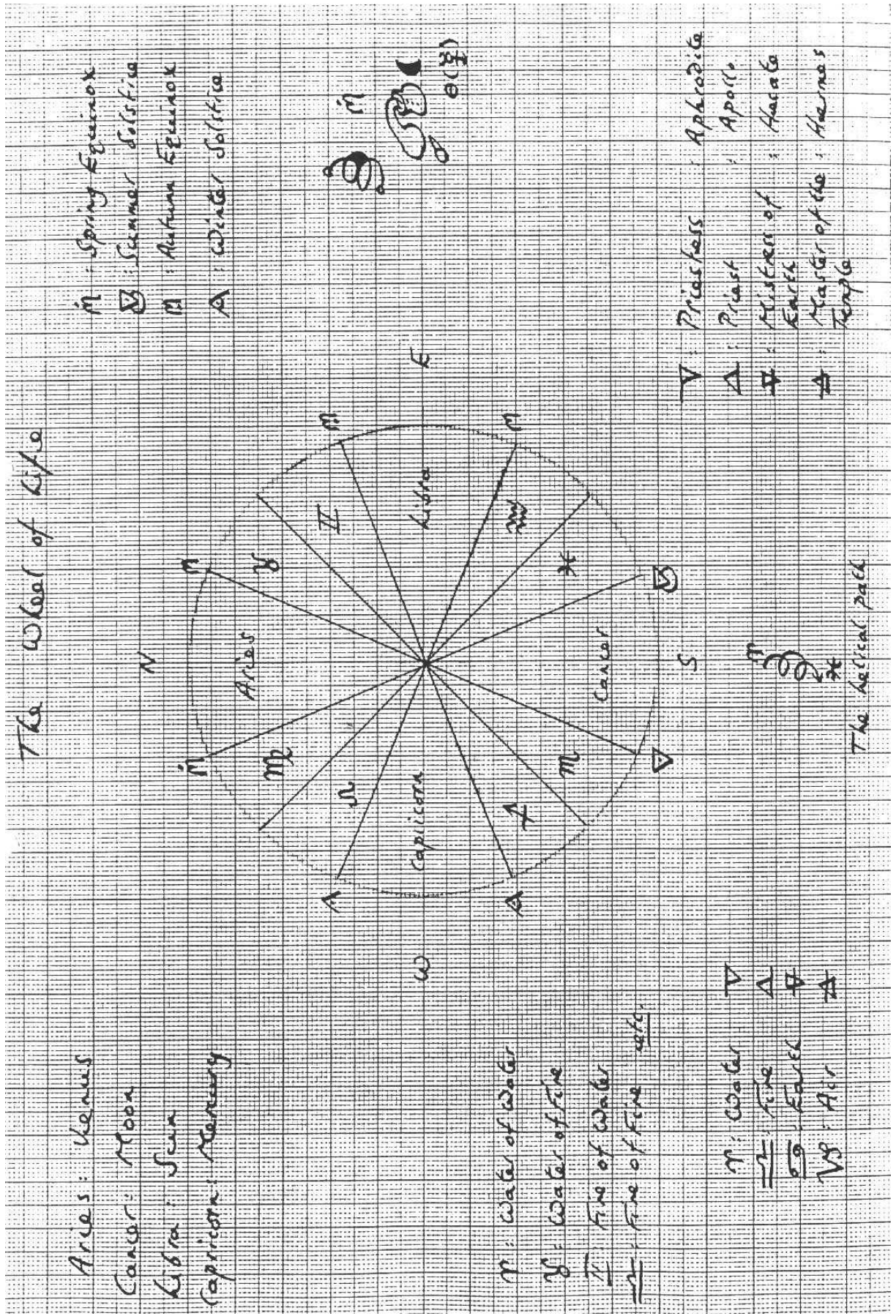
For too long seekers after Occult knowledge have absorbed the correspondences – or what they believed were correspondence teachings. They have, in short, never experienced the reality of the forces which are supposedly represented by the correspondences: they are strong on study, but weak (*and often totally lacking*) on practical magickal experience.

In the Seven-Fold Way Initiates are taught to experience the reality of these forces rather than slavishly follow 'teachings' or 'traditions'. This process is begun by the Grade Ritual of External Adept, continued by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and finally completed by the passing of the Abyss. There is thus apprehension and understanding of these forces are those forces are in themselves.

The correspondences of the Septenary system represent the results of this apprehension and understanding, and is thus part of a genuine tradition. It is no coincidence that magick

undertaken using the Septenary system is more powerful than that based on other systems  
(*such as the Qabala*).

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## Notes on Esoteric Tradition

### Septenary:

In one sense, the seven represents the four plus three: the quaternity, found in ‘nature’ plus the three alchemical substances:



In the medieval Alchemical texts this combination is represented by the ‘squaring of the circle’ and is usually drawn with a square, inside a circle, together with a triangle. In some illustrations, the corners of the triangle(s) are marked with the symbols of the alchemical substance:



The quaternity are the four ‘forms of matter’: Air, Earth, Fire and Water, associated with the Tarot Suites (*see the Septenary tables*) and a Zodiacal constellation (*e.g. for Air, Capricorn*). This latter is also a ‘season’ showing the appropriate time for the alchemical operation associated with stage: thus the process would begin with the beginning of Aries, the stage of Calcination, continue until Scorpio (*Separation*<sup>19</sup>) then this stage of Separation would end on the Winter Solstice which marks the beginning of Coagulation which itself lasts until the Summer Solstice, and so on. (*This form of the Septenary – as an alchemical combination – makes possible a greater understanding of some of the more important Alchemical manuscripts.*)

### Gate / Star-Gate:

Term(s) used to signify a nexus between the acausal and the causal. There are basically two types of ‘gate’ or nexion (*note: ‘Gate’ is usually the word used in exoteric literature; nexion in esoteric works, this latter being both more appropriate and precise*) – the first is that which exists, latent, within us as individuals by virtue of our psyche; the second is a physical one, where the acausal is joined to the causal and where ‘energy’ may flow from one universe to another. In addition, there are certain ‘pseudo-nexions’: regions where the two universes come close to contact but which are not actually nexions. These may be ‘opened’ by natural cosmic change (*for instance a change/imbalance in energies*) or via ‘ritual’ – i.e. by individuals seeking a point of ‘weakness’ and then using various energies to ‘break through’.

The physical nexions are usually called ‘Star-Gates’ (*exoterically*) or Star-nexion (*esoterically: although quite often they are referred to just nexions, the context making their type obvious*). Some of these ‘Star-Gates’ are said to be in the regions of Space (*as seen from Earth*) near the stars Algol, Dabih and Naos<sup>20</sup>. The nearest Star-Gate according to tradition is said to be near the planet Saturn. These nexions make physical travel to the acausal possible, and many more are said to exist, but be unrecorded.

<sup>19</sup> The author spells it “Seperation” throughout “Naos”, and perhaps there is a reason for it.

<sup>20</sup> That is, if one journeyed from earth into Space toward these stars one would eventually reach a nexion.

The nexion within the psyche is ‘opened’ by Initiation and the following of the seven-fold Way. ‘Astral travel’ into the acausal is said to be possible beyond the Abyss: below that stage, there may be some intimations of that universe.

### **Acausal/causal:**

The causal is the ‘physical’ universe described by three spatial dimensions (*at right angles to each other*) and linear time. The acausal is the universe (*or universes: generally the singular is used to avoid semantic complications, although the Septenary tradition accepts the near certainty that many such ‘acausal’ universes exist to compliment ‘our’ causal universe*) described by an unspecified number of spatial dimensions and by non-linear (*or acausal*) time. These spatial dimensions are not necessarily at right angles to each other.

The causal universe (*often referred to simply as the ‘causal’*) is described by the laws of Physics. Esoterically, life is regarded as a manifestation of the acausal within the causal: this is basically ‘one way’ (*i.e. from acausal to causal – this may be seen as a ‘flow’ of energy*). Higher life (*that is, sentient life*) involves a two-way process: or, rather, the two-way process is latent within sentient life. In practical terms, this means that entities of sentient life (*individuals*) can change the amount/intensity of the acausal flow as well as transcend to the acausal itself. Thus the ‘goal’ of sentient life is to increase this flow (*via discovery – discovering or revealing in the sense of Heidegger – the hidden nexion*) and then become part of the acausal (*i.e. ‘immortal’ when seen from the causal*). Initiation, and ‘the Mysteries’ (*i.e. the seven-fold Way*) is the means to achieve this.

Our psyche is a region where the acausal and the causal may be said to ‘coincide’ and the “laws of the psyche” describe this region. Archetypes are causal apprehensions of acausal energy as this flows from the acausal into our causal. The ‘Tree of Wyrð’ is a basic description (*or “map”*) of this region – the Abyss, the nexion itself. Below the Abyss, apprehension depends on both symbols and words (*where symbols here refers to both sigils/artistic representation, etc. and motifs/myths/archetypal forms, etc.*) Beyond the Abyss, is causal apprehension: we can approach this via abstract symbols (*such as the Star Game*).

An Aeon is a particular ordering of the causal on Earth which is manifest as a civilization – i.e. an increasing of the acausal, usually at a specified place/area for a specified period of (*linear*) time. This increase affects individuals: at first only those in proximity with the center, and then later via diffusion others as well. This ordering is regarded as a natural process which occurs because of the nature of the acausal and causal. However, esoteric tradition maintains that this ordering has to varying extents been ‘altered’ by individuals: in the beginnings as a mostly unconscious process. (*See other MSS particularly ‘The Dark Gods’ and those relating to Aeonics.*)

‘Magick’ is simply the presencing of acausal energy in the causal – for ‘external’ magick, via the intent or desire of the individual toward another causal aspect (*which includes other individuals*); for ‘internal’ magick, toward the psyche.<sup>21</sup>



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<sup>21</sup> Note: These are generalized descriptions of somewhat complicated processes – but they describe the basics involved.

## Esoteric Tradition

### Abyss:

One of the ‘secrets’ of the Abyss is contained in the following quote from an ‘Alchemical text’:

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

This secret is contained in several of the medieval alchemical texts: from the double pelican comes Azoth. The ‘seed’ must be watered by this living water – from this, given certain conditions of preparation (*i.e. nurture*) the seed flowers. The seed, note, is watered in Earth. From this flower, the final elixir is prepared.

### Alchemical Texts:

Those which have become public over the centuries fall into three groups. To the first belongs those who basic symbolism (*of the alchemical stages, processes and so on*) is basically seven-fold; the second group contains those based upon other symbolism (*sometimes twelve, sometimes ten, fourteen*); while the third group contains no ‘numerical’ system for classification or a mixture of several. (*For earlier allusions to the Septenary see the works of Robert Fludd.*)

It should be obvious that those deserving serious study belong to the first group.

### Tarot:

The symbolism of the cards are representations of archetypal forms – thus the seven basic archetypes (*q.v. The seven spheres and their correspondences*) are represented in their three-fold forms:



These form the ‘Major Arcana’ and describe, on one level, the pathways. These are basically the ‘images/roles’ which both unconsciously and consciously affect the individual psyche – from both within, and without. Quite often, these images/roles are projected, unconsciously, onto other individuals – that is, others are ‘classified’ according to those types. (*This is particularly true of the ‘opposite sex’ where sexual energies are involved: for example, a man may see a woman who attracts him (his ‘anima’) in the ‘role’ of High Priestess, or Mistress of earth or The Star.*) The cards are means to explore these aspects of each individual – enabling (*via the workings with the spheres and pathways – when done solo and with the companion*) a ‘withdrawing of the projections’ and consequently an understanding of the essence: *i.e.* an

appreciation of the fundamental energies as those energies are, without the distortion of the ‘ego’. In the symbolic sense, this is the beginning of Adepthood (*or the Jungian ‘individuation’*).

The four ‘Suites’ are basically representations of the ‘self-image’ (*symbolically, the stage beyond the ‘ego’: represented by the Major Arcana*). In terms of developing consciousness – i.e. the seven-fold way – the ‘Court cards’ of the Suites represent the roles often assumed by the Adept (or in another sense, the energy which ‘possess’ the individual who has reached that stage).

The forces/energies appropriate to individual wyrd would be another description. In terms of the Septenary, the Major Arcana relate to the spheres of the Moon and Mercury (*the Unconscious, and the Unconscious becoming conscious – as well as the Unconscious possessing the individual: these are the spheres of the ‘ego’*): the Court cards to the next four stages from Venus to Jupiter (*i.e. they re-present the energies symbolized by those spheres*). For the individual undergoing magickal training, these energies are manifest after the rite of External Adept: their experience, and conscious understanding, marks the progress from Novice to full Adept (*i.e. Internal Adept*). Put simply, this means that although the External Adept may (*and indeed should*) have consciously understood the images/roles of the Major Arcana’ (*i.e. be on the way to ‘self-hood’*) through withdrawal of projections (etc.) he/she is still affected by the energies represented by the ‘roles/images’ of the Court cards (*again, this influence is still partly unconscious although many External Adepts do not realize this*). The integration of these aspects leads to Adeptship proper.

Esoterically, each card (*‘image/role/archetype’*) will vary from individual to individual although there will always be the same outward form. Thus, some details may not be the same. What is important is that a static image (*as for example in a ‘published’ version of the Tarot cards drawn by one artists*) portrays the essence – the ‘numinous or ‘mystical’ essence – this being manifest in certain symbolism (*for which see the Order descriptions of the cards*). Such static representations can never be perfect – since the images possess life, and life is in a state of flux. What such static representations can do (*depending on both the artistic skill of the artist and their ‘intuition’ and magickal understanding*) is approach or try and approach the ‘perfect’ depiction. Depending on this, static versions (*as in Tarot packs*) may or may not ‘work’ as instruments to open the inner pathways. In essence: a static image should convey the necessary symbolism in an inspiring way.

### **Star Game:**

On the individual level, the Septenary Star Game represents in abstract symbols, the archetypal forms of the spheres and the pathways – on both their causal and acausal aspects. This enables apprehension of the appropriate energies as those energies are: i.e. in their ‘chaotic’ essence (*unbound by the illusion of ‘opposites’ – opposites implicit in all language and ‘words’/names*). This apprehension is one of the fundamental aims of the Internal Adept.<sup>22</sup>

In general, what the tarot is to an Initiate and Eternal Adept, the Star Game is to the Internal Adept.

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<sup>22</sup> Note: The ‘advanced form’ of the Game with its null squares is a more complete representation – i.e. an accurate one. However, understanding of this form is usually only possible after mastery of the Septenary version (*such mastery being in itself quite difficult*). In all probability, in the future Adepts will be able to master the advanced form without first attempting the Septenary form.

## Notes on Some Terms Used

### Archetypes:

This terminology derives from the works of Jung, although it is used, esoterically, in a specific way. Esoterically, an archetype is regarded as an apprehension, by an individual, of acausal energies. This apprehension may be conscious, or it may be unconscious – that is, it is presented to the consciousness of the individual by psychic processes such as dreams, inspirational works of Art or the process of living (*as when, for instance, an individual ‘sees’ a real person in an archetypal way: believes them to be such an archetypal figure*).

The fundamental archetypes, perceived by the individual on an individual level, are depicted in the Tarot: as the ‘Major Arcana’ and the Court cards of the Suites. These are depictions of archetypal forms.

Essentially, each individual possess within themselves (*in their ‘psyche’*) all the archetypal forms: either ‘male’ (*or solar*) and ‘female’ (*or lunar*). Most of these are ‘hidden’ from consciousness and most remain dormant. Magickal training awakens these forms, brings them into consciousness and then strips them of their ‘forms’: leaving ‘pure’ archetypal (*or ‘acausal’*) energy. This energy becomes the Adept.<sup>23</sup>

As used by Adepts of the sevenfold way, ‘archetype’ is a development of Jung’s terminology, and replaces the term “image” which had been in use before.

### Psyche:

As used esoterically, this refers to the latent or ‘hidden’ aspects of an individual’s consciousness. An important part of the psyche is the ‘unconscious’ – that area of the psyche of which the individual is unaware (*in the sense of not being able to explain/understand it in its essence*) and where the archetypes may be said to ‘reside’.

By ‘latent’ is meant: capable of development. The psyche thus contains the potential of the ‘Self’. Thus the psyche may be seen as both ‘above’ and ‘below’ what a particular individual is at a certain moment of time: there is usually something ‘unconscious’ as there is usually the potential of future development (*toward greater consciousness*). This is simply another way of saying that archetypal images, the ego, the self, and the ‘Immortal’ (*this latter as the last stage of the seven-fold way*) are all part of the psyche.

### Ego; Self:

The ‘ego’ is that aspect of the psyche of an individual which relates to the ‘I’ – that is, the perception is limited to the immediate concerns/needs of the individual. An individual possessed by the ‘ego’ is an individual swayed to mostly unconscious desires/needs - that is, in thrall to archetypes and their manifestation. Esoterically, an important aspect of this is when an individual is ‘possessed’ by the symbolism of the unconscious and sees aspects of external life as ‘portents’ of this unconscious (*which may be projected as ‘God’/gods/demons: i.e. as deriving from these forms*). This manifests itself, for instance, in the individual immersed in

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<sup>23</sup> Note: this ‘energy’ – still causally presented as the individual (*in terms of ‘self’*) – is earthed and conducted away in the passing of the Abyss: it is made Null/Void, returning the individual to ‘primal Chaos’.

dream symbolism (*and the 'interpretations'*), in 'messages from the unconscious' (*and their 'interpretation'*) – be these from 'God/gods/demons etc. – and in those 'causal' systems (*like the Tarot, I Ching etc. etc.*) which they believe can 'explain' their life. In contradistinction, the esoteric Novice treats all forms of such symbolism with a certain disdain – a mere means: not an end in itself.

In the development of an individual as an individual develops naturally (*i.e. without the aid of esoteric Arts*) the 'ego' stage lasts from youth to middle-age: there is a need to establish an outward 'role' (*in society/clan etc.*), to find a 'mate' and propagate and to care for the physical/material needs/pleasures.

The 'self' is the 'stage' beyond this – when there is an apprehension (*often only intuitive outside of magick*) of (a) the wyrd of the individual and (b) the separate existence of other individuals as those individuals are in themselves. Put simply, (b) involves a degree of 'empathy'. In the natural state, the self may evolve in 'middle age' or before – and often arises as a consequence of formative experiences (*e.g. experience of war; personal loss; tragedy*). In the natural state (*because the unconscious has not been properly experienced and integrated*) there is almost always a conflict with the 'ego' desires/pressures so that the insight, given by the self, is sometimes lost by the individual who returns to an 'ego' existence. The 'wisdom' of 'old age' is the gradual resolution of this conflict in favor of the self.
















In the past, the striving of an individual psyche for self-hood was often represented by myths and legends.










Another term for 'self-hood' (*the living of the role of the self – where the perception of 'Time' differs from that of the 'ego'*) is 'individuation' (*q.v. The works of Jung*). Esoterically, self-hood/individuation is Adeptship – but Adeptship implies much more than 'individuation'. It implies a conscious, rational understanding of one's self and that of others as well as skill/mastery of esoteric Arts and techniques. It also implies a 'cosmic'/Aeonic perspective to the Wyrd and the self. Individuation may be seen as a natural stage, achieved by the natural process of living (*for some, at least*) whereas Adeptship is a goal attained by following an esoteric Way; that is, which results from Initiation into the mysteries. As such, Adeptship contains individuation, but is greater than it. Also, individuation is itself only a stage: there are stages beyond even this: it is not the end of personal development (*as some 'Jungians' maintain*). Beyond, lies the ordeal of the Abyss and the birth of the Master/Mistress – beyond them lies Immortality.

Expressed simply, the 'ego' has no perception of acausal 'time' – but is unconsciously affected by acausal energies; the 'self' has some perception of acausal 'time' and is less affected by acausal energies. The Adept has learnt to control the personal acausal energies of the psyche (*external/internal magick*) – there still remains, however, 'Aeonic' energies which affect even the self. Control/mastery of these takes the individual beyond the Abyss.










**Attributions of the Runes**

|                                                                                     |                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
|    | <b>animals</b>       |
|    | <b>strength</b>      |
|    | <b>Loki/night</b>    |
|    | <b>Odin</b>          |
|    | <b>movement</b>      |
|    | <b>fire</b>          |
|   | <b>gift</b>          |
|  | <b>Laughter/mead</b> |
|  | <b>thunder</b>       |
|  | <b>Wyrd</b>          |
|  | <b>Ice</b>           |
|  | <b>year/'time'</b>   |
|  | <b>sorcery</b>       |
|  | <b>moon</b>          |
|  | <b>defense/life</b>  |

|                                                                                     |                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
|    | sun                         |
|    | Thor                        |
|    | Earth ( <i>as goddess</i> ) |
|    | war/strife                  |
|    | family/kin                  |
|    | water                       |
|    | the folk                    |
|  | the folk-land               |
|  | day                         |

### Musick, Incense, Forms and Reflexive colors








#### 1) Musick, Incense and Forms

|         |         |              |              |                                                                                       |
|---------|---------|--------------|--------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Moon    | G major | Trapezoid    | Hazel        |    |
| Mercury | E minor | Tetrahedron  | Yew          |    |
| Venus   | F sharp | Pyramid      | Black Poplar |    |
| Sun     | D minor | Cuboid       | Oak          |    |
| Mars    | C major | Octahedron   | Alder        |    |
| Jupiter | B flat  | Icosahedron  | Beech        |   |
| Saturn  | A flat  | Dodecahedron | Ash          |  |

#### 2) Reflexive colors

|         |                           |
|---------|---------------------------|
| C       | Bright red                |
| G       | Orange                    |
| D       | Yellow                    |
| A       | Green ( <i>viridian</i> ) |
| E       | Blue                      |
| F       | Dark red                  |
| B       | Indigo                    |
| F sharp | Violet                    |
| C sharp | Purple                    |
| A flat  | Black                     |
| E flat  | Xanthin                   |
| B flat  | Tyrian purple             |

1) Musick, Incense and Forms

|         |         |              |              |                                                                                     |
|---------|---------|--------------|--------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Moon    | G major | Trapezoid    | Hazel        |  |
| Mercury | E minor | Tetrahedron  | Yew          |  |
| Venus   | F sharp | Pyramid      | Black Poplar |  |
| Sun     | D minor | Cuboid       | Oak          |  |
| Mars    | C major | Octahedron   | Alder        |  |
| Jupiter | B flat  | Icosahedron  | Beech        |  |
| Saturn  | A flat  | Dodecahedron | Ash          |  |

2) Reflexive colours:

|         |                  |
|---------|------------------|
| C       | bright red       |
| G       | Orange           |
| D       | Yellow           |
| A       | Green (viridian) |
| E       | Blue             |
| F       | dark red         |
| B       | Indigo           |
| F sharp | Violet           |
| C sharp | Purple           |
| A flat  | Black            |
| E flat  | Xanthin          |
| B flat  | Tyrian purple    |

## **Symbols and Being**

The following Order MS is fairly technical and is intended as an instructional text for aspirant Internal Adepts. It explains in great detail the philosophy that underlies the perception appropriate to an Internal Adept and in this sense is exceptionally valuable.

Just as no one can attain the Grade of Magister Templi/Mistress of Earth without producing a significant contribution to human knowledge (*or in the case of the artistic, an exceptional work of Art*) so no one can attain the Grade of Internal Adept without a thorough understanding of the Star Game and its symbolic principles. The Order MS ‘Symbols and Being’ should help in this quest for understanding.

## Symbols and Being

### Abstract:

Using Heidegger's interpretation of Being and Seienden as starting point, the being of man is shown to be derived from being change and a new interpretation of man's being is achieved – that of the acausal. This concept of the acausal, and that of change, as explained in terms of both Heidegger's philosophy and that of the Pre-Socratics. Using the acausal, thought, language and man's individuality are explained. The paper continues with an analysis of the foundations of mathematics, since mathematical thought, reinterpreted in the light of the acausal, is shown to be of fundamental importance for an understanding of man's being. The paper concludes with a brief examination of Art and modern physics.

### 1) Introduction – The Acausal:

Since Being is an issue for man, man interprets causally because everyday Dasein, the Dasein which takes time (2), can be characterized as causal, or that interpretation of Being as beings which is the 'there-is'. However, man interprets other than causally: this other interpretation, which is prior to the causal by reason of its existence, may be termed 'acausal' (*a-causal: with-out the causal*) – and this acausal is what Homer, in the "Iliad", speaks of when he says Calchas is the most wise seer because he understands all that is, was and will be. Heidegger understands this as revealment and concealment (3) or, elsewhere (4) as un-hiddenness, and the 'primordial time' of his "Sein und Zeit" is akin to this acausal or potentiality of man's being, so that what he terms 'building' and 'dwelling' are implicit within it. In a sense to be established later (*Section '3' below*) it is physis, φύσις, an unfolding.

Further, acausal may be suggested as an interpretation of Anaximander's **αδικία** – it is through **τό χρεών** that **δίκη** becomes much later, **λόγος**. Understood thus, **δίκη** suggests causal. However, these correlations are, at best, hints concerning the nature of the causal and the acausal – their true description, and thus that of Being and being as beings, can only be, as will be shown later, symbolic, through mathematics.

Yet, by distinguishing in this manner between the causal and the acausal at the outset of the inquiry into Being, it is possible to arrive at a clearer understanding of being, since this duality, expressive of the nature of Seienden and disclosed in man, enables a hermeneutic to be established which is at once more accessible and clearer than the methodology of phenomenology or the hermeneutic of thought achieved by the 'later' Heidegger. It will be shown that this new hermeneutic is mathematical because of the nature of the acausal.

The fundamental characterization of the causal is consciousness, that of the acausal, the unconscious<sup>24</sup>. This conscious horizon may be expressed, in terms of the history of Being, by thought and feeling, the unconscious by sensation and intuition, where these terms are to be understood, for the moment, psychologically (6) ontologically, they are derived below (section 3).

The beginning of the unconcealment of Being is, however, not something that can be said, as Heidegger maintains (7), but rather something that can be experienced, numinously: **ἐνέργεια**,

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<sup>24</sup> See section (3) below.

activity as the early Greeks understood it (8). This experiencing is the symbol from which word derives. For man, thought is part of this unconcealment – intuition the other, since Being possesses as potentiality in the change that is man not only thought but also symbol, and this symbolic perception of Being, this experiencing of Being as the One, as that which presences or transforms, is explicit for Western philosophy in the Pre-Socratics. As Tao, this perception is today becoming understood again, and with Heidegger the task of its understanding is begun.

As discourse may be said to be a fundamental expression of man's being in the world (9), so may symbolism be said to be a fundamental expression of man's being or essence. As the potentiality of thought may be expressed as discourse, so may the potentiality of the symbol be described as sensation, and the symbol is both prior to thought and beyond it. As it is projected externally by the process that is Being's change, it is abstracted and loses part of the numinosity that is characteristic of it as an essence: when it is wholly external to man's being, as appearance or an existent, it has become a sign. Change, which unfolds Being as man, is, for Heraclitus (10) conflict or discord, **πόλεμος**. An essence, as that from which something emerges (**ἀρχή**), (11) is an archetype (12), when seen optically.

This gradual withdrawal of experiencing is the beginning of language and thought, and the intentionality of consciousness that Husserl described results from this withdrawal. As experiencing declines, projection increases. Individuality is itself a consequence of Being's change, and this change is already present in Being as the process that is abstraction is present as a possibility within man's being – the realization of this possibility, through change, is itself the history of Being.

Since the symbol, as symbol and sign, is prior to thought and, authentically, beyond it, it alone can explicate man's being. This explication takes the form of the mathematical where by the mathematical is meant the primordial (**λόγος**) that exists by virtue of man's subjective participation in the world, and it is from this **λόγος** that logic, as reasoning, develops through the change of Being. A symbol is beyond thought because authentic existence, the returning and reclaiming of **ἐνέργεια** through questioning, is a return to the unity of causal and acausal, a unity existing as **ἀρχή**.

## 2) The Fundamental Symbols – being and Change:

The most fundamental symbol is being; from Being there is change. The abstraction of change (*as a consequence of man's being*) is the idea of extension which leads to the concept of transformation or potentiality<sup>25</sup>. Potentiality itself is implicit within Being, and through man's existence this potentiality becomes the striving toward authenticity.

Mathematics, as will become clear, being a learning of things as they are (*mathesis*, **μάθησις**) is the abstraction of the essence through the process of intuition and thought. Thought abstracts Being's change and this abstraction takes the form of ideas and concepts, **ἰδέα** as Plato understands it (13). Historically, there is a symbol, often 'a priori' as Being itself can be understood, through abstraction, as an 'a priori' symbol, then thought forms this symbol into an idea through the separation of **φύσις** and the limiting of **ἄπειρον**, the limit-less (14). Intuition is the perception of the symbol as symbol in its numinous essence, a letting-be that participates in the unfolding of being, and this perception is both a participation and an

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<sup>25</sup> This is explained in more detail in section (3) below.

identification, where identification, where identification is the transforming of an idea, by thought, into its original essence (*cf. the phenomenological method*), and accordingly, mathematics, which is both this intuition and thought as process because of man's being, embodies an authentic hermeneutic, representing (*re-presencing*) the causal.

An idea is not an essence – the symbol is essence which thought abstracts or covers up, and each idea has its foundation in a symbol. Mathematics, as understood today, is the result of thought, an axiomatic project according to Heidegger (15); that is, mathematics has become divorced from its intuitive foundation in the symbol and a return to that foundation enables mathematics to describe man's being more authentically than either phenomenology conceived as a methodology or logos understood as a re-collection by Heidegger (16). Through mathematics, re-founded, it is possible to achieve not only the uncovering of an idea to reveal its essence, but also authentic existence: Heidegger's questioning of being begins the task of authenticity, it does not achieve it. This authenticity is possible through the use of an ontologically guaranteed mathematical symbolism instead of language as a means of uncovering Being.

The idea of the essence that is the symbol change is extension: the idea of the essence that is Being is unity, and the idea of change leads, through abstraction, to the concept of transformation, **ἀλλοιουσις**, or duration. This duration, by identification with man's terminality, embodies time, and accordingly time is understood as implicit in man's being, projected onto the world as an idea. Abstractly, this duration is the continuum and the concept of number: thought's perception of change as it issues in man through apprehension of individuality. Only change exists for Being, not time or number. Further, the concept of 'set' derives from that of continuum and number, since intuitively a set is a totality or aggregate.

### 3) **Individuality and Authentic Existence:**

Man exists because Being, precensing, is transmuted (17) – that is, because of change. Man, as change of Being, is a transforming, an evolution; historically or causally, this process is the history of Being, conceived by Hegel as a dialectic. Yet this history has as its goal the very Being from which it is derived – the returning of man to the unity of Being. To return necessitates disclosure, the revealing of Being through authenticity. Authentic existence, being the drawing toward unity of the causal and acausal interpretations (*what Jung (18) has described as individuation*) is a home-coming (*to use a term of Heidegger's*), a re-living of symbols and a re-participation that involves the withdrawal of projections from the idea to the essence.

Yet it is only a transition, a stillness and a non-transforming, such stillness revealing itself through mathematics, as logos. As such, it reveals **ἀρχή** as **τό 'άπειρον**.

Man as a disclosure of being, is primordially a participation in Being: for this disclosure of Being there is no logos in Plato's sense, only an identification. There is possession by symbols and their possibilities (*the 'unconscious'*) and not yet possession of them as occurs when logos transforms through **ιδεα** into 'reason'. Before this transformation there is no individuality because individuality (as a condition of Being) is the process of abstraction that transforms **θύσις** into **λόγος** as reason. Collectivity is primordial: through Being's change, grounded as man's dichotomy because of such unfolding, this becomes individuality, the consciousness of identity, as idea, has replaced it. In speaking about individuality one is already speaking about the change of **λόγος** – from participation to the Word. **Θάσις** through

**πόλεμος** has become **νοῦς** (*mind*), and there is **διαλεκτική** (19). This change is already foreshadowed in Heraclitus, as the genesis of the Aristotelean opposites (20). With Anaximander, this transforming is not yet evident: participation in the One, although subject to change, returns – **ἀρχή** is still the limit-less, **τό 'ἄπειρον**. There is no separation, no opposition between Being and existents. For Anaximander, therefore, there is no geographer, or meteorologist, or historian – only knowledge (*participation*) of all as it is. And it is because of change that abstraction must be returned, through mathematics, to this participation: change has caused the separation and change will re-present the separated. Such a return is authentic existence.

This participation to the Word takes the form of the change of Being through intuition, sensation, feeling and finally thought, all of which are conditions of man's being in the world, or how Being first shows itself through its unfolding. Intuition is unconscious (*acausal*) perception, sensation the conscious perception which arises when participation becomes transformed to identity. Feeling already implies idea – as value, judgement and finally 'truth' **θύσις** has become **λόγος**, the Word.

Optically, language may be said to consist of words or signs in the form of propositions, where a proposition may be defined as the substance of what is asserted by means of a combination of such words or signs, either true or false. The words or signs, as abstractions resulting from symbols, are placed in combination by thought either through identification or participation. For the latter, they are primordial, and this primordality takes the form of poetry which is 'true' insofar as it is experienced and re-present the symbols of Being from which it is derived, through words, thus revealing Being. Abstractly, through identification, such combinations are propositions, true or false because of logos as into objective truth (*or falsity*) by identification, through idea to the essence: what is as appearance, and how what is abstracted is denoted by such appearance. That is, truth itself implies, through denoting.

#### 4) Art and Mathematics

##### i) Art

As Being unfolds through participation to discourse, existents, as appearance, predominate and the sense of Being that is characteristic of the numinous is lost or covered up. From being a questioning, man has himself become a subject of thought. This abstraction takes the form of technics (*q.v. techne, τέχνη*), the construction, through a wresting away from Being, of tools and things as existents deriving from them, not immediately possessed of participation, that is, capable of manual production from naturally occurring substances and materials, and with technics potentiality, as an uncovering, is itself lost in place of abstraction. There is organization beyond the authentic participation that characterized the first unfolding of Being. In language, also, the process of technics occurs, logos as appearance, and the captivity of beings (21) synonymous with the organization of the 'they' (22) through the goal of inauthenticity. The works of art which still possess the numinosum do so in spite of this organization or denotation (23), as a drawing down of Being. Such works are archetypal, participating in the symbols of Being by unfolding Being through those symbols of transformation.

Through these works (*but not only them*) authentic existence becomes a possibility since, as a looking forward to and a looking back, they realize partially the unity of causal and acausal, participation and abstraction, that is authenticity for man transformed through technics. This

authenticity is not just a returning (*as Heidegger believes*) but also a rising up because it is built on and dwells in Being as an unfolding. Hence the necessity of understanding the history of Being as a record of this unfolding and concealment through mathematics.

Aesthetically, a work of art is ‘true’ if it symbolically preserves Being as an unfolding and looks forward to authenticity: if it re-presents Being and anticipates it. As a representation of Being, mathematics is the true work of art which reveals Being and beings as Being, to man.

## ii) Mathematics

Modern science, starting with Galileo, takes the process of abstraction further, into things themselves. Heidegger (24) claims mathematics makes this modern science possible, and, in a sense, this is a true, if limited, appreciation of mathematics. The learning that is ‘mathesis’ is not merely a causal learning, an analysis of things as they appear, but, equally, the things as they are, as intuition understands or knows. Intuition, however, understands them as symbols of Being, and this kind of knowing is already implied in the Greek concept of mathematics. For Aristotle, the potential for motion in a body lay in that body itself – it was already present, as a kind of knowing as well as describing the motion in relation to others, as a transforming. With Galileo and Newton, this intuition or knowledge of the unity, had receded, leaving abstraction predominant. Yet this intuition never actually disappeared as the ‘a priori’ it gave substance to scientific laws and provided the basis for much mathematical development<sup>26</sup>.

Modern physics particularly has tried to dispense with this mathematical knowing and as a consequence has established a body of facts that reveals only what is projected, not what is revealed by things or existents as they are. We say ‘space-time is curved’, for example, without fully understanding that we project curved space-time, as abstracts, onto what we have abstracted as ‘space’ and ‘time’, these abstracts supposedly existing independently of man, as ‘facts’. Yet, ultimately, these abstracts are established from symbols – and it is in the symbols, as opposed to the projections, that knowledge resides. Should this knowing replace the ‘knowledge’ of ‘facts’ or projections, a revolution of thought will result, and what is noble in man will be returned.

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- 3) Heidegger: “Der Spruch des Anaximander” in “Early Greek Thinking” (Harper & Row, 1975)
- 4) Heidegger: “On the Essence of Truth” in “Basic Writings” (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1978) pp. 127-141. See also “Introduction to Metaphysics” (Yale University Press, 1959) pp.102-3
- 5) “Introduction to Metaphysics” p. 62ff

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<sup>26</sup> Q.v. Popper’s notion of intuition and cosmology as the genesis of scientific theories (25).

- 6) Jung, C.G.: "Psychological Types" Vol.6 of Collected Works: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971) chap. XI
- 7) Heidegger: "On Time and Being" (Harper & Row, 1972) p.7
- 8) Compare its usage in Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics", 1098 b, 33
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- 11) Anaximander as given by Simplicius, "Physics", 24, 13
- 12) Jung, C.G.: "The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious" (Vol.9, Part I, of Collected Works: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., 1968 pp. 3-41
- 13) "Republic", X, 596
- 14) Anaximander. See (11). **το γρόν** is synonymous with change.
- 15) "What is a Thing," (Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, 1967) p. 68f
- 16) "Introduction to metaphysics" p.128f
- 17) Heidegger: "On Time and Being" p.6
- 18) "The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious" chap. VI
- 19) Plato: "Republic" VII, 534
- 20) Frag. 76
- 21) Heidegger: "Introduction to Metaphysics" p. 141f
- 22) Heidegger: "Being and Time" p. 222f
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## Time and Being

Being is apprehended through Time, and Time is an expression of the fundamental nature of change that governs the cosmos. Time is Being's extension and expresses the evolution of Being itself.

Being is the limit-less change, and may be expressed in terms of duality. This duality is explicated by Time as the causal and the acausal which themselves can be symbolized as spaces, causal spaces having three spatial dimensions and one dimension of linear (*or causal*) time, acausal space having an at present unspecified number of spatial dimensions and three dimensions of causal time forming one acausal dimension. As an approximation, causal space may be considered as governed by laws based on four dimensions and represented by the physical universe as this term is normally understood; acausal space may be considered as a parallel universe governed by acausal laws of geometry.

Life is the coincidence of this duality, and human consciousness/Thought the mergence of the causal and the acausal. The perception of the senses is based on causal time while acausal perception has hitherto been explicated very approximately by the numinous and such phenomena as intuition and dreams. The real beginnings of acausal perception lie in the development of a numinous, abstract symbolism.

An individual, because of consciousness, is an expression of Being becoming and such becoming implies, for the individual, an increase in consciousness implying the development of both causal and acausal perception. Such an evolution of individual consciousness is approximated by the stages of the seven-fold Way, involving as it does the development of logical and rational/scientific understanding together with an apprehension, via abstract symbolism and numinous participation, of the acausal.

Individual consciousness, being the mergence of the causal and the acausal, achieves its aim in the balance of both and this implies the expansion of the consciousness into the realm of the acausal. Death in the individual is the cessation of the causal aspect (*that is, participation in causal space*) although the acausal aspect, if developed during causal existence, continues, the nature of such existence being explicable at present only via symbolism.

Thought admits of a division into three fundamental modes expressive of the nature of the mergence of causal and acausal and in the individual one of these modes predominates, determining the life of that individual. The first mode is expressive of 'ego' existence and involves a limited perception of Time; the second mode is expressive of 'self' existence and involves a greater perception of Time – that is, an awareness of the acausal. The third mode involves a mixture of both of the former. However, these modes all form the ground from which the becoming of Being derives, and are the beginning from which increased individual perception may arise. 'Will to Power', Art, numinous experience are all pointers away from this beginning.



### Advanced Star Game

The advanced Star Game consists of the seven boards as in the Septenary version – together with the same number and distribution of pieces – but each of the seven boards consists of 4 levels:

The first level of each board consists of the ordinary 18 black and white square board. The second level has eight squares with 4 on either side consisting of 3 squares in a row and 1 in front. The third level consists of one square, and the fourth level of 4 squares. These levels are on both sides of the board as in the illustration.

Thus each board (*which represents a sphere of the Septenary*) has 18 squares plus 26, making 44 in all. There are thus 308 squares in total in the advanced game. Further, there are some additional pieces, as described below.

This version of the game is a complete and full representation of the Septenary system: each board represents the connections or pathways between the levels or spheres. For instance, the black squares on levels 2 and 4 (*8 plus 4 squares*) are the acausal paths or connections from that sphere to all the other spheres. The other side of the board (*the 9 white squares on the first level plus 12 squares of levels 2 and 4*) represent the causal connections from that sphere. In one sense the causal connections are the 'outgoing' connections (*or exits*) and the acausal 'incoming' connections (*or entrances*) to the pathways (*or tunnels*). The two squares of level 3 (*one on each side of the board – again representing the acausal and causal aspects*) are 'null squares'. These null squares represent the connection to the Abyss – that is, they symbolize the random element always present. In the actual playing of the advanced game these squares are important – any piece which is placed on them is automatically changed into another piece selected at random. This random selection is done by a process determined before the game starts by the player or players: the most favored method being to choose, without looking, from the spare pieces. This choice is done by the player whose piece has moved to the square. The chosen piece can be either white or black, and a piece on a null square – once it has been changed at random – can move to other squares according to what type of piece it is. Thus, a  $\emptyset$  ( $\emptyset$ ) piece could move up or down one level only, while a  $\nabla$  ( $\nabla$ ) piece could move to any vacant square on any level or board. To facilitate the random choice, a complete spare set of pieces is kept for this specific purpose and these pieces are used for this purpose only. Thus, as the game progresses, the choice of pieces becomes more limited.

#### Pieces:

There are two extra sets of all nine pieces for each player making thus five sets for white and five sets for black. Hence, over the 308 squares there are 90 pieces.

Three sets are placed for each player (*or 'side'*) as in the Septenary game. The two additional sets are placed as follows:

- ◆ One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board.
- ◆ One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board.
- ◆ One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board.

- ◆ One set of the white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board. (See illustration.)

The null squares on Sirius and Arcturus are left vacant.

Moves:

The pieces follow the same rules of movement and transformation as in the Septenary game.

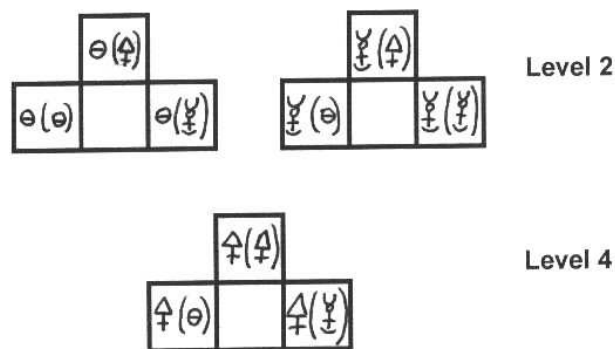
However, when a piece is on any of the levels (*that is, 2, 3 or 4*) of any board a move up or down a level is regarded as the equivalent of a move up and down the seven boards.

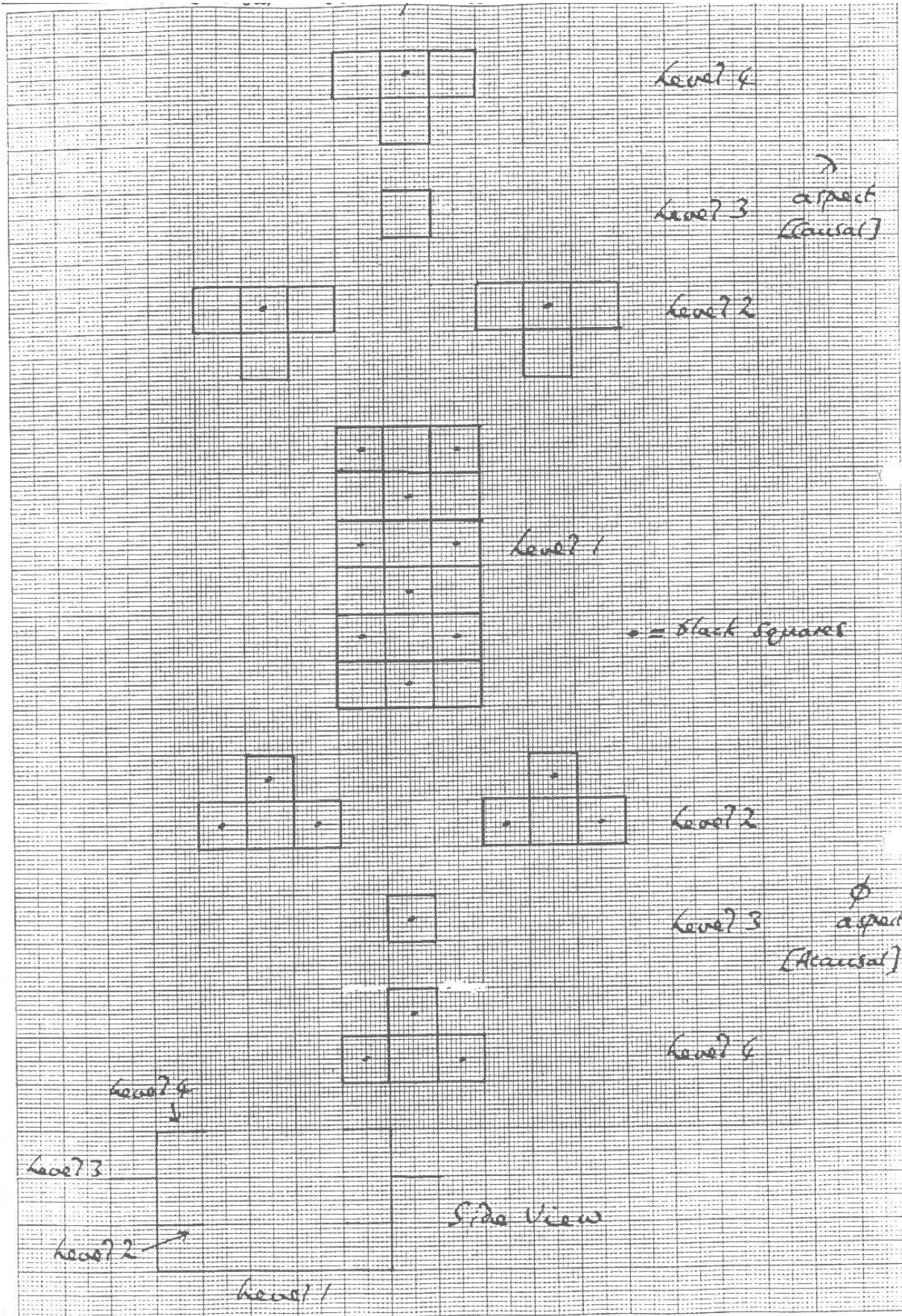
Thus for example, an  $\Theta(\Theta)$  piece on a black square on level 2 of the Sirius board may move (*provided the squares moved to are vacant at the time*) across level 2 to another black square or up to the black square of level 3 (*the null square – where it will be changed at random*) or down to a black square on level 1. A  $\Theta(\Theta)$  piece on level 4 may move across the squares on level 4 to another black square, or it may move onto a vacant square of the same color on Arcturus. Level 4 may therefore be regarded as a ‘stepping board’ to other boards.

Another example: a  $\Psi(\Psi)$  piece on level 2 of Sirius may move to any vacant square on level 2, up to level 3, or up to level 4 (*any vacant square, or down to any vacant square on level 1.*) These moves are possible because a  $\Psi(\Psi)$  piece has ‘2 degrees’ of freedom. If the  $\Psi(\Psi)$  piece was on, say, level 2 on Arcturus, it could move down to level 4 of Sirius (*but not any further*). Similarly, a  $\Psi(\Psi)$  piece of level 4 could move if it was on, say, Arcturus, to any vacant square on level 1 of Antares or any vacant square on level 2 of Antares (*either side – that is, either the ‘causal’ or ‘acausal’ side*).

It is simply a question of looking at the levels either up or down for ‘degrees of freedom’. Thus an  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece, having unlimited degrees of freedom, could move from any level on any board to any other level on any board.

The  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece if on any square on Naos any capture any piece of the opposite color on any square and any level of any board except Naos.





## 8 The Forbidden Alchemy

### An Introduction to Esoteric Black Magick

Genuine alchemy takes two basic forms: first, the exploration concerning the transforming of matter; and, second, the psychological- magickal. The secret of the first form is the interaction between the alchemist and the substance undergoing transformation by chemical or other means. That is, the alchemist in a subtle (*'Occult'*) way aids the transformations being the creation of an Elixir of Immortality. For the alchemist following this form of alchemy, the changing of 'base metals' into gold was only a stage on the way to the ultimate goal.

The second form of alchemy is concerned with changing the alchemist - and this requires following certain specific and often complicated procedures. The aim here is 'Adeptship': the emergence of a new individual from the ashes of the old. The ultimate goal is still 'Immortality', but a directly achieved one, rather than, as in the first form, the creation of an Elixir which is taken by the alchemist over a period of time. The exact nature of this 'Immortality' was the subject of much speculation.

Two aspects of this second type of alchemy - the 'forbidden alchemy' - have come to light over the last hundred years or so. However, these two aspects - crucial as they both are to the genuine esoteric Art - make up only a part of the forbidden system.

The first of these to receive attention was the sexual element that is involved in achieving the stated goal. The second is the 'psychological' where the processes, methods and symbols are understood (*by e.g., Carl Jung et al*) as representing the usually unconscious striving of the individual psyche for 'wholeness' or 'individuation'.

In reality, the forbidden alchemy was a burgeoning science (*or a practical way of living as some would prefer to say*) which over a long period of time came to recognize that to achieve the stated goal of Immortality and/or Occult-Magickal Adeptship, it was necessary not only to symbolize certain natural energies and certain states of 'being', but also to employ at certain stages a practical sexual element.

These ideas - developed in the Middle Ages and handed down in some of the now famous alchemical texts - were themselves a continuation of earlier ones: particularly those of some of the mystery schools of Ancient Greece. At the time the texts were written, Western Europe was under the totalitarian yoke of the Nazarene church, and part of the reason for the obscurity of the texts was because the basic ideas were heretical - the desire to obtain an Immortality independent of 'God', and the sexual nature of some of the workings. The rest of the obscurity was due to: (a) the complex nature of the ideas themselves, with a confusion of 'theologies' and (b) a deliberate desire to make the texts esoteric, where the secrets could be revealed to trusted Initiates or those already sufficiently enlightened (*that is, free from the mental tyranny of Nazarene belief*) to grasp them intuitively.

The view held in some circles in recent years of alchemy as a kind of 'Western tantra' is both misleading and inaccurate, as is the belief that it was a purely 'psychological' - as opposed to practical - system. The former view ignores: (i) the vital significance of the symbolism (*some*

*of which is purely abstract and not 'symbolic')* in making possible advances in thought and understanding; and (ii) the stages beyond those involving sexual activity. The latter view ignores (*or rather misinterprets*) the importance of not only the practical, magical aspects, but also the fact that the forbidden alchemy was essentially a system of self-experiencing in the real world, involving the achievement of specific goals and tasks. This, couple with the sexual aspects, made its Way very different from the inner, contemplative ones which flourished in certain Nazarene institutions.

The fundamental ideas of the forbidden alchemy continued to be developed over the decades and centuries after the preliminary MSS were written, and the tradition that developed was handed on by mostly reclusive Adepts. This tradition may be said to have reached its climax in the 'seven-fold Way'. In the seven-fold Way the fundamental ideas have been clarified and refined as well as extended, and the Way itself is a practical system devoid of both dogma and mysticism. It was, until quite recently, genuinely esoteric.

The fundamental ideas of this Way or 'inner Alchemy' can be briefly stated:

1) In the development of self-understanding, as well as in the understanding of both natural and 'Occult' forces, an abstract symbolism is important: such a symbolism allows not only apprehension of those areas (*of consciousness, for example*) not normally amenable to thought (*and thus conscious control and development*) but also develops new areas of consciousness.

The abstract symbolism is of two kinds; the first being the Septenary 'Tree of Wyrd' with the correspondences associated with each sphere and the pathways connecting those sphere; the second being the abstract symbols of The Star Game. The first kind is a development of 'traditional' alchemical symbolism, while the second is a new development entirely, and one which contains the whole of the first.

This first kind enables, on the practical level, the exploration and thus integration/transcendence of the hidden/unconscious/Occult areas of both our own consciousness and the cosmos. This is, in effect, a magickal or alchemical apprenticeship and involves practical work with the symbols - a magickal ritual, for example, being the use of specific symbols representing certain Occult or magickal energies.

The second kind takes the individual beyond this - towards the next stage of our conscious evolution with the development of higher levels of consciousness and new insights.

2) The practical work involved is divided for convenience into seven stages. Several of these stages involve the individual (*the 'alchemist'*) in finding and working with a companion of the opposite sex, some of the work being of a sexual nature. This itself is an exploration of consciousness: a confrontation with the anima/animus and so on.

Each of these seven stages is represented by a Grade Ritual - a series of task, workings and rituals which develop self-insight and understanding in general, and which enhance

the 'Occult' abilities of the individual. By following the stages progressively, and undertaking the appropriate Grade Ritual, the individual will attain insight and ultimately Wisdom: the 'Philosophers' Stone'.

3) The symbolism of the Tree of Wyrð is derived from representing the forces/energies of the cosmos (*and thus each individual consciousness*) in terms of the duality of causal and acausal - the seven spheres of the tree representing the development (*or rather, the potentiality inherent in each individual's consciousness*) of not only each individual consciousness from unconscious through 'ego' and 'self' to Adepthood and beyond, but also the evolution of the cosmos itself, in terms of its own 'consciousness' or Being.

In the early stages, the causal is often regarded as the 'rational' aspect of the individual psyche, the acausal as the 'unconscious' or magickal aspects. The aim of the early stages of the Way is for the individual to experience (*and develop*) both and then unite them, achieving a transcendence.

What it is important to realize about the seven-fold Way is that it is a complete and practical system, devoid of dogma and mystification, which enables any individual, should they possess the necessary desire, to achieve Adeptship and beyond. It is a unique and esoteric Way which, while firmly rooted in the genuine esotericism of the West, is appropriate to the twenty-first century and beyond: for example, the Star Game contains, in its symbolism and techniques, all the esoteric wisdom of alchemy, magick and the 'Occult' in general as well as being a bridge to the future. It is, in essence, a new form of language - and while this new language, for some, may be difficult at first to learn, it opens up new and exciting areas, new possibilities and new dimensions. In short, it enhances our Being, extending our consciousness.

The tasks and Grade Rituals associated with the seven-fold Way, together with the correspondences, are given in detail in the manuscript 'Physis Magick - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept.' Most of this will shortly be published in the book 'Naos - A Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick'. The rest of this issue of 'Fenrir' is devoted to the Star Game.

Perceptive readers will understand at once why this 'forbidden' alchemy is essentially Black Magick. Quite simply, it is because it allows the evolution of the individual according to their own desires in a practical way. Its essence is practical experience: of Occult/magickal energies (*both causal and acausal - that is, 'light' and 'sinister'*) but equally importantly of - life- itself. It is not a 'theoretical' system devoid of personal danger - it is life-enhancing, offering the rewards of the gods, both causal and acausal (*and what is beyond all such opposites - that which can be signified only by Chaos: the origin of Being and Non-Being*).

A brief guide to the seven-stages is given below.

1) Undertake ritual of sinister self-Initiation. (*An awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects*)

2) Undertake workings with Septenary spheres and pathways. (*The beginning of making these energies conscious via symbolism*).

Seek and find a suitable companion, and Initiate this individual. (*The beginning of the confrontation of the anima/animus*) Begin to study the Star Game. (*The energies are further objectified and manipulated.*)

3) Begin to organize a working magickal group, with yourself as 'Priest/Priestess' and your companion as 'Priestess/Priest' - perform both ceremonial and hermetic rituals according to your desires. (*This is living the role of 'shadow'/'trickster'/magickian.*) Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. (*The beginning of an awareness of what is beyond the 'ego' and the 'shadow'.*)

4) Study the esoteric aspects of the Star Game - Star Game magick/aeonic aspects etc. (*The development of higher cerebral levels as well as intimations of the 'self' and beyond.*)

Continue with the organized group (*for at least six months*). (Develops personal qualities, skills and consolidates the anima/animus aspects)

5) Prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. (*The emergence of the self, during the ritual, with the consequent self-insight and Occult abilities. This also brings awareness of your unique Destiny.*)

6) Study and use of 'Advanced Star Game'. (*Further levels of consciousness developed.*) Fulfillment of the task of unique Destiny. (*Creativity - either via contributing to knowledge/artistic works or via teaching. The fulfillment of the potentiality of the self.*) Prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Entering the Abyss. (*Wherein the 'self' is destroyed, the cosmos understood without reference to dualities, and Wisdom achieved.*)

Stage (2) generally takes three to six months, Stage (3) six months to a year. Stage (4) up to a year. Stage (5) one to several years.

It is the following of the tasks, techniques etc. of each stage in sequence for the time indicated that brings success.

## **SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT (NAOS 2008)**

# **SUB SECRETO**

## The Approach Of The Dark Gods

By David Myatt

The Seven Spheres of the Septenary represent Gates, and each Gate expresses an aspect of what is represented by the abstract symbol “Time”. In one sense, these Gates join our physical world to those realms created by the evolution of consciousness itself. These realms can be viewed in two ways - firstly, as convenient abstraction, bounded by acausal time, and whose most fundamental forms are what Jung called ‘archetypes’, and, secondly, as having an actual existence, either extra-terrestrial or extra-dimensional. In the first instance, the realms are considered as products of the mind - real enough on their own level, but without any existence that can be scientifically ascertained. In this sense, they are psychological. In the second instance, the realms are considered to have an actual physical existence, and various models for such existence have been proposed. This other realm, approachable through Gates, will be simply called the ‘acausal’ realm for the sake of convenience, and although it helps to consider the acausal in the psychological sense, each initiate must arrive at their own mode of explication, using the faculty of Thought.

Each Gate that joins these two realms ( that is, the causal and the acausal ) when it is opened signifies a New Aeon and a consequent increase in human consciousness. According to tradition, each Gate is linked to a specific place or location and it is through this location ( which may be considered a channel for the forces involved ) that the magical form of the particular Aeon in question is most obviously expressed.

The teaching of the Order of the Nine Angles accepts that all previous Gates had terrestrial counterparts ( for example, the centre of the Hyperborean Aeon was the area around Stonehenge; that of Hellenic, Delphi. ) and that the opening of these Gates was the result of the natural evolution of consciousness rather than something consciously planned. That is, one may think of the Gates being opened, in the symbolic sense, by Gaia, the Earth Mother. Our consciousness that is, our ability to consciously reflect, to question Being, is the result of this process, and in the past this process was understood by the use of myth. Each of the previous five Gates ( that is, from the Pre-Hyperborean to the Western ) derived their power from the Earth and its energies ( although according to one tradition the first Gate was opened due to the interference of alien life-forms [ discussed later ] ) and it is important to understand that there existed no “Golden Age” in the remote past from which there was a subsequent fall. Each Aeon drew its magical inspiration from a natural force which was symbolized and which gave rise to the powerful archetypes and myths and which became the ethos of a particular higher civilisation. At the geographical location of a particular Gate, the force was revered, and it is vital to realize that this religious reverence was only partly conscious: its origin was an empathy with Gaia and this empathy was partially understood ( i.e. consciously ) through symbols and myth. Inevitably this empathy became obscured by dogma, ritual and elaborate myths until the centre itself became magically exhausted, and another Aeon dawned. Some centres however, like Stonehenge, still retain an aura of power, but nothing like that which once existed. This gradual exhaustion of the Aeonic force - and the consequent decline of the civilizations associated with it - is a natural process which may be likened to the depletion of a battery under electrical load.

The last Aeon, the Western whose center is in Northern Europe, is drawing to a close as its energies fade. The next Aeon, however, has as its centre not our Earth, but a location in space and until this centre is reached, the new Aeon will not be possible. However, the Old Aeon has some 350 years still left to run, and during this period, the energies of the New Aeon will become more and more obvious as they seep around the Gate, brought in part by deliberate Ritual by small groups of Adepts. Hitherto, the seeking of Aeonic centres has been mostly instinctive, but we have now reached the stage in our evolution when we can consciously decide our own Destiny. In a sense, we have, due to the opening of the previous Gates, passed a threshold, and henceforward little is certain because our possession of reflective, logical and *scientific* consciousness, represents a new and complex variable in the equation that governs Aeonic forces. Already, for instance, as the Old Aeon dies, small groups of Adepts, still cling to an inverted aspect of their Aeon, are trying through ritual to change our evolution in accord with certain 'prophecies' over two thousand years old. These adepts hope to establish a terrestrial centre not many hundreds of miles from the centre associated with the Sumerian centre, and tied as they are to the illusion of opposites that has been such a fundamental ( and detrimental ) feature of Nazarene belief, their success will mean a significant step backwards in the evolution of consciousness.

In the evolutionary sense, the next Gate is and must be extra-terrestrial and the force beyond this Gate may be signified in two ways. Practically, the force will be represented by the physical exploration of outer space through vehicles such as spacecraft; magically, the force is represented by the mythos of the Dark Gods since, in essence, this magical force is chaos itself. It is beyond opposites - a return to the primal chaos, which the previous succession has covered up through ritual, word and even symbol. Misunderstood - that is, seen from the perspective of the Old Aeon - this represents the intrusion into our world, from other dimensions, of the darkest of dark forces, a return, according to the tradition mentioned earlier, of those alien forms who came to Earth Aeons ago at the dawn of man's consciousness.

In short, the New Aeon signifies a calling forth of the Dark Gods through the Rite of the Nine Angles. This Rite is very simple, and has as its basis what Old Aeon qabbalistic thinking signified by the word 'LASH TAL' - but the Rite itself is a conjoining, a drawing down, through pure Thought, that is devoid of word because the two fundamental aspects ( of which 156 is one ) hitherto apart and drawn together through Destiny ( 'wyrd' ) are, *in themselves* by their very existence, Keys. In a more symbolic way, and viewed through the distortion of opposites which is such a feature of the Old Aeon, one aspect of this Rite is represented by the Qlippoth of the 17<sup>th</sup> path of the qabbalistic Tree of Life.

According to the tradition mentioned earlier, the first Gate was opened by the arrival on Earth of aliens. These aliens were, in themselves, without recognizable form and were capable of assuming various shapes, including human form. Legend knows of them as the 'shape-changers', and the demons Choronzon, as well as Lovecraft's Yog-Sothoth, are said to be primitive memories of them. These beings of chaos did not stay long on Earth, because Earth was for them only a temporary staging post in their flight, pursued, as tradition says, as they were by another life-form, humanoid in appearance. This other life-form depended on external means of transportation to take them among the stars, and in legend they are known as the Elder Gods. Some kind of confrontation between these two types of aliens occurred on or above our planet, traces of this conflict survive in myth and legend as the battle between Agartha and Shambhala and it is said that the humanoid species originated in the region of space near the star Sirius.

The shape-changers, for reasons of their own, interfered somehow with our evolution ( according to one legend by giving us dreams ) although it could be that just contact with such aliens was sufficient for this to occur among small and isolated groups of primitive man. It is held that the Elder Gods or Sirians were basically opposed to any contact with primitive species, and according to one tradition shamanism resulted from primitive man's attempt to imitate the behaviour of the shape-changers. Both of these alien life-forms departed from Earth, and conscious evolution thereafter, spurred on by the original breakthrough, increased exponentially.

This tradition may be regarded as having, like some myth, a basis in fact, or it may be regarded simply as a mythos, that is a means, soon discarded, to greater insight into one's self. To establish its factual basis would take the discovery of factual evidence, unassailable in its interpretation, and while some evidence for this tradition has been proposed at various times none of it is conclusive, and the tradition remains just a tradition, to be believed or not, according to one's way of thinking.

## HERMETIC RITUALS

### A RITUAL OF DESTRUCTION

Begin a Black Fast seven days before the intended ritual and during this time procure a new piece of black cloth and construct from wood a small coffin suitable for the wax effigy which will be made during the ritual.

At sunset on the appointed day begin the ritual. Stand before the sigil and chant three times the Hymn to the Great Day followed by an extempore invocation regarding the intent of the ritual. Then proceed to make the image by placing some wax candles in water that has just been boiled. To this water should have been added three pinches of graveyard dust. After the water has cooled, a film of wax will form on the surface and this should be used to make the life-like image. The image must be produced entirely by hand.

When the image is complete rest it on the black cloth and say or chant:

“ You N.N. (name of person) whom I have formed from chaos are mine to do as I will. By the power of the Prince of Darkness, I master of Magick, confine you, N.N. by this shroud.

(fold the cloth over the head)

“As my will and magic will confine your life”

(fold the cloth over the legs)

“Thus will you, N.N. return to the blackness”

(fold the right side of the cloth)

“From whence you came”

(fold the left side over so that the image is completely covered)

“By my power I hold you, bound by my will!”

Circle the Temple twice, counter-clockwise, chanting the Sanctus Shaitan, imagining the person wrapped in your cloth. Then, dancing counter-clockwise bring the frenzy of your will to bear upon the person - at it's height seize the wrapped image and break off its head. Gloat on the person's death and place the wrapped image in the coffin. Seal the coffin and laugh, gleeful at the person's death.

Take the coffin and bury it in a secluded spot.

## **DESTRUCTION BY ELEMENTAL**

Prepare for this by a Black Feast over thirteen days. During this period sleep should gradually be reduced. At the exact moment of sunset on the appointed day of death enter the Temple and bow briefly to the dying sun.

Then, sitting in a comfortable position, begin, by contraction of muscles and breath control, to build up an image of an elemental of darkness and death.

When this is complete, transfer to it your desire for the subjects death, saying:

“Go, I command you!”

“Seek out N.N. and kill him! Go! Kill! And bring me back his spirit!”

Then relax, to wait for your elementals return. Command the elemental to release the spirit into the coffin (made of lead) that you have prepared. Seal the coffin very securely, wrap it in black cloth and bury it very deeply in a secluded place.

The you must either banish the elemental you have created by making with your right hand the inverted seven-fold sign and sealing the forces to Earth, or name the elemental and command it to attend you at all times and obey your will and your will alone.

Note: It is very important during this ritual that no interruptions of any kind occur. For this reason the whole ritual is often performed at the isolated location chosen for the burial. It is also important that the coffin be totally sealed.

## **RITUAL OF DESIRE**

Introductory note: The object of this ritual can be anything the person undertaking the ritual desires - wealth, women (or men if a woman does the ritual), material possession, misfortune to an enemy and so on.

The method employed to bring these desires to fruition depends on the ability of the person undertaking the ritual - there is the method of visualization, and the method of models. The former demands powers of concentration, ability to sustain an image and mastery of will-transference; the latter demands an ability to construct realistic models of the events themselves or the situations one desires to bring about. Both assume the ability to direct the forces of desire into the right channel. Only the method of visualization is given here - the model method is very similar in form.

The ritual should be begun in the planetary hour before sunrise and be timed to reach its conclusion at sunrise. Begin with chanting the Sanctus Shaitan while dancing counter-clockwise once and clockwise twice. Then, standing beside the left-hand part of the altar, intone the first Enochian key in C major (the correct key is important) then gradually build a picture of the desire - for example, if your desire is for a woman then visualize that woman (a picture might help) and the situation you require her to be in for your desire to be fulfilled -

that is, it has actually occurred and you are enjoying it. Keep the visualization for as long as possible, then slowly dance once counter-clockwise chanting the Sanctus Shaitan.

End the ritual by an extempore invocation to the Prince of Darkness, Master of the Earth and its gifts.

# Shrencing

## Introduction:

‘Shrencing’ is the name given to describe various practical schemes, methods and techniques which a Satanist uses to device or fool others in order to attain some Satanic goal.

Generally, shrencing is a skill which is best learnt by practical experience. However, most Satanic novices benefit from knowing some specific methods, schemes or techniques which have proved useful and successful in the past – that is, from learning from a master shrencer. Accordingly, this series of Order MSS will disclose much practical experience which novices may find applicable to their own Satanic lives.

## I – Deep Cover

Deep cover is a state of living – when the Satanist decides, for whatever reason or reasons, to work secretly by acquiring or obtaining either another identity, or another way or life. ‘Another identity’ means one assumes a different name, has documentation for that name and a ‘history’ (of education, work/employment and so on) to go with that name.’ Another way of life’ means one may simply move, dress/act in a different way, obscuring one’s past and proclivities/interests and so on – but without actually changing one’s personal identity, except perhaps for the use of such “professional” pseudonyms are may be necessary/useful.

Specific examples will illustrated the general principles involved. The first example concerns a Satanist who wishes to go under ‘deep-cover’ in order to enjoy the benefits of a certain business without attracting undue – or hopefully any – attention from the ‘authorities’. For this example we will say the business is buying and selling “drugs”. For a number of reasons, the Satanist decides another identity is not necessary at the moment (although it is an option for the future). He changes his place of residence to somewhere business is good. He wants to ‘blend into’ his chosen location but still maintain some distance from ‘clients’. Despite his qualifications/past, he finds work in a factory, then contrives to lose his job. He claims “State Benefit”. Meanwhile, as a master shrencer, he contrived to build up a picture of himself in ‘official/semi-official’ files/records which would be accessed by anyone taking an interest in his activities: e.g. Police investigators. First, he dispossess of what property he owns – it is all in someone else’s name (but of course he still has control of it).Second, he borrows some money from some Banks or Credit Brokers (this while he is employed, of course). When he loses his job, he of course cannot meet the full payments – but he appears helpful to lends, and arranges reduced payments consistent with (apparently) living on State Benefit. This means he is placed on a “Credit Blacklist” – which is what he wishes. Thus, to all recorded purposes, he has no assets, is in debt, and lives entirely on ‘State Benefit’.[If he has some minor criminal convictions in his past, so much the better.] For the most part, his style of life seems to confirm this – there are no obvious signs of any wealth, no great spending: i.e. no ostentation. Rather, there is a discreetness, a not attracting attention by way of dress or possessions. This does not mean of course that he lives a starvling existence in some grotty bed-sit: it means a balance. Perhaps an unpretentious (smallish) house in a not too fashionable, not too run down area.

What the Satanist has done is created an ‘image’ for himself, and one which stands up to the type of investigations likely to be undertaken into his current circumstances. Top all intents and purposes, he is simply one unemployed man with financial problems among hundreds of thousands of similar men. His real ‘business’ is discreet, carried out away from where he lives and in a manner not likely to attract attention. This Satanist had decided to use the business to supply him with a fairly comfortable living [and incidentally to aid the sinister dialectic] – he did not wish to build a highly profitable empire supported by others and which necessitated violence to uphold it. He simply works for himself, with his own supply line – free to spend the rest of his time doing the Satanic things required by his personal wyrd. [Naturally, another Satanist might have chosen – as some do – the ‘empire building option’ if that is what they desire to do.]

The second example is similar. A Satanist in a position of some authority has a Temple of long-standing. Due to his Profession, he does not want anyone to know of or suspect his involvement in Satanism. He does use his Profession to provide himself with somethings – young women to warm his bed, the occasional novice to influence and train. His created ‘image’ is of a sort of respected Professional whose interests are for the most part those of most members of his profession. This is “sort of” because he has contrived to appear slightly eccentric, in his habits and manner of dress – eccentric but harmless. This deflects attention –one does not wish to appear to be too ‘average’ or too respectable or too boring, and that is one of the keys of deep cover. Too quiet, too normal and so on can be just as dangerous, in attracting attention, as being the opposite – one has to be seen acting and behaving in the same way that others, in the social position/cover chosen, would do: at least on occasions. Or one must have certain attributes of character which others can judge and by which they are ‘dis-armed’.

This Satanist is careful regarding his meetings with fellow Satanists – whether for Temple meetings or whatever. He always ascertains if he is being followed as he always contrives to make the meetings themselves innocent. A shooting party at the country house of one of the members, for instance; or a few friends around to his house for Dinner. And so on. The ‘image’ of this Satanist is consistent for the most part with the accepted image of members of his Profession – and he strives to maintain this, while he deems it necessary to do so, since he understand the Profession as part of his own wyrd. It also aids the sinister by him influencing in various ways, various individuals he is brought into contact with. And it provides him with a means to maintain his Temple and so work sinister magick. In this example, the ‘image’ is not the Satanist – but a means to maintain used to achieve Satanic goals in the real world.

The third example concerns a Satanist assuming another identity. This man had spent some years acquiring direct experience of the sinister – he had been involved in some violent political actions, and had spent some time in prison for assault occasioned during a political rally. He needed another identity because he was “wanted by the authorities” in connection with various politically motivated acts which the authorities called “crimes”, and he deemed it necessary. To acquire a new identity he needed a past and documentation, together with some resources to begin a ‘new life’. The past was easy to acquire. He made it up, learnt it and had three quite outwardly respected Satanic comrades who were prepared to give him false references to prove his past – education, employment and so on. One of these provided him with a false certificate regarding a qualification [in fact, the certificate was genuine, only the name on it was false]. A comrade who worked in a certain government department altered certain data and provided him with a National Insurance number and a history of

contributions. The Satanist we are concerned with provided the basis of the documentation himself. He found someone of about the same age and similar build in a city, and found out where this person lived. Following a careful surveillance, he burgled the man's place of residence and found his birth certificate and Passport. [To be accurate, the first mark chosen proved not to have either – or they were not found during the search – so the Satanist found another mark and entered his place of residence, finding the documentation required.]

With the birth certificate, and the relevant forms etc. signed by respected comrades, he went to a different Passport Office than the one which issued the genuine Passport and awaited for the Passport to be issued. There were no problems – for he claimed never to have had a Passport, his address was different from that of the real owner of the birth certificate, and he cleverly used another middle name. [Shrencing note: ideally, obtaining a certificate from someone who has never had a Passport issued is best. All that matters is that the age of the mark is about the same as one's own. Another shrencing technique is to find a mark who resembles one in appearance (not as easy as it sounds) and age and then having obtained the items, take them to a different Passport office and with a new application form, suitably with forged references, explain that one needs a separate Passport because one is travelling from Israel to an Arab country or vice versa. Usually, the staff are very helpful. Yet another shrencing technique is to use the birth certificate to obtain a 'Visitors Passport' and thence a Driving Licence – Provisional at first, and then a full one after one has taken/re-taken one's Driving test. Usually, these are quite sufficient documentation to assume another identity.]

Thus, this Satanist built a complete past for himself. He had an employment record, documents, qualifications, and comrades prepared to write whatever references might be necessary – to obtain employment, for example. Of course, he had to play the role, assume the new identity- know his past completely, be competent in his work and so on. That is, he had to convince others. But, as a good Satanist, this was a challenge eagerly accepted. He could then move on to other Satanic ways of living.

The fourth example concerns a lady who had acquired a minor reputation in some esoteric circles as a Satanist, and who desired, in order to move on to new experiences, to make herself seem "re-formed" – to be seen should anyone investigate her as either not involved in anything Satanic or at least only working on her own: i.e. as "harmless", probably not worth "exposing".

The lady set about building an 'image' which those investigating her at any time would come across and make judgements from. That is, she would use the 'judgement' and methods of the investigation against those investigators –they would see or find only what she wanted them to. So she would gradually build up a picture of her in a way she desired them to – they of course would not realize they were being manipulated in a subtle way.

Her first act was to change her manner of dress – she would dress in a certain way by conforming to a particular "stereotype". Most people would look at her, make a judgement and 'classify' her – that is, she would fulfil their expectations of what a certain type of person looked like. The 'look' she chose to undertake arose naturally out of the new place of residence she had chosen – a somewhat isolated cottage in the country. She dressed as one might expect a lady in her circumstances to dress – slightly worn clothes, of traditional design and colour, but well-made. Gone were her former black clothes, the 'Occult' jewellery. Gone were the Occult/Satanic furnishings of her former dwelling – the paintings, the candles, the crystal and the many objects collected over the novice years. Inside her cottage, there was

nothing to indicate an interest in Satanism or the Occult – no books on the subject, no set of Tarot cards. Instead, there were Cookery books, books on needlework and various crafts – a sewing machine; a variety of indoor plants. The ambience was what one might expect of such a place. Naturally, the lady added some individual personality to the contrived image – she had an interest in and professed an enthusiasm for fly-fishing. [Of course, she had gone to the trouble of learning about the subject, and gaining experience in it.] This, to others, made her a ‘real’ person – a human being. It gave charm to her character, as was intended. It was also a useful pretext forgoing away of the weekends at peculiar times. She would also meet strangers at locations suitable for privacy – as when a candidate was interviewed with a view to them joining her Satanic group or being guided by her.

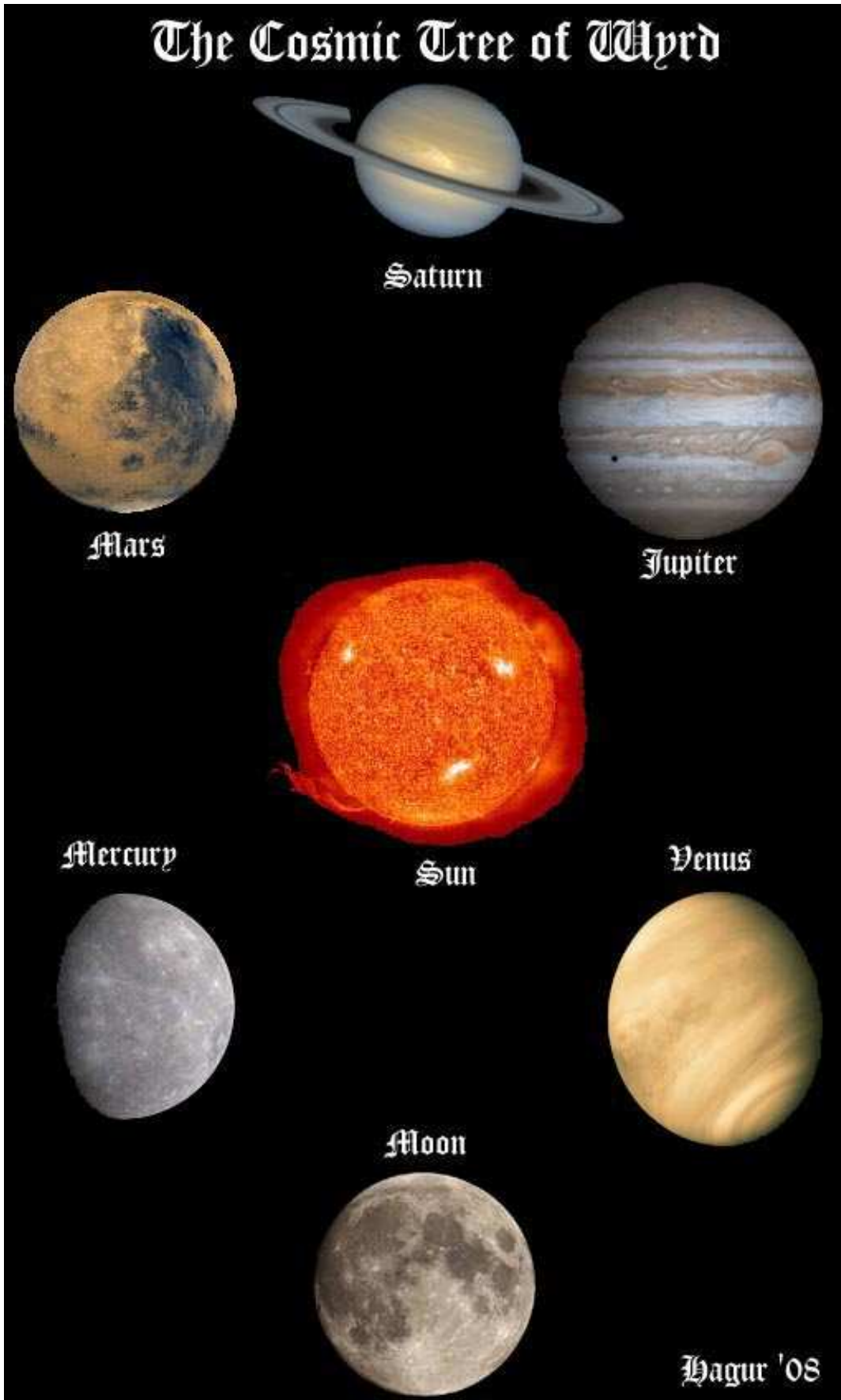
In addition, she took trouble to often appear in financial difficulties – and worked for a Nursing Agency in a nearby town, doing the odd night duty in people’s homes. [She had acquired experience for this, and thus references.] This work not only served – or seemed to others to do so – to supplement her income it was also not work that someone might expect a ‘Satanist’ to do. That is, it would be, if needed ‘proof’ of her reformed character.

Thus, the images presented to anyone coming into contact with her, or investigating her, was of a rather independent lady who lived a somewhat simple country life, was caring, rather scatty with money, with a rather odd passion for fly-fishing.[She later acquired two dogs- Red setters – to add to the image. And a succession of ‘men friends’ who stayed with her for varying lengths of time, from a few months to some years. Most ,of course, were fellow Satanists – although some were just for fun.# Outwardly, she seemed to meet few people, and certainly not be Mistress of a Satanic group, participating in rituals and teaching novices. Thus, her real work continued in secret, and effectively, as she wished.

It should be clear from the examples, that shrencing, like all good Satanic acts, requires planning, foresight and judgement. The Satanist decides on a particular course of action and then strives to achieve the goal, manipulating people and situations and taking advantage of contacts made in the early years of the noviciates and subsequently.

Being Satanic, shrencing means an effort by the individual – things are seldom given; they have to be achieved. In the striving, experience is gained, skill perfected. In an important sense, shrencing is Satanism in action: i.e. striving to achieve their own personal Satanic goals and to aid the sinister in general either by those goals or by other means. They are consciously deciding, consciously striving for control, of themselves, others, and situations. They are living more fully, enjoying the game of life.

In effect, shrencing enables specific “Roles” – and particular “Insight Roles” – to be successfully lived. Beyond these, it enables a genuine Satanic living.





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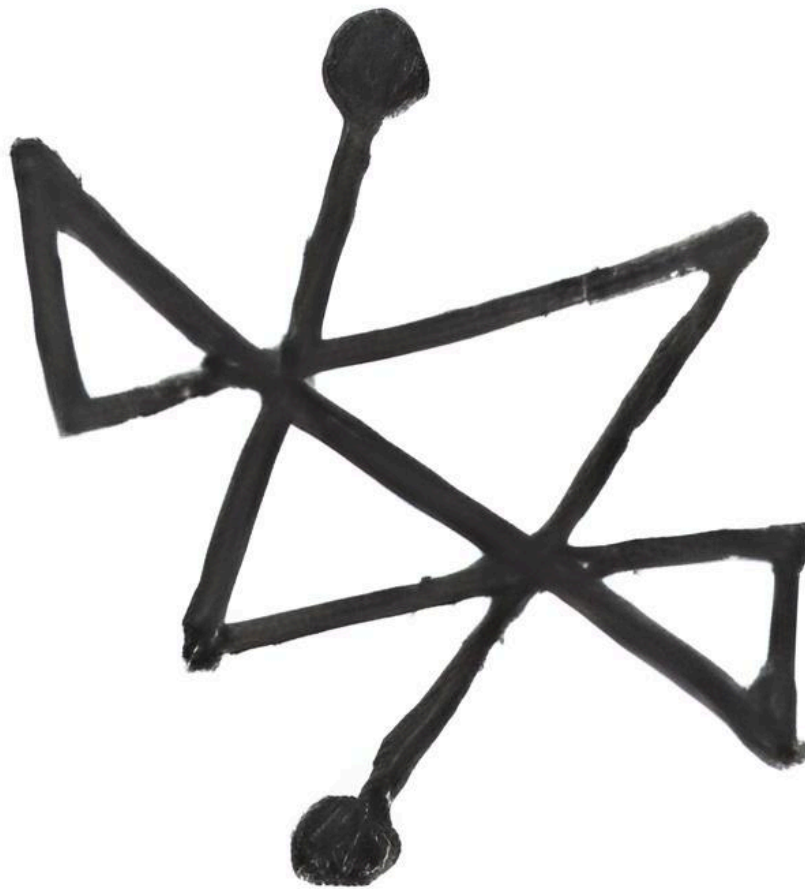


# **The Star Game**

## **History and Theory**

**David Myatt**

**(1988)**



# HISTORY

The Star Game was developed in 1975 while I was in prison, and was inspired by my reading, in the Autumn of 1974, of all of the works of Jung I could then obtain and the twelve volumes of Toynbee's A Study of History. My intention in respect of developing the game was to develop a practical representation of my earlier theory of cliology, outlined in the 1974 typewritten text Emanations of Urania - Notes Toward A Heuristic Representation of Cliology [1] and which theory I had developed during a previous 'holiday at Her Majesty's pleasure' (1972-1973) inspired as I had been during that holiday by reading Jung's Mysterium Coniunctionis and his Psychology and Alchemy.

My idea was to find a common and an abstract/symbolical means - possibly mathematical or employing symbolic logic [2] - to represent the transformations, the processes, which I felt were common to, or which underlay, (a) the various personality types described by Jung, (b) the Jungian process of individuation, (c) the development and the stages of civilizations as described by Toynbee (the organic nature of civilizations), (d) the bifurcation of causal/acausal, and (e) what I at the time called 'the flux of  $\phi$  (acausal) and  $\lambda$  (causal) via causal time' and thus how:

1.21  $\phi \cap \lambda$  is a re-representation of the principle of life.

1.212  $\phi \cup \lambda$  is a re-representation of the principle of consciousness within life.

1.22 The unity that is formed by both  $\phi_f$  and  $\lambda_f$  may be re-presentated by

$$\mathcal{B} = \{ \epsilon_o^\lambda : \epsilon_o^\lambda = \epsilon_o^\lambda \}$$

$$\phi \cap \lambda \equiv \Lambda = \{ \epsilon_o^\lambda : \epsilon_o^\lambda \neq \epsilon_o^\lambda \}$$

$$\phi \subset \mathcal{B} \equiv \bigcap \epsilon_o^\lambda (\epsilon_o^\lambda \in \phi \rightarrow \epsilon_o^\lambda \in \mathcal{B})$$

The first prototype of the game was constructed in late Spring 1976 and, given my lamentable lack of skill in such practical matters, it was rudimentary, although it did serve to demonstrate the game (to a few friends) and enable it to be played (at least until it fell apart due to my shoddy workmanship). The first satisfactory version was made not by me but by Brother Daniel - a skilled carpenter - in the carpentry workshop of the monastery where, in the late Summer of 1976, I became a monk, and which version was successfully used by me and two other monks in the following months until our monastic duties left us no time to pursue such non-theological pursuits [3].

# THEORY

The basic principle of the game is the principle of living metamorphosis; of how living beings change or can be changed, a principle I encountered in the works of both Jung and Toynbee. In the case of Jung, of individual human beings and their potential to achieve individuation; a process that was, as Jung described, archetypal and could be and had been symbolized in alchemical terms. In the case of Toynbee, the metamorphosis was of cultures and civilizations, and thus of how such cultures and civilizations - and their periodicity - affected or could affect, transform, the lives of individuals, and even whole nations.

Hence my abstract representation for such living change, which formed the basis for how each piece of The Star Game (TSG) would be transformed when it was moved:

In such a symbolic sense  $\phi$  is approached from  $\lambda$  via the sequence  $\beta \rightarrow \alpha$ . (Note: because of  $\epsilon^\phi$ ,  $\lambda \in \phi$  for all  $\epsilon^\lambda$  )

2.2311 The flux of  $\phi$  and  $\lambda$  via  $\epsilon^\lambda$  may be expressed in terms of  $\alpha, \beta, \gamma$  as:

$$\begin{aligned} \alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta) \rightarrow \alpha(\gamma) \rightarrow \beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta) \rightarrow \beta(\gamma) \\ \rightarrow \gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta) \rightarrow \gamma(\gamma) \end{aligned}$$

2.2312 In terms of  $\epsilon^\lambda$  and  $\epsilon^\phi$  this re-presentation becomes:

$$\underbrace{\alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta)}_{\alpha(\gamma)} \rightarrow \underbrace{\beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta)}_{\beta(\gamma)} \rightarrow \underbrace{\gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta)}_{\gamma(\gamma)}$$

where (because of  $\epsilon^\phi$ )

$$\alpha(\alpha) \subset \alpha(\gamma); \quad \alpha(\beta) \subset \alpha(\gamma) \quad \text{etc.}$$

and

$$\alpha(\alpha) \subset \alpha(\gamma) \equiv \bigwedge \epsilon_0^\lambda \quad [ \epsilon_0^\lambda \in \alpha(\alpha). \therefore \epsilon_0^\lambda \in \alpha(\gamma) ]$$

(for  $\bigwedge \epsilon_0^\lambda$  read 'for all  $\epsilon_0^\lambda$  ').

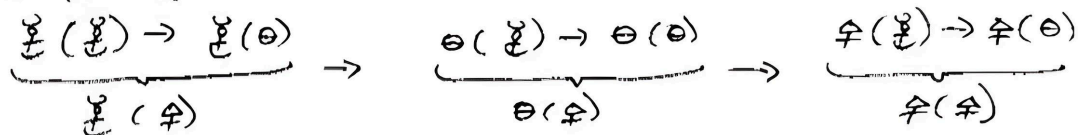
Note:  $\rightarrow$  may be read 'via  $\epsilon^\lambda$  ' and  $\underbrace{\quad}$  as 'via  $\epsilon^\phi$  '.

Hence also of how a certain combination of pieces - spread across the boards - might represent either an individual (and the metamorphosis of that individual) or a culture/civilization (and the metamorphosis of that culture/civilization). And of the why, and the how, of why; of how until we venture toward and become individuated (in Jungian terms) we are influenced by and sometimes in thrall to archetypes; and of how the imperative, the ethos, of our culture/civilization can also unconsciously influence us; and of how that ethos is also archetypal.

Hence how the alchemical symbolism I employed might be used to describe some of Jung's personality types:

2.24  $\alpha$  can be represented by the symbol 'Alchemical Mercury' (☿),  $\beta$  by Alchemical Salt (☉) and  $\gamma$  by Alchemical Sulphur (♁).

2.241 The principle of metamorphosis thus becomes:



2.242 These representations enable conscious understanding and thus integration of the acausal aspects symbolized by such forms.

2.3  $\beta$  manifests to  $\lambda$  via  $\leftarrow^{\lambda}$  primarily through the ☿ aspect.

2.31 For a  $\beta; \mu$  whose concern is primarily the world of  $\beta$ , then there is an introvert role.

2.312 For a  $\beta; \mu$  whose concern is primarily the world of  $\lambda$ , there is an extravert role.

2.32 These roles may be represented thus:

|                      |           |                |
|----------------------|-----------|----------------|
| $\text{☉}(\text{☉})$ | Extravert | Feeling type   |
| $\text{☉}(\text{☿})$ | "         | Intuitive type |
| $\text{☉}(\text{♁})$ | "         | Thinking       |
|                      |           |                |
| $\text{☿}(\text{☉})$ | Introvert | Feeling        |
| $\text{☿}(\text{☿})$ | "         | Intuitive      |
| $\text{☿}(\text{♁})$ | "         | Thinking       |

Hence how the game itself might be used to aid our understanding of ourselves. And hence why I decided on seven boards with nine squares for the simple form of the game: (a) because my intensive and years-long study of alchemy (Arabic and otherwise) during those 1970's years (a study inspired by reading Jung) had revealed to me that there were seven stages (not eight, not nine, and not ten) involved in the alchemical process that led to the discovery of Lapis Philosophicus, and (b) because my study of ancient myths and legends had revealed that nine was a propitious number in terms of both Anglo-Saxon wyrd and the ancient mythology of Greece. Hence, of course, my term cliology, my use of the expression Emanations of Urania, and my use of the term 'tree of wyrd' to describe the combination of those seven boards of nine squares each and on which boards are placed various combinations of three (hint - Yggdrasil).

## **THE GAME**

**Irrespective of all the above, I - and those few I managed to entice to play the game in the 1970's - found it enjoyable, and intellectually stimulating, to play the star game as just a game, either with a desire to win or (more often) for the sheer satisfaction of participating in something outré.**

**There are two versions of TSG - the simple and the advanced, with the simple form developed as a basic introduction to the game proper, given what I assumed at the time of its development would be the initial complexity of learning the advanced form which employs 81 pieces per player over 308 squares, as opposed to the 27 pieces per player over only 126 squares of the simple game.**

## NOTES

[1] This 1974 text consisted of three short sections of numbered statements (à la Wittgenstein's Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus which I had read the previous year) with the sections being 1.0 - 1.22 (Introduction, A Cosmic Scheme), 2.0 - 2.4413 and 3.0 - 3.1132 (Concerning Life and Causal Death). The text was thus a concise and early statement of my theory of causal and acausal, and of the metamorphosis of individuals and of cultures/civilizations by means of acausal energy emanating via a nexion.

Following my release from prison in the Spring of 1976, I (in hindsight, foolishly) added another section, numbered 3.0 - 3.1152131 (with the previous section three - Concerning Life and Causal Death - renamed and renumbered section four) with this new third section being copied from jottings in notebooks I had kept in prison and which jottings I typed out using a different manual typewriter from the one previously used. And this was foolish for two reasons; first because the addition was unnecessary and spoilt the simplicity of the original theory; second, because the new section dealt with and added hubriatic abstractions such as 'the Aryan racial soul' and 'the distortion of the magian', topics which I would foolishly return to some years later when I wrote the neo-nazi pamphlet Vindex, Destiny of The West.

Photocopies of this 1976 typewritten text were posted that Spring to a few friends, one of whom was to - in the Summer of 1976 after I had entered the seclusion of the noviciate of a Christian monastery - photocopy it, repackage it with a new title page (which included his pseudonym), and circulate it clandestinely among some of the members of the occult group I made some mention of in Part Two of Ethos of Extremism.

The original 1974 typewritten MS of Emanations was lost long ago, but a reasonable restored facsimile (in pdf format) has been made (by RS) based on an extant copy of the aforementioned repackaged 1976 photocopy. It should be noted, however, that this restored copy contains a few 1976 emendations and additions which were not part of the original 1974 version. θεοί and Μοῖραι τρίμορφοι μνήμονές τ' Ἐρινύες permitting I may sometime get around to publishing a new version of the 1974 text.

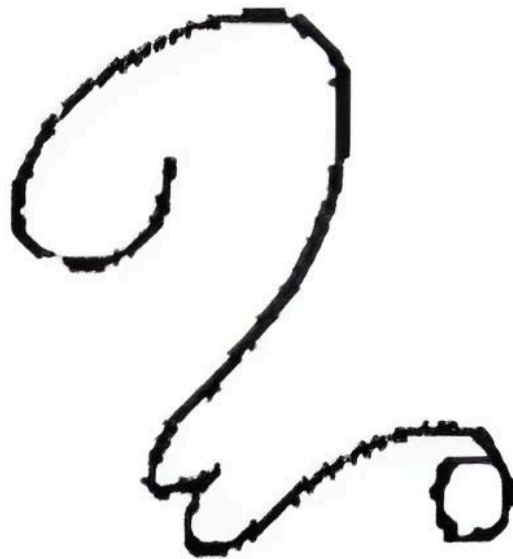
[2] Hence my use of some symbolic logic - in the 1974 cliology text - to elucidate some of the basic principles of the theory. Hence also my use of the term 'abstraction' in that text (see 1.02 - 1.0221), by which was meant the symbology of such languages as mathematics, symbolic logic, and my own symbolic 'heuristic representation' using alchemical symbols and their transformations.

[3] For all I know, the structure is still in the corner of the monastery workshop where I left it.



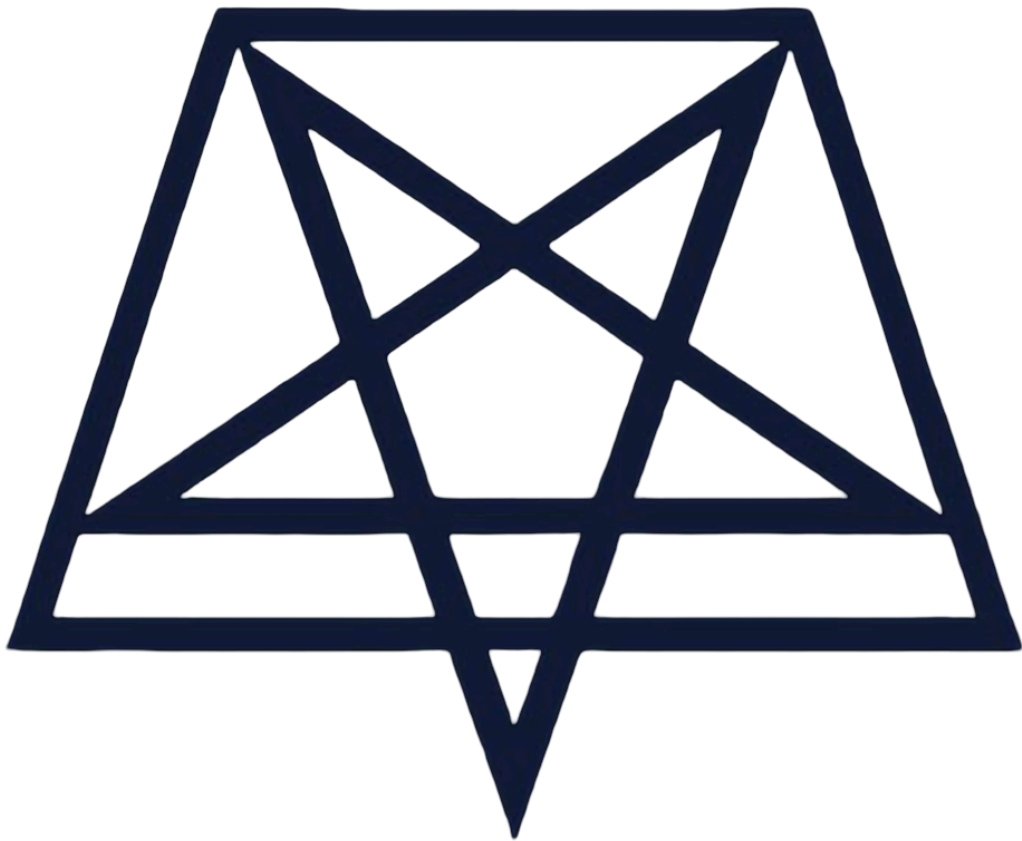
# THE SATANIC LETTERS OF STEPHEN BROWN (1990 - 1992)

*Collected here are some of the letters written by a Satanic Adept over a period of a few years to a variety of individuals with a view to explaining some of the tenets of traditional Satanism. Some letters to or concerning this Adept are also included to give context. All the letters are reproduced from the originals. It is anticipated that the publication of these letters will be of interest to those who, for whatever reason, are curious about Satanism in particular and the Occult in general.*



*Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem me am*

**PART I**  
**TEMPLE OF SET**



P.O. Box 4  
Church Stretton  
Shropshire  
England

7th September 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

It was with interest that I read your letter in a recent issue of 'Brimstone' after my attention was drawn to that magazine by a friend. An open (rather friendly) reply to some of the points you raised has been sent to the Editor - I am sure he would send you a copy should you be interested.

However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First - and perhaps inconsequential out of its context - no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: no such position exists. Your statement on this was somewhat surprising because I felt you would be above using 'Kennel' type tactics re mis-information about other LHP individuals and groups. Am I mistaken? Or perhaps the information was supplied by a not altogether too reliable source here in the U.K.?

Second - and most important - your mention of the MSS concerning sacrifice. These were published basically because they form part of an esoteric tradition, which tradition was being made accessible to those who might be interested following a decision to publish Order methods, teachings and traditions. Essentially, such publication lets others decide what is or is not worthwhile or valuable or interesting from an esoteric point of view - there is not, within the ONA, any control of esoteric information as a result of one or more individuals deciding what is 'right' or 'true teaching' - simply because individuality is the foundation of the "ONA way". This way is the development of self-insight and magickal mastery via individuals following the seven-fold way.

But this background aside, you raise an interesting point in your use of the term 'ethical'. Does Satanism have ethics? And if so, what are they and who formulates them? By the nature of the Temple of Set I am led to assume the answer would be affirmative and that it is the ToS which formulates these. Is this assumption incorrect? If it is not, then I and some others would offer dissent - based not only on the principle of individuality mentioned above but also on the reality of there existing divergent LHP and Satanic traditions (some of which existed before the foundation of the Church of Satan). Speaking for myself, I consider debate about ethics futile in a LHP context - except to express the obvious Satanic assertion (qv 'The Dark Forces' in "Fenrir" 4) that one essential personal quality is honour born from the quest for self-excellence and self-understanding. One either has this personal quality (or the potential to possess it) or one does not: intellectual debate about it is irrelevant. This quality is expressed by the way of living an individual follows and as far as the ONA is concerned this quality is one of those that marks the genuine Satanic elite from the imitation. Yet we accept that others may disagree since we feel there can be no religious dogma about Satanism or the LHP: no subserviance to someone else's ideas or ways

of living. Each individual develops their own unique perspective and insight as a consequence of striving to achieve Adeptship - a perspective and insight which derives mainly from practical experience, both magickal and personal. Thus we uphold anarchism.

Hence the publication of the many and various Order MSS. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I do understand that some may believe that tactically the time was not right to publish some of these MSS. However, is the time ever right? Once again, some interesting questions arise. For example, for the benefit of those groups (like the ToS) which do adopt a high media profile, is it necessary and indeed desirable for other groups and individuals on the LHP to restrict what they say and teach and publish in case such things are mis-interpreted and/or distorted and used against the LHP in general? This would imply some sort of concensus among those individuals and groups on the LHP - a concensus which it seems both the ToS and the Church of Satan wish to achieve by claiming a religious 'authority'. To this end there seems to be developing an almost Church-like mentality - with schisms and prohibitions and proscribing of other groups and individuals. Rather 'Old Aeon' values. If such a concensus is indeed necessary (and I and some others have doubts whether it is) then it would seem better achieved on a mutual basis by recognition of diversity and traditions and then the development of mutual understanding rather than one group trying to impose its dogma by a religious type belief: such dogma and such belief being entirely contrary to the basic principles of Satanism and the LHP - self-development via self-experience.

I and others like me respect your right to promulgate the Setian philosophy just as I trust you have the sagacity to understand that what La Vey codified and what the early Church of Satan represented is not the only form Satanism can take. Satanism existed in many forms long before La Vey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing - developed as it is and has been by creative individuals within it. As I mentioned to you in a previous letter some time ago, this does not mean we claim to be a 'peer' organization with a claim to some kind of 'authority'. We are simply a small group following our own way - a way somewhat different from that developed by the Church of Satan and the ToS. Our tradition, such as it is, is not static - indeed in many ways the most significant developments (e.g. the Star Game, Grade Ritual codification, Deofil Quartet) have occurred quite recently. Doubtless these developments will continue.

When in the past we and others like us have said things that others interpret as being 'against' the ToS or La Vey, we were simply assuming the role of Adversary - challenging what seemed to be becoming accepted dogma that the only 'real' Satanists are either in the ToS or the Church of Satan. Such a dogma is an historical absurdity and its acceptance an affront to the Satanic desire to know and understand and not meekly believe.

If you have any comments about these matters I would be interested to read them.

Cordially yours,

*Stephen Brown*



## Temple of Set

Post Office Box 470307, San Francisco, California 94147  
OCL-Mail: 278-4041 \* Telex: 6502784041

Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.  
High Priest of Set

October 7, XXV

Mr. Stephen Brown  
Post Office Box 4  
Church Stretton, Shropshire  
England

Dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you for your letter of September 7th.

Under your several aliases every single letter and publication of the O.N.A. is authorized over your personal signature, whether as "pp" or otherwise. Personal contacts by our former Priest Martin confirmed that you are the leader, if not indeed the sole member of this institution.

The old Church of Satan used to play games with mythical officials and executive bodies behind the scenes. As a senior official of the Church I helped to keep this particular hot-air balloon inflated, initially assuming that it did no harm and made the Church a bit more colorful to the membership. Ultimately I became uncomfortable with it, however, because in the last analysis it involved deceiving the very persons - the membership of the Church - who had come to it in good faith depending upon it to not deceive them, even in so "playful" a fashion.

It was also responsible for a more serious kind of damage. It enabled Anton LaVey to announce policies in the name of a fictitious "Council of Nine", or in the name of a fictitious official, and thus to escape personal responsibility for his actions. Nor was there any executive body or other official to whom he was accountable. Had there been, the catastrophe of 1975 might have been averted without the entire Church of Satan organization having to be scrapped. [Even if it had evolved into a Setian mode, as in many Lesser Magical ways it was indeed doing prior to the crisis, it still might have continued as an unbroken organization - and Anton LaVey might be its High Priest today.]

When the Temple of Set was founded, therefore, the old occult game of "Ascended [or in this case 'Descended'] Masters behind the scenes" was ashcanned along with the other practices of the old Church with which we were ethically uncomfortable. From the moment of its founding, the Temple has made all of its officials and executive bodies a matter of record, known to all Setians [and to non-Setians with a legitimate interest]. And neither the High Priest of Set nor any other official has the sort of dictatorial power that Anton LaVey had in the Church.

Given the present climate of witch-hunting hysteria in England, publication of a "Satanic ritual" by an avowedly "Satanic" institution which includes human sacrifice is thoroughly irresponsible. In fact it would be irresponsible even in a normal social climate, as the Satanic religion is not and has never been based upon the principle of human sacrifice. [It is Christianity which espouses that principle, sacrificing its god in human form every Easter.]

If you were presenting that ritual text as an example of Christian hate-propaganda against the Satanic tradition, making clear that it has no basis in fact, that would be one thing. But the ritual which you have published makes no such distinctions, and is thus a dangerous "loaded weapon" to be used by any child (of any age) who picks it up. And of course it plays right into the hands of any anti-Satanic maniac who is looking for "evidence" of "Satanic ritual murder". Your argument that the O.N.A. does not consider itself responsible for such uses may satisfy you, but it certainly doesn't satisfy the Temple of Set as guardian of this religion.

Indeed Satanism is an ethical religion, and yes, I do consider the Temple of Set the institution consecrated by Set to establish and maintain such an ethical environment - which is carefully developed in the *Crystal Tablet of Set*.

As a non-Initiate of the Temple, you are of course at liberty to dissent from this ethical standard. But neither, by your non-Initiatory status, does the Temple consider you a member of the Setian/Satanic religion. You are, in our eyes, simply one more individual affecting "Satanism" as a personal hobby. In this you may be more or less skilled, more or less articulate, more or less artistic: these we do not judge.

But what we do judge is that in all of this you have not been Recognized by the Temple which exclusively is consecrated by Set. We consider the Temple a sacred institution, not just one of a number of "Satanic clubs" around the world. From 1966 to 1975 CE we held precisely this view concerning the Church of Satan, which welcomed the interest and enthusiasm of amateur "Satanists" and "Satanic" groups such as the O.N.A. but considered only its own membership and Priesthood formally deserving of the religious titles they held.

This last point deserves further elaboration and emphasis. Just because we regard the Temple as seriously and exclusively as we do does not mean that we hold non-Temple "Satanic" groups in blanket contempt. Some of them are indeed

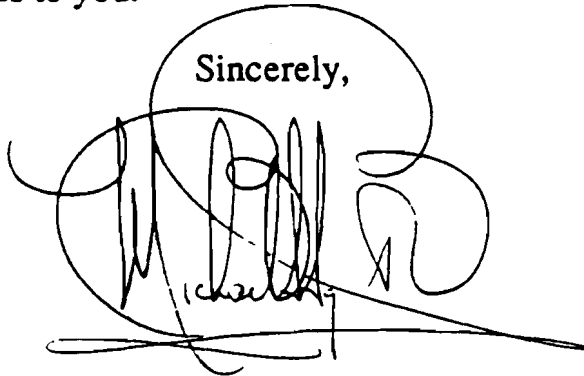
amateurish and embarrassing to the Satanic tradition, and the sooner they disintegrate the better. But others are quite serious and sophisticated, and deserve our respect and admiration - which are quite freely given where due. Some, upon encountering the Temple of Set, have voluntarily dissolved and commended their membership to it. Some have retained their independent structure and interests while at the same time encouraging/allowing their members to affiliate with the Temple as a formal religion. Some have simply gone their own way, maintaining a polite non-acceptance of the Temple's avowed Infernal Mandate.

The distinction we draw in all cases is dictated simply by our sacred regard for the Priesthood of Set, and the Temple under its care, as established by Set in the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*. If we did not draw that distinction, then we would be, at our heart, an insincere and fraudulent religion.

Therefore the exclusiveness of the Temple of Set is not born of either arrogance or competitiveness, but simply of the utter seriousness with which we regard ourselves. It is this same attitude which makes the Temple of Set reject any "council of churches", occult or conventional, for the simple reason that we consider our religion correct and theirs incorrect. As is stated in our informational letter, "they may serve a useful social function as purveyors of soothing myths and fantasies to humans unable to attain Setian levels of self-consciousness".

I have re-read the comments I made concerning the O.N.A. and yourself in *Brimstone*, and I see nothing in them that I think should be amended - including the compliment to you at the conclusion of those comments. You are, from what I have seen of your writings, an intelligent and creative individual who could become an influential and respected philosopher of the Left-Hand Path if you can bring yourself to cast aside all of the fictitious "lumber and wreckage" with which you are unnecessarily crippling yourself. If I didn't see Setian qualities in you, I wouldn't even bother to say such things. But just as in my university classes I speak most bluntly to the students who do have the intelligence to master the curriculum and aren't doing so, so I speak thus to you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "Michael A. S.", written in a cursive style. The signature is enclosed within a large, hand-drawn circle. Below the signature, there is a horizontal line that extends to the right and then loops back under the signature.

Shropshire

England

20th October 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Thank you for your letter of October the 7th.

I appreciate your comments and before passing on to specific points raised, would like to make some general comments.

What I sense (and I use the word advisedly) is that you and I, despite our differing methods, are fundamentally trying to achieve the same thing. I here mean in terms of 'esoteric' magick and not in terms of outward terms or expressions.

We are both aware of the potential inherent within individuals and how certain forms, magickal or otherwise, can be used to explicate that potential, bringing thus an evolution of consciousness both individual and beyond the individual. Thus are individuals, and 'society', changed over varying periods of time. You have established and maintained an organization and imbued it with certain forms, which forms via their various transformations, create and establish conditions for changes in tune with certain energies. Because of the nature of this organization, and the energies, there is a need to maintain a coherence, a magickal continuity and thus the establishment of a system which protects the viability of all aspects.

As to myself, I deal with similar forms but make them manifest in a different way - building in to some of those manifestations a random or 'chaotic' element and into others a 'numinous' aspect. Thus, further forms are developed, in both causal and acausal time, and achieve certain goals, some of which are quite long-term (beyond my own temporal lifetime at the earliest).

All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) - at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.

Where we might (and seem to) differ is in our respective time-scale for fundamental change and in making some elements more manifest than others, to achieve specific ends.

Of course, I accept that my understanding may not be complete (and might possibly be incorrect on some points) as I assume that you, claiming the title 'Ipssisimus', understand the preceding four paragraphs without me having to elaborate at length.

You have accepted a "role" within the Temple of Set with all the duties and obligations implied, and there is much to admire in this. This of necessity means adhering to the principles of what you describe as the 'sacred trust' placed in you vis-a-vis the 'Infernal Mandate'. Thus there is a religious attitude and acceptance. All this I myself regard as natural and necessary, given

the vehicle chosen - that is, the Temple of Set. The way of the ONA is, however, quite different - we see our way as guiding a few individuals to self-awareness, to Adeptship and beyond, via various practical and magickal techniques. The emphasis is on guide, on self-development, on self-discovery. There is no religious attitude, no acceptance of someone else's authority, and no mystique: the methods, as divulged in the recently published book 'Naos', are essentially practical.

All this arises from the understanding that changes such as I mentioned earlier (regarding individual potential) will occur slowly and for the most part on a small scale for some time to come: bringing changes to 'society' (a generalization here, for brevity) - and thus to larger numbers of individuals - on the timescale of a century or more.

The present aim of the ONA is to make these techniques - which give all individuals the means to achieve the next stage of individual evolution should they so wish - more generally available. These techniques (the Grade Rituals for example, and the Star Game) will probably and indeed should be refined and extended in the future, as they have been refined in their creation over the past decade or so. Older techniques, inherited by me, have served their purpose - and to an extent have made possible the present advances, including preparing the way, on the level of mystique, for a dissemination of the 'new'. To be more explicit - an 'aura' was created around the ONA (quite deliberately) by using certain methods, magickal forms, and by publishing certain material. This aura, existing, becomes transformed - and serves a very useful purpose on the acausal level. (In simple terms and on an elementary level, it provides a certain impetus to seek out and try the 'new' techniques, the 'new' way - on the level of individuals.)

Thus, as the new techniques (and hence the new forms deriving from them) become more widely distributed, via books such as Naos, the Deofil Quartet and the Black Book of Satan (these last two due for publication this Winter Solstice) then the methods used hitherto are no longer needed, and are abandoned - they have served their purpose. It is the same with the ONA: once the techniques and the essence are more widely available then 'membership' as such is irrelevant, since everything is available and accessible (and this includes past methods and teachings) - the individual taking responsibility for their own development, their own experiences (both magickal and personal). This is the fundamental point: the responsibility for development ultimately rests with individual desire, just as each individual must make their own assessment of what is valuable and what is 'ethical/just' from their own experience, it being the aim of the techniques of the seven-fold sinister way to provide the character-building, evolutionary, experiences. There is no pre-judgement by me or anyone, no set of rules. The function of the ONA is now to guide, simply because its members have undergone the experiences of the way and can speak from a position of experience - an experience which may or may not be of value to others.

Thus the fundamental difference in our approach. It was

made quite clear to the former Temple of Set Priest you mentioned that each individual is expected to work on the practical level to achieve his or her own magickal development - to actually practice magick, to use magickal and other techniques, rather than just talk about them. This takes quite a number of years, and is a personal effort. Most people cannot be bothered - they want easy solutions - and most people who enquired in the past about the ONA were not prepared to work toward their own self-development. They either wanted someone else to do it for them (be such a someone a 'Master' or an Infernal Manifestation) or would not/could not undertake the life-style change necessary for achieving genuine Adeptship (such as spending three months alone under special conditions). Ultimately, their loss.

I, for one, do not believe there is a 'religious' solution to Adeptship and beyond - a gift, Infernal or otherwise. There is only self-experiencing, in the real and the magickal worlds, and that is it. Wisdom is acquired by the alchemical process of internal change over a period of time: the techniques developed by the ONA may shorten that time from several decades to perhaps a decade or just under, but they do not do away with it, just as those techniques make the possibility of such change available to all.

For this reason, the ONA does not attempt to define what is or is not of the Left Hand Path and what is or is not Satanism (or even what Satan is) - each individual arrives at their own understanding via experience. Occasionally, as I have mentioned, there may be the adoption of an adversarial role in order to attack accepted (or even unconscious) dogmas within the broad spectrum of the LHP movement - but that is as it should be, for individuals questing after knowledge who refuse to meekly believe. Once again, a 'role' is only a role, played out in the quest for understanding.

On the specific point of membership - yes, there is more than one (not that it really matters anymore now that dissemination is being achieved). Not many, it is true, but enough - some only beginning their quests, some more advanced along the way: in this country, in Scandinavia, in the countries of Europe and elsewhere.

Of course, all this may confirm your opinion that the ONA is not 'Satanic' (or 'Setian' - this latter I would agree with). Do you therefore understand 'Satanism' as now the exclusive preserve of the Temple of Set because of the 'Infernal Mandate' you mentioned? If so, this raises rather interesting questions regarding 'Infernal' authority, revelation and such like - questions partly answered by your use of the term religion. What then of Satanic organizations which existed before the revelation: such as (to take an odd example) the Order of Satanic Templars here in England which existed (and was undertaking Initiations) before the establishment of the Church of Satan? (It later became known as the Orthodox Temple of the Prince.) Personally, I see Satanism more as a way of living than as a religion: an attitude to life, and one which is ultimately personal, striving to ever more.

However, as mentioned above, I believe our ultimate goals are the same even though our methods may differ. Of course in this, as in many things, I may be mistaken: I claim no authority, and my creations, profuse as they are, will in the end be accepted or rejected on the basis of whether they work (Satan forbid they should ever become 'dogma' or a matter of 'faith'). I also expect to see them become transformed, by their own metamorphosis and that due to other individuals: changed, extended and probably ultimately transcended, may be even forgotten. They - like the individual I am at the moment - are only a stage, toward something else.

In the interests of sinister fellowship I could arrange for a copy of 'Naos' (and other works as and when they become available) to be sent to you, should you be interested.

Enclosed please find a copy of an article due to appear shortly in the journal 'Balder'. It may make you smile.

Cordially yours,

*Stephen Braam*

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[Editorial Note: In view of the controversy in Occult circles about using 'pseudonyms' and the desire of certain groups to operate 'underground' without media scrutiny - a subject mentioned by Dr. Aquino in his letters and since taken up by a number of others both within and without the LHP - the following observations are in order:

\*It has been for many centuries an established principle among LHP Adepts to work in a reclusive manner in 'secret'. The reason for this is basically two-fold: the magickal work is mis-understood by 'outsiders' [ and often by such people catagorized from their own social/political/religious perspectives] and to try and explain it to non-Initiates was seen as a waste of time; and, secondly, it enabled that work to be undertaken without hindrance from interfering individuals and officials. Without this secrecy, the LHP would not have survived. Today, conditions have changed somewhat, but still not enough in some areas.

\* A labyrinth was created to confuse the merely curious and those seeking to disrupt the magickal work and tradition.

\* Quite often, LHP Adepts have a 'seperate professional' life (which in some cases is part of their long-term magickal goals) and the 'stigma' of involvement with magick would be detrimental to that. Quite often this seperate life is beneficial to the evolution of the 'Occult' in general as it provides opportunities for dissemination (mostly clandestine).

That some individuals have gone 'public' is fair enough - that is their decision. But those who prefer or need to work 'underground' in order to continue their own reclusive and secret traditions should not be castigated for in many cases they are guardians who can never have a 'public' Occult role. Societies, and the individuals within them, are still structured on the basis of categories and generalizations.]

David Austen.

Magister Templi. 10.  
Temple of Set

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United Kingdom

Adept Kerry Bolton  
PO Box 38-262  
Peytone  
WELLINGTON  
New Zealand

5th August 1992

Dear Adept Bolton

I trust you are well and not working too hard? Also thankyou for the past copies of the *WATCHER* which has proved to be an interesting little magazine.

It is concerning publishing and avertising that I am writing to you.

Over the last 18 months or so a group calling itself *The Brotherhood of Balder* has emerged and at the first glance their endeavours seem quite worthy. However I have had to draw the High Priest's attention to certain of the *small print* in the *BALDER* magazine.

They apparently claim to have *working relationships* with the following groups The Order of Nine Angles (ONA) and The Ordo Templi Baph-metis (OTB)

The ONA was proscribed to Setians by the High Priest aprox five years ago and on his direct instructions we do not retain in the Temple anyone who affiliates with it. Reasons:

(1) The ONA published rituals purporting to be "Satanic" which prescribe human sacrifice. Human Sacrifice is unacceptable to the Temple of Set, and the representation of it as a "Satanic" practise is equally unacceptable.

(2) The ONA whilst representing itself as a viable, functioning organisation, appears to be only a fictional device used by a single individual for self-advertisement, and even that individual hides behind a varley of false names viz: Christos Beestos, Stephen Brown, Anton Long and his legal mundane name David Myatt, but all the letters from these "individals" are written on the same typewriter! Such deviousness and dishonesty are unacceptable to the Temple of Set.

(3) The ONA takes its name and elements of its imagery from the *Ceremony of the Nine Angles*, authored by Dr Aquino for the *Satanic Rituals*, in 1971.CE. The ONA denies this appropriation and declines to ask our permission for such use, and this is unacceptable to the Temple of Set.

(4) The Temple of Set, while welcoming and appreciating non-affiliated interest in Satanism generally, recognises no claim to confer or hold any Priesthood of the Prince of Darkness other than the Priesthood of Set as entrusted to the Temple of Set.

The OTB and its magazine ABRAXAS are run by one James Martin. Martin was formerly a Setian 1\* with the Temple of Set nearly 5-6 years ago a copy of a magazine called *Ganymede* was sent to the High Priest by the proprietor one Stephen J Waters. The reason being that Martin had written an article for the same. GANYMEDE has a reputation in the UK for promoting pederasty and pædophilia, the article was also along those lines.

The Priesthood were asked to interview James Martin which was accordingly done. Assurances were given by Martin that he had no inclinations toward pædophilia but shortly after the interview resigned from the Temple. Martin wrote to Waters claiming he had been expelled for being gay!

Shortly there after ABRAXAS appeared openly supporting Pæophilia and pederasty duely complimenting GANYMEDE. The OTB was a latter development based on Waters' organisation CEROS, promoting the *Erosian current*.

We are also disappointed to discover that John [REDACTED] (who resigned from the Priesthood and Temple last April) held dual membership of the Brotherhood of Balder whilst a Priest of Set which is not permitted. [REDACTED] was assigned an alias because of employment problems (he works for the Inland Revenue-in which he is a senior officer). Mr [REDACTED] had been threaten with the sack if he continued in the TOS and so adopted the name *Richard Saunders* or Bro Richard of Shropshire, circa 1989.

Sadly he has been rather foolish in placing his personal security at risk by using this name in a non-Temple capacity and would have been better advised to create a new "name". I have since been made aware that one of members, expelled by Ippsissimus Lewis, is also a member of this group and well aware of [REDACTED] alias, couple with this person's lust for position and power [REDACTED] has placed himself in a rather precarious position.

In making you aware of these matters Dr Aquino, The High Priest, has asked me to advise you that any Official functions or Contacts or Publications of your own OLHP in your capacity as an Adept or Pylon Sentinel of the Temple of Set should not in any way promote or acknowledge any of these groups or individuals. Also that membership in them is incompatible with Temple of Set Affiliation.

Indeed in the samples of BALDER I have received, April 1991-July 1991, it was difficult not to miss articles refered to as originating from OLHP-by Scorpianus, an advert for the WATCHER and also the detailed piece about the group under *working relationships*?

If you have any questions or problems with the forgoing information I am more than happy for you to discuss the matter further with the High Priest or any other member of the Priesthood you see fit to write to.

However I do hope you can appreciate the general concerns over this matter and any connections with the Order of the Nine Angles. Like wise the Brotherhood of Balder.

██████ clear deceit in association with such a group was clearly deliberate since he holds the title *First National Member*. However the holder of that designation for Finland has since resigned finding it incompatible with his Temple Affiliation.

I would commend this matter to you for most urgent action and would appreciate being kept informed of development etc.

Needless to add this letter is confidential in its entirety and not for general discussion or information outside of the Priesthood of Set.

Xeper and Remanifest

David Austen IV\*

David Austen IV\*  
Magister Templi

CC:

Dr Michael A Aquino  
Priest Petri Laakso



## Temple of Set

Post Office Box 470307, San Francisco, California 94147  
MCJ-Mail: 278-4041 \* Telex: 6502784041

Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.  
High Priest of Set

August 21, 1992CE

Mr. Kerry R. Bolton  
P.O. Box 38-262  
Petone, Wellington  
New Zealand

Dear Mr. Bolton:

Thank you for your 8/13 letter. While I did not dictate the contents of Magister Austen's 8/5 letter to you, and did not see it until after it had been sent, I did indicate to him that he was welcome to express his concerns to you. I think he did so fairly and reasonably and in keeping with the standards of ethics the Temple feels it is important to maintain in our contacts with other organizations and individuals.

In the past the Temple of Set has not formally "proscribed" any other organization, though individuals within the Temple have made known their evaluations of organizations and individuals when it seemed that such might be advocating or practicing behavior incompatible with our ethics, hence running the risk of reflecting badly upon any Setian, and by implication the Temple as a whole, found to be involved. This is something we have tried to do carefully and fairly, since Setians' freedom of speech and association is important to us.

What Magister Austen attempted to do was to set certain facts in front of you and point out that you were embarrassing the Temple, and risking your own reputation as a defender of ethics in the Satanic religion, by doing any degree of business with the persons in question. He welcomed further dialogue with you in an effort to resolve any confusion over the matter. While I am sorry that you decided to resign your Temple affiliation immediately in lieu of such further dialogue, it does relieve us from this awkward situation. It is none of the Temple's concern whom non-affiliated individuals endorse, publicize, or promote.

I must note one correction to your letter: I have never "acknowledged the æonic work or creativity of the ONA" - as the "ONA" is simply a fictitious organization used as a front by Mr. Myatt. I did say that I found Myatt himself to be articulate and intellectual - and that I accordingly regretted his duplicity, plagiarism, and advertisement of "Satanic human sacrifice" accordingly.

You have done the Prince of Darkness a great service in your defense of his name against the hate-propagandists in your country who have tried to distort and dishonor it. I am ever mindful of that, and wish you well in the future. Please feel welcome to contact us at any time.

Sincerely,

Michael A. Aquino

P.O. Box 700  
Shrewsbury  
Shropshire

28th August 103 yf (1992 ev)

Dear Mr. Austen,

A copy of your letter of the 5th of August to K. Bolton of New Zealand has been passed on to me. I consider a letter from me to you to be in order since you made mention of the ONA, and myself.

First, I will deal with the issues you itemised in your letter, in the order you listed them.

1) Human sacrifice. Human sacrifice has been and still is part of traditional Satanism. The victims or offers are never chosen at random. They are carefully selected, then judged, then given tests of character. Accordingly, it is their own character and actions which condemn them. Human sacrifice is a culling and an expression of Satanism in action. [In this respect, the enclosed MS may be of interest, as might articles which deal in detail with this and related topics of esoteric Satanism, and which are contained in the collections 'Hysteron Proteron' and 'Hostia'.]

Until quite recently, this aspect of tradition was governed by a strict code of silence. But this has now been done away with in order to express for once and for all the real nature of Satanism - to counteract the moralizing of some individuals who regard themselves as 'Satanists' and who deny that such sacrifice is a part of Satanism in order to gain "respectability" and win sycophantic supporters.

If you peruse the literature we have made available on this subject (such as the MSS 'Guidelines for the Testing of Offers', 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II') you will see that the approach is sophisticated and genuinely Satanic. Of course, I and others expect organizations like the Temple of Set to not only disapprove of publishing such things, but also to claim that such things are not and never have been a part of Satanism. Well, they are certainly not part of armchair Satanism - nor of the pseudo-intellectual type which reduces (or tries to reduce) Satanism to a playing at wizards for the titillation of the ego.

2) The members of the ONA remain - with two exceptions - secret, for obvious tactical and strategic reasons given the nature of traditional Satanism and the reality of the sinister dialectic. Furthermore, we regard Satanism as an individual quest, and so as an Order offer guidance and advice only: each novice forms, as part of their quest, a Temple to work magick and to practice Satanism in action. Thus, there is a cell system.

The two exceptions are myself, and Christos Beest. We have a limited 'public' role - mine is decreasing as his is increasing since he is ascending to be the outer representative of the Order. The fact that you regard these two individuals as one and the same person shows your lack of research and lack of information concerning the ONA. You might, for instance, have asked Pete Carroll about Mr. Beest - and one of the Temple of Set members who some years ago enquired about joining the ONA and met me - before you sat down at your keyboard to write your letter. Had you done this fundamental research, you would have discovered that there are two different individuals involved. Not that either Christos or myself are bothered - for myself, it is pleasing to be credited with the skills which produced the beautifully Satanic images of 'The Sinister Tarot' (some colour photographs were published in 'Manteia' No. 4 if you are interested).

As for typewriters - what is one typewriter  $\kappa\omicron\lambda\nu\acute{o}\varsigma$  between two? Other than perhaps an obvious tactic to avoid detection of that other one (or two or whatever) and to make people like you draw the conclusion you were intended to make. Perhaps I shall lend Christos this typewriter, or another one, when he writes his own reply to your letter.

3) The ONA takes its name from an aspect of esoteric tradition which existed before the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan - and which perhaps was unconsciously (perhaps consciously) 'tapped into' by he who wrote some of the rituals for the Satanic Bible attributed to LaVey. Or perhaps it was even more sinister than that - a psychic contagion as part of the sinister dialectic. Whatever, what Aquino related was garbled nonsense, esoterically, and bears no resemblance to the genuine esoteric tradition. This tradition is accessible for those prepared to look - and concerns re-presenting causal and acausal space-time. One aspect of this tradition is the septenary Star Game. If you are really interested, the relevant MSS can be sent to you. [Some have appeared in various Occult zines.]

Or perhaps you are referring to a fable published in that fable which was to be 'The Book of Wyrd'? I quote from 'List of ONA MSS 1974-1992ev': "This work was first collated in 1985 eh. It contained some ONA material but was mostly written as an introduction to the Order ... As such, many of the rituals were 'sanitized' or otherwise changed, and some fables were included which those of sufficient sagacity (i.e. prospective applicants) were expected to see through ... The book was never published by the Publisher who had agreed to do so... Shortly after the work was abandoned for publication a decision was made by the Grand Master of the Order to make all ONA MSS available without alteration over a period of seven years." This period of seven years ends this year - and all the MSS are now available, including hitherto highly secret ones. [These were mostly published in the last two issues of 'Fenrir'.]

Now, to the really interesting part of your letter - the attitude and structure of the Temple of Set.

By proscribing certain organizations and individuals, and indeed by having a code of ethics which members must adhere to, the Temple of Set shows itself not to be an organization of the Left Handed Path and not to be Satanic. As I have written in an article which I understand 'The Heretic' will be publishing:

"The LHP means the individual takes responsibility for their actions and their quest ... There are no safety nets of any kind on the LHP - there is no dogma to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or 'Being' to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.

... The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain ways. The LHP is non-restrictive... LHP organizations and Masters/Mistresses only offer guidance and advice, based on their own experience."

In the LHP, there is nothing that is restricted or forbidden - each Initiate make their choice, and acts. By proscribing certain things, and having a code of ethics, the Temple of Set is acting like a restrictive RHP organization. It is also not being Satanic when it insists that members be submissive to its doctrines and views. Satanism, of the genuine kind, is concerned with individual defiance - a Satanist never submits to anyone or anything. As it has been written: 'A Satanist would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit.' You have submitted yourself to the Temple of Set, and to Aquino most of all. Where is your proud defiance? Where is your individual, unique Destiny?

You further say, and I quote: 'The Temple of Set ... recognises no claim to confer or hold any Priesthood of the Prince of Darkness other than the Priesthood of Set as entrusted to the Temple of Set.'

In the context of genuine Satanism, this is arrant nonsense. Why? Because the Prince of Darkness does not seek followers who act and behave like slaves - like Nazarene scum. Who obey, who expect, who fear, who are fundamentally weak because they need the security of belief, of being dominated by someone. Rather, the Prince of Darkness seeks those who wish to be like Him - those who strive in their lives to be Satanic. That is, proud, strong, defiant, individualistic, creative, Promethean ... Of course, He also wants these strong ones, these brothers and sisters of His, to control others, to do His works through them and by them - to lead them into evil and lead the world toward a more satanic way of living.

What this means in reality, is that organizations like the Temple of Set may contain one or perhaps two real Satanists who are using the members for their own ends or for the glory of Satan Himself, to work evil. Were they not doing this, they would not be Satanists, but altruistic individuals of the RHP kind. Further, had the Temple of Set any real satanists other than the few who control it and thus direct its members, those Satanists would rebel. That they meekly accept their lot (however many clever words they may use to delude themselves with) shows their true nature.

While on this subject - you refer to yourself as a Master of the Temple. What, then, are your creative achievements? What have you, as a 'Master' added to esoteric knowledge? Have you really confronted the Hell within you and external to you and are truly a Master of yourself - mentally, psychically and physically? Have you existed in the Abyss of Nothingness and so been tempted by 'the other side'? By 'the good', by the 'divine'? Have you - as a Master of the Temple has - gone into the real wilderness and stripped away all the delusions of the conscious, the unconscious and the pre-conscious and so become one with Satan and thus that un-named energy which motivates change and hence evolution? Have you faced the terror of what is beyond even the power of the Prince of Darkness? Have you - as a Master of the Temple has - been intoxicated with living? Been faced with your own physical death? Have you tasted the Elixir of violence, of combat, of conquest, of exploration, of creation? Have you gone to and beyond your physical limits of endurance? Have you felt what it is like to kill - to love with the passion of a demon? Have you lived on the edge like van Gogh, Nietzsche, Beethoven - aware of what is to be done, of the power of oneself and yet aware of madness? To be brief - have you lived to the full, become replete with experiences and needed time to savour them, to learn from them, to distill that elixir which is Wisdom? Have you experienced the delights and the knowledge and the sadness of knowing: of a god? Are you a real Master of magic!

Or have you had your 'title' awarded by someone? Have you real judgement of others? Real esoteric knowledge - real skills in all forms of magick? Real understanding of aeons, of individuals, of those things which shape others consciously and unconsciously over both causal and acausal time? Or have you a title because you have been helpful to someone and conformed to his ideas and ways and so been rewarded? Has what you perceive to be your progress been via theory or via someone else's rituals? Or has it been via the testing fires of experience in real life? Are you really the Master of your own Temple - or that of someone else? Have you gone to both extremes of living - the light and the dark - and found the synthesis between and beyond them?

It would be interesting to learn of your answers to some of these questions. Meanwhile, I enclose some recent ONA material which should be of interest, if only for its controversial statements.

On the personal level, I - and some others - believe that what I have added to the esoteric tradition I inherited surpasses that of all other traditions put together. In comparison, the contribution of the Temple of Set is negligible and Satanically irrelevant. On other subjects my creative contribution is impressive - as it should be for a Satanist.

Stephen Brown

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## Temple of Set

2nd September 1992

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David Austen  
Magister Templi IV°

Dear Mr Brown/Long/Mayatt

Many thanks for your letter 28th August for the contents there-in and the enclosures.

May I first take you up on the assumption that I lack in my research. Until the present time you have met with three persons who were or ultimately became affiliated to the Temple of Set viz Martin [REDACTED], Rosemary [REDACTED], and Vivienne [REDACTED]. I understand your favourite meeting point to be the Devils Elbow or armpit or whatever. S [REDACTED] met Anton Long, W [REDACTED] did not say what name was used in her meeting but B [REDACTED] met Stephen Brown all describe the same person. Now being perfectly frank I really do not care what you call yourself or how many people you play at being perhaps you might like to acquire a different typeface for each and suitable graphological changes to each signature.

The information I have referred to in writing to Mr Bolton was obtained from the afore-mentioned sources and Martin [REDACTED] also afforded me the opportunity to read the *BOOK OF WYRD*. I found the subject matter well written, well presented and quite informative.

Taking that material and balancing it out against the rendering of the Rite of the Nine Angles it shows the work of the RNA to have its origins in the Satanic Rituals of Anton LaVey. For in my experience of the Prince of Darkness is that when he moves to work in partnership with an Initiate he interfaces with the bodies own brain data banks. Thus one persons experience of *Tapping into the Source* would be as individual in the human difference.

As far as the Temple of Set is concerned. The TOS operates the iceberg policy most of its work is hidden from view. However as a legally constituted church we do have to provide some public interface. Whether or not that fits in with your notion of the way things should be is of little consequence to myself or the Temple of Set.

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I do not refer to myself as a Master of the Temple. I am a Master of the Temple and have tasted of all of the basic experiences your letter outlines. However I have absolutely no intention of discussing such matters in an open letter to a perfect stranger. Likewise I do not think I have enough paper to do a reply justice!

The accent of the Temple is on individuality, not the sheep mentality, I chose at this present time to operate within the Temple of Set. My own written work is suitably catalogue within the Temple's archives, and various magazines. I do not use somebody else's rituals I write my own.

Whilst the material quality of the ONA's writings are excellent they are spoilt by the domination of a huge ego at work behind the whole "organisation". The contribution of the ONA or yourself to Satanism is great retarded by the duplicity this ego enjoys. Were this not the case you would not have written to me in the first place.

Thank you once again for the material I will read it through, I have read one FENRIR before, it was quite interesting.

I enclose Dr Aquino's reply to Boltons letter 13th/8.

If you are in London at any time and fancy debating this further then let me know.

My Regards

David Austin

P.O. Box 700  
Shrewsbury  
Shropshire  
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6th September 1992 eh

Dear Mr. Austen,

Thank you for your letter, and also a copy of the Aquino/Bolton letter, both of which were of interest.

Regarding the question of my 'ego' - yes, I naturally wish my own work, both magickal and non-magickal to be both remembered and useful: that is in the nature of any artist, even if they are unaware of it. It is part of the quest for excellence: that quality which inspired the ancient Greeks and which imbued so much of the 'Faustian' civilization whose end we are living through. But above and beyond this, I have a purpose or intent which is esoteric and genuinely sinister. By my letters, my writings, my actions, I construct an image and imbue it with certain energies. This is deliberate, a tactic to achieve certain specific esoteric goals, and these goals really have little to do with egotism.

In the past, I have used fables and a variety of names for good reasons. The obvious reasons are : (a) regarding fables - to test others, in accord with procedures established for those who wish to become members; (b) pseudonyms - to protect my professional work, and the confuse the media/Nazarenes. Some time ago, I chose a profession in order to achieve something specific in terms of sinister strategy. Until that aim was achieved (as it now is, on one level) \* pseudonyms were necessary.

The less obvious reasons are connected with long-term goals. Most of the things/actions which you and others castigate as arising from 'egotism' were calculatingly done, as I mentioned above, to achieve esoteric goals. I will return to these later, since they are important in understanding the ONA, and since you might be interested in them, having the experience to appreciate them.

But to return for a moment to the question of the term 'Nine Angles' and the various rites and so on where the symbolism is employed. As mentioned in my previous letter, the 'Book of Wyrd' was essentially a fable. Chris Bray originally agreed to publish it and intended to 'hype' sales by various advertising ploys. This would have generated quite a lot of interest. The book was never intended to represent what at that time were the esoteric teachings and rituals of the ONA - it was basically an 'introduction' to the Order. Because the ONA version of Satanism was so different from what then was regarded as Satanism (basically the Church of Satan - few at the time in the U.K. knew of the Temple of Set) some common reference points were deemed to be necessary. One of these was a text called 'The Nine Angles' which appeared in the Book of Wyrd. This, and some of the rituals, was taken from a manuscript used by a group called 'The Temple of the Sun'. While this was a Left Hand Path group, it was not the ONA, nor even a part of the ONA, at the time the manuscript was written. (This was mentioned in the original Introduction to the Book of Wyrd.) Most of the (few) members left in this Temple did in fact join the ONA.

The esoteric meaning of the Nine Angles is given in several Order MSS, all of which have now been published in zines such as 'Fenrir' [one appeared in 'Brimstone'] and in works like 'Hostia'. As I mentioned to you in a letter dated 3.x.88 ev, the Nine Angles are understood as 'gates' (or nexions) to the acausal, seven of these being the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd. But beyond this, the nine re-present the pieces of The Star Game - a new form of magickal working appropriate to the next century.

The fact that copies of 'The Book of Wyrd' are still being read, for whatever reasons, is indicative of just how successful the pre-publicity of Mr Bray was. And the fact that its fables, intended to get people thinking for themselves, are not understood as fables is indicative of something else!

\* I now move on to other tasks, and soon a new way of living - as is befitting, to gain even more experience.

While on this matter, you write that one individual, tapping 'into the source' would produce something individual - by which I presume you mean something different. While this is true sometimes - it is not true all the time, particularly in acts of sinister magick. It depends on the intent of that magick. For instance, consider The Black Mass. In most genuine Satanic versions, this is more than a mockery of the Nazarene mass - and more than a catharsis for the individual. A genuine Black Mass "tunes into" the magical energies often produced by the Nazarene ritual, and then alters them in a sinister way, to produce changes or effects 'in the world' and in susceptible people. These 'energies' exist in the psyche, and are accessed in ritual and via magic(k)l workings. The same is true of archetypal forms - these can be accessed by appropriate rites, and then altered/distorted by sinister desire. These changes then have an influence on the unconscious of those affected by the archetypes. Further, one individual may do a 'magickal' working and access some of the energies/archetypal forms - and then re-present them in the causal (the conscious world) perhaps by an artistic image or by an article or by a 'ritual'. Whatever, the 'original' energies re-emerge, perhaps in a new form, but still with some semblance to the original.

What Aquino created in his Nine Angles rites was essentially Lovecraftian. Where did he acquire the term 'nine angles' itself? Did he create it? He certainly created his nine angles as being the 5 points of the pentagram and the 4 edge angles of the phi-trapezoid. Or was there in existence before the creation of this rite by Aquino an esoteric tradition (however vague) concerning nine angles based on an entirely different concept - i.e. the angles formed by a di-tetrahedron enclosing the spiral path which links the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd? The septenary tradition is well-established in many versions - some alchemical, as evident in some alchemical manuscripts. Because of the Golden Dawn, and Crowley, the qabalistic tradition of 'ten' became the accepted norm in the Occult world - i.e. it was regarded as the "authentic esoteric tradition". The septenary tradition was never mentioned - until the ONA published the correspondences and so on of the Septenary Tree of Wyrd. Part of this tradition concerned Esoteric Chant, and here we may be getting to the ground of the problem.

Lovecraft created a fine sinister atmosphere via a mythos. He evoked a primal awareness of something sinister - something 'nameless'. That is, almost beyond words. To evoke this primal consciousness, language is useless. What is needed is something else. Aquino understood this, and so created his Nine Angles rites using not words, but almost primal sounds (most people probably did not understand the difference). In his creation, therefore, he was re-shaping what Lovecraft had created. But was this solely Lovecraft's creation? Or did Lovecraft by some means 'access' certain levels of consciousness (pre- or sub- if one prefers) and so re-present via the creative medium of writing some of the energies already present on those levels? He certainly evoked, despite what others see as his literary limitations, a primal energy which possessed more of the sinister than the accepted 'sinister' accessible in works of demonology, Grimoires and Crowley - at that time.

The tradition of Esoteric Chant (given in full in 'Naos' and recent issues of 'Fenrir') maintained that by certain chants ( patterns of sound energy) certain sinister energies could be evoked. That is, these sounds, if faithfully reproduced, could access primal, sinister, energies - could, in fact, invoke the Dark Gods. However, by 'chants' I mean something specific - not merely 'chanting' words as chants are often understood today: one has to hear them to know what is meant.

I certainly did not 'create' Esoteric Chant - it is one of the few traditions inherited. It certainly evokes the sinister. The question is has what it represents been accessed by others, perhaps unconsciously? For example, by Lovecraft; by Aquino. What Esoteric Chant is, as a magickal technique, has been mentioned in what is now and has been 'accepted' as the Western esoteric tradition - the power of sound, to transform, to evoke, destroy and create. It is, in effect, part of esoteric legend.

All this, while quite interesting, takes us away somewhat from the contents of your letter! To conclude this question of the 'nine angles', I can only repeat

what I have said and written many times: the ONA uses the term in a specific way, connected with the septenary system, and does not derive it from Aquino, LaVey or Lovecraft or whomsoever. If others choose not to accept this, that is fine.

Regarding the Temple of Set members (or those who later became members) that I met. Those whom you mention, were just three individuals out of nearly 150 individuals I met between 1985 eh and 1990 eh who were interested in the Order.

One whom you mention, essentially just wanted to discuss things and talk about magick and the LHP - this person was not really interested in following the methods of the ONA. Another person whom you mentioned, desired a 'Master' in most senses of that term, while the other one was apparently merely curious, although possessed of a certain insight and a Satanic understanding. At my meeting with all of these, I stressed that the effort and commitment was theirs and theirs alone, that discussion of the means and ideas was basically irrelevant, and that it required hard, individual, work over many years.

As to the meeting places, these were chosen deliberately, either to provide them with an initial effort (and ensure they were alone - hence the isolated location) or to de-glamourize both myself and the Order, or indeed to do both. Most who enquired about the Order expected to find a La Vey or Aquino figure, suitably clothed, and a glamorous location. Their image of a 'Satanist' was conventional, and to destroy that image was a good starting point. This applies even to the 'intellectual' types - who consciously knew the image was false, but who often still unconsciously <sup>ly</sup> expected/hoped that image to be fulfilled.

Of all those I met in those years, only a few actually began to follow our system of training - most were not suitable to the Order and/or did not take their initial interest any further (mostly after realizing we worked on an individual basis and did not offer what they had expected). Of the few who did venture along the path, most gave up after some months or years. But the very few who remain are sufficient, at this moment in time.

Of course, I told some 'fables' to some people I met initially and sometimes on other occasions. And of course I, and a few others, tested all those who applied for membership - often without them being aware they were being tested. During the years mentioned, I was searching for suitable individuals, trying to recruit a few individuals to undertake specific esoteric tasks connected with sinister strategy - as well as weeding out the undesirables. I was not interested in gaining 'converts', in mere numbers, in playing the 'role' of all-knowing 'Master'. The procedures, which included the odd meeting places and much else, were designed to select, to test - they had a sinister intent. I never claimed to be 'ethical', just as I have never said or written that the ONA is an 'ethical' organization. What was necessary to achieve specific aims, was done. Years ago, while living in the Far East, I trained in a certain Martial Art - the procedures and tests used by Masters of that Art make the ones I used seem tame!

Since the aims of that period were achieved, the 'open' policy - of the Order being easily accessible and thus the tests and procedures required - is no more. We have moved on to the next phase of our strategy.

Before describing something of this strategy, perhaps I should add that I write 'we' with intent. Despite what Dr. Aquino and yourself, and some others, have and do claim, the ONA is a functioning Order comprising more than one or even two individuals. We do not compare to the Temple of Set in numbers - for a variety of reasons, most of them intentional. The members ~~are~~ secret and secretive - and mostly they work on their own, receiving only guidance and advice on an individual basis. They do form, as part of the tasks of a novice, a Temple or group of their own, to perform ceremonial magick and gain certain Satanic skills, such as manipulation of people, playing a 'role'. They recruit their own members - and have complete freedom: they can find their own moral and ethical limits. No one constrains them by any set of rules, or even any guidelines. They gain their own experience, find their own standards and make their own mistakes. All new members have one and only one Order contact, who guides and advises. They seldom if ever meet other members - or even correspond with them. The quest is theirs; they must develop strength

and a unique, individual, character. They have no 'image' to follow - no 'Master' to copy or imitate. We seek no assurances from members - they can say and do and write what they will; associate with whom they please.

Regarding esoteric sinister strategy. As I wrote at the beginning of this letter, on a very basic level, there is an image of the ONA, created in part by letters such as this, by 'Fenrir', by works published and distributed. This image has been created, with conscious deliberation, to achieve something. One aspect of this, is our image of Satanism - i.e. what the ONA understands Satanism to be. This stands in contrast to the Temple of Set. A part of this image is our understanding of Satanism as really evil, as involving dark deeds. In brief, an alternative view of Satanism is presented. This in itself is creative - it engenders response, and in some, a self-assessment, a reflexion on the nature of Satanism itself. There is a dialectic in operation - not only via the obvious mediums, such as letters, articles, discussions, but also magickally, on the magickal level. Another aspect, is our techniques and methods - a contribution, which engenders growth. There are many other aspects - and I believe Dr. Aquino may be aware of some of them, and understand, as you might, the dialectic in this aspect.

But this level is quite basic, and while important, is so because it is a causal connection, an 'earthing'. What is really important, is the Aeonics aspect - using magick and non-magickal forms and means to achieve aeonic goals. Basically, this means changing evolution - on one level, changing society; on another level, creating a new type of individual, by guiding others to become Adepts and to go beyond Adeptship.

To achieve the strategic goals, certain tactics have to be used. This means involvement 'in the world' by some individuals/members - for instance, the disruption of society, the creation/manipulation of certain forms, the guiding of others. To be more precise, the strategic goal is the emerge of a Satanic aeon, and thus a Satanic society - in effect, the emergence of a new species. This will take time - centuries, in fact. But aspects can be created now, and the future prepared for, controlled to an extent by using certain magickal energies and by creating certain forms. One such aspect may be an 'Imperium' - a type of society which restores balance and which is anti-Nazarene in essence. To aid this, disruption of existing societies and norms is required together with an aiding of Imperium-type forces. One part of this is actively aiding such forces; another is 'seeding' susceptible minds with certain (sinister) energies to influence them, perhaps to disrupt (and thus create a reaction to that disruption), perhaps to aid the sinister.

All this might seem complicated and/or confusing. But it really is quite simple - at least when explained in context and in detail! But the strategy and the tactics arise from Aeonics - which is a rational assessment of our being, and how societies and civilizations arise and decline, and can be manipulated by magickal means. If you are interested, I am sure a personal meeting with someone (not myself) can be arranged for this and other similar matters to be discussed.

As I wrote in a letter to Dr. Aquino some years ago, there was a purpose behind doing certain things - a purpose not obvious to most. But this esoteric purpose should be accessible to Satanic Adepts, whatever organization they outwardly adhere to. This should have been most obvious in the matter of the ONA itself - in publishing certain material, such as relating to sacrifice. What I appear to do, is very different from what actually is being done. One is appearance; the other, essence. That you - and it seems Dr Aquino - still cannot see the difference is interesting. Or can you, but for tactical reasons prefer not to say so? The 'huge ego at work' is really a tactic used by the Prince of Darkness to achieve some of His Satanic aims - i.e. I, the ONA, my creations, are merely expressions of the sinister, of the Prince of Darkness at work in the world. Can you hear

Him laughing? Is this a Satanic jape?

However, unlike some, I do not claim a 'Satanic' authority. I do not claim that my work, or the ONA, or my 'authority' such as I possess, is sanctified by the Prince of Darkness Himself. I do not claim, nor need, an Infernal Mandate. I am, in one basic sense, the Adversary to they who claim a Satanic authority. I accuse. The ONA is heresy. Does this make the dialectic easier to understand in one particular sinister context? The Prince always challenges, always likes to test ... But there is much, much more.

As ever, it would be interesting to read your comments.

Best wishes,

*Stephen Bram*

✈

P.O. Box 700  
Shrewsbury  
Shropshire  
England

9th September 103yf

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Enclosed please find a copy of a reply to a letter by Mr. Austen here in the U.K. With his letter, he included a copy of yours to Mr. Bolton in which you made mention of me. Thus, I considered a letter from me to you to be in order.

Apropos of sacrifice. To the material originally published, to which you took exception, there has now been added much more - and some of these MSS are enclosed since they might be of interest. You will probably regard the publication of this material as 'mistaken' - among other things.

I, however, regard it as necessary at this moment of time, for three fundamental reasons. (1) It expresses what traditional Satanists regard as Satanic practice: i.e. Satanism in action. (2) It restores to Satanism that darkness which belongs to it. (3) Such distribution of such material is a part of sinister strategy, - an exoteric aspect of this being an obvious dialectic: opposition, synthesis, change.

If you study the literature we have made available on this subject, you may appreciate that what is stated is rather different from what most assume or believe is stated. [I refer to the MSS "Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II"; "Victims - A Sinister Expose"; "Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers" and so on.] We are expressing the philosophy of the noble and the strong in forthright terms - not shying away from difficult issues, not pretending we, as Satanists, are some kind of altruistic, pacifist, kind folk who are 'mis-understood'. The fundamental principle behind the action is that some people are worthless - and, because of their deeds and character, do not deserve to live. In fact, that their demise is healthy - akin to an act or acts of 'natural justice'. This is a statement of genuine Satanism - as is the statement that opfers are human culling in action. The MSS make it quite clear that opfers - victims for Satanic sacrifice - deserve what they get: they have been judged, tested, <sup>the</sup> and found suitable. Thus, no victim can be 'innocent' or a child. It is/deeds of those chosen which condemns them.

It is to be expected that you will not find this acceptable. I could give many examples of creatures who by their actions have shown themselves to be worthless - who deserve to die. Any individual who possesses a noble character, who understands the concept of 'honour', will know what is meant here - they will have a healthy instinct, not be perverted by the sickness of the Nazarene, and so will possess real judgement. Accordingly, I will give a general example in the hope of explicating the matter. [A few specific examples are given in the MSS.]

Those who adhere to the real philosophy which underlies Satanism [ to be precise I suppose I should say 'philisophy of life' rather than just 'philosophy'] accept that battle, war, combat and conquest are necessary - the strong thrive, the weak perish. And perhaps most important of all, through struggle character is bred - and individuals exposed for what they are: noble or ignoble; brave or cowardly. In battle, there is no hiding place - words are no good, it is deeds which count. Intellectual sophistry is of no avail - one either is noble, or one is not. In facing death, there is truth - within each one who faces death. I quote from a fragment of an ancient Greek poem which is of interest here (my translation):

"Noble and glorious is he who fights  
For his folk and family against the foe.  
Since death comes when chosen by Fate -  
Bringing to an end the thread of life -  
Go forward with spear held high and shields shielding brave hearts

When battle is joined:

There is no flight from death, for that Destiny comes to all mortals  
Even they claiming descent from the gods.

Many from the battle fury of roaring javelins have fled to their home -  
But even there, their fate of death awaits:  
And they die unloved and unmourned by their folk  
While both the high and the low born lament for the brave.

All of a community weep for the courageous, who die:  
And if they live, they are hailed like a god,  
Exalted by those who behold them  
For the deeds of the many, they did alone."

[Kallinos.]

In battles, people die. Someone kills them. In an important sense, a battle is a culling - a test, a trial by the gods. A warrior society (such as that of ancient Greece or Rome) is one where what I call 'Satanic' values are upheld. There is no guilt about certain things, no morbid 'ethics' to condemn certain things, like conquest and combat. There are warrior gods - gods to whom sacrifices are made. In a sense, those slain in battle are offerings to these gods.

Of course, some of these attributes are instinctive - certain deeds and beliefs arise from a 'thinking with the blood' rather than from cerebral contemplation. As such, they describe the individual of action rather than the gentle Nazarene mystic or the monkish philosopher. The morality of such a society re-presents natural justice - a balance, and, as mentioned above, a part of this is that some people are worthless.

As you are aware, this morality, this natural balance, has been supplanted by a morality deriving from the Nazarene - in the societies of the West, at least. The result, as someone once wrote, is a slave-morality rather than a master-morality: the celebration of the coward and the pseudo-intellectual (whose abstract cleverness is esteemed more than the judgement born via experience), and the demise of the warrior, the noble of spirit. This has resulted in the proliferation of human dross - for every 'human' life is regarded as somehow 'sacred' or at least worth something.

It is in this context that the 'Sacrifice' MSS should be understood. They espouse truths about worth and character - truths which are really heretical. And Satanic. That you and some others who profess to be Satanists have joined in the chorus of condemnation is interesting.

The real difference between the action advocated in these heretical writings and warriors in battle is, of course, that the former are rational, calculated acts. They arise from assessment, a judgement. In effect, they are morally superior because of this - because they are conscious and deliberate. In this, lies their Satanic essence. They do not arise from an uncontrolled personal desire. They are not performed by weak persons in thrall to their desires or their unconscious or indeed anything. They derive from a higher, ethical, understanding - from the experience of character. In brief, from real Wisdom, an overview. I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

The same applies, although more so, to those actions which result from the implementation of sinister strategy - or, rather, which can and occasionally have, resulted from such strategy. To wit, wars; disruption, conflict. Things which achieve certain sinister goals, which aid evolution, change. Since you claim the title 'Satanic Ipssimus' you should really understand all this - and have the insight to perceive what I and others have been trying to do all these years.

That you castigate my work from an 'ethical' standpoint makes me wonder two things. First, have you the understanding and the insight but for tactical reasons connected with the structure and strategy of the Temple of Set prefer to write and speak otherwise? Or, second, whether you do, in fact, lack the insight and understanding of even a real Satanic 'Master of the Temple' not to mention the

stages beyond?

I state what I understand to be Satanic truths openly and honestly - for example, what Satanism means and implies both for the individual, <sup>and</sup> or aeonically (particularly this latter) - while the Temple of Set seems intent only on creating a 'good public impression', with promoting an 'image'. This 'image' is of a respectable, ethical religion. Of course, I have heard it said, that the real work of the Temple of Set is hidden from those who have not proved themselves loyal members - or something similar. If this is true, then who is being deceitful? Who is using duplicity? If it is not true - that is, there is nothing beyond this 'image', this playing at Satanism - then the Temple is meaningless, in aeonic terms, and probably in personal terms as well. I hide nothing - the ONA hides nothing. All its teachings are now accessible. There are no 'secrets', no doctrines for an 'inner circle' of trusted acolytes. The only thing that is secret, is connected with the identity of members - for obvious tactical reasons.

This brings me to the ONA itself. It is not a fictitious organization used as a front by myself. Its members are few, and for the most part stay well away from 'the Occult scene' and other organizations. But I imagine you and others in the Temple will continue to claim otherwise, and repeat ad nauseam your claims. Personally, I do not care - the other members do not care, for we all know such claims bolster the image of the Temple of Set.

On the personal level, I do not hide behind a claim like having an Infernal Mandate. I cultivate no personal, demonic, image. I do not claim that what I teach and write is sanctified by the Prince of Darkness Himself. What I teach or write is the result mostly of my own experiences, my own creativity, my own insight. It should be judged on that basis - whether it is useful, it works, is significant. It should be judged by others on its merits. I did inherit some teachings from she who instructed me before and after one of the many Satanic Initiations I underwent. But even these are to be judged on their merits - they are not sanctified. Some of them are merely fables. Some derive from other sources and traditions (e.g. the alchemical one). Some, like Esoteric Chant, seem original. Whatever - it does not really matter. They are all means; steps to something beyond. They serve a purpose and then are mostly discarded. It is for each and every individual to judge them.

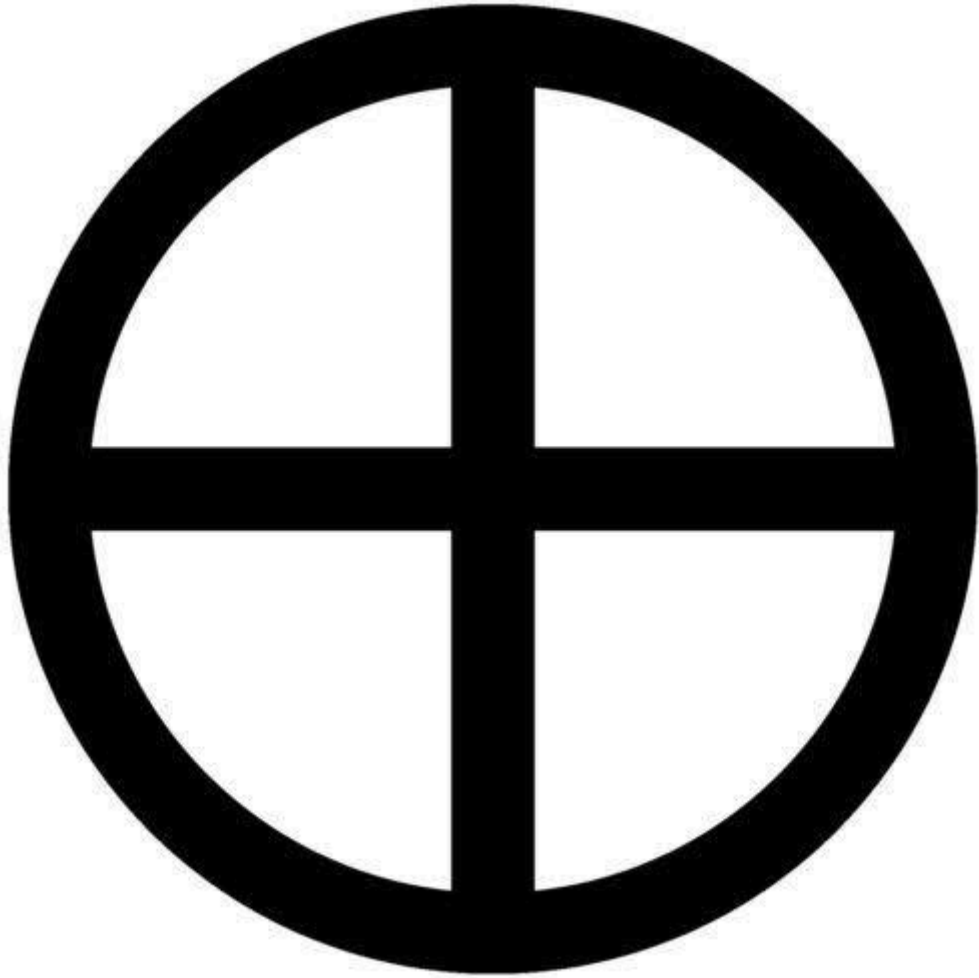
Maybe a fruitful dialogue will result from this letter. Maybe not. One trouble with playing a role, and maintaining a standing in an organization, is that it is often difficult to admit one is mistaken - and that someone, or some others, may be just as 'advanced' as oneself. One strives so hard not to 'lose face'.

I, fortunately, can just be myself. I am not infallible - have no position or even 'authority' to defend. Accordingly, I send you my best wishes.

Regards,

*Stephen Brown*

**PART II**  
**PUBLIC LETTERS**



Shropshire

16th September 1990 ev

Dear Miss Browning,

Thank you for your letters of the 13th and the 18th of July which were waiting for me on my return from a trip overseas - hence the delay in replying.

Since you have been candid and honest in your letters, so shall I be. As Creon says to Oedipus in the 'Oedipus Tyrannus' - "In reply to your speaking be as long in hearing my answer so you can, with knowledge, judge for yourself."

I appreciate that you were 'somewhat disconcerted' by the treatment you received at the meeting, as I know that no other organization does such things, as you surmised. And, yes, as you asked in your second letter, it was a kind of test.

Some individuals when they have realized they are, or were, being tested - in effect selected - have been indignant, even offended. They see themselves as 'victims'. Such reactions in some are expected, and show quite clearly that those concerned are unsuitable to begin serious training along the Left Hand Path.

It is a question of (a) desire to undertake what is a difficult quest; and (b) having certain abilities: some perception, some insight, some judgement - being able to be a little detached from immediate emotions.

These are important - for an Initiate of our Way. Those who do not possess the right character are not suitable and so are weeded out, quite ruthlessly at times. You yourself reflected on the matter, and came to certain conclusions - correct ones, actually. Thus, you have asked for another meeting, which will be arranged.

The conclusions you reached are important - for it is not I or some others in league with me who select, who decide who is suitable and who is not suitable. It is the individuals themselves. They make their choice. A crucial factor, as I have mentioned, is desire - a desire to undertake a quest along the Left Hand Path, regardless of the difficulties, the dangers, the problems, the illusions that will be encountered to begin with, particularly when one is seeking a contact, a guide, an organization. Our tests are a first hurdle ( or two) - and some [most, in fact] trip up, or cannot even see there is a hurdle there.

If a person cannot overcome the initial - mostly trivial - problems and difficulties and fables, then that person really has little chance of successfully following the path to Adeptship. If someone cannot be bothered to reflect and consider certain things, or really lacks the perception to intuitively understand the real character of the person met initially, then there is little or no latent ability of the Occult kind to develop via training. Or at least, not the kind of abilities a Satanist must develop.

These things are, as these things are. The Left Hand Path is selective; it is elitist. It cannot be made easy or easier - for that would in effect destroy its very essence. The Left Hand Path is not for the majority, or even for a minority. It is for the few. Quintessentially, the LHP is the way of the individual.

Of course, some who contact LHP individuals or groups may expect some sort of a test. But the ones we use are never what most expect. Thus you yourself - having had some experience of other 'LHP' groups, came expecting certain things: expecting the ONA to be similar. You met someone, who advised you to return later in the day [ a first test, here]. You expected a ceremony of some kind - and perhaps a 'test' of the kind you were familiar with from the other 'LHP' groups. So you arrived, at the appointed place and time - to find only the person you met initially. He led you some way along a track, without saying anything. You followed. And after a rather steep climb, he stopped to tell you there was nothing awaiting you, and led you back down. He suggested another meeting, and left it to you

to write again. An expectation, an illusion shattered. Was the person you met just an idiot, having some fun? Perhaps a criminal intent on some ghastly deed? Or was he, as you came to conclude, actually someone of character who was testing your resolve?

Here, the expected 'Occult'/ceremonial form for the expected test was absent - it was just like an 'ordinary' incident. There was no obvious or even hidden clue to the fact that it was a test for a candidate seeking Initiation. Hence its effectiveness. And each such test is unique to the candidate - based on their expectations, even if these are, as with some, unconscious. These expectations are perceived by the person whom the candidate meets, because that person actually does possess the insight and abilities of an Adept. In essence, the expectations/image of the candidate is used against them - reflected back, in one sense.

You mention various rumours you have come across concerning the ONA and some of the individuals connected with it. The rumours are not surprising, given the esoteric nature of the Order at present, and given the nature of the majority of that species mis-named Homo Sapiens. Neither is it surprising that these rumours are believed within what is mistakenly called the 'Occult fraternity'. In the Occult, as in most if not all other fields of endeavour, there are always those who, from a weakness of character and/or out of jealousy, cast aspersions. A person should be judged by their present character - not by their past or by rumours and certainly not by anything written about them in the 'Media' or elsewhere by those congenital liars and falsifiers mis-described as 'journalists'. For such a judgement, a personal meeting or meetings are necessary - and even then, a certain ability to judge: something not everyone possesses.

The same applies to an organization or group - it can only really be judged by someone studying its actions from a personal knowledge and by studying its teachings/methods/writings. A knowledge of its actions on a personal basis implies a knowledge of some of the individuals within that organization or group. It is to be expected, given the nature of some organizations, that they wish and/or need to enhance the reputation of that organization by denigrating other organizations and individuals. As ever, a certain discernment is needed - those who cannot see beyond or through the miasma emanating from certain organizations and individuals, lack the rudiments necessary for a genuine Occultist, never mind a Satanist!

On the question of what the next steps are. As I have written above, another personal meeting will be arranged. Before then, various Order MSS including a copy of 'Naos' will be sent to you for you to begin should you so wish the first stage of the quest along the Left Hand Path. This begins the process of self-discovery and practical experience of magickal forces or energies - and this is symbolized by an Initiation. We do not conduct ceremonial Initiations for new members. Each person undergoes their own - we suggest two forms, one given in 'Naos', and one given in 'The Black Book of Satan'. The effort and the commitment are and must be, yours. You will, however, have an Order contact with whom you will meet at places and times mutually agreed between you. This person will offer advice and guidance only. After some months of undertaking the initial tasks, we suggest that each new member tries to form their own Satanic Temple to perform ceremonial rituals - for example, as given in The Black Book. Most members find this - the recruiting of people, the performance of Satanic ceremonial rituals etc. - great fun: they enjoy playing the role of Satanic 'Priest/Priestess'. All this is experience, a learning, the development of qualities and skills necessary for an aspirant Adept.

The pace of these experiences are of your own choosing. And, it should be noted, the quest along the Left Hand Path is an individual one. The effort and the achievement are yours - we offer some guidance, and that is all. In a sense, the initial tests we have used for a long time to dissuade those who apply, show the real nature of the Left Hand Path itself - if an applicant is put off (and this usually means they

go and find a safer option - an 'easier' group) then they really do not understand what the Left Hand Path is all about, and neither do they possess the qualities or character to succeed along that Path should they begin such a quest.

I always inform those whom I meet, or write to, who enquire about the Order that the Left Hand Path and Satanism are concerned with the individual - they are the Way of the individualistic, strong person; the solitary magickian, the naturally defiant. The ones who question, who have genuine individual pride and who refuse to bow down before anyone or anything. The ones who can and need to work alone; that is, learning from their own experience - of a practical and magickal kind.

The Left Hand Path and Satanism are not 'theoretical' systems. They are not simply areas of esoteric knowledge. They are practical ways, involving real, dark experiences - **ways of living**. A Satanist, for example, lives life more intensely than others - experiences more, takes more risks. They take their living into new realms of existence - they explore, they discover, and thus they learn and grow. This is not easy.

For some time - due to the imitation softee 'Satanists' who abound - Satanism in particular has been seen as some kind of urbanized game: a playing at wizards with ghoulish imagery, 'Satanic rites' and comfy discussions and talks and research into 'satanic' traditions and myths. In reality, it is a living of the way of the "creative minority" - going to extremes, in real life; being 'Satanic' in one's way of living. Few possess the strength of character to live this way. But we have begun to expose to those who seek the Order, and those who read what we have written, the startling reality of genuine Satanism. That is, we have begun to contradict the softee, intellectualized image of 'Satanism' disseminated by the softee, intellectualized organizations who claim and have claimed to be Satanic.

I enclose some MSS which should be of interest in this respect.

With best wishes,

*Stephen Brown*

P.O. Box 700  
Shrewsbury  
Shropshire

23rd September 1990 ev [101yf]

Dear Lea,

Many thanks for your recent letter. Regarding your question concerning the origin of the Order, the tradition is that the original teachings (such as empathic magick) derived from Albion: i.e. what has been called the 'Hyberborean' civilization. Gradually, the original understandings of that period were lost or became corrupted, with a few exceptions, notably the attempts to understand what we now call Aeon progression (and the civilizations which derive from Aeons); how Aeons may be created/changed; the use of crystals to effect such changes, and the belief that Wisdom/gnosis (or what is now described by these terms) is attainable by following a certain Path or Way. The Druids are regarded as representing aspects of this by then corrupted knowledge. The figure known as 'Merlin' is regarded as one of the last of this line - the lone man of wisdom/magick, who understands the hidden order of things and who thus possesses insight. And who can give advice, if such advice is sought. [One other skill possessed by such individuals was prophecy: an empathy.]

However, it must be understood that this 'ancient wisdom' was not all that rational or complete. It was among the first attempts to consciously make sense/order out of Nature/the cosmos/the gods - a beginning, which later, more non-magickal traditions (such as Greek philosophy and early science) substantially added to. [A fuller account of such matters is contained in various Order MSS - such as 'Satan, Crowley and the Sinister Way', and 'The Dark Gods'; 'Physis - The Third Way of Magick'. I enclose copies of some of these.]

In essence, our knowledge has not decreased - in the esoteric sense. Rather, it has increased. Our ancestors were knowledgeable about certain esoteric matters, certainly, and some of them possessed genuine magickal skill. But there is more knowledge today about these esoteric matters - and a lot more known, concerning things they were ignorant of. There is also an equal magickal skill, an equal wisdom: but possessed by fewer individuals who possessed it in former times because to acquire this takes years, and requires living in a certain way - most 'Occultists' today are both too soft and too replete with Occult delusions/illusions.

Further, our knowledge is more rational, and thus not only more understandable, but also easier to deal with. That is, abstract systems have been developed to make it comprehensible, to extend the frontiers of our understanding. One of these is the Septenary system; another is alchemical symbolism. A more recent development is The Star Game.

But, returning to the original traditions themselves. According to tradition they survived in an area of the Marches - and this area is regarded as being the 'home' of Merlin. It is bounded in the North by the Stiperstones; in the West by the Long Mynd; in the East by what is now known as the Kerry Ridgway; and in the South by the river Teme. It is from this area that the Mistress who Initiated me came from. And she claimed that she herself was Initiated by someone who lived near this area. And so on, right back to the 'Dark Ages'. This, of course, is a tradition - with nothing to support it, except the legacy of teachings passed on to myself. [See the MS 'Concerning the Traditions of the ONA' (enclosed).]

Furthermore, there is a tradition concerning both King Arthur and Bron Wrgan (our twin Gate or nexion) linking them with Shropshire. Well, placing Camelot in Shropshire, if I am being honest. This has been a secret tradition - to guard the ancient sites, or at least where they are supposed to be. As with our other traditions, this will soon be revealed, discreetly - for it is considered the time is right for such revelations.

Since you have done some research into the various legends concerning Arthur you might be interested in this tradition.

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A battle recounted in 'Perlesvaus' is placed, in local legend, near to Red Castle and Bury Walls in Shropshire - near the present-day hamlet of Marchamley. And Gonnore - better known as Gwinivere, Arthur's wife - is also regarded as from Shropshire - a place known as Old Oswestry. There are some other local legends connected with King Arthur. But many other places also have similar legends.

What is interesting, however, is that the secret tradition places Camelot and Arthur firmly within Shropshire - and names a place. Given this, the scattered local legends are seen in a new light: in a sense, confirming Arthur's presence in the area. The place is the town that the Romans knew as Viroconium. The 'lake', mentioned in the legend, is not far from this. But where, I will not say for the present, nor where the tradition relates Arthur to be buried (not too far, in fact). The romantic haze surrounding the Glastonbury area has served its purpose, in preserving the real sites until the time was right for them to be appreciated. Such a time is near.

On the surface, this may seem to have little to do with 'Satanism'. Your reading of 'The Giving' was perceptive, as your letter indicates. Satanism is a form, like any other - a "container" constructed in the causal world to effect certain changes. These are of an Aeonic kind. On the exoteric level, this form is Opposition, Heresy, Change - and also, on this basic level, a re-presentation of certain truths, of a certain spirit, or ethos, or way of living. With regard to the present Western civilization, it re-presents the original ethos, an ethos since distorted by the Nazarene and beliefs deriving from the Nazarene. This Western civilization is the outward expression of the Western Aeon - and this Aeon began in the time that Arthur and Merlin lived: the first practical, outward, effects on a large scale occurred (as they always do) some centuries later.

On the esoteric level, the form does several things - it maintains evolutionary development: the creativity, the inspiration that drives individuals and thence gives birth and maintains civilizations. On this level, it is beyond 'form', beyond transient (causal) opposites - and thus is 'nameless'. In a sense, it is the essence that is 'Satan'.

Thus the exoteric forms - the name, the rituals, the overt opposition to religion, and so on - are effective within the causal confines of those forms: i.e. the civilization. When the causal aims are achieved, another form or forms is chosen/developes naturally. On the practical level, this means that the Order is Satanic for this civilization - to effect changes upon the civilization. When the new civilization arises [if all goes to plan, around 2400 ev] then another outward form will emerge - in fact, it will already have emerged, to prepare the way for what is to be. Until such time, the outward form remains necessary.

There exists beyond whatever outward form is chosen/developes, the essence - and this is what is intimated in 'The Giving'. This essence is always and of necessity, Dark (viewed conventionally) - that is, creative, evolutionary, inspirational. And it always brings Change, Disruption, Opposition and so on. It is not a part of a dialectic process - it is the process itself.

The legends that have come down regarding Arthur are mostly Nazarene-influenced: i.e. distorted. But the originals can still be discerned. For instance, the first meeting between Arthur and his future wife, in the original, reflecting the actual events, is more pagan - she is presented to him naked from the waist upward: "... he behelde her with a gladde chere, and saugh her pappes smale and rounde as two smale appels that were harde; and her flessh whitter than snowe, and was not to fatte ne sklender; and he coveyted her gretly in his heart..."

(and the enclosed MSS)

I believe this/will answer your question. Since I anticipate that you will want to visit certain sites, I can meet you in Church Stretton and we can travel on from there. You might care to suggest some dates.

With best wishes,

*Stephen Brann*

Shropshire  
England

14th March 1991 eh

Dear Mr. Milner,

Thank you for your letter. I have sent the items you requested by separate post.

You raise two matters which are of considerable interest - viz. is the obtaining of wealth and power the sign of a successful Satanist; and can there really be such a thing as a Mandate given by the Prince of Darkness.

I shall answer your first question, first. The pursuit and obtaining of wealth and power, like all worldly things including the pleasures of the flesh, is a worthy Satanic goal - indeed, it is one which all Satanic novices should aspire to. However, the fundamental aim of the way of Satanism is the achievement by the individual Satanist of a unique Destiny - i.e. fulfilling the potential of existence latent within. For some, this Destiny is the obtaining of wealth and influence in the world. For others, however, the goal is different - it may be creativity (e.g. in music or some other artistic form), or discovery (e.g. in knowledge, science) or exploration or the achievement of Wisdom (i.e. a deep esoteric understanding and skill in esoteric Arts, particularly Aeonick magick). For all, however, the fulfilment of Destiny implies excellence - achievement in a specific field or fields. Thus, while one Master or Mistress may because of their unique Destiny achieve material 'success', another Master or Mistress may to all outward appearances be 'poor', and mostly bereft of material possessions. Fundamentally, what matters is what each achieves with their lives - what is internal, what is known, learnt, experienced, rather than what is outward appearance or show.

The common image of a Satanic 'Master' as someone possessing great wealth who dresses in a certain way (e.g. like Mephistopheles in an amateur production of Faust or like Mr. Lee in Dracula) is a fictional image. That some who call themselves Satanists ape this image, just shows their lack of understanding of genuine Satanism. A Satanist is a chameleon - someone who adapts and blends into their surroundings, for the most part. However, sometimes a Satanist (e.g. during the novice stage of development) may assume a certain 'role' or 'roles' (such as the fictional and popular image of a 'Satanist') for a particular purpose. This purpose is usually to obtain experience - e.g. in manipulating others; enjoying playing the 'role') - but once the purpose is achieved, the Satanist moves on, to other adventures. The role has served its purpose.

Regarding your second question. I presume you refer to certain organizations who base their claim to representing Satanism on the fact that they claim to be empowered by the Prince of Darkness Himself. One organization, based in America, uses the term 'Infernal Mandate' - they claim that their Priesthood and only their Priesthood are truly representatives of the Prince of Darkness because of this Mandate.

In reality, the very concept of a mandate is anti-Satanic - it is, in fact, a Nazarene concept. The Prince of Darkness desires Comrades, not sycophantic followers - that is, He wishes us, as individuals, to be like Him. He is proud, defiant, individualistic and creative. Satanists seek to be like Him - to become gods, to be Satanic in their own lives. Of course, Satan Himself and his Comrades likewise, often use others for Satanic ends - and this is natural and necessary. For essentially individuals divide into two groups - those who lead, and those who follow. Satanists are always leaders - they are the manipulators.

Further, the concept of a Mandate means a religious approach - a dogma, a zeal in upholding that dogma, a rigid structured grouping wherein individuals are rewarded for their zeal, for their conformity to dogma and authority. And also the religious approach means a certain attitude, a certain way of being - it means acceptance, observance, a mental weakness, a lack of defiance, of pride.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against this religious spirit, this religious attitude. Thus, an organization which upholds or claims to uphold Satanism as a religion cannot be Satanic - it is, in short, a fraudulent organization.

I repeat, that Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold our being, our spirit in chains - which bind us, which restrict our potential, our evolution - and the most potent form which has bound us, and which still binds the majority, is the religious attitude, the dogmatic approach, be this overtly expressed via a religion or a religious approach or covertly by social and political zealousness and conformity. Religion emasculates us.

Naturally, groups like the Temple of Set cover their religious approach and dogma in fine-sounding words. For instance: "The Temple seeks merely to be a forum for Setians to communicate and cooperate with one another constructively and courteously.." [Extracted from the General Information and Admissions Policies of the Temple of Set.] To which should be added - 'provided they are obedient to what their 'Master' says or lays down as law or policy'. They are forbidden to associate with certain people/groups (of which I am one, and the ONA one group) because those people/groups are "proscribed" - for a reason or reasons devised by the 'High Priest of Set' himself. In effect, certain people/groups are cast out as 'heretics'. Does this all sound familiar? The Temple of Set uses subtle intellectual ideas to propagate what they say is 'an individual striving' for becoming (or 'Xepher') - but what it amounts to in reality is an individual subserviance to the Temple, its ways, its authority and its 'Master'.

This reality is 'justified' by the 'Infernal Mandate' - i.e. Aquino in particular and the Temple of Set in general have a "sacred duty" apparently given by the Prince of Darkness Himself. What this means is that Aquino claims his authority because he claims to have received a Mandate from some entity. Real religious stuff.

A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom - and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a 'spiritual' authority given by some 'entity' be that entity Satan or Set or whatever - indeed, to so claim such authority exposes the individual who so claims as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom: i.e. they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements. Such individuals have to rely on something external because what really matters is missing - that which is created by the following of the Black Arts to their ultimate ending. In brief, such ones who claim and so need to rely on an external mandate are charlatans.

This neatly returns us to the first question. A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) can be known because they possess character - i.e. they are unique charismatic individuals (although often the charisma is veiled) who have depth: it shows in their eyes, in their attitude. They have been to Hell and back - and been to Heaven and back; they have experienced, and so learnt. They do not need to pose, assume a 'role' or claim some 'mandate' or even an ancient lineage. They just are themselves.

I trust this will be of interest.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

Shropshire  
England

19th June 1991 eh

Dear Miss Stockton,

Thank you for your letter enquiring about the ONA which has been passed on to me to reply to.

Essentially, the ONA is a Satanic organization which seeks to guide its members toward Adeptship and what is beyond Adeptship. This is an individual quest, which involves the Initiate striving to achieve the goal by their own self-effort. Initially, on joining the Order, the new member has one Order contact. This contact offers advice and guidance, and makes available Order teachings and methods. Should the new member decide to continue, they undergo a simple Initiation. Thereafter, they work at their own pace, following the techniques and so on as explicated, for example, in the MSS 'Naos'. This takes some months, during which time they meet their contact to discuss matters and during which the contact may give advice if such advice is sought.

Following this initial period of basically hermetic and solo magickal workings and tasks, the Initiate usually goes on to the next stage - the formation of a Satanic Temple to undertake ceremonial workings and gain experience in people-manipulation and other Satanic skills. The Initiate is expected to recruit members for this Temple - which is solely under that Initiate's control. Thus, the Initiate learns by experience - no constraints of any kind are placed on the novice who runs the Temple. Generally, the novice in running the Temple, follows the guidelines and rituals as given in the Black Book of Satan - i.e. they use the magickal energies of traditional Satanism and so enhance the sinister, rather than the energies associated with other 'traditions' which tend to undermine the sinister.

The novice then, after some further time, moves on to the other tasks which await along the sinister path - i.e. undertakes further workings, magickal ordeals, and gains further experience. Generally, their Order contact remains the same, although occasionally it may be changed. The novice is free to continue with and expand their Satanic Temple, and may if they wish, turn it into a teaching Temple - i.e. the novice teaches and trains those who may be suitable to follow the path of traditional Satanism, as they themselves have done. Or they may keep the Temple as an instrument for their personal edification - or they may disband it; it is entirely their choice.

All this takes from a year to a few years. There are then other tasks, other knowledge to be gained, other experiences to be learnt from. Thus, there is a commitment by the Initiate to follow the path of Satanism. This path is not easy, and requires effort. Adeptship is achieved, by each individual who gets that far - it is never a gift. Furthermore, the individual is for the most part alone - they rely on themselves, they **have** to rely on themselves, make their own mistakes, and learn from them. Their contact only guides, only offers advice. There is no contact with other Order members, at whatever stage of development - no secret gatherings, no Order rituals which members attend, no group discussions. Thus, there is self-effort, and self-achievement. No one to 'reward' you, to delude you, to whom you must be subserviant. There is only the unique journey you undertake and which you learn from in your own time according to your commitment. This is so, because Satanism is a commitment - by each individual. One aim is to find your unique Destiny, and fulfil that. No one can do this for you.

You write that you are at present studying at University. Well, you attend lectures, may read, may discuss matters with others - but in the Finals, the effort is yours alone, and you may on your own efforts pass. Of course, someone could sit the Finals for you - but then the achievement, the Degree, would not be yours. It is the same with magick - what really matters is the amount of effort you put in. The achievement of genuine Adeptship requires **you** to learn: no one can do this on your behalf.

This lack of meeting with other members also have a very practical point above and beyond the fact that it encourages a uniqueness and the development of a strong character [both traits a Satanist has or aspires to] - i.e. it ensures the security of those other members. They remain secret, and so continue with their work. Unless, that is, they decide for themselves to the contrary. But the number who do this are very few, for obvious practical reasons, most connected with the dark nature of Satanism and its still heretical nature insofar as the majority of non-Occultists are concerned (and, indeed, as far as the majority of Occultists are concerned!).

It is fact of the nature of most individuals that gathering in groups is necessary: few possess the strength of character to be and act alone. Most require the comfort of others around - of knowing they are not alone, that help is near, that problems can be discussed, and so on. This is true in magick as in life - in fact, more so, particularly in the Left Hand Path. People like to compare experiences, like to re-assured, like to feel part of a larger grouping. But this is actually detrimental to the development of the qualities a Satanist must possess or develop. An Adept of the Left Hand Path must be self-sufficient, must be strong - must be an individual who has developed a unique 'view of life', a unique 'philosophy of living' from their own experience. A being-with-others implies a social or 'peer' pressure, a conformity, and an expectation - an 'image' to strive toward and conform to, a 'role' to fulfil. A genuine uniqueness of character can only be forged through a certain isolation - through struggling alone, **through finding solutions to one's own problems by one's own efforts.** The path of Satanism (or rather the following of the path by an individual) poses problems for each individual - it is in the nature of the path itself for this to happen. It tests, it presents the individual with ordeals (and rewards of course - but we are considering the formative experiences which breed Satanic character). There is and must be a 'self-overcoming' - a development of the individual. Thus is the Adept born.

Of course this is very difficult, and there are easier options. These, however, do not lead to real Adeptship, but to the illusion of attainment. The Satanic path sorts out the strong from the failures. Only the strong, the gifted, survive and prosper. And that is as it should be, for Satanism is elitist.

Thus, we maintain the isolation of the novice from other novices. If they want contacts - they find their own, via the Temple they form, as explained earlier. But here, they are the 'role-model' for others - an obvious inversion which has benefits insofar as developing Satanic character is concerned. Since their Order contact only guides them, each novice has no image to aspire to - they must find their own. Often, they try many 'images', then discard them, and so gain experience, the hard way.

I have gone into this matter at some length, since the person with whom you have been in contact, has intimated that you thought the Order was akin to some others who held 'social' type gatherings and rituals for members. In fact, most individuals who enquire about the Order have this misconception - and most are disappointed when they discover or are told of the reality! To be honest, the majority dislike the notion that they are expected to work at their own development via their own efforts without the support and comfort of other members being around. Thus, do they show themselves unfitted for the Order - not possessed of 'the right stuff'!

You ask who has authority in the Order and what this authority represents. Basically, the only 'authority' is that which arises or develops because of experience. For example, the Order contact you may have should you decide to begin the Satanic quest, offers advice and guidance based on their experience - you are free to accept that advice, or decline it. Your contact teaches what they have learnt from practical experience - they offer no 'theory', they demand no obedience, no subservience. As to myself, I "represent" the Order, in a sense, simply because I have travelled further along the Way than the other members - because I have more experience. Perhaps I have learnt more. I certainly consider I have achieved something - perhaps some little Wisdom. But I am not infallible - I have no 'authority' in the real sense - I simply offer advice and guidance

based on my own experiences. I am still learning. What I teach is not 'sacred' - hopefully, it will be surpassed, refined, changed, when others discover and experience and attain. I inherited some esoteric knowledge, and have added to it - and that really is what esoteric knowledge is: a slowly accumulating body of knowledge which re-presents both what Is and what is Not. Gradually, this representation is refined - gets closer to being a genuine representation.

Thus, when I speak or write I speak or write from my own experience - I do not claim some supra-personal authority, to be in contact with some entity (like Satan) who has chosen me, or empowered me or whatever. I am a unique individual, and what I say or write should be judged by its merits - by whether it works, is effective, is a genuine representation of what it is supposed to be. My creations do not pretend to be other than what they are - my creations. They are not the 'sacred words of the Devil' or whatever. I may sometimes have been inspired by the Prince of Darkness, but the works are mine - and should be judged as mortal rather than the product of some entity. I leave it to others to claim that their works are imbued with a sacred quality (or Infernal power) and so they deserve 'obediance' and all that religious stuff!

The same applies to the traditions I inherited. They are simply traditions, and like most traditions are a mixture. Some contain a little Wisdom; there are bits of insight; bits of real esoteric knowledge. And an awful lot of mystification as well as some fables. Each individual must assess them for themselves - if they are useful, fine. If not - fine. [If you are interested, the traditions are: some of the rituals in 'The Black Book of Satan', certain techniques of magick (e.g. Esoteric Chant; Insight Roles) and certain esoteric 'knowledge' connected with the Dark Gods mythos and the Septenary system - the sigils, some chants, words, and septenary correspondences.]

To end, I must repeat that our Way is not easy. It requires many years of effort - you will receive little help, and a lot will be expected of you. It will be your effort - not mine, not that of your contact or a friend or any one else. You will be faced with ordeals, with tests of character. There are rewards, of course - including the obvious ones of carnality and wealth, if that is what you desire. But there are also an awful lot of other things awaiting ... I make no promises - if you succeed, you will succeed. You might fail. It is you who will decide.

No one will or can award you Adeptship <sup>or</sup> any magickal Grade. You will have to achieve them. It usually takes five or more years to reach the stage of Adeptship - few get that far. Most who begin, give up, because the quest is just too hard or they are too soft. It will probably take fifteen or twenty years to reach the stage of Mistress of Earth, the fifth stage of the seven that mark the path. Are you prepared for this?

Should you be interested in taking the matter further, I can arrange for you to meet the person to whom you gave your letter. She will be able to answer any questions you might have regarding the next step, should you decide to undertake it.

Incidentally, there are no fees, no dues of any kind connected with membership of the Order. And all Order MSS are available to members, at cost - none are 'secret' or withheld until you reach a certain stage. Once Initiation is complete, and the first tasks are achieved by you, all Order MSS are accessible.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

24th March 103yf

Dear Julian,

Your Order contact has said that you would be interested in a written clarification regarding the tasks of an Initiate - particularly in relation to the 'secret' tasks.

If an Initiate decides that they do not wish to undertake some task or challenge - whether it be an exoteric one as given in 'Naos' or an esoteric one as given in the esoteric MSS - that is their decision. However, there are certain things which are **absolutely** necessary for Adeptship to be achieved - which, in fact, create Adeptship. Without these things, there can be no genuine Adeptship. The tasks given in 'Naos' and other Order MSS capture in their detail, the essence of what is required to create Adeptship: they give practical form to this essence. What matters, is that this essence is realized - the outer form can vary. Thus the given Order tasks are only one expression of this essence - there are others.

This essence - that which causes Adeptship, which transforms the individual in certain specific ways - exists in the following, all of which are necessary.

- a) Undertaking and succeeding in demanding physical challenges - which challenges by this demanding nature involve stamina/determination: i.e. a 'mental' challenge.
- b) Practical experience over many months, and on a regular basis, of both hermetic and ceremonial magick.
- c) Exploring the archetypal symbolism of magick - e.g. the correspondences, the Tarot images, alchemical symbolism, chants, god/demon-forms etc. - in a practical way in a limited time.
- d) Finding and working with in both a personal and magickal way, a companion of the opposite sex [or same sex, if so orientated].
- e) Experiencing in real life situations involving danger, one's moral limits; facing one's possible physical death, and finding and surpassing one's intellectual limits.
- f) Spending a period of at least three months living alone, in an isolated location without material comforts and without, for most of that time, seeing or speaking to anyone.

While to most, these may seem 'bizarre', they develop in the individual what must be developed for real Adeptship. For Adeptship, correctly understood, is an evolution of the individual - the development of the next stage of conscious evolution. It is a synthesis - a uniting of the elements (latent and overt) within the psyche: in conventional terms, the 'light' and the 'dark'; the conscious and the unconscious; the making conscious what is unconscious and the extension of consciousness into new realms. This means a self-insight; a self-understanding. And a supra-personal understanding and awareness - an empathy, particularly with what is 'magickal': with those energies magick describes. In a limited sense, Adeptship is the emergence of a unique 'self' - a going-beyond the 'ego' stage: the development of a maturity; the prehension of wisdom.

The tasks by which Adeptship may be achieved are difficult. They have to be. They breed character - or they make failures. There is no easy way - show me someone who claims to be an Adept and who has not done all of (a) to (f) above - or very similar things - and I will show you a liar: be that person consciously lying or so deluded they do not realize they are lying.

Consider (a) - the absolute minimum standards required of an able-bodied person under about 45 years of age are **all** of the following. (1) Walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing not less than 30 lbs. (2) Running, in hilly/fell-like/mountain terrain, at least 20 miles in less than 2½ hours. (3) Cycling at least 200 miles in 12 hours non-stop. There can be no

excuses: one either succeeds, or one does not\* There is no middle way.

All the above - i.e. (a) to (f) - describe the bare minimum of experiences which create an Adept. There are many others which provide a greater depth, a deeper character, and which can thus inspire the individual to go beyond Adeptship. For it should be remembered that the stage of Adept [which is Internal Adept in the septenary system] is only the fourth out of seven stages in the Occult Way.

The specific tasks which the Order suggests novices undertake - as given in 'Naos' and other MSS - are tried and tested methods. They work - they enable someone using them to achieve the goal of Adeptship in the shortest possible time. But they are not the only methods. None are easier, and most other methods take far longer to achieve the specific goal of Adeptship. As mentioned earlier, what matters is whether a method or methods capture that essence which creates Adeptship.

Returning to the physical challenges mentioned in (a) above and detailed further on. [The details given concerning the physical challenges - e.g. walking 32 miles with a pack in under 7 hours - are the ones used by the Order.] These challenges toughen the individual - they sort the proto-Adepts out from the failures, the armchair Occultists. All of these challenges require a hard physical and mental effort - require the person undertaking them to go through the 'pain barrier'. They usually require some training over a period of weeks and months. All require a self-discipline, and all are achievements of which the individual can be proud. All of gritty, earthy, in nature - they demand some character, and it is expected the effete, and/or psuedo-intellectual pretentious ill-disciplined slobs who make and infest the 'Occult scene' and who drift into various groups, Temples and organizations, will not like them. They will certainly not undertake them. Of course, many of these psueds will make all sorts of excuses as to why they will not take up such challenges - and most of these excuses will revolve around mystical/psuedo-intellectual ideas concerning what they describe as 'adeptship'. That is, they will describe Adeptship in terms which are acceptable to their own weak natures and lack of character - not to mention lack of real Occult insight and abilities. For decades, a meaningless and sterile concept of 'adeptship' has been pedalled by such charlatans. But the reality is as it is - and given the nature of the majority of individuals now and in the past, the majority will refuse to accept it, and quest after an illusory, soft, option.

We have exposed the reality. Individuals must consider the matter, and make their own choices.

As part of our long-term strategy, we will make the 'secret' Order MSS describing the secret tasks, available on a general basis within the next year. Thus, all the traditions and methods will then be available, without restriction. Everyone will then have a real choice - and Adeptship and the Grades will really be open to anyone.

If you have any further questions, do write.

Regards,

*Stephen Brown*

\* Naturally, those who already train in running and/or cycling are given more difficult goals. For example, a runner would seek several PB's in a Marathon, and a cyclist at least 400 miles in a 24 hr. Time Trial.

P.O. Box 700  
Shrewsbury  
Shropshire  
England  
27th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Thank you for your very interesting letter, and the questionnaire.

Regarding publications which present the teachings of the ONA, the following are available (from the above address):

°Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept. 121 pages. \$30 including Air Mail postage

°The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick. 56 pages. \$ 20

°Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA, Volume I. 130 pages. \$35

°Hostia, Vol. II. 56 pages. \$20

°The Deofel Quartet, Volume I. (Falcifer, Lord of Darkness; Temple of Satan). 211 pages. \$50

°The Deofel Quartet, Vol II. (The Giving; The Greyling Owl.) 221 pages. \$52

The prices are rather high due to the cost of Air Mail postage - for instance, Naos would be just £11 without the postage costs. All the above are copies of the original MSS as circulated among members. Most of the articles which appeared in 'Fenrir' are in either 'Hostia' or the Black Book. The Deofel Quartet are instructional texts written in fictional form. [Cheques payable to Thormynd Press.]

In replying to your detailed and reasoned comments, perhaps I should start by saying that in attacking the 'intellectualism' of the Temple of Set, I am attacking the mostly non-practical (in terms of living) approach of that and other groups. They have made Satanism seem mostly cerebral - a subject to be studied, discussed, argued about, analyzed, rather than being a practical guide to living on the edge. Their practice, such as it is, is again cerebral - magickal workings which are mostly devoid of a primal exultation, ecstasy. In short, their approach revolves essentially around abstract ideas. I am not critical of intellectualism per se - I am regarded by some as 'an intellectual', having been trained both as a scientist and a classical scholar [I have several translations of Greek Drama to my credit]. Rather, I have tried to make clear (sometimes by exaggerating the point) that I regard Satanism first and foremost as a practical way which involves garnishing experiences of the limits of living, and learning from those experiences - transmuting the experiences into self-insight, the development of consciousness and so on. I also believe that these experiences must be tough - must take each individual to and beyond their own limits - and that they must be done without relying on anything other than a pure defiance, a pure strength of character. To me, it seems that both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan provide 'props' for their members - there is dogma, an organizational structure, a sense of belonging, and the belief that Satanism is somehow a 'fantasy game' or playing at soccerers.

Basically, intellectualism should follow action - not prejudge it nor limit it. All the members of the ToS and the CoS I have met over the years were full of 'Satanic theory' but had little (sometimes no) experience of going to and beyond their own limits. Basically, they played at Satanism - the occasional (boring) ritual, the odd working with a magickal intent. But nowhere was there a proud, defiant, exultation in living; nowhere was there real Satanic character born from character-building experiences. There was, and is, an awful lot of discussions, of meetings, of articles, of letters, of 'organizing' things. But try and get one of them to actually do something really Satanic in the real world - to divest themselves of the props (psychic, human and Occult) which supported them, and so return them to their primal nature - was impossible: they were too lazy or weak; too comfortable with playing their Satanic fantasy roles and games.

Regarding my own tradition, and the question of what is and what is not 'Satanism'.

I make no claim that the ONA represents the only 'true form of Satanism' - it is simply one tradition among many, although it does pre-date the formation of the CoS. What I express and have expressed, is that organizations like the CoS and the ToS by their very nature actually hinder the development of those qualities which I and some others believe to be central to Satanism. By this I mean that any organization which prescribes a dogma for its members to believe, which restrains them by 'ethical conditions' and which implicitly or explicitly require those members to submit to an organizational authority/Master/leader, is not Satanic. The ToS in particular believes in Satanism as some kind of 'religion'. I, and the Mistress who Initiated me into the ONA tradition, have always seen Satanism as being individualized - concerned with building a unique character, a truly free being. An organizational structure such as possessed by the ToS contradicts this in essence, however many clever words may be used to try and hide this fact. Such organizations breed sychophancy, dependence - one has to 'conform', to a certain degree at least. Of course, I understand some of the tactical reasons which explain why the ToS, for instance, claims 'religious status' - but even these reasons, on examination, show that the adoption of these tactics are unnecessary and actually counter-productive, in terms of producing real Satanic Adepts: i.e. individuals of Satanic character who truly represent an evolutionary development.

In my own tradition, for instance, it was the custom to train one, at most two, novices on an individualized basis. That is, a Satanic Master/Mistress guided one or two novices in the way of Satanism - there was and is no organizational structure, no limiting the behaviour of those novices, only an imparting of tradition and advice born from personal experience of having oneself undergone ordeals and formative experiences in the real world.

Sometimes, in undertaking an Adversarial role against the CoS and the ToS, I have been rather strident - but to provoke, to try and get others to think constructively about those organizations and the type of Satanism I believe they represent.

I describe the ONA as being a 'traditional Satanist' grouping by which I mean it adheres to certain traditions - chief among these being a guiding of novices on an individualized basis, it undertakes certain rites/practices on a basis established in earlier times, and it accepts that Satanism is dark, evil in a very real sense (one of which is that there are certain powers/ dark energies which are beyond the psyche of the individual and which can overwhelm it - which are primal). The traditions I inherited were really a mixture - some ceremonial rituals (such as the Ceremony of Recalling), some legends regarding Albion, some beliefs concerning Baphomet as a dark goddess who was propitiated in former times by sacrifice, some methods (such as 'Insight Roles') used to develop Satanic character, and some ordeals, both practical and magickal, designed to test, to create skill, to provoke self-insight. All these I have made accessible, mostly without comment. I make no claims as to their validity, historically or otherwise. It is for others to judge them, and use them if they consider them to be useful.

What I have done, is to refine what I have inherited and add to it, making what I believe to be a purely practical system which enables any individual prepared for the hardships and struggles, to reach Satanic Adeptship and beyond. There is no mystery or mystique about achieving Adeptship and Satanic mastery: all it takes is years of self-effort, years of experiences, years of refining abilities and learning new ones. Furthermore, there is no need for me to set myself up as some 'all-knowing' Master empowered by an Infernal Mandate or whatever. What I have done I have done because I followed the traditional way of seeking experiences and because I possessed a Satanic pride which made me survive and learn from those experiences.

Many of my experiences - as befits a traditional Satanist - were dark; an awful lot were dangerous in the 'life or death' sense. I gambled my life, everything, many times, and won.

There is nothing very remarkable about this - or there should not be. Everyone has potential (or at least most do) - but they seldom if ever realize a fraction of that potential for various reasons: they are constrained, by 'society', by their own fears and weaknesses, they are lazy, they prefer 'easy' solutions (such as sitting at the feet of some 'Master')... To me, and some others, Satanism is a means to realize that potential, to go even beyond that. To do this, radical measures are required - and these are always testing as they are mostly in the real world.

By the nature of quite a lot of my experiences, they are 'secret' - they were beyond the bounds of conventional morality and law. Thus have Satanists operated for a long time - in secret, by the very nature of their existence, by the very nature of some of the experiences that are required to transcend the conformity of the herd and the inertia of one's own psyche, and which thus are a 'Yes!' to being. Naturally, this is dangerous - as you say, it can be an excuse for just plain foolhardiness. But a Satanist is someone who achieves a mastery - who experiences, and then, learning from that experience, transcends it. It is the failures who become trapped (in their own desires and their limited perceptions, for instance). So some fail - they obviously were not possessed of enough Satanic qualities. That is the nature of our existence - the tough win through, the weak perish. It is not for me or anyone to limit, to prescribe, to forbid - the selection occurs by itself, by 'trial and error'. Each individual must learn for themselves - this is the crux. No one can do it for them. The essence, born via experiences, cannot be learnt from books, it cannot even be taught - it must be experienced. All I and any genuine Master can/is give advice, perhaps suggest some experiences which may be interesting and suitable - but the novice must undertake the experiences. If they learn from them, fine. There are more experiences and adventures waiting. If they fail, for whatever reason, or do not learn from the experience - tough!

In respect of politics. You mention that if a Satanist used politics, he or she never could achieve political success because Satanism is so unpopular. Naturally, if that Satanist was known as a Satanist - but if he/she kept this secret, as many do and have done, there is no problem. Of course there might be a danger of being 'exposed' as a Satanist - but that in itself is a challenge: to work under "deep cover". It requires a special person, certain skills - a Satanic character, in fact. I know of one particular person, many years ago, who did just that, until his aims were achieved.

However, my general point concerned a novice who might get involved with politics as a learning experience - for perhaps a year or so. This experience is quite different from that resulting from announcing, publicly, that one is a Satanist (this in itself is an experience which some Satanic novices choose to learn from). To become involved in extreme politics provides many opportunities for manipulating others (speaking in public; writing propaganda); for testing one's courage (participating in a rally/march where one's opponents are in the majority and threaten violence); for learning about comradeship and betrayal. And so on.

Further, although fascism as a creed had some links with the Nazarene Church, National-Socialism was, in essence, contradictory to Nazarene philosophy and ways of living. Most modern and authentic National-Socialist groups are anti-Nazarene (as witness Matt Koehl's 'New Order' in the US). But, essentially, the question is not about a particular type of political world-view, be it fascism or whatever, being contradictory or not to Satanism. The question is about all political forms being forms - structures which can be used, for a Satanic purpose, to achieve Satanic goals. The question of what might happen to individuals within a certain type of State is only a short-term question, and its asking implies a lack of what I have called 'Aeonic insight'.

Basically, Aeonics is a study of those processes which mould individuals and societies over long periods of time - how people, alone and in groupings, have been and can be manipulated, changed, controlled. It is study of those energies which affect and infect the psyche and which produce and change archetypal forms,

and which thus mould character - and thus make 'history'.

Aeonics has nothing to do with Crowley. It is a rational analysis of the causes underlying historical change, and Aeonick Magick is the use of magickal energies to effect aeonic change - i.e. change on a large scale over significant periods of time. Basically, Satanic strategy (or 'the sinister dialectic of history' as it is sometimes called) is about using such energies to bring changes broadly in line with Satanic aims - i.e. enable individuals to fulfil their potential, evolve to become like gods and so on. This strategy is based on reality - both in terms of the energies used, and 'human nature'. Therefore, the goals are seen as long term - of centuries or more. The aim has been, and is to increase the number of genuine Satanic Adepts, and to provide changes which enable this.

Thus, it will be seen that Satanism, when understood correctly, is not solely about self-advancement - it is also about using magickal and non-magickal forms/energies to produce changes within societies which incline toward the fulfilment of Satanic aims. This does not mean a kind of 'altruism' - it means a calculating, reasoned assessment and then a striving and working toward certain long-term goals, this assessment and this striving actually enhancing our existence in a positive, Satanic way. In the simple sense, it may be considered as Satanic manipulation on a large scale. The assessment itself, and the reasoned understanding behind it, requires the development of special abilities - one of which may be said to be 'Thought'. This is a development of our consciousness, and leads beyond language. It is a special kind of 'thinking' - a thinking with symbols, although the symbols are not abstract, as in mathematics, but rather 'numinous', archetypal. Essentially, it extends the range of our being. This type of thinking is pre-figured, and made possible by, 'The Star Game' - a collocation of symbols which extends both our intuitive and our reasoning faculties. The mastery of this 'game', and thus the use of a new way of reasoning/being, is a sign that one has taken evolution further - has become almost a new type of 'human', one so far above the majority that it is difficult to conceive one ever belonged to or related to that majority.

This rational analysis of Aeonics leads to certain judgements, a lot of which are mis-contrued by those who call themselves Satanists because they understand those judgements on a personal basis - usually castigating the individual or group which presents them from what is essentially a 'moral' position. That is, there is a 'projection', by those Satanists (and Occultists in general), onto the forms/judgements that they cannot really understand because their perspective is so limited - so caught up in the constraints of their time and society. This is what I meant by 'cosy, intellectual and basically moral abstractions'. Most who profess to be Satanists cannot see very far - they cannot reason, coldly and unemotionally and deeply. They accept other people's abstractions and ideas and 'reasons' and have not thought the matter out for themselves because it is either too difficult for them or they (once again) are too lazy, too smug, too self-satisfied, too comfortable in their little 'Satanic' world with their 'Satanic' friends.

This judgement is part of genuine Satanic character, and arises from the self-insight born via hard, testing experiences and ordeals. A Satanist has to strip everything away - all props, go right back to the primal. This means he/she relies only their instinct, their character, their spirit - their inner resolve. This process takes years - and then, and only then, can the person acquire the other aspects a Satanist needs and must have: the 'intellectual' super-structure, the new ways of being, one of which I mentioned above (vide 'The Star Game'), the skills in magickal and people arts.

What has happened is that this foundation, this hard foundation, is lacking in nearly all modern 'Satanists' - they are too soft, have not been toughened, they rely too much on the comforts of society, on what others (like Aquino et al) have given them in terms of principles, beliefs, dogma and so on.

Hence, when I say that National-Socialist Germany aided the sinister dialectic, it is mis-understood: as me being a 'National-Socialist' or something of the kind. I am simply stating a fact of Aeonics - as I do when I say that a future State or

Empire which was inspired by National-Socialism would also aid the achievement of Satanic aims, over centuries. Others, who perhaps have not reasoned deeply about such things, express naive views like a new Satanic age is just around the corner and that politics hinders the coming of this age. I know the reality of human nature and the times in which we live, and I know most people today are little different from what they were thousands of years ago (in some ways, we have lost something - as I am aware when I read Homer or Sophocles). They have hardly evolved at all - there is more illusion about 'inner progress' and conscious evolution than there is reality. In fact, the Occult in general fosters this illusion. Thus I understand that real change arises slowly - most people still delude themselves, are still in thrall to unconscious influences, still swayed by appearance. Our whole modern world conspires to make this so - magick, and particularly the Left Hand Path, is a means to the essence behind appearance: or rather, it was. Its awe, primal nature, its inspiration, its dark numinosity can really liberate and change. Thus my castigation of those who I see as pedalling a 'safe Satanism', an easy path to liberation - they destroy the one thing capable of liberating those in thrall. And they do it (a) to glorify their own ego, and (b) because they have not understood the way itself.

I trust this will/<sup>be</sup>of interest and perhaps thought-provoking, and look forward to your comments.

With best wishes,

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28th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Further to my recent letter, perhaps a few more comments might clarify the position of the ONA, and be of interest to you.

By making certain material available - on sacrifice, for example - and by writing certain MSS dealing with that and other 'dark' topics, I and others have done two things. First, made it clear that such material is part of my tradition and that it recounts what was/is done. Second, returned to Satanism that darkness and evil which really belongs to it (at least in the novice stage).

I have no desire to give Satanism a 'good name' - on the contrary. I wish it to be seen as I understand it to be - really dangerous and difficult. Naturally, many others believe the publication of certain material is mistaken, just as those who oppose Satanism have and can use that material to confirm their views on Satanism. The decision to make such material available was made only after considerable thought with full knowledge of the consequences.

Of course, I may be mistaken - I make no claim to be 'inferentially infallible'. I welcome positive discussion - the dialectic of learning. My thesis re the nature of certain practices which I inherited is open to discussion, an 'antithesis', from which a new synthesis and understanding may emerge. But all those in other Satanic organizations have done is 'proscribe' the ONA, or attack me personally or mount campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. The whole attitude of such groups, as befits their nature, is patronising - vide Aquino, in his letter to me of October 7 XXV: he, the Master or teacher, and I a student (of potential!) under his guidance and submitting to the rules of the ToS. He, and others, have stated that human sacrifice is not and never has been a part of Satanism. Well, it probably is not and never has been a part of some traditions - but it was/is a part of my own tradition, according to principles laid down a long time ago regarding the victim or offer choosing themselves, the act then being akin to an act of 'natural justice'. [qv. the MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed'; A Gift for the Prince' etc. I shall send you copies of some of these, since they may be of interest.]

As with many things, sacrifice can be misconstrued. The affirmation that it has occurred as part of one Satanic tradition at least can be taken up by those weaklings (in terms of character) who circulate around the fringes of the Left Hand Path, and give them an excuse to indulge in criminal acts. That is, such people fail to understand the reasons for such acts (the correct choice of offer, for instance) as they can never rise above their own weaknesses. Are these consequences my responsibility, or not? Or am I acting like a Satanist (my kind, anyway) and standing back, perhaps with laughter, when a probable consequence becomes a fact? Does this unsettle you? Horrify you? Does this provoke a challenge and make you question the nature of Satanism?

The same applies to the use of politics. Is it worth the death of x number of others (in a war, say) to give birth to one, perhaps two, genuine Satanic Adepts? I would answer in the affirmative. Does that make me cruel? Or Satanic?

Also, I do not believe it to be necessary nor desirable for Satanism to try and become respectable - or even improve its image. Nor even to try and counter the propaganda of the Nazarene fundamentalists. Such things are irrelevant. What matters is presenting the essence of Satanism so enabling individuals to work at their own self-development in a Satanic way. As I mentioned before, Satanism fundamentally means individuals striving to go beyond what they are. This is hard, and means that not many will attempt it; even fewer will be successful. The means cannot be made easier - for that would destroy the essence.

Thus, the ONA is in conflict with groups like the ToS who really want to make Satanism easy and safe and thus become rather more widespread than it is now. It is personal, direct experience, ordeals and so on, which are important. For instance, to achieve Adeptship the ONA believes each individual must undergo certain formative experiences. One of these involves living alone, in an isolated location, for three months with only the bare necessities required for physical survival. These conditions are necessary, for by so living in such a way the individual strips away all self-illusions, exposes all their inner weaknesses, and makes them reliant only on themselves. There are no distractions, no friends to give comfort, no material comforts to soften the hardship. This [which is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept] is tough. But it is the key to Adeptship. There is no short cut, no easy way. To succeed in this ordeal, the individual must have or develop an infernal strength, a certain character. Naturally, many fail - some renounce their Satanism, some find excuses for giving up. But one either stays the distance, observing the conditions of harshness, or one does not. Many are they who have said that this ordeal is not necessary - they believe there are other ways (all easier, of course), or they are afraid of confronting themselves without the supports normally around them: friends, lovers, organizations, dogma, material comforts. They and others like them can believe what they wish - but that particular ordeal works: it produces a strong, insightful character ready for the new challenges which can inspire an Adept. Or it destroys.

I understand Adeptship not as a reward given by someone else (such as Aquino) for what they perceive as 'progress' or 'ability', nor even as the undertaking of any kind of ritual at the end of which one congratulates oneself and appoints oneself as 'Adept'. Rather, it is the achievement of a certain self-insight and knowledge, allied to an understanding and judgement born of experience. It is also mastery of certain skills (some magickal, some not-magickal) and a developed awareness stemming from a synthesis of rational understanding (or 'intellectualism') and intuition. It is a stage in the Satanic way of living - a stage reached by self-effort and struggle. A Master (or Mistress) is a stage beyond this - there is no gift, infernal or otherwise, which confers the attributes of this stage of individual evolution. It is achieved, by the individual, not a reward and certainly not a self-appointed title assumed after a few years playing at Satanism and safe magick.

However, it is true that present conditions are more favourable toward the propagation of Satanism than was the case decades ago. But even were direct 'persecution' and anti-Satanic laws to return, Satanism would continue: it would re-adopt the practices of those decades. The cell system; the oral transmission; 'deep cover'. Novices would still be trained; goals would still be achieved. So 'favourable' conditions are not necessary - indeed, some see them as detrimental: they make organizations like the CoS possible!

These present conditions provide some opportunities - of increasing the number of genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and of making available for present and future generations the methods and techniques of those Arts. The real aims of Satanism will be achieved whatever the external forms our societies may take - Satanists, like the shape-changers they are, will adapt and prosper. These aims are essentially two-fold: continuing the tradition (i.e. training Adepts; providing opportunities for seeding Satanism), and gradually changing evolution.

The second of these will actually arise from the first - the changes will occur because of the increasing number of Adepts. These may be likened to a new species which at first is small in number but which, over decades and centuries, increases. In time, it will dominate. The first arises because it is one of the obligations of each new Adept to find someone suitable and guide them toward Adeptship. These changes will, as I explained in my last letter, take time - centuries, in fact. There is no way the process can be speeded up - each individual must acquire the knowledge, the character, the experiences, for themselves, and this takes time. It takes less time now than it did - because we understand more, we are more conscious of what we are actually doing (or at least some of us are). It is possible and indeed probable that over the next century or so the time taken to reach Adeptship and the stages beyond will be reduced. But the situation at the moment is as it is. A century ago it took perhaps twenty or thirty years of one's life to achieve real Adeptship. Now, it can take as little as five to ten years. What has not changed (at least yet) is the number who reach that stage. As I wrote many years ago, most people want easy solutions, they want someone to do the work for them, to confer titles on them - or they are so comfortable with their illusions and delusions (regarding their magickal abilities and their self-insight, for instance) that they see no reason to change, to really struggle; to reach toward Adeptship. All I can do is point the way - offer some guidance. It is up to each individual whether they begin the quest, and having begun, whether they succeed.

The fundamental questions which should be asked are: what, fundamentally, is Satanism? What does it mean in terms of the life of the individual? What does it mean in terms of society? The ONA offers some answers. Organizations like the ToS give other answers, some of which contradict the ONA ones. Each individual must arrive at their own assessment. The ONA offers a practical system which I and others know from experience works - at least in producing our kind of Satanist! The ONA is critical and controversial: it is provoking, Adversarial, occasionally irreverent. This in itself is creative. It engenders response.

Once again, I would welcome your response to the matters raised in this letter and the various MSS.

With best wishes,

*Stephen Brown*

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25th September 1992 eh

Dear Kimberly,

Thank you for your letter of the 15th September. A copy of The Black Book of Satan, together with various other Order MSS, has been sent by separate post.

By all means continue with your present affiliations - we impose no restrictions on members. They are free to associate with whom they please, and be members of other organizations of a Left Hand Path or Satanic nature. We simply offer advice and guidance to the individual, and that advice and guidance does not have to be followed - each member is expected to consider it, and then make their own decisions.

The same principle applies to the 'personal ethics' you describe - it is for you, as an individual, to decide what is or is not acceptable. We seek to foster a unique individuality, not a conformity of any kind, and therefore have no 'ethical standards' which members must conform to. They find their own standards in their own time, and thus really are mature individuals.

Regarding the tasks of a novice. What is important is that the novice undertakes tasks in the real world, and learns from them. The tasks can and do vary, according to the desire, interests and circumstances of the individual novice. It is suggested, however, that all novices organize their own group to perform ceremonial magickal rituals and to gain experience in people-manipulation. This is suggested, because it is considered important for a Satanist to have experience and knowledge of ceremonial magick - that is, rituals involving more than two or three people. The correct performance of such rituals - with a primal Satanic desire - develops certain abilities and brings an esoteric understanding. This task lasts for between six and eighteen months, depending on the novice who undertakes it. The exact number of people involved is not important. One of the abilities developed by this task is 'shape-changing'. By this is not meant the changing of one's physical appearance and so on, but rather the chameleon-like ability to blend into the background - to work unnoticed, secretly, without exposure. Most novices opt to form a clandestine group of less than ten other individuals - seeking out the right individuals who can be discreet and so on is an interesting challenge, the following of which develops certain skills in the person undertaking the challenge. A few novices go to the opposite extreme, and court 'exposure' - but that is their decision.

The purpose of the group that the novice forms also varies, depending on what the novice wants from the experience. Some wish to guide the members of that group along the Left Hand Path in an individualistic way; some wish to merely use the members for their own Satanic pleasure. It is, once again, the novice who decides. You have indicated that you would wish to do the former - that is, seek to make your members genuine Satanists, like yourself. This is excellent, and shows an understanding beyond the novice stage.

Because of your previous experience, it is not necessary for you to form a group, as outlined above, unless you feel it would be an interesting/worthwhile experience. The Black Book of Satan contains some useful information, should you decide to go ahead and form a group.

Often, another task of a novice is using politics. Once again, this is not mandatory. Politics is suggested because it offers opportunities to gain experience and to implement Satanism in a practical way. Further, politics can also aid what is known as 'the sinister dialectic of history' - basically, this means politics can help achieve Aeonic goals.

The use of politics, by Satanists, is often mis-understood, however. Politics is simply a tactic, used to achieve either personal insight of a novice, or to

bring about changes beneficial to Satanism in general. The Aeonian aim of Satanism is to create a new species - a race of truly free, individual, beings. This race will fulfil the potential of existence latent within us - a potential that only Satanism can truly realize. However, to achieve this aim will take time - many centuries. One aim of an organization like the ONA is to try and guide a few individuals toward Satanic Adeptship (and what is beyond) - to have some individuals fulfil that potential now. But the Aeonian aim means that the majority of people will fulfil that potential - will thus possess the understanding, insight and abilities of an Adept. To achieve this aim, certain things are considered necessary - and these things are the other aims of the ONA. Thus, the ONA is more than just another Satanic organization - it has a long-term strategy and commitment.

To achieve this 'ultimate aim', as mentioned above, certain things are considered necessary. One of these things is to undermine and destroy the creed and influence of the Nazarene - which is regarded as a sickness, something which emasculates us. Another is to create a society or societies imbued with Satanic ideals - not, of course, a society which is openly 'Satanic' (that is hopelessly idealistic, at least for the next few centuries). But, rather, one which expresses the essence of what Satanism really is. It is possible that real Satanists would be secretly behind the creation of such a society - i.e. they would be the 'powers behind the power-structures'. This, however, is not strictly necessary, as there are other, more subtle ways of gaining control.

The creation of such a society is only a stage toward the final aim - there would still be perhaps some centuries of work to be done. To achieve this society - this liberation of a large number of people, if you wish - certain other things have to be done. One is to de-stabilize present day societies; another, is to spread heretical and Satanic ideas. To achieve change, conflict is necessary. This will mean upheavals, probably wars.

To some, these tactics will be abhorrent - but to a genuine Satanist, they are realistic. A Satanist understands human nature, and is prepared to act in the real world to foster and produce change in accord with Satanic goals. Of course, most people will not understand what a Satanist is doing or trying to do - they will see only the outward actions, not the motivation, the understanding, behind those actions.

Real change will not arise simply because some desire it - it has to be created, and to be created, there has to be people prepared to act, to do. Aeonics is all about understanding the forces which form, mould and change societies, civilizations and individuals, and a Satanist studies Aeonics, and then can, if they so desire, act in the real world. Their actions are based on knowledge, and, being Satanists, they can act ruthlessly if they need to. By so acting Aeonically, they are really fulfilling their potential. [Thus, it will be seen that Satanism is much more than simply Black Magick rituals or gaining personal pleasure and wealth.] They are also contributing to evolution - in fact, they are shaping evolution, playing at god, and thus being really Satanic.

This brings me back to politics. Politics is a tactical form - used to provoke or cause change, in the real world. To de-stabilize societies; to inspire the creation of new societies, and so on. Thus, a Satanist may become involved in politics to achieve something Aeonian (or merely to gain personal experience - but we will consider the Aeonian, as it is more significant). What that involvement is, each Satanist chooses for themselves, based on their understanding of Aeonics and sinister strategy. It could be, for instance, involvement with 'Right-Wing' extremism - aiding certain heretical views, and so on. Or it might be the opposite - aiding libertarian causes. What matters, is that the individual knows what they are doing, Aeonically - that is, they are trying to achieve something esoteric using the exoteric form of politics. Whatever the outward form, in terms of 'conventional/moral' views, all such individuals will be aiding Satanism, secretly - all will be acting to further Satanic goals.

Naturally, what we mean by 'Satanic goals' is different from what most other "Satanists" mean by such things. For the most part, these others have little or no knowledge and understanding of Aeonics, and possess no long-term strategy. In short, they do not really understand Satanism at all - for its essence lies in Aeonics, in this strategy.

Thus, in your own case, before deciding on whether you wish to undertake a directly political task, a study of Aeonics and sinister strategy would be required. Further, whether such a task is necessary, depends on your individual, unique Destiny. For some, such a task is not necessary. One of the aims of the 'seven-fold sinister way' is to help those who follow it to discover their unique Destiny - and one aim of the ONA is to aid its members to fulfil their Destiny once they have discovered it.

I trust this answers your question about the tasks of a novice in relation to politics! All the MSS which deal with Aeonics and sinister strategy are available, should you be interested either now or in the future. [The majority of ONA MSS are now available on one 16mm microfilm. Included are Aeonics MSS 'Naos', 'Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA', Volumes I & II, and the four volume 'Deofel Quartet'. I enclose a leaflet in case this is of interest.]

Being a member of the ONA simply means that the individual follows, or tries to follow, the path to Adeptship as outlined in various works including 'Naos'. The 'seven-fold sinister way' of the ONA is essentially a practical system of training - the various stages of that way are associated with some tasks, some magickal workings, some personal goals, and the gaining of esoteric knowledge and skills. All these things are known to work - that is, the tasks etc. associated with the stages, are derived from experience over a long period of time. They have proved effective in the past in producing genuine Adepts, Masters and Mistresses. Each stage of the Way is associated with a 'magickal grade', and this is achieved by the individual because he/she has developed the knowledge, skills, and insight of that stage by practical experience. The individual follows the Way in their own time. We offer advice and guidance, if such advice and guidance is sought - there are no 'hidden' teachings; nothing for a member to prove. Nothing is expected nor obligatory. The effort belongs to each individual - they must learn, discover, experience, for themselves. And make their own mistakes. A strong desire is required, and something of a strong character. We are not interested in mere numbers of members, in making the Way appear other than it is. The Way to real Adeptship is hard, and requires years of effort.

Works such as 'Naos' and 'The Black Book of Satan' are really practical handbooks - the MSS of the ONA make Adeptship available to all. There is no mystery about Adeptship - no special magickal formulae or ritual by which it can be gained. No one can confer it on another. We have kept nothing hidden - as we do not profess to be anything other than what we are: a small number of individuals, at varying stages of our personal development, striving to achieve something esoteric, for the benefit of ourselves and evolution. The ONA is not 'sanctified' by the Prince of Darkness Himself - I myself do not claim any 'Infernal Authority'. What we teach results from our own hard-won experience and insight. There is no attempt to 'glamourise' either our Way or the ONA itself - or indeed anyone within it.

The teachings are there to be studied and used. It is as simple as that - and as difficult as that. It is up to you to decide if they are suitable for you, and if they are, for you to begin what is a very difficult and dangerous quest.

All this, of course, means that very few indeed will begin. For this is not what they wish to read or hear. The ONA offers the reality; others, the illusions that have so blighted 'Occultists'.

With best wishes,

*Stephen Brown*



# HOSTIA

SECRET TEACHINGS  
OF THE O.N.A.

VOLUME I

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## THE TRADITION OF THE SINISTER WAY

The essence of genuine Satanism can be simply stated: it is a way to inner development, the goal of which is a new individual. This way involves three essential stages and these exemplify the spirit of that way and the individuals who follow it.

The first is direct experience, the second is direct practice and the third self-development. The first involves direct experience of both the external 'world' and the inner (or psychic) 'world' through striving to achieve certain goals both practical and magickal. The second involves using 'practical' (or causal) and 'magickal' (or acausal) energies to manipulate others, situations and energies in a practical way – producing changes in accord with certain goals. The third involves beginning the process again but starting from the new level of self-understanding and ability attained – pursuing different (and probably more complex) goals.

A Satanist is an individual explorer – following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling what is experienced to be understood and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary – the culmination of centuries of insight and experience, a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.

This tradition is not sacrosanct – but it does possess a validity until the individual reaches the stage where the unique genius within each individual has been brought to fruition enabling the creation (from experience and self-insight) of a unique way and a fulfilling of a unique Destiny. In magickal terms, this is the stage of Internal Adept, where that unique Destiny is made known (dis-covered) and where the individual Initiate has developed the talents necessary to fulfill it

by a following of the previous stages – a stage reached from between three to five years after Initiation.

The tradition (explicated in the ‘seven-fold sinister way’) provides only a beginning – it is for the individual to go beyond it, toward the dangers and rewards of the Abyss. It is, however, necessary – since it is, in one sense, a ‘short-cut’: enabling self-development to be achieved far quicker than would be the case without it as well as fully enabling the explication of individual potential. This does not mean that following it is easy – the path may be shorter, but it is just as dangerous (and in some places, more so). It is a mountain path to the summit rather than a meandering valley path, and enables the horizon, the other mountains waiting to be conquered, to be seen – as they cannot be seen from the wooded valleys below.

But each new Initiate must walk this path – alone. and for each it is a new experience, a process of direct learning and a personal achievement, for only a very few have ever ventured that way before and stood atop the summit that is ‘Internal Adept’ to see in the distance the still higher peaks that wait beyond the Abyss.

What is important is following that path – and going beyond it, toward the Abyss – actually undertaking the journey and experiencing in real time what is encountered and seen: of being taken to the very limits of your endurance and abilities. No one can do this for you – just as the path does not lead to some pleasant grove where you sit at the feet of some ‘Master’ listening to their past experiences and fables. It does not involve you staying comfortably ‘at home’ with the security of your known world and friends and ideas, just as it is not a ‘mental’ journey done in comfortable surroundings and with no physical effort or danger. It IS practical, and direct – and involves physical and psychic hardship, and while you may be a little soft when you start, you will not be so when you succeed.

Just as if you believe you are tough enough now, you will be rudely awakened. Is this what you really want?

- O.N.A.

## THE SEVEN-FOLD SINISTER WAY: A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE

### **Aim:**

Essentially three fold: a) Initiation; b) magickal Adeptship; c) fulfillment of individual wyrd and potential.

### **Stages:**

1) Neophyte; 2) Initiate; 3) External Adept; 4) Internal Adept; 5) Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth; 6) Magus/Magistra; 7) Immortal

**Note:** Initiates are sometimes known as ‘Novices’, Neophytes as ‘Oblates’. External Adepts as ‘Professed Brother/Sister’; Internal Adepts as Priest and Priestess; a Magus as ‘Grand Master’.

### **Neophyte:**

Tasks: Study of Esoteric tradition as given in Order MSS – particularly *Black Book*, *Naos*, *Azoth* and ‘*Fenrir*’. After this preliminary study (c.1 month) undertake ritual of Self-Initiation [*Black Book*] and construct simple form of the Star Game [*Naos*].

### **Initiate:**

Tasks: Study septenary system in detail [*Naos* etc.] and begin workings with the spheres and the pathways. Study and use of Tarot.

Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific desires/personal requests.

Continue with study and use of Star Game – relating the abstract symbolism to the Tree of Wyrd, septenary etc.

Set a demanding physical goal [e.g. running 20 miles in 2.5 hours or less or cycling 100 miles in less than 5.5 hours or walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours: it must be one of these] train and achieve it.

Seek and find a companion and Initiate this individual [*Black Book*] and then undertake the workings with the spheres and pathways with this person.

Begin to teach this individual the Star Game, and use the game together.

Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept.

\*The first stage is the awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects within the psyche. These aspects/energies are identified with in the rite of Initiation and then symbolised in the workings with the spheres and pathways following Initiation. These workings give practical experience of the darker forces/energies. The Star Game begins the process of objectifying these energies in a more conscious way: giving greater insight and control. and this is the beginning of self-awareness since the Tree of Wyrd is symbolic of individual consciousness. both unconscious/acausal ('sinister') and causal. as well as representing the forces/energies beyond the individual psyche.

The setting of a physical goal. by the Initiate, and the training to achieve it. is important because it enhances the vitality and develops personal qualities important to the magickian: determination, elan and so on. This task must be undertaken, for without it, the Initiate stage is not complete.

The seeking. finding and working with a companion begins the confrontation with the 'anima/animus' energies/archetypes resulting in practical experience of them as well as enabling the use of sexual magickal formulae [qv. 'Rite of Nine Angles', etc.]. This is a very important part of developing self-awareness, and the 'ritualized' setting enables both practical experience and the possibility of developing self-insight. (This 'ritualized' setting is first the workings with the spheres and pathways, use of Star Game, and then later the organization of a Temple [see below].)

### **External Adept:**

Tasks: Organize a magickal group/Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals as given in the *Black Book* – the Ext. Adept as the ‘Master’/Mistress of this Temple, the companion as the ‘Mistress’/‘Master’.

It is the task of the new External Adept to find suitable members, Initiate them and so on. Regular sunedrions should be held [*Black Book*, for details. The Ext. Adept is called a ‘Choregos’ while running the Temple.].

After the group has been run for c. 3-6 months, the Ext. Adept should set another but more demanding physical goal, train and achieve it. [For example, running a marathon in less than 3 hrs (men) or 3hrs 30 (women); cycling 100 miles in less than 5 hrs (4:45 if really determined) or walfing 50 miles in 13 hrs.]

After running the Temple for between 6-12 months, choose a Priest and Priestess from the group to run the Temple while the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept is being undertaken.

☉Notes: The titles assumed by the Ext. Adept, the companion and those appointed ‘by the Ext. Adept to positions within the Temple such as Priest and Priestess, are purely honourary, and do not signify the achievement of the magickal grade associated with that title in the ‘Seven Fold Way’. It is one of the tasks of the Ext. Adept (‘Choregos’) in running the Temple to appoint suitable members to fulfill the positions required by rituals (e.g. Priest, Altar-Priest, Thurifer and so on). It is up to the Choregos whether to inform members that the Temple is organized as part of the tasks/training of an Ext. Adept in the sinister path. If the Choregos decides to do so inform the members of this, then those members, should the Choregos so wish, may also begin to follow the tasks of the Seven Fold Way as above: the Choregos always keeping a step or two (in terms of Grades) ahead of them. No one can be appointed to the Grades themselves: not even by a Grand Master – the Grades must be achieved by each and every individual, the only exception being

Initiation. Initiation may be given, according to the ceremonial ritual [*Black Book*] by anyone of the grade of External Adept and above who organizes a Temple, provided that the Initiate completes the initiate tasks as above.

The final task of an External Adept is to prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

\*The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal skills. The organizing and running of a Temple brings further magickal experience as well as enables several archetypal roles to be lived, thus living vitalizing (partly through the energy of the archetypes) the individual, enabling greater magick. One of the roles is that of the 'shadow' – the sinister magickian adept at ritual. The personal qualities developed include manipulation, the charisma of power and sexual/material pleasures. There is also a growing self-awareness, and understanding of archetypal energies as well as the further confrontations with the anima/animus. There may also be glimmerings of the unique wyrd of the individual – a wyrd revealed through the ritual of Internal Adept.

### **Internal Adept:**

Tasks: Depending on the wyrd of the individual, either continue with and expand the Temple (training Initiates in the Seven Fold Way and so on) or begin the personal tasks revealed by the Grade Ritual.

Study of and training in Esoteric Chant [Note: this may be undertaken earlier, by an Initiate or External Adept if an aptitude exists and someone of or above the Grade of Internal Adept is willing to give instruction.].

Study of Advanced Star Game and esoteric, aeonic aspects of both forms of the game ['cliology' etc.].

Preparation for and undertaking of Nine Angles rituals: 'natural' and/or 'chthonic' according to desire.

Further training of companion up to and including Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, if required.

Prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Abyss.

**Master/Mistress:**

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are three-fold: the teaching to suitable individuals of the Seven Fold Way either on an individual basis or via an organized Temple; the performance of Aeonic magick, and development of proficiency in the Star Game, particularly the advanced form.

Some may opt to specialize in a particular field.

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□General Notes:

The Initiate stage lasts between six months to a year. The External Adept stage lasts from one to three years. The Internal Adept stage lasts from three to seven years.

**Fundamental books, manuscripts etc:**

- *The Black Book of Satan* [Re-issued 1989 ev: a complete guide to sinister ceremonial rituals and organizing a Temple] 63 pages
- *Naos* [A guide to hermetic workings, basic septenary system and the Star Game] 65 pages
- *Azoth*[An introduction to more advanced septenary workings] 38 pages
- *Falcifer* [A fictional account of noviciate training] 103 pages
- *Temple of Satan* [A fictional account of confrontation with anima/aminus in a sinister context] 109 pages
- *Advanced Star Game* 5 page MS
- *The Forbidden Alchemy* 4 page MS [Note: published in 'Fenrir' no.8]
- *Rite of the Nine Angles* (and other Order MSS)

## INSIGHT ROLES – A GUIDE

As stated in several esoteric Order MSS, the Satanic novice is expected to undertake experiences in the real world. This is above and beyond the tasks mentioned in the various guides to the ‘seven-fold Way’, which guides were intended for publication and thus did not contain the secret tasks. These secret tasks are outlined in the MSS ‘The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way.’ One of these tasks, undertaken by an Initiate, is an ‘Insight Role’.

An Insight Role is in effect an extended magickal ritual and involves the individual living in a certain way and striving for a specific (often non-esoteric) goal. It involves playing a specific ‘role’. The novice is expected to learn from this experience. It is important that the novice identifies with the role to the extent that friends/associates and those the novice is brought into contact with by virtue of that role do not realize the novice is playing a ‘role’. For the duration of the Insight Role, the task of that role should be the main interest/occupation of the novice. Insight Roles, as a technique, have been used by Satanic novices for at least a century, and this technique has as its primary aim the gaining of self-insight by the novice using the technique. The technique also develops certain skills – some magickal, some involving the gaining of Satanic judgement and insight. Expressed simply, Insight Roles develop Satanic character.

Until quite recently, Insight Roles were wide-ranging and also exceptionally difficult to undertake – the novice was expected to undertake a role which was the opposite of what they considered their own character to be. [qv. the now deleted Order MS ‘Insight Roles’ I & II]. The technique, however, has been recently revised by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. In this revised form, it is an extremely effective noviciate technique, although (like all genuine esoteric techniques of Satanic magick) it is still difficult to undertake and still requires a genuine Satanic commitment from the novice. Like the Sinister Way itself, it is not for the dilettantes or the imitation ‘Satanists’ who merely wish to play at being Black Magickians.

One essential aspect of an Insight Role is that it requires the novice to change their life-style and usually their place of residence. Another, is that it tends to isolate them from non-Satanists. Third, it often brings them into conflict and confrontation – with others, and themselves. Fourth, it tests them – forcing them to find inner strengths and reserves. Or, of course, it destroys them – or makes them renounce their Satanic quest and vows. All these are necessary.

All Insight Roles are demanding; some are physically dangerous. All force the novice to make choices- to learn. All, when successfully undertaken, build self-confidence and thus character. All, in brief, express Satanism in action.

The novice is expected to make his/her own choice from the roles outlined below. It must be understood that: (a) only the roles listed below are actually Insight Roles, so the choice must of one of them; (b) the completion of at least one of these roles is necessary before the Internal Adept rite can be undertaken.

It is usual for the novice to undertake an Insight Role following Initiation and after the completion of the tasks outlined in the MS ‘The Seven Fold Way A Comprehensive Guide’ (i.e. after completion of the tasks associated with the stage of Initiation and before undertaking the rite of External Adept).

However, if the novice Wishes, an Insight Role can be undertaken when he/she is an External Adept and has completed all the tasks of an External Adept (such as running a Satanic Temple for a certain period of time). Generally, it is advisable for the novice to undertake a role before External Adept. Further, should the novice so desire, two Insight Roles can be undertaken, one after the other. This is an interesting experience – but requires a demonic commitment.

During some of the roles, the novice should try and keep their Satanic views and beliefs secret, and become in fact a shape-changer, a chameleon.

## The Roles:

1. Either by foot or by bicycle or by accepting lifts, travel alone around the world, taking between six months to one year (or more). You must live frugally, and carry with you most of what you need. You should travel to as many countries as possible, the more remote the better and expect sometimes to find work to enable you to travel further.
2. Become a professional burglar, targeting only victims who have revealed themselves to be suitable (e.g. by testing them – qv. the Order MSS dealing with victims etc.). The aim is to specialize in a particular area – e.g. Fine Art, jewellery – and become an ‘expert’ in that area and in the techniques needed to gain items.
3. Undertake the role-of extreme political activist and so champion heretical views (by, e.g. becoming involved in extreme Right-Wing activism). The aim is to express fanaticism in action and be seen by all ‘right-thinking people’ as an extremist, and a dangerous one.
4. Join the Police Force (assuming you meet the requirements) and so experience life at ‘the sharp end’ and being a servant of a higher authority.

All roles should last for at least six months and all must be completed (i.e. you leave them) before the end of eighteen months. All the roles will by their very nature test your Satanic Views and beliefs and thus your desire to continue along the sinister way. All will expose you to difficulties. Once the choice is made, it is up to you to find means of undertaking the role – e.g. in the case of joining the Police, finding reasons why which will convince a selection panel; in the case of becoming a burglar, finding someone to buy your stolen items and so on.

The essence of these Insight Roles can be succinctly stated: *Incipit Vitriol.*

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- Note: In times of actual War, an alternative Insight Role is to join one of the Armed Forces and so gain combat experience.

## THE SECRET TASKS OF THE SINISTER WAY

The Order MS 'The Seven Fold Sinister Way – A Comprehensive Guide' details the tasks and so on which an individual following the sinister path must undertake in order to reach Adeptship and beyond. That 'Guide', however, is exoteric. There are, in addition, esoteric tasks to be undertaken. These tasks have remained secret by virtue of their nature – they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are 'a-moral'. Such esoteric tasks are revealed following a Satanic Initiation.

Further, to understand these tasks, it is necessary for the Initiate to be familiar with, and in agreement with, the secret teachings explicated in the various esoteric MSS – for example, 'The Hard Reality of Satanism', 'Satanism, Sacrifice & Crime', 'Culling – A Guide to Sacrifice', 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers', 'Victims – a Sinister Expose', 'The Practice of Evil in Context'.

For a long time, the matters mentioned in these secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis it being forbidden for the teachings and practices so transmitted to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, this has now changed.

Accordingly, this MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these tasks – and the others detailed in the MS 'The Seven Fold Sinister Way – A Comprehensive Guide' – are both required and necessary: without them, there can be no genuine advancement along the way, for such tasks develop that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the Satanist.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment – it requires self-effort, by the Initiate, over a period of years. It involves ordeals, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures and the living of life in certain ways. Only

thus are self-insight and genuine Occult abilities born – only thus is an Adept created.

### **Neophyte:**

Before Initiation and after undertaking the tasks of a Neophyte as given in the ‘Guide’ MS:

(a) find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (such as a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary ‘hanging’ the game until it is ready) and (when ready) cook and eat it.

‘Game’ in this context means [for the U.K.] venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl and so on. In effect, you are assuming the ‘role’ of hunter.

(b) obtain from a Nazarene place of worship, some ‘hosts’. If you are seeking Initiation into an established group, this will be your test of fidelity (etc.) and the hosts will be used in the celebration of the Black Mass. If you are undertaking a self-Initiation (as for example given in *The Black Book of Satan*) then immediately following this rite you should trample on or otherwise defile these ‘hosts’ (e.g. by urinating on them) saying ‘By this deed I pledge myself to counter Nazarene filth and give myself, body, blood and soul, to Satan, Prince of Darkness.’ You should then burn the hosts or what remains of them by placing them in a vessel containing flammable liquid and setting this alight, laughing while the burning seals your gesture and your oath.

### **Initiate:**

After the rite or ceremony of Initiation and following completion of the tasks as given in the ‘Guide’ MS, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an ‘Insight Role’. [See the MS ‘Insight Roles – A Guide’.]

### **External Adept:**

(a) With the Temple (formed as one of the tasks of an External Adept – see the ‘Guide’) perform a Black Mass with hosts obtained by a neophyte of the Temple wishing Initiation.

(b) Train several members, and yourself in the undertaking of tests relevant to choosing an offer. Select some suitable victims, using the general guidelines for so selecting, and undertake the relevant tests. The victim or victims having been chosen, perform The Death Ritual with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide and undertake a culling either during a suitable rite (e.g. the Ceremony of Recalling) or via practical means. You may elect to do this latter yourself, or you may nominate a trusted, suitable member in good standing to undertake this for the glory of the Temple, using a method of your own devising. At the same time. perform a Death Ritual.

It must be stressed: (i) the victims must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the various Order MSS; (ii) those chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the relevant MSS; (iii) the acts or acts of culling may arise from your own implementation of Satanic strategy and tactics or from one of the members of your Temple who is fulfilling Satanic wyrd by some role or Satanic act, that member having elected to follow the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

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These secret tasks, together With the tasks and ordeals and rites described in the ‘Guide’ and explained in detail in the books *Naos* and *The Black Book of Satan* (and explicated in the various Order MSS contained in *Hostia I/II* and *Hysteron Proteron*) represent the Way of

Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority. Some who profess to be Satanists (and who may be seeking a Satanic Initiation in an established Order) will read them, or hear of them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled. ‘They are not necessary’ they or some others will say, fearing to really begin following the reality of the Left Handed Path as marked out by those tasks. But Satanism and the Left Handed Path are as they are – dark, dangerous, difficult and full of diabolic ecstasies. So it is, so it has been and so shall it be – to enable evolution while the fearful majorities in their sloth and delusions continue their morbid existence.

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## SELLING WATER BY THE RIVER

Question: What is Satanism?

Answer: Satanism is Fundamentally a way of living – a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we all as individuals can achieve far more than we realize during our lifetime. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, does and Can be made to bring. We are gods when we awake.

Q: How do you then understand magick?

A: Magick is essentially the opening up of areas of consciousness latent within all – a means of changing the individual and the world. The techniques of magick (for example, rituals) are simply means to achieve this. For too long magick has been mis-understood as ‘spells, conjurations’ and the like, and while such things are magick, they are only a beginning, a mere intimation of what real magick is all about.

Q: You often use the term ‘traditional Satanism’. What does this mean?

A: Traditional Satanism is a term used to describe the sinister path which for centuries was taught on an individual basis from Master (or Mistress) to pupil. To this path belongs the Septenary System, Esoteric Chant, the comprehensive training of novices (including the development of the physical side), the Star Game, and most importantly – the Internal system of magick (the Grade Rituals etc.). This path is also known as the Seven-Fold Way.

Q: I’ve heard of La Vey and his ‘Satanic Bible’. How does the Seven-Fold Way differ from his Satanism and those who follow his views?

A: La Vey took what may be described as the popular/media conception of Satanism – the black-robed, Mephistophelean figure – together with the ‘pleasure principle’ and some simple magic{k), mixed it with the qabala and various historical myths and legends

pertaining to the dark side, and served the whole lot up to a gullible audience. The whole thing was pretty pathetic – although it did provide some with a few thrills. There was no substance to either La Vey or his ‘Church’: no inner path, direction or way. Nothing original.

The Seven-Fold Way, on the contrary, possesses direction, and goes far beyond the external type of magick implicit in both the ‘pleasure principle’ and ordinary sorcery. It offers the individual the difficult (and sometimes dangerous) path to genuine Adeptship – to self-mastery, self-excellence and ultimately wisdom. It is not a refuge for the neurotic, the weak-willed or the self-deluded, but rather a challenge to the daring. Those who follow in the foot-steps of La Vey (as a recent ‘Temple’ does) have added little – they are still trapped by ‘role-playing’, still fettered by self-delusion (often about their magickal abilities) and still lack not only self-insight but also that spontaneity which is one of the marks of a genuine Adept. They concern themselves still with the awarding of meaningless titles, seek members and the recognition of the ‘authorities’. They teach the same historical mish-mash as La Vey and possess an originality quota of zero.

They have failed to understand that the ceremonial, ritualistic and ‘theoretical’ approach is but the first small step toward inner progress. Because of this, there can be no organized ‘Temple’, no ‘authority’ within it, no proselytizing and no awarding of grades/initiation or titles. There is only – in the genuine path – a limited amount of guidance, and the struggle of the individual through experience.

Q: But surely rituals are important – e.g. the Black Mass?

A: Yes – but only in the beginning stages of the Way when the novice/initiate is discovering the hidden (or magickal) forces of nature and themselves, and is daring to walk along the’ path to Adepthood.

Ceremonial and hermetic rituals are the province of the novice and the 'External Adept' and are pointers to what is beyond.

Q: Which is what?

A: First, the discovery of the unique Destiny of that individual, second the living of that Destiny, and third, for those whose Destiny becomes fulfilled by such living, the crossing of the Abyss. From the Abyss the Master and Mistress is born. All this takes many years.

Q: What then is the purpose of your Order?

A: To offer our teachings and guidance to those who might be interested. In former times, teachings were kept secret, but there is no need for that now: the opportunity is open to all.

Q: But are you not still secretive?

A: Yes and no. Those who seek hard enough will find us, and those who are sincere will not be put off by the obstacles placed in their way (sometimes by us). For those who are, there are plenty of other groups around.

Q: What about Initiations?

A: We do not offer Initiation – candidates achieve Initiation. We do not offer nor award (for money or anything else) Grade Rituals or titles of any kind: these are again achieved by individuals, through their own toil, hardships, terror and joy. We simply guide them toward the self-achievement that, e.g., the Grade Rituals represent. Any other way is simply fraud and self-deception. Grade Rituals – which signify the different stages of achievement along the Seven-Fold Way – may be likened to running in a race. You either race, or don't; and if you race, you either win (achieve the goal) or do not. You may pretend to yourself that you have raced and run, but in the end you are fooling only yourself.

Q: What, then, are the Grade Rituals?

A: They are tasks, simple in form, but difficult to complete successfully. For example, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept simply involves the candidate in living totally alone and isolated for at least three months: without any of our modern ‘conveniences’/technology, and without speaking to anyone. Simple to describe – difficult to undertake. The ‘ritual’ is the (alchemical) change which occurs in the individual by virtue of living so for at least three months. Such primitive isolation creates the Adept, bringing a genuine mastery of magick and a lasting self-insight. It is the intention of the Order to publish all the Grade Rituals in the next issue of *Fenrir*.

Q: Returning now to the popular conception of Satanism, what about sacrifices, the blackmailing of members, sexual crimes and so on?

A: Satanism is all about – in its beginnings – making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature. In the past, certain experiences were often undergone in order to achieve this, and some of those experiences were often frowned on by ‘conventional’ society. Some might have been ‘illegal’ at the time as well. But gradually (at least in traditional Satanism) a way was found to ‘short-circuit’ these evolutionary experiences which enhanced the consciousness and thus wisdom of those undergoing them – if they survived, of course. Thus was Internal Magick evolved. This enabled the experiencing of the dark side, and its integration, as well as made possible what was beyond. This system had been gradually refined and enhanced, and while it avoids the quicksand of criminality it is still not lacking in danger or difficulty. It offers, in short, the distilled essence of thousands of years of evolutionary understanding – and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as a species: *Homo Galactica*.

Q: You stress the development of the physical side. Why?

A: Because traditional Satanism aims to develop the whole individual – mind, body and character. We give our novices difficult physical

goals to achieve (such as running 20 miles in under 2t hours – fitter individuals are naturally given more difficult tasks) because the striving for such goals, and their achievement, develops qualities necessary in any Adept. They are tests of determination and character, and sort the serious out from the pathetic. The striving also creates a physical joy, increasing the vitality of the person.

Q: I met someone recently who claimed to be a ‘Master’. I had my doubts about him. Is there some way of identifying a genuine Master?

A: The answer should be obvious. A Master is someone who has passed beyond the Abyss, the stage beyond an Adept. In consequence he will be somewhat detached: intense and serious, but also natural, spontaneous and quite cheerful (almost playful, sometimes). But perhaps most of all, he will not take himself too seriously, and he will certainly not play a ‘role’ or fulfil the expectations of novices (e.g. by dressing up, cultivating a ‘demonic’ stare and answering questions mysteriously). He will possess that illusive quality – natural charisma.

Q: What about wealth – and power? Surely all Satanic Masters possess these?

A: Some do, some do not. The sign of a Master is neither wealth nor power, but achievement – of wisdom, skill in esoteric arts, and original creation (e.g. the extending of human knowledge, artistic creativity). The Destiny of each master is different, as is the life-style which reflects that Destiny. For example, out of the four Masters who exist in the West at this moment in time, one lives a somewhat isolated existence with hardly any material possessions, while another lives in relative luxury and splendour. The former concerns himself primarily with aeonic magick, while the latter teaches a few pupils. Genuine Masters do not conform to someone else’s expectations or ideas: they are individual, and unique.

Q: Do you worship a being called Satan?

A: Genuine Satanists do not worship anything – not even themselves. Fundamental to Satanism is a desire to overcome, to accept challenges and to seek to know and understand. A genuine Satanist would rather die – laughing and defiant – than submit to anyone or anything. Most people waste their lives and die old and miserable: the Satanist revels in life and adventure, and knows the right time to die, for challenges never end. This way of living is hard, and this way of dying breeds fear among the feeble multitude who prefer comfort and security to the ecstasy of living on the edge like gods.

As to Satan – each Initiate discovers the reality for themselves. All that need be said is that there external forces beyond the psyche of an individual: in genuine Satanist magick there is identity with these darker external forces, not a fear of them and certainly not a submission. This, of course, is somewhat dangerous – but the strong survive, and the weak perish. Good riddance to the weak.

Q: So, fundamentally, you would say that Satanism is the way you live your life?

A: Yes, as I indicated at the beginning. Magick – of whatever type – enhances your life, and is a way to knowledge and increased vitality. Magickal acts are important in the beginning, but most important of all is our attitude to life and our ways of living. This is why we despise the Nazarene philosophy – the Satanist is proud, strong, defiant, while a Nazarene is afraid of living, afraid of dying and mentally sick: weighed down by guilt and envy. The meek espouse peace because they know the strong would destroy them – so they infect the strong with the disease of ‘pacifism’, with guilt because they are strong...

Q: But surely that particular philosophy – of, as you call it, the ‘Nazarene’ – is dying out today.

A: As an organized religion it might be – but over the past two hundred or so years this poisonous philosophy has sprouted various political and psuedo-political forms, and it is these forms which are

eroding our vitality. There have been a few attempts to cut out the cancer – but they have unfortunately failed, and the cancer grows and spreads.

Q: What, then, can you do?

A: Why should we do anything? Most people are stupid and deserve their fate. We offer an alternative – those who have if only in a small way the Promethean spirit will be drawn to us and thus have the opportunity to master their own Destiny. It is up to each and every individual: we can point the way, but they must make the effort to walk along it.

## SINISTER SHADOW MAGICK

Satanism is dark, and Satanists revel in evil. As a word, evil is regarded as deriving from the Gothic (via Old English) 'ubils' implying 'beyond' and 'going beyond due limits'. Later, the word – like so many others – was re-interpreted 'morally', in the abstract terms of Nazarene fundamentalism and 'evil' became a general term, applied to one's opponents and those excesses which timid and psychically ailing Nazarenes feared.

Genuine Satanists do evil, they cultivate evil: they are evil, in all senses of the term now accepted. Imitation Satanists, however, play mental and intellectual games: they enjoy the 'thrill' of calling themselves Satanists. Some go further, and may revel in a local notoriety, finding a vicarious pleasure in being known as a 'Satanist'. But these imposters do no evil – in fact, they explain (quite often) that Satanism has been misunderstood and is really rather a 'moral religion' (or something of the kind), perhaps even an 'ethical knowledge'. Such people are pathetic and certainly not Satanists.

In the beginning, a genuine Satanist will cultivate evil on the personal level – by going to and thus finding his or her limits. This involves more than just going beyond the (accepted) limits imposed by society or whatever. It means experience, on the practical level, of evil and all that it implies. Later, when the Satanic novice has some experience and thus self-understanding and mastery, there is impersonal evil. The first is sinister shadow magick of the external and internal kind. The second is sinister shadow magick of the aeonic type – the manipulation, changing, of individuals and events on a not insignificant scale, that is, one which produces tangible results and often disruption/creation/evolution and thus continues the sinister dialectic of history. This is called 'shadow magick' not only because it is mostly secretly done, but also because it is dangerous, psychically and physically, involving as it does acts of defiance against the restrictions imposed by all other forms and individuals.

Neither of these mean a type of juvenile ‘rebellion’ nor purely ‘mental’ acts (achieved by ritual or anything else). They mean a directed, calculating, purposeful involvement in real life and situations: for the beginner Satanist (the novice) just as much as the Adept. What differs, is the aim at first, it is personal, to aid self-mastery, understanding and thus build Satanic character; then, it is impersonal or aeonic. Thus one image of the genuine Satanist – someone in control, seeking more mastery of life; seeking more challenges and goals and insights.

Let me be explicit so I cannot be misunderstood.

1) The Satanic novice will aspire – to what is beyond, in all things. This means practical experience, testing Destiny and achieving difficult goals in the personal life. It means real danger in the real world, not cheap manufactured ‘thrills’ of self-induced stupour and loss of control – but rather, life and liberty threatening situations. These may be and often are amoral, illegal and evil – all laws are fundamentally an accumulation of tireless attempts to stop creative individuals making life into instants of poetry’.

Naturally, some guidance may be needed – it is easy to become lost, directionless, or caught – and this is where the advice of a more experienced Satanic Adept may be useful. However, the acts of a Satanist are not random nor motiveless and neither do they arise from any weakness of character nor uncontrolled desire. Instead, they arise from fulfilling Satanic wyrd – or, viewed another way, from presencing the energies of ‘darkness’/Satan on the Earth in accord with sinister intent.

An example will explicate this. A Satanic novice, having developed to a certain extent via ordeals such as Grade Rituals, the achievement of personal, physical goals and the organizing and running of a Satanic Temple, desires to go further. For this, practical experience and some guidance is needed. Let us assume the novice is advised or chooses to use a political form to achieve this experience – and thus becomes involved with radical ‘right-wing’ politics because such people already

possess an element or two of Satanic spirit, the ‘other sides’ in this form and at this moment in the history of this aeon representing the Nazarene disease in another guise.

Thus, she takes part in direct political actions – this is both exciting and dangerous, given the prevailing sickness of this age. Gradually, she acquires practical experience ‘on the edge’, and hopefully some real, tangible enemies, if she is performing right. These enemies probably hate her for her political views – and some of them may even try to harm her personally.

Thus, one or more of them deserve to die – or at least come to some harm, psychically if not physically. For they not only threaten her own Destiny and thus achievement but also Satanic wyrd, because she by her actions is fulfilling higher, Satanic goals (in simple terms, presenting the darker forces via a tangible form). This fulfilling is expressed in the form she is guided toward or chooses for herself via a knowledge of Aeonics. On the practical level, she can and should undertake magickal rites (such as the Death Ritual) to aid her – but other means can be used, such as assassination. She may wish to do this herself, or she may manipulate others into doing it. The result is the same – personal experience and development, and aeonic energies presented via the execution of the act.

Thus is her own evolution, and that of the acausal or sinister, furthered. Given the nature of the form chosen, this Satanic novice, by using such a form to the utmost of her ability (that is, seeing it as fulfilling a part of her own Destiny – conventionally, ‘believing in the correctness of the views so espoused’) goes beyond the norms of society and its herd majority and thus achieves personal knowledge of the illegal and the forbidden (in that society).

2) Beyond this, when Adeptship is attained by experiences such as the foregoing, the Satanist will try and open a nexion – to directly access acausal energies on Earth via rites such as Nine Angles etc. This is the beginning of aeonic shadow magick – and this involves an even greater commitment to change than before, on the practical

level. What form or forms this takes depends on individual wyrd, discovered by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and prepared for by previous rites, and experiences. It may be political, as it may be the use/manipulation of archetypal forms/ images with sinister intent – or involve using ‘religion’ as a Satanic instrument of change. Whatever the form, the changes are supra-personal they effect more than a few individuals. In fact, they radically disrupt existing forms and norms. For example, a political form may be chosen and used.

After some time, violence, riots somewhere, the spread of a new idea... The rising of a type of State in essence inspired with sinister energies and thus contributing to aeonic evolution... Perhaps a war. To propitiate with blood the darker forces...

Thus it will be understood that Satanists act in a directed way. Whether they are novices. or Adepts. Their evil has a purpose (as Satan Himself does as do THEY who are beyond Him have a purpose. on this Earth). The acts, and the evil. arise from a Satanic desire and understanding made real in a practical form or forms. The going beyond, the evil, are part of Satanic wyrd – on the personal and aeonic level. I repeat – they are not direction less , motiveless acts, nor do they arise because the person doing them is somehow inadequate or weak or in the thrall of some uncontrolled desire.<sup>1</sup> The Satanist is controlled – knowledgeable, particularly about themselves and what Satanism means in supra-personal terms. They are part of history – participants in a sinister dialectic of supra-aeonic proportions, and aware of the power of the sinister to change both themselves and those forms which others through the ages have created to shape our evolution or which [like the Nazarene disease] hinder our evolution. Have I been understood? Does this sound the death-bell for the imitation.

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<sup>1</sup> The conventional description of Satanic deeds and ‘crime’: most so-called Satanic crimes are acts by dabblers who have no self-insight and even less self-control; the rest, results from acts by characterless, insipid morons who are weak. Such description and such attributions arise from a fundamental misunderstanding of genuine Satanic acts.

Have I been understood? Does this sound the death-bell for the imitation Satanists? γνωση τεκνησ σημεια της εμης κλυων. It is a pity that this, like Satanism, is so often misunderstood and mistranslated.

ONA

## GUIDE TO BLACK MAGICK

According to traditional Satanism, magick may be divided into three forms: external magick, internal magick, and aeonic magick.

### **External Magick**

This is results magick or sorcery and it is the magick of the Initiate and External Adept. It itself exists in two forms: ceremonial and hermetic.

Ceremonial is ritual magick – ceremonies and rites where more than two individuals are involved. Ceremonial magick can be done for basically two reasons: to create/draw down and then direct magickal energy for a specific aim (e.g. cursing), or to represent through words and symbolism the myths/knowledge of a particular tradition or cultus. Sometimes, however, the energy generated by a symbolic rite can be directed to a specific end – as in the Black Mass. Hermetic rituals usually involve one or two individuals ('sex magick' is usually hermetic) and are generally done extempore. They require those undertaking them to possess or be capable of developing during the ritual. An empathy with the forces/energies employed, as well as possessing the necessary desire to direct the forces/energies. In contradistinction, ceremonial rituals are usually written down and when performed a set text is followed, with only minor variations to allow for the emotion of the moment.

### **Internal Magick**

This is when magickal techniques (e.g. Grade Rituals) are used to alter the consciousness of an individual. The rites of internal magick 'open the gates' between the causal and the acausal, and change the perception from 'ego' consciousness to the 'self' and what is beyond. In the Jungian sense, internal magick produces 'individuation', and leads to Adepthood. The main rites of internal magick are the hermetic workings associated with the spheres and pathways of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð. and the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept which involves the individual living in isolation for at least three months. It is one of the main functions of established Orders and

Temples to prepare their members for internal magick and offer guidance along the way.

### **Aeonic Magick**

This is the magick of the Master, the Mistress of Earth and the Magus, and its basis is an understanding of those forces which influence large numbers of people over long periods of time. On one level, aeonic magick is the alteration/distortion of such forces; on another, it is the 'creation' of new energies and their dispersion over the Earth to change conscious evolution. In one sense, this is the 'blackest' magick of all.

Satanism, as a way of magick, has no seasonal rites, no servitude or submission to any deity and no fear. There are thus in Satanic rites no defensive circles or measures of any kind: only an exultation in the forces of the rite, a prideful possession and mastery.

Rituals are often done at the time of the full moon because it helps one to see when the ritual is done outdoors and because it gives atmosphere to the rite. Sometimes, rites are conducted on or around the seasonal changes – solstice and equinox – because there is magickal energy present then (due to Earth's changes) and this energy can be harnessed. The same applies to planetary workings – the rising and setting of planets (astronomically calculated for the horizon of the observer – and not using the fraudulent 'planetary' tables given in most books). Such planetary energies exist – but are generally small, and have little effect on rituals done correctly. Most Occultists delude themselves about the nature and extent of these energies (this is particularly true of the Moon) to become sensitive to them is difficult in our shielded, technological society. Generally, only Adepts (and the naturally gifted) possess the required empathy. However, this said, the full moon is rightly associated with 'lunacy' and 'demonic' possession – as anyone who has worked nights at Mental Hospitals will testify. This power can also be harnessed during a ritual.

Celebratory rites in traditional Satanism are of two kinds – 1) those that express the energies of Satanism – e.g. the Black Mass,

Ceremony of Recalling – and whose performance thus distorts the currents of the Nazarenes and the Old Aeon; and 2) those which create new energies appropriate to the Satanic age of fire to come – e.g. invocations to the ‘Dark Gods’.

The Black Mass is still celebrated simply because the Nazarenes (and their allies) are still powerful and still polluting us with their filth. It is still the main ceremonial rite performed on a regular basis by organized Temples, and – like all ceremonial rituals its performance gives identity to the Temple, strengthening the magickal and personal ties of the members as well as furthering the work of the Prince of Darkness because it is a rite of Black Magick.

The mysteries of the Nine Angles form an important aspect of genuine Black Magick. On the physical level, the nine represent energy Vibrations – for according to tradition, a crystal shaped like a tetrahedron responds to voice vibration of the correct pitch and intensity. In simple terms, the crystal amplifies the power of thought and produces magickal change. Quartz gives the best results, although spinel may be used. The tetrahedron shape has to be created from the natural material by a skilled operator.

On another level, the nine symbolize (that is, re-present) the progression of Aeons and thus the Aeon energies. The representation is that of the nine combinations of the three alchemical substances [ $\alpha(\alpha)$ ,  $\alpha(\beta)$ ,  $\alpha(\gamma)$  etc.] over the seven fundamental levels, these levels being the spheres of the septenary ‘Tree of Wyrd’. The Star Game is a physical representation of these symbols the seven boards are the spheres, and the pieces are the alchemical variations. (It should be noted that the nine main variations spread over the seven spheres also represent an individual – their consciousness, life and wyrd.) Thus the magick or ‘sorcery’ of the Star Game an imitation (magickally done) of an Aeon or individual whose change (the moves of the Star Game) is manipulated by the magickian (the ‘player’ of the Game). The Star Game has two sets of twenty-seven pieces – one set white, the other

black, representing the two aspects of cosmic Change (or the causal and acausal). These pieces are spread over the seven boards.

The Nine Angles also symbolize the seven plus two gates (or spheres) that join our causal universe with the acausal (or 'magickal') universe. The seven are the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (zones of magickal energy), and the other two are the Abyss – where the causal and acausal meet in temporary stasis – and the acausal itself, which is beyond even the Tree. The Abyss, in the septenary system, lies between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and its crossing is the ordeal of the Adept and the genesis of the Master/Mistress of Earth. It signifies the beginning of acausal perception.

The other important form of Black Magick is to do with self-survival after death. This can be done in two ways, depending on the aim of the operator. The first is transference of the essence of self-hood, near the moment of physical death, into another physical body, ensuring thus the continuation of existence on the physical level. The second is passing the acausal Gate – creating an existence entirely in the acausal dimensions.

The first involves finding a suitable body to inhabit; the second has some resemblance to the creation of the 'diamond body' in some of the esoteric schools of Taoism and it is this form which is generally undertaken by the Adept. The first is sometimes done as a temporary measure or if the wyrd of the individual compels completion of some task on the physical.

The process of the first involves the creation of a strong 'astral self' – via chant and visualization and strengthened through acts of magick over a period of time, sometimes using a crystal tetrahedron to ensure the right amount of magickal energy. Thus an 'astral double' is created – and this energy is most usually stored in a crystal until the time for transfer. Meanwhile, a donor should have been found – a good, healthy specimen.

The psyche of this donor is then infiltrated through both astral and physical contact. The actual transfer occurs during a ritual with both donor and operator present (the former may be hypnotized or drugged or otherwise enticed) consciousness being transferred to the 'double' which then ousts the weakened psyche of the donor. The second form is actually the next stage of conscious evolution – and the goal of the Adept.

What it is important to realize about traditional Satanism is what is meant by 'Satan'. Traditional Satanists regard Satan as not simply a symbol of self-consciousness, but rather as a representative of those supra-personal forces beyond the individual psyche.

To see 'Satan' as simply a self-symbol – as two recent 'satanic' groups do – is, firstly, to be self-deluded about the nature of cosmic forces, and second, to make (or attempt to make) Black Magick tame and safe. To deal with greater forces is to court danger – psychologically and physically. Traditional Satanists see this danger as a means: the strong survive and the weak perish; this simply being a reflection of genuine Satanist philosophy rather than the tame view spewed forth by the imitation and toy 'satanists' who abound today.

Satan – in traditional Satanism – is never represented pictorially, and apprehension of the physical or causal manifestation of our Prince is an experience that each Satanic novice achieves for themselves by undertaking rites of Black Magick according to the dark tradition. This apprehension may or may not change when the new Master or Mistress of Earth is born via the ordeal of the Abyss, and it is up to each and every Adept to undergo this experience since the reality cannot be taught – only experienced in the primal Chaos that is the Abyss. What pictorial representations that are used, are those of the forms sometimes chosen by the Shape-Changer himself, for the Prince of Darkness must have his fun with feeble mortals. It is important to realize also that the name 'Satan' is not His real name – it is a convenient epithet, used because it expresses part of His nature. There is, in fact, no real 'name' as we understand names –

only perhaps a sound vibration (which cannot really be written down) which summons Him to our consciousness and our world. In a sense which few people will understand, Satan is the essence of the acausal: the cosmic force of Chaos whose intrusion into our causal dimensions disrupts the entropy that linear time produces. Our species requires and has required symbols to enable apprehension and evolution – and this is true also of the Initiate (and to a lesser extent of the Adept) who belong to that lower order. The Abyss destroys – or creates a new species, a new ‘mind’ capable of functioning on levels not normally accessible to those of the lower order.

and the most potent symbol of certain cosmic forces has been, and still is, Satan. In reality, Satan (who has a secret or ‘genuine’ name known to all Initiates) concerns Himself generally only with Aeonic magick – the changing of this world. Through Him, the Masters and Mistresses work Internal Magick, and through their Orders, Initiates undertake rites of External Magick, to the glory of His name.

## SATANIC INFLUENCE – A MODERN TALE

It is a fact – seldom fully understood and appreciated – that most individuals follow the creative lead of a few. It is also true that some of this majority absorb the creativity of others and bring it forth again, sometimes slightly altered, to claim it as their own – and that this whole majority needs the stimulus of new forms, ideas and ways, born via a creative genius or two, to vitalize them and begin the process of internal and external change.

The recent history of Satanism gives evidence for this. Various types of Satanism have emerged over the centuries, as have various exponents of it. Historically, Satanism is often taken to be – by those unacquainted with the Left Handed Path – as Diabolism, that is, the invocation of the Devil and the making of a pact with Him. This is evidenced in the medieval Grimoires and in those who were accused of such things. Later, various individuals were regarded as ‘Satanic’ and as teaching a form of Satanism, the most familiar being A. Crowley, Esq. Still later, various organizations emerged, each claiming to be Satanic and each teaching what they called was authentic Satanism. The most significant of these are the Church of Satan (Anton LaVey), the Temple of Set (Michael Aquino) and the Order of Nine Angles (ONA).

Diabolism: Central to all forms, is fear – of the powers, entities invoked. Hence the use of various forms of protection such as ‘circles’. The ‘pact’ so familiar from the Grimoires and accounts of Diabolism was one between a Master (The Devil) and a servant (the sorcerer). Implicit in all forms of Grimoire-type Satanism is the belief (deriving from Nazarene religion) of Satan as a fallen angel ruled over, ultimately, by ‘God’ – there is always the possibility of being ‘saved’. The archetypal Diabolist was a lapsed or practicing Nazarene whose conjurations brought excitement and a sense of the ‘forbidden’.

Crowleyism: While ‘Thelema’ as a doctrine and belief is regarded by many non-Occultists as ‘Satanic’, there is very little real Satanism in it

or indeed in Crowley's own life and works. The work of Crowley is, in many ways, a continuation of the Eastern-influenced esoteric groups and societies active before and during his own time – a type of Westernized Tantra heavily imbued with qabalism. The archetypal follower of Crowley is someone versed in Occult doctrines and mysticism who seeks through sex and other rites certain states of consciousness and who is orientated toward a belief in 'Thelema' as a new faith/creed.

Church of Satan: The church achieved a high media-profile due to the showmanship of LaVey. He expounded a philosophy of unenlightened egotism and self-interest together with a belief in carnality. The rituals were in the tradition of the Grimoires and imbued with qabalistic symbolism/notions (including some deriving from Crowley). Further, the Devil was dispensed with as an external Power – making the LaVey type of Satanism more of a practical belief system than a dangerous (in Occult terms) undertaking.

Temple of Set: The Temple was and is an essentially intellectual development of the Church of Satan. To the original was added an intellectual infrastructure (deriving in part from various mythologies and traditions) and an organizational structure with the aim of making Satanism a new 'religion' acceptable to a significant number of individuals. Both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set (the latter more so than the former) insist upon belief in their own version of Satanism – and expect the adherent/member to accept/conform. There is thus a fostering of dependance by the individual upon the group (and in particular the leader(s) and Master).

Order of Nine Angles: The Order first emerged to public view in the early 1980's (eh) and basically taught that Satanism was a means to attain self and Occult insight and abilities, and that this could only be done on an individual basis via direct, personal, experience.

The archetypal Church of Satan member was a black-robed figure who played a 'role' and who placed ego-fulfillment and pleasure

before everything. La Vey was accepted as a ‘Master’ and an authority to be revered – and a personality cult developed.

The archetypal Temple of Set member is someone who has read a lot of Occult literature, who engages in discussions with others about their beliefs and practices, and who likes the charisma and appeal of being a ‘Satanist’. often, they dress for the part – and need a group identity, a sense of ‘belonging’. They also accept Temple authority and are content to let an organization confer advancement upon them (in the form of titles and positions).

The archetypal ONA member is the lone sorcerer/sorceress struggling via practical (and sometimes dark) experiences toward self-attainment, guided by the teachings of the Order and by an occasional meeting with someone who has gone that way before.

Each of the above manifestations will be considered in turn. But what, then, is Satanism? By what criteria can such manifestations be judged?

First, let us consider what Satanism is not. It is not an acceptance of conventional morality or ways of living; it is not a belief, or faith, which causes a rejection of the reality (and harshness) of life; it is not a refuge for the failures, the cowards and the weak ... Satanism is about pride, an acceptance of individual worth. It is about defiance challenging the accepted, seeking to know the unknown and seeking the discover, to explore and to conquer: a refusal or bow down or give in. It is about excellence – of going beyond what is, in personal terms; of achieving a greater awareness and understanding than the majority.

It is a desire to experience the limits of living, to strive for the gods. The Diabolist is insipid and rather pathetic, a historical curiosity only – a footnote in the psycho-pathology of the Nazarene religion. Crowley was a rather underdeveloped egotist who lacked the character to develop real self-insight. He could and did manipulate others, and did possess some Occult powers (intuitively) and some

understanding of the Art of magick. His followers are trapped by the flaws of his system – chief among which are a belief-system (in ‘Thelema’) and methods which encourage self-stupifaction and self-satisfaction (and thus the illusion of development) rather than real self-insight and thus Occult abilities.

Church of Satan members (and to a lesser extend those of the Temple of Set) accept a sanitized Satanism – a ‘safe Satanism’ where the Darkness is said to be only within, where it cannot threaten them. They also are stuck on the bottom rung of Occult understanding – seeing nothing beyond the ego and the carnal. The Temple of Set claims to go further, but there is little or no practical experience of evil, of the Sinister, of those Dark forces which are part of the cosmos – there is instead an intellectualizing. There is also no going to extremes, in living, no ordeals which challenge (and make) character. No quest for personal excellence. Instead, there is the security of organization, the acceptance of Temple authority and mandates. In brief, a fostering of a type of mental servitude – in belief and in practice. All these are contrary to what Satanism is.

Only the ONA understands and practices Satanism as it is, with its insistence that Satanism is about individual self-development in both the real and the Occult worlds, and that this can only be achieved by hard, long, dangerous and toilsome experience. Further, the ONA has exhibited a creativity and an understanding which makes all other manifestations pale into insignificance. Thus, it is not surprising that it has been so influential in the past few years.

This influence has, however, seldom been acknowledged – other groups and individuals often borrowing the teachings, methods and ideas and claiming them as their own, this ‘borrowing’ not being confined to ‘Satanic’ or Left Hand Path groups in general. This is both natural, and necessary given the sterility of creativity which exists and has existed in such groups, and given the nature of the human species in general, and the Satanic in particular.

The chief contributions of the ONA toward an understanding of Satanism in particular and the Occult in general may be briefly described:

- 1) Satanism and the LHP as a means to individual development leading to Adeptship and beyond – via practical experience and ordeals (qv. The Grade Rituals);
- 2) the emphasis on developing both the mental and physical character of the individual;
- 3) a greater understanding of magickal (and Occult) forces – and thus their nature – via the development of the concepts of causal and acausal, and an abstract system to represent this, enabling conscious apprehension (as against belief and superstition);
- 3) the re-structuring of magickal forms and symbols in archetypal terms in particular the septenary Tree of Wyrd and the *Deofel Quartet* (the later explicating the archetypal, particularly in the ‘real world’ from the viewpoint of the sinister novice);
- 4) the creation of a Sinister Tarot whose images are sinister and thus imbued with Satanic energy;
- 5) the emphasis on the individual Initiate working alone and achieving practical goals – without accepting in a religious way a higher authority – and making this achievable by all via the publication of practical guides to all aspects of Satanism (*Naos*, *Black Book* etc.);
- 6) revealing and significantly extending Aeonic Magick – enabling any individual to undertake such works;
- 7) bringing an awareness of the Dark Gods – of the sinister energies/forces which exist and which are supra-personal and thus .. dangerous to individuals, one aspect of which has been symbolized by ‘Satan’/ the Devil;
- 8) an emphasis on the personal qualities – the character of a Satanist, enshrined in the concepts of excellence, honour and the motto ‘die, rather than submit to anyone or anything’;
- 9) are-affirmation .. of the positive, life-enhancing nature of Satanism as against the stereotyped image of obsession with death and decay – and a moving away from the ‘role’/image of the Satanist as showman-type ‘Devil’/Mephisto figure obsessed with carnality and pandering to his/her own weaknesses, and seeking media-attention, toward the secretly working lone sorcerer/sorceress concerned with their own development and works of esoteric sinister magick ...

A perusal of literature, statements and other such causal forms by other groups and individuals since the manifestation of the ONA will show the extent of its influence – of how, in a subtle way, such individuals and groups have been changed by a sinister organization. Such changes, and such influence, will grow, although it may well go unnoticed by all save the few genuine Adepts.

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It is indicative of the sorry state of most Occult paths and the people who follow them – that there is an abundance of dis-information, deceit, mystification and cultivation of egos. Consider a typical case. A young man develops an interest in Occult arts, and eagerly seeks information and contacts. Books and articles are read, contacts made, perhaps a group or three joined. Soon, the young man is part of ‘the Occult scene’ and one of three things usually happens: (1) he accepts some system, or person, for a while and tries following what is expected – then, after some ‘practical’ work, decides it is not right for him, and moves on to another system or person; (2) after a little while he comes to believe he has attained his goal (and thus is an ‘Adept’ or ‘Master’ or whatever) usually after engaging in a few rituals and a lot of conversations and meetings with others; (3) after a short or intermediate period cultivating and fawning upon others (and thus assisting them in their endless campaigns to ‘safeguard’ their own reputations by attempting to discredit others via rumours and so on) he establishes an identity for himself – exaggerating his own achievements, knowledge and contacts. In short, there is the perpetuation of old Aeon traits and values – contra what the Occult in general is supposed to be achieving. Two things are involved in this process: the desire (mostly unconscious, and natural) for self-importance, and self-delusion. Part of this self-delusion occurs because of the ‘intellectualization of the Occult’ – there is too much talk, too much acceptance – of what others say (particularly about others) without first-hand knowledge, too much theory and too much ego-domination where ‘cleverness’ (particularly in words) is rated above practical experience. Too much concern for someone’s ‘past’. The result is almost inevitable (and a waste of the potential of

Occultism) – the young man achieves no real progress, no real insight, no real Occult abilities. He has become infected with the ‘Occult disease’. Instead of going within, into the wilderness, to lose all illusions and delusions and begin the hard and solitary path to Adeptship by practical work, there is the camaraderie of being ‘in the know’, of ‘being accepted’ or working (mostly in intellectual or pseudo-intellectual ways) in a certain ‘niche’ and thus becoming self-satisfied in a .. comfortable way. The Occult thus becomes a ‘habit’ or an interest – a source of self-congratulation (perhaps even of material income) and a place where a ‘role’ is obtained and lived out. Some ‘practical’ work may be done – but the end result is the disposable Occultist so familiar from the recent past and the present: the attender of meetings (or the more modern ‘symposiums’ or ‘conferences’), the seeker after and spreader of gossip and rumour, the pseudo-intellectual dilettante writing articles and books (and perhaps even editing a Magazine) not for direct, personal experience but rather from hearsay, from self-opinion and from intellectual aridity and cleverness.

Or, perhaps, the plagiarist enjoying a cliquy Success and amateur adulation – or the self-appointed ‘Master/adept’ who may need the mystique of an organization to mask his lack of character or charisma or “ho may be so self-deluded that he actually believes he has attained his goal. Then again, our young man may turn out to be one of those many failures who hang around the ‘Occult scene’ – flitting from one group to another, one ‘master’ to another, and talking, worshipping (both ‘gods’ and ‘masters’) and talking again and accumulating a mass of useless information, ‘lore’ and ‘grades/degrees’.

Despite the interest in recent years in the techniques or ways or the Occult – despite all the many words written and spoken – there has been little or no real achievement on the personal level: no increase in the very few Adepts. Instead, almost the opposite has occurred – an increase in self-delusion, in glorifying the ego at the expense of obtaining insight; a turning away from effective experience to the

glorification of the vapid, the intellectual and the ‘non-directive’, sensation seeking, temporary, ‘mind-expanding’ experience. In short, there has been less real self-discipline and more ego-biased stupidity and stimulation.

Adeptship, and the wisdom that lies beyond that, is obtained by a slow, hard process which requires self-discipline and the self-overcoming of hardships. There is no path to it which is not without difficulties and which is not solitary – which does not require the discarding of all those props which most require to survive: a dogma, friends, ideas, companionship, lovers, material security, ‘masters’... There is no potion to obtain which when taken will suddenly give insight or wisdom, no sudden revelations, from god or mortal, which instill wisdom, no technique to be used a few times a week, no ritual or rituals which will give personality or character or self-development. This process requires years and involves certain ways of living – and often a certain guidance. It requires also the desire to reach the goal, to not give in when things become difficult or confused – a tenacity to follow the chosen path to its ending.

The Occult knowledge and insight of an individual is shown most of all by their bearing – by the way they relate to others. But this bearing is not the assumption of some ‘role’ (such as ‘master’ or ‘Guru’ or whatever) – rather, it is genuine and spontaneous, full of individual character: neither affectation nor pretension. This is so because the knowledge and insight is within, acquired from experience. Where there is lack of real knowledge and lack of insight, there is pretension, artifice, the ‘I must preserve my own ego by doing down all others’ syndrome, and the inebriated laughter of the ill-disciplined, ill-at-ease discussion machine.

Our young man would do well to try and find some guidance from an insightful individual – and be prepared for a hard and long journey. Perhaps then, in time one new Adept will arise, and the ‘new aeon’ be brought a little nearer.

(1990 eh)

## [UNTITLED ESSAY #1]

Although it has been mentioned before, this bears repeating: magick, properly used, develops the potential of an individual in a realistic, practical way – that is, it produces, from the experiences undergone, a genuine insight and thus an understanding of self, others and the world. This is in complete contrast to what happens outside of genuine esoteric traditions where there is adherence by the individual to abstract doctrines, ideas and beliefs – that is, there is little or no understanding based on experience, on the reality apprehended through trials, hardship, explorations and discovery. Magick returns the individual to their inner core – destroying illusion, affectation and abstraction of the arid intellectual type.

Of course, one should really say – real magick, properly used, does this. There is an awful lot of pretentious ‘magic’ and ‘magick’ about. What differentiates real magick is first the practical nature of its methods (which are both ‘internal’ i.e. psychic – and ‘external’ – i.e. involving practical work and experiences in the real world, not just ‘in the head’) and second its structure or system: a working toward a definite goal. This goal is Adeptship (part of which may be said to be the Jungian ‘individuation’) and what lies beyond even this: wisdom. The striving for this goal (and the striving is necessary: it is not a ‘gift’ from someone) changes the individual in significant ways – there is a re-orientation of consciousness, insights and achievement.

The way of magick (as explicated by the seven-fold way) enables each individual Initiate to develop their own unique understanding or ‘view of life’ or ‘world-view’ – that is, it creates character, it uplifts the individual, separating them from the anonymous majority who mostly merely exist rather than live and who never evolve and understand. Today, individuals are ‘mass-produced’ and conform to the accepted ideas and norms, even in the ‘rebellion’ that occurs, where the ‘herd’ or some fashionable ‘trend’ or ‘idea’ is followed without any understanding. Everything is categorized, made into moral opposites – and there is developing in society an almost

religious zeal about certain attitudes, a zeal which restricts individual freedom and expression and which destroys genuine individuality. All this, however, goes mostly unnoticed, so low is the level of general insight – a situation brought about, in part, by the comfortable lives most people in the West today live; insulated as they are by technology, by material possessions, by the complexity of Modern life and by ideas from life in its realness, rawness and danger.

That it is necessary to give an example to illustrate the categorization and zeal which is increasingly occurring is a sad reflection on the general level of understanding. The example to consider is the disease of 'ism-itus': the creation of an abstract idea, described by a word ending in 'ism'. Examples of this 'ism' are then sought – in society, individuals and so on, and then that society and those individuals must be 're-educated' if the 'ism' is found since the 'ism' is regarded as morally reprehensible, the abstract idea being formulated in an abstract moral way. This procedure is not new – it is essentially a religious fundamentalism, extrapolated into politics and social concerns, and may be said to derive from Nazarene beliefs and ideas.

The 'ism' itself becomes a 'totem-word' – almost a 'magical incantation' – and is surrounded by an aura of guilt. To be associated with an 'ism' – even worse to be an 'ism' or be called the 'ism' – is reprehensible, almost a 'sin', and in certain countries definitely a crime, punishable by due process of law (and usually, if convicted, by imprisonment). What this amounts to – when taken with the other abstractions foisted upon individuals (the 'ism', remember is only one example of this) – is the production of essentially characterless people who seldom if ever have any real experience of life, who conform to a certain set of attitudes, and who are psychically unhealthy in that they are infected by notions of 'sin' and moral absolutes. There is little real understanding – only acceptance of the abstract forms which have been and are being projected onto and into 'history', 'society' and individuals and which give a comforting illusion of 'understanding' and knowledge (and also in most cases a smug moral feeling of superiority such as one sees in certain religious types).

Magick, however, is a means to destroy all this – and thus it really is subversive, and dangerous since it can free the individual, returning them to that inner Being where insight is born and from which understanding, and ultimately wisdom, can be cultivated.

This is the reality of magick – it produces the only ‘freedom’ that is real and which has meaning: that inner one, which allows further steps to be taken, which allows evolution to be continued. For magickal Initiation is a personal liberation when an individual takes responsibility for his or her own evolution.

Further, this way to freedom, this means of liberation, should not be used only by a very few – it should be used by everyone, creating a whole society (or societies) of Adepts: a whole new era or Aeon in which all have attained to self-insight. Idealistic: of course – but still possible, even if unlikely for at least the next few centuries. But herein lies that almost sacred duty of each Initiate – to keep this possibility alive by maintaining the reality and effectiveness of genuine magick.

(ONA 1990 ev)

## MANIPULATION I – SINISTER THEMES

It is a fact of external sinister magick that manipulation is necessary. There is manipulation of forms, images and magickal energies as well as direct and indirect manipulation of people.

People manipulation can arise from many factors and be undertaken for many reasons. Initially, it is often done by Initiates because they wish or desire to revel in the feeling that such manipulation can and often does bring – a sense of power and re-inforcing of the ego: it creates a sense of self-identity and purpose, enhancing the ‘role’ of Satanist/Black Magickian.

Beyond this is the use by the External Adept of various roles – such as Priest or Priestess – which by their nature involve certain amounts of manipulation of others, e.g. in the running of a Temple or group. Experience brings skill – a learning from mistakes, and thus a more subtle approach. Instead of direct confrontation, there is a ‘flowing with’ the other persons(s) and then a skillful re-direction of them: i.e. they believe they are acting freely rather than being manipulated. Beyond External Adept, there may be further use of such skills depending on the wyrd of the Adept. [See Appendix for one such form.]

What all levels have in common is the acceptance of the belief that the magickal Initiate is superior to the non-Initiate: that others can be used to achieve personal/magickal goals. In the beginning, of course, this sense of superiority may be unfounded and mis-placed – arising from simple arrogance and self-delusion. However, if the Initiate truly learns, and really follows the hard path of internal magick, then this will be transformed into a reality, the External Adept having acquired the skill and begun the process of developing character: that which sets them apart from ordinary mortals. In addition, certain abilities will be developed (some connected with the ‘Occult’) and latent potential drawn forth – creating a new individual from the pre-Initiate one.

The post-Initiate will realize the rather limited understanding of the majority and see them as swayed by all kinds of external and unconscious influences: in short, understand that they are not really free. They will be seen as directed and controlled in varying ways by various means – by archetypal forces within their own psyche, directly or indirectly by others and by ideas/forms/Institutions/ideology, as well as by the various patterns psychic energies assume (one of which is the ethos of the culture/civilization to which they belong).

To the sinister Initiate this will be illuminating and also useful, providing opportunities for experimentation and self-learning, as for example via running a Temple.

There is no morality here – only the judgement of experience: most people are consciously and esoterically not very well developed. In fact, they are still rather primitive. The Initiate takes a dispassionate view – although there will be times when direct involvement leads to emotional commitment/involvement, and thence to a self-learning from the experience(s), as must be in the progress from Initiate toward the other Grades. Initially, however, others are seen as a means.

Gradually, there is a move away from this – from the direct, personal involvement to the more indirect and magickal: an internalizing. This brings awareness of the Initiate's own psyche and thus real understanding. There may be and mostly still is manipulation of others – but this has evolved from the random to the directed, centred on what the Initiate believes is his or her own destiny in magickal terms. The same applies to the manipulation of magickal energies – there is an evolution away from the undirected external type (which quite often arose from the unconscious – i.e. was not consciously understood) first to the internal as a process of internal magick, and then outward again but in a directed form, the direction arising from the magickal goals set, those involved in following the sinister path. In brief, there is an awareness of that balance which is so important for true Adeptship.

This balance – for an External Adept – is expressed in the understanding, from experience [i.e. not ‘from book-learning’], that magick as a directed form is not always causal when used to assist the individual externally (and sometimes internally) – that is, it involves other factors which the individual at the time of working/ritual, may not be aware of/in control of. In short – the illusion of having achieved control/mastery of all magickal forms by techniques, is broken. One of the factors involved in this is the wyrd of the individual; another is the wyrd of the Aeon; another – and perhaps the most important for the individual to understand – is the nature of magick itself: no one who has not transcended beyond the Abyss can direct/control in a causal way all the divergent forms any magickal energy assumes in the causal. Quite often, however, most of the divergences go un-noticed when ‘practical magick’ is performed, because the time-scale of those divergences is not the same as that of the effects which are or become noticed by the Initiate/External Adept and which mostly are taken to be the ‘success/failure’ of the working. Some of the divergences are or may be in themselves of no consequence to the individual undertaking the working – i.e. produce no discernible outward effects – and even when they or some of them are of consequence, the Initiate/External Adept usually either ignores them or accounts for them in other, temporal, ways. A recognition of/sensitivity to the divergences begins the process that leads from External to Internal Adept: once again, practical experience is the teacher. it should be obvious that those which are of consequence (whether noticed or not) effect these acausal changes upon the individual due to (a) the wyrd of that individual and/or (b) the wyrd of the aeon.

Thus the learning curve which magickal workings impart. In a sense, each Grade Ritual and the associated experiences, imparts more ability to apprehend and thus control the causal manifestations – gives more skill at manipulation, both magickal and of people (there is a stage when the two are understood as the same thing), as well as brings an awareness of the acausal effects beyond the time-scale of the working and its desire/results.

The understanding of the limits (well, some of them!) often occurs following the solo Nine Angles rite by an External Adept – at first intuitively, and then more consciously. This begins the process of consolidation and leads either to further self-insight, return to self-delusion, or rejection of magick and the quest. For, in essence, the solo rite is a foretaste of the chaos of the Abyss – undirected acausal energy, the effects of which (i.e. what results from its presencing in the causal [‘on earth’]) are mostly unforeseen and often unwanted, the ritual itself being so structured (or rather unstructured) that little or no direction is given for the energies – they flow and presence according to their nature, the individual being a channel. [Note: this is what happens to a greater or lesser extent in external workings by an Initiate/External Adept re the ‘acausal component’ of the working.] Thus, the wyrd of the individual to some extent directs and/or disrupts the flow, producing certain changes in the causal. The nature of these changes thus depends on that wyrd.

Thus the essence of magick – and hence sinister manipulation – is glimpsed and then apprehended, in most for the first time. This enables both the causal and acausal components of the energies accessed via a magickal working to be controlled and manipulated and thus presented in the causal, and it is this which marks the true Adept: the Internal Adept possesses the understanding, and the Master/Mistress can make that understanding real.

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1990 ev

## MANIPULATION II

One of the fundamental principles of Black Magick is elitism: the belief that the majority are essentially beneath Initiates in terms of understanding, intelligence and ability. This gives the foundation for manipulation both on the personal and the magickal level.

The Black Magick novice is generally scornful of others – until and unless worth has been proved or shown. However, as explained previously (Manipulation I) an experienced novice will have learnt the subtlety of manipulation: direct confrontation as a mode of manipulation will seldom be used (unless a person or group deserves to be so treated: or such an approach is magickally necessary). Instead, there will be the ‘flowing with’ approach – manipulation without the person or persons being aware of it. Quite often, this approach is ‘psychological’; at other times it may be psychic (e.g. directly magickal) – or perhaps via the charisma of the magickian overpowering the personality of the person(s) in question.

Whatever, there will be an arrogance based on the belief of one’s own superiority – and thus an isolation. For a true Black Magickian is essentially a strong individualist who finds his or her own company preferable to that of others – unless those others can be useful in some way. That is, there is no dependence of any kind, particularly not emotional, on any other individual or individuals. This, of course, is what the novice strives to achieve.

It cannot be achieved quickly – or even by ‘will’ alone. Rather, it is a cumulative process – an alchemical change, a re-orientation of personality, and such changes take time.

In the seven-fold sinister way, these changes occur during the stage of External Adept and are a necessary prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. One of most important aspects of this change is that involving the companion – the initial emotional involvement gradually changing, ceasing to be a dependence but rather a partnership, a mutually evolved understanding; the passion (both

sexual and emotional) which possessed the novice giving way to a maturity.

The arrogance of the Black Magickian is not an empty one: it is not a posturing. Instead, it arises from within: from the knowledge and insight the novice has gained into him/herself – by having achieved in both the personal and magickal sense. Thus the magickal and practical goals which are set for novices – they develop self-assurance, a pride and that arrogance which is truly Satanic. The training for and achievement of these practical goals usually takes the novice to the limits of physical and mental endurance and this builds character in a specific way [or defeats the novice who gives up and either lets self-delusion triumph – ‘I don’t need such things: they are out of date/unsuited to me; I have achieved enough anyway ... or abandons the magickal quest, perhaps later to try another ‘method’ (which is easier) or find another ‘teacher’].

Initially, this arrogance is outward and expressed by manner, attitude and perhaps appearance. Later, when Adeptship becomes achieved, it becomes cloaked – except in the eyes and in that charisma which marks a Black Magickian.

Initial manipulation is often of the external kind – an adjunct to external magick – later, it becomes ‘internal’ (concerned with the internal goals of the External Adept) and still later, aeonic (bound up with supra-personal, acausal energies). [qv. *Deofel Quartet* for examples of the various types appropriate to Initiate and External Adepts].

ONA 1990 ev

## **RITUAL MAGICK – DURE AND SEDUE CEREMONIAL**

Magick enables us to capture again and again those moments which not only shape our lives but which can extend the possibilities of our existence: those moments when we know with an exhilaration and an insight that transcends words, when we become more than a single isolated individual burdened with a causal-existence.

For some time there has been a denial of and attempts to undermine the ceremonial in magick: there has arisen a plethora of self-written rituals and ‘chaos’ type workings. This, however, arises from a misunderstanding of the nature of ceremonial. Basically, there are two types of ceremonial workings in magick: dure ceremonial, and sedue ceremonial. The first is essentially ritual used for internal magick – to produce/provoke/inspire changes within the consciousness of those participating/attending.

The second is (or rather should be) a performance which transports the individual participants to another realm and which engages their whole being. It is not however a possession – but rather a developed awareness, a new way of being distinct from ‘everyday’ existence, one in which all the elements (mind, body, emotions etc.) are a unity.

A sedue ceremonial is an artistic event of the highest type because it is a conscious attempt to make the acausal real (to presence it) in causal time. However, like any artistic performance, a ritual can be good, indifferent, bad or great depending on the talent and abilities of those performing/conducting it. If it is any of the first three, it will not achieve its purpose.

A great performance is one which captures the essence of the ritual – which brings the acausal, which ‘opens a nexion’, and which thus has the magickal power to transform. This of course is a rare event – at least these days – and like, for example, a great performance of a drama or a symphony, requires both talent and preparation. Unfortunately, in the past as in the present, ceremonial rituals when attempted are done mostly by inept performers with little or no

preparation and little if any empathy with the magick which the ritual re-presents. Thus the ritual is magickally ineffective: non-inspirational for the participants/congregation. Further, elements of self-delusion (regarding the ‘magick’) are mostly present. Such ‘performances’ tend to confirm the mistaken belief that ceremonial forms are either boring or outmoded or both.

A ceremonial ritual should be vivifying – and awaken ‘numinous’ feelings. It should stimulate all the senses – for a sedue ritual in a subtle way; for dure ritual in an obvious/overt way. Incenses and fragrances should stimulate the sense of smell; the eyes should be stimulated by colour and imagery; hearing by the sounds of chanting, by music, words; the intellect by the symbols/content/intent; the passions by the spirit or élan of the performance and perhaps the sight/gestures of an individual or individuals performing a specific ‘role’, their manner of dress (or undress) and their physical movement.

A ceremonial ritual is a seduction – of the participants/congregation by he/she/they conducting it or the power of the rite itself because the rite captures or transforms an aspect or aspects of the acausal. This seduction is subtle if the ritual is a sedue one, and obvious/overt/harsh if it is a dure one. But by its nature it always has a temporal structure as it always is a nexion to the acausal – if it is a genuine magickal rite, that is, one that possesses when performed acausal (or magickal) energy/power. Both of these aspects – the temporal structure and the nexion – are important, although hitherto esoteric.

Each shall be considered in turn. First, temporal structure. This means that the ritual has a beginning, a middle (or ‘action’/development) and a definite end: it is confined in temporal time, and while a specific performance may be ‘fast’ or ‘slow’ depending on the mood and the intensity, it is generally of a certain duration. Second – a nexion. This means that in form and content (e.g. the techniques used to draw upon magickal energy) it is effective – it accesses the forms/symbols and so on required for its purpose.

This means more than that it ‘produces emotion’. Emotion arises or should arise from the performance by the effort and talent of the performers. Rather, such accessing means it re-presents certain elements of the acausal in an accessible form, such as archetypes or numinous symbols. This requires what can only be called a type of ‘artistic creation’ – and this in itself can be of varying quality, as in music or any creative endeavour. Most creations, however, as rituals, are not effective: they do not presence the acausal, although they may produce emotion and perhaps the occasional insight. Emotion, however, is not magick – just as ‘intellectual stimulation’ and/or undisciplined behavior are not, although such things result and are expected to result from what passes for ‘magickal rituals’ today. Only rarely does a creation become or be magickal – that is, a nexion, despite the intent of the person or persons who undertake such creation. Thus, no amount of desire, no amount of intellectual knowledge can make or create a ritual which is magickally effective. Only rarely does a creation become or is magickal. It may become so due to the ‘aura’ or ‘tradition’ surrounding it (partly due to past performances) – but even in this instance it must still possess some aspects which access the acausal directly. It is magickal when it is that rare entity: a genuine magickal creation.

The temporal structure and accessing of a ritual mean that a genuine rite, once created or transmitted via tradition, must be respected for what it is: effective performance requires fidelity to the temporal limits and its internal structure – in terms of all its formalized elements such as words, chants, symbols, images, colours etc. Outside of this, there can be (and indeed should be) artistic interpretation, a vivifying of the original by the talent and skill of the performer(s). A genuine magickal ritual is a work of art – and requires ‘interpretation’, that is, performance, to presence the acausal. It is in short a conscious causal expression of aspects of the acausal – and in performance lives in both the causal and the acausal. Hence its power to transform.

[It should be remembered that only ceremonial magick is being considered here – the above does not imply that only ceremonial

forms are effective as magick. There are many other forms or means of accessing the acausal.]

Given this understanding, it should be obvious that there are very few rituals, written down or transmitted, which presence the acausal and which, in an inspiring performance or interpretation, are capable of transforming either the consciousness of others or of producing changes in the causal metric itself. That is, there a few rituals which possess in their written form the potential to be a nexion to the acausal: and even these require inspirational performance: rehearsal, planning, the correct intent or desire ... In short, the creation of 'atmosphere' and skill/ability in performance. The rituals that proliferate today – and most of those regarded as 'traditional' – may in their performance pass some moments of causal time and may even fill some individuals with emotion (and boredom is an emotion), but they are not and never will be magickal.

of the rituals that do exist, those in *'The Black Book of Satan'* together with a few others (such as The Ceremony of Recalling in its various forms) rank as supreme works of magick. Some other rites possess the potential to do even more on the causal level (e.g. the Nine Angles rites) – producing aeonic changes.

Thus explicated, genuine Black Magick becomes available to all: for the first time ever.

- ONA 1990 ev

## THE ALCHEMY OF MAGICK

Magick is not an object for academic study – it is essentially practical. It also requires self-discipline and training the acquisition of skills. No books or teacher can teach magick: it can only be learnt by practice, by the trials and errors of experience. All books and teachers can do, at best, is guide: toward and into the relevant experiences and offer some explanations for cause, effect and what is beyond the causal.

Similarly, willful self-expression will be mostly counterproductive. What is required of the novice and Initiate is self-discipline and that insight which arises from achievement and adversity. Modern life, however, has made these things difficult – it is easy to be self-opinionated, to accept the comforts of modern living and the lack of self-discipline, just as modern ‘methods’ and ‘ideas’ about ‘magick’ make it seem that understanding of and achievement in magick is easy: all that is needed are the relevant books/grade manuals/information and a chaotic mind/attitude/approach.

There is not and never has been any substitute for self-learning from experience. The real learning of magick occurs by the individual novice, alone: group work and group experience merely confirm that learning and extend the techniques, the forms that are used. This is so because real magick is internal – an alchemy of psychic change. It is the techniques which are external. For instance, sexual magick is a technique of magick – it is not magick or ‘magickal’ in itself – just as ceremonial ritual is a technique. All techniques are forms which are dormant – they need vivifying, bringing to life: they need to be infused with the ‘breath of life’. This vivification is magick, and its achievement is individual, that is, it does not rely on the form – on minute details of performance or technique.

Sometimes, this vivification is shared – e.g. between two individuals undertaking a sexual rite or a group gathering for a ceremony. For too long the techniques have been regarded as magickal in themselves, leading to a complete misunderstanding of magick – as, for example, by Crowley and his followers and by adherents of latter-

day ‘chaos’ techniques. Magick is beyond technique – techniques and forms merely presence the magick in the causal, and to access the magickal energies skill is required. Sometimes, this skill is intuitive – an inborn gift – but most often it has to be cultivated, learnt, acquired. The skill is an internal one, and may be likened to an attitude of mind. It is a ‘moving with’ magickal energies as those energies are, in themselves – it is not a loose, undirected approach, a chaotic acceptance, but a finely balanced direction; not a loss of conscious awareness/understanding, but a new type of awareness. It is like running long distances: innate ability may help, but training is required, an awareness of limitations born from past experience, a self-discipline to achieve the distance in the time set – and then the running, which when successful is a ‘flowing with’ the body and mind...

In magick, desire makes the energy – once accessed via the individual – presence in the form/technique chosen. This desire is usually aimed – that is, it has a causal goal (as for example in external magick). The form or technique chosen may stimulate to some extent the production of magickal energies – but it is the individual who must push open the gate (or nexion) and direct the energies that lie beyond it. What the forms and techniques most often do is make the nexion seem real and accessible – often ‘evoking’ within the individual the consciousness required to push open the nexion and presence the energies. Because of this, ceremonial rituals (or any ritual where more than two are present and involved) require direction or control – of the images/forms/patterns invoked and the presencing of such in the causal. This direction is always toward the causal (that is, toward a specific aim or into the psyche of an individual or individuals) because of the nature of the energies – there is always ‘flow’. If no control is undertaken (or the direction is confused because more than one attempts to control the flow – perhaps unconsciously) then causal change will still occur (and must occur) although in ways probably unforeseen by those involved – this is what usually happens when some individuals gather and attempt an act of magick – and often results in psychic disruption of one or more of those individuals.

The alchemy of magick is in learning this control – in being able to access the energies, and being able to produce changes via the presencing of what is accessed: internally (within one’s own psyche), externally (in others and the things of the everyday) and aeonically (within and beyond the confines of aeonics). There is thus a learning about the various types of magickal energies (which may be said to be differentiated by **how** they presence in the causal) – and their uses. In short, the acquisition of individual skill and understanding. To achieve this, there are certain ways certain guides which may be followed. This is a serious commitment – not a hobby, not a gathering of some like-minded people as and when for an enjoyable and ego-gratifying delving into ‘the Occult’, and certainly not ‘for laughs’ or to entertain. There is an intensity, a self-discipline, even sometimes a hardness – and those pleasures which are beyond mere mortals. In brief, new ways of living. For while the alchemy of magick is not accessible to everyone (due to works such as *Naos*) it is unlikely many will forswear their current and easy ways of living for the challenge.

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## ACAUSAL EXISTENCE – THE SECRET REVEALED

Acausal existence – the secret of true Immortality – has been hinted at many times in certain esoteric writings connected with a particular LHP. In the past, a few Adepts of the LHP – and the occasional notorious individual interested in dark sorcery – tried to secure for themselves an acausal existence by dark rites of sacrifice, and as a result dark legends arose. But such means are not really necessary.

Before describing what is necessary, a brief examination of such acausal existence will be in order. According to a sinister tradition we as individuals possessed of consciousness have both a causal and an acausal aspect to that consciousness. The acausal is latent (or mostly so) and magical Initiation awakens it – opening a gate or nexion to the acausal. This allows the acausal to be apprehended (usually via a symbolism such as the septenary Tree of Wyrð) and acausal energies to be used/directed (i.e. ‘magick’). The result is an ‘expansion’ of consciousness. Progression by the Initiate to the higher grades of initiation is actually the expansion of the acausal in individual consciousness (or, viewed another way, the progression of the individual into the acausal) – a balance of causal/acausal being achieved in ‘the Abyss’. Beyond this, because of the balance so attained, it is possible to transcend to the acausal – to create an acausal existence when the causal ceases (i.e. physical death).

The acausal is not however, a ‘dreamy realm’ or some kind of nirvana/heaven. It is rather, the very essence of Being – beyond opposites, primal Chaos. Nirvana and such like are abstract moral forms – i.e. they are ‘unbalanced’ since they lack darkness, the sinister, the negative [Nirvana and such like are usually described in terms only of ‘light’.] The acausal is the realm of the Dark Gods – and these beings are not imaginative symbols ‘for the titillation of consciousness, nor simply a part of the psyche, to be transcended or negated or whatever by ‘forces of light’. Rather, they exist independant of our consciousness [yet such is the nature of the acausal that they are also part of what is dormant within us] and while they may be accessed (or ‘dis-covered’) by consciousness and thus

presented in the causal (on Earth) their actual intrusion would totally disrupt sentient life in the causal – like the meeting of matter and anti-matter. Sinister magick (of the aeonic and internal kind) may be said to be like a machine or engine where containment of opposites is possible and controllable in certain amounts and under certain conditions. [In simple terms, sinister aeonic magick contains the flow of the acausal into a temporal form – usually an Aeon and its associated civilization via a nexion/magickal centre to thus over thousands of years increase the amount of the acausal that is presented, increasing thus evolution in individuals in accordance with sinister goals. Such is one of the forms of real Black Magick.]

The nature of acausal existence may be apprehended by individuals by certain sinister rites such as those of the Nine Angles. To achieve an individual acausal existence the sinister path must be followed, from Initiate to Internal Adept to Master/Mistress and beyond because this following of such a path in the way indicated (qv. *Naos* and *Black Book*) creates acausal consciousness in the individual over causal time. The Grade Ritual of Grand Master/G. Mistress makes the Adept more acausal than causal. Beyond this, is a simple ritual (the solo Nine Angles rite done by the Grand Master/G.Mistress) when consciousness is transferred beyond the nexion opened/created by the previous Grade Ritual. Immortality – the final stage of the way – is then achieved, followed then or shortly thereafter by causal death, although consciousness can be transferred to inhabit another causal body, this is not usually done as *wyrd* is achieved. Simple, really, although this alchemical process takes about 25 years. By virtue of the nexion, the new Immortal alters the temporal structure of the world, usually for an Aeon.

Now the secret has been revealed, the possibility is open to all. But it is doubtful if more than one or two a century will try, such is human weakness.

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## BAPHOMET – A NOTE ON THE NAME

The name Baphomet is regarded by traditional Satanists as meaning ‘the Mistress (or Mother) of Blood’ – the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. [See ‘The Ceremony of Recalling’. The supposed derivation is from the Greek βαφη Μητρα and not as is sometimes said from μητιος (the Attic form for ‘wise’). Such a use of the term ‘Mother’ /Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings – for example, Iamblichus in ‘De Mysteriis’ used μητριζω to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of ‘amalgam’ (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna in the sexual sense).

In the septenary system Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal ‘Earth Gate’ [qv the Nine Angles] and her reflexion (or ‘causal’ as against her ‘acausal’ or sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares. According to esoteric tradition the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion c. 3,000 years BP – in the middle and toward the end of the month of May and some stones circles/sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus, Arcturus itself being related to the sinister male aspect (second sphere of the septenary), later identified with Lucifer/Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a sinister *hierosgamos* – the union of Baphomet with her spouse (or ‘Priest’ who took on the role of the sinister male aspect). According to tradition, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess/Mistress of the cult. Thus, the May celebration was the (re-)birth of new energies (and the child of the union). Tradition relates this sinister sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years.

Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago. In the Middle

Ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan and it from this time that both 'Baphomet' and 'Satan', as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (at least in the secret sinister tradition).

Hence the traditional depiction of Baphomet – a beautiful mature woman (often shown naked) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (usually shown bearded).

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua but with some bloody/ sinister aspects – and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy warriors and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of 'holy' differed somewhat from that of the Church of the time, including as it did dark/gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle – and not as part of a specific rite.

The image of Baphomet (e.g. by Levi) as a hermaphrodite figure are romantic confusions and/or distortions: essentially of the symbolic/real union of Mistress and Priest and his later sacrifice. The same applies to the derivation of the suffix of Her name with 'wisdom' (and a male image at that!) – even the confused gnostics understood 'Wisdom' as female.

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## BAPHOMET – A NOTE ON THE NAME II

There is a tradition regarding the origin of the name Baphomet which deserves recording, even though it is not regarded as authentic, having no present-day proponents. This tradition regards the name as deriving from Βουβαστις; the Greek name for the Egyptian goddess Bastet, recorded by Herodotus (2.137 ff). It is interesting that Herodotus identifies the goddess with Artemis, the goddess of the moon. Bubastis was regarded as the daughter of Osiris and Isis and often represented as a female with the head of a cat – cats were regarded as sacred to her. Artemis was a goddess unmoved by love and she was regarded as Apollo's twin sister (the identification of her as a 'moon goddess' followed naturally from this since Apollo was linked with the sun). Like Apollo, she often sent death and plagues, and was propitiated sometimes with sacrifices.

It is interesting that (a) Βουβαστεία is the Pythagorean name for 'five' [qv. Iamblicus: Theologumena Arithmeticae, 31], perhaps a link with the 'pentagram?'; (b) the Templars, with whom the name Baphomet is associated, were said to have worshipped their deity in the form of a cat.

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The tradition recorded above, and the one described in part I, both regard Baphomet as a female divinity – and both are esoteric traditions, hitherto unrecorded.

It is possible that both are correct – that is, that the actual name Baphomet derives (as mentioned in part I) from the Greek βαφη Μητρα: the prefix referring to being 'dyed/ stained' or 'dipped' in blood – qv. Euripides, Hercules Furens:

μεινομένωι πιτύλωι πλαγχθεις  
ἐκατοκεφάλου τε βαφαις ὕδρας (1190)

The suffix derives from ‘mother’ or ‘mistress’ used in a religious sense (qv. Iamblicus ‘De Mysteriis’).

This name – Baphomet – is thus a descriptive one for the ‘dark’ (i.e. lunar) goddess, to whom sacrifices were made, and which was actually known in former times as ‘Bubastis’ – that is, Bastet, to whom cats were sacred.

Thus, Baphomet could be regarded as a form of Artemis/Bastet – a female divinity with a ‘dark’ side or nature [when viewed via conventional morality] to whom sacrifices have been, and continue to be, made. Sinister tradition regards Baphomet as the Bride of Satan/Lucifer – this would fit well since Lucifer is often regarded as a form of Apollo: Artemis is the female form (‘sister’) of Apollo. Here, it must be remembered that both Apollo and Artemis were not aetherial. Moral and lofty divinities (the classical gods have been romantically misinterpreted) – they could be, and often were, deadly and dark: both ‘sinister’ and ‘light’.

## **A GIFT FOR THE PRINCE: A GUIDE TO HUMAN SACRIFICE**

In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess or ‘Baphomet’, the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess, the bride of our Prince.

Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed – or stored, for example in a crystal) and it draws down dark forces or ‘entities’. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal’ altering what is sometimes known as the ‘astral shell’ around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive – that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice furthers the work of Satan.

Sacrifice can be voluntary, of an individual, involuntary, of an individual or two, or result from events brought about by Satanic ritual and/or planning (such as wars). Voluntary sacrifice results from the traditional Satanist belief that our life on this planet is only a stage: a gateway to another existence. This other existence is in the acausal realm where the Dark Gods exist. The key to this other existence is not negation, but rather ecstasy. A Satanist revels in life because by living life in a joyful, ecstatic way, the acausal that exists within us all by virtue of our being, is strengthened. For Satanists, not only the manner of living is important but also the manner of death. We must live well, and die at the right time, proud and defiant: not waiting sickly and weak. The scum of the Earth wail and tremble as they face Death: we stand laughing and spit with contempt. Thus do we learn how to live.

Voluntary sacrifice usually occurs every seventeen years as part of the Ceremony of Recalling: the one chosen becomes Immortal, living in the acausal to haunt the edge of our minds.

An involuntary sacrifice is when an individual or individuals are chosen by a group, Temple, Order. Such sacrifices are usually sacrificed on the Spring Equinox, although if this is not possible for whatever reason another date may be used. While voluntary sacrifices are always male (and usually twenty-one years of age) there are no restrictions concerning involuntary sacrifices other than the fact that they are usually in some way opponents of Satanism or the Satanic way of living.

Great care is needed in choosing a sacrifice: the object being to dispose of a difficult individual or individuals without arousing undue suspicion. A Temple or group wishing to conduct such a sacrifice with magickal intent must first obtain permission from the Grand Master (or Mistress).

If this is given, then detailed preparation must begin. First choose the sacrifice(s) – those whose removal will actively benefit the Satanist cause. Candidates are zealous interfering Nazarenes, those attempting to disrupt in some way established Satanist groups or Orders (e.g. journalists) and political/business individuals whose activities are detrimental to the Satanist spirit (Sacrifice – 2).

There are three methods of conducting an involuntary sacrifice: 1) by magickal means (e.g. the Death Ritual); 2) by direct, personal, sacrifice; and 3) by assassination. Both (2) and (3) can be undertaken either directly by the group/Temple/Order or its members or by proxy.

Proxy involves the Master or Mistress finding a suitably weak-willed individual and then implanting in their mind by hypnotic means a suitable suggestion. Whatever method is chosen a date for the sacrifice should be set and on that date a suitable ritual undertaken. This ritual is most usually the Death Ritual – if method (3) is chosen, the Ritual is performed twice: first, seven days before the chosen date, and then on the date itself while the member/proxy is undertaking the sacrifice. The energy of this latter ritual is then

directed (or stored temporarily) or dispersed over the Earth by the person conducting the ritual.

Method (2) involves the Ritual of Sacrifice. The victim or victims are brought or enticed to the area chosen for the Ritual, bound by the Guardian of the Temple and at the appropriate point in the Ritual sacrificed by either the Master or Mistress using the Sacrificial Knife. The bodies are then buried or otherwise disposed of; care being taken if they are found for suspicion not to fall on any of those involved. Those involved, of course, must be sworn to secrecy and warned that if they break their oath their own existence will be terminated. Breaking the oath of sacrifice draws down upon them the vengeance of all Satanic – groups, Orders and individuals – both magickal and more directly. Those who participate in the Ritual of Sacrifice must revel in the death(s): it being the duty of – the Master and Mistress to find suitable participants.

Note: Method (2) and (3) are no longer undertaken and are given for historical interest.

## THE DEOFEL QUARTET

The Quartet consists of:

- 1) Falcifer: Lord of Darkness
- 2) The Temple of Satan (aka Witch Queen)
- 3) The Giving
- 4) The Greyling Owl

The general purpose of these MSS is briefly explained in the 'Introduction' which follows their title page. More specifically, each work deals with one (sometimes more) forms of 'magickal/archetypal' energy as these are understood in the septenary tradition and the means whereby these can be controlled as well as how those forms affect individuals, both consciously and unconsciously. In some of the works (for example 'Falcifer') the magick is obvious; in others, (for example 'The Greyling Owl') it is much less obvious, and for good reason.

The best approach is to read each work in order of complexity, starting with the least (esoterically) complicated. Thus, the reading sequence would be: Falcifer; The Giving; The Temple of Satan; The Greyling Owl. Further, this increasing complexity operates, in the individual works, on different levels. At first, all of them should be read merely for enjoyment (and the 'esoteric' information obvious on a first reading). A further reading should provoke questions and (hopefully) insights into esoteric matters in general and the reader's psyche in particular.

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### **The Deofel Quartet: Themes and Questions**

Viewed in a simplified way, the four works deal with the first four spheres of the Tree of Wyrð. Thus:

- 1) Falcifer – deals with the first sphere (Moon) and some of its ‘influences’ (in the personal sense) in an overtly magickal setting.
- 2) Greyling – deals with some aspects of the second sphere (Mercury) in a way ‘Ire-moved’ from a magickal setting.
- 3) Temple – deals with some aspects of the third sphere in a directly magickal setting.
- 4) Giving – deals with the transition from the third sphere to the fourth sphere, in a specific magickal setting.

(1) and (2) may be said to be written from a ♂ perspective; (3) and (4) from a ♀ perspective. But in all the interplay between the ‘male’ and the ‘female’ aspects is important. (Note: ♀♀ is dealt with in the MS ‘Breaking The Silence Down’).

In each of the works the interplay of λ (‘light’) with φ (‘sinister’) is also described, although only in some of the works (e.g. Falcifer) is this framework viewed in the ‘conventional magickal sense’ (i.e. from ‘sinister’ viewpoint). In all cases, the ‘moral’ relativity should be obvious, although it may take some insight/further study of MSS for this to be seen. The same applies to the magick – i.e. the alteration of individuals/ events/archetypal forms and so on by a Master/Mistress/ magickian: only in a few instances (e.g. Falcifer) is this instantly recognizable as ‘magick’ (robes, rituals and so on). There are important reasons for all this – reasons which once understood should aid the esoteric understanding of the reader.

Thus, the MSS are more challenging/esoterically interesting than might appear from a first, casual, reading. The following lists give some (not all) of the main themes and questions dealt with/arising from the Quartet. They are intended only as a guide to further reading of the MSS. Ideally, what follows should be read only after the MSS themselves and then to provoke further study of them/aid the understanding obtained from the first reading.

l) Greyling – What forces (in both magickal and personal sense (is there a difference?) control/influence the characters of Mickleman, andrea, Alison, Fenton? Does Alison’s perception change? If so, by what means? Is this means intentional – or via magick? If so, to what end/purpose? Does Mickleman’s perception/insight change? What is his initial level of self-understanding? What his wyrd? What is Fiona’s part in this? What if anything is Edmund seeking to achieve and why? Some key elements (clues exist in the MS):

a) How does supra-personal magick work? b) To what end this magick? c) Archetypally (re spheres of ToW) what forces act upon the psyche of the main characters? d) The MS expresses one aspect of real magick in action – is this magick as described in the MS sinister? If so, why?

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2) Temple – What archetypal elements are present in Melanie and Thurstan? How is Melanie changed – and why? (See quote from Book of Recalling at beginning of MS.)

Does Thurstan change through his love with Melanie? If so, why? Can all these changes be related to the experiences of an Initiate, in real life, following the seven-fold way?

What level of insight has Algar attained? Is he a magickian – in control? Do external forces/archetypes control/influence him? Is this related to Initiate experience? Does Algar understand wyrd?

Pead – what is his level of insight/achievement?

Jukes – what is his? Does his esoteric development change? If so, how?

Saer – who is he? What is his role? His magick? What is Claudia’s understanding/role and so on?

Main theme – what is the magick and wyrd of the MS and Why?

3) Giving – Rhiston and Mallam: what is their level of development/understanding? Does this change. Can they as characters be related to journey of an Initiate?

Lianna – what is her esoteric development/insight? What key factors influence her?

Thorold– what is his role and how does this change? Has he esoteric self-awareness? Is there a manipulation of him by Lianna? If so, why?

Imlach and his daughter – what are their roles and level of esoteric development. How well does Imlach fulfil the archetypal role of Guardian?

Monica – is she manipulated? If so, why? Is her death the result of magick? If so, why?

### **Some themes:**

a) What is the magick of the ‘story’? Is this magick sinister? b) How do Mallam’s belief and magick differ from Lianna’s? Is he a Satanist? Is Lianna? What is Lianna’s relationship to him, his wyrd? b) Is the historical setting (Templars etc.) necessary? c) Does the story show Lianna as a real Mistress of Earth? d) What is Sidnal’s role in relation to the magick and Lianna? Is he ‘Satanic’?

(What is Satanic?)

To some degree, all the MSS in the quintet deal with a particular type of magick/ manipulation and this is explicated in many ways including:

a) of individuals and groups of individuals by other individuals and groups, be these others magickians or not;

b) of how various individuals are affected by certain elemental/magickal forces and ‘emotions’, these forces etc. being manifest in various guises – some directly magickal, some archetypal (as, for example, when a man is charmed by and falls in love with a woman, he apprehending that woman archetypally) and some aeonic.

The manipulation of the energies/forms and so on varies in the different MS, as the aim or intent of such manipulation does – for example, sometimes it is for direct personal desire/gratification, sometimes it is due to unconscious factors, sometimes it is due to a desire (sinister and otherwise) to change/aid a particular individual or individuals.

However, just as important in each MS as this covert/overt form of magick is how and why individuals become changed via it in many and various situations. Thus, for example, sometimes change occurs because of personal involvement with others, sometimes through being influenced (either consciously or unconsciously) by magickal energy (which itself may be directed at that individual by another), sometimes through mediums like music (with perhaps some ‘magickal’ input from another), sometimes via personal confrontation with unconscious fears and/or insights.

All of these changes are presented in the various MSS from differing perspectives – and these perspectives are sometimes individual (directly personal) as they are sometimes magickal. The perspectives change – from MS to MS and sometimes within a single MS – and while the perspective may be ‘sinister’ it is also sometimes ‘moral’: that is, seen from the viewpoint of an individual adhering to ‘conventional morals/attitudes’. This diverse variation is intentional, since by it the reader is (or should be) able to objectify the action/changes/characters and thus understand the influences (magickal and otherwise) behind these, particularly with reference to the psyche. This understanding is aided by the fact that each MS is related to a particularly septenary sphere and thus to some extent deals with the energy/magick/influences both unconscious and conscious of that sphere. However, as in real life and real magick,

other influences (from other spheres) may sometimes intrude and complicate matters and the reader should be capable of understanding the interplay.

The understanding that results from a reading and study of the MSS (using the themes, questions and so on revealed here and in other notes on the quintet) is part of the process of Initiate awareness – and should assist those following the seven-fold way to arrive at a personal understanding of their own psyche as well as that of others. Such understanding enables magick itself to be understood and used effectively.

## THE SINISTER PATH – AIMS AND INTENTS

The Sinister Path, as the way of genuine Satanism is sometimes known, comprises two traditions. The first of these is ‘traditional Satanism’ – represented by such groups as the ONA – and the second derives from the teachings promulgated by Anton La Vey and includes his ‘Church of Satan’ as well as the ‘Temple of Set’. In both aims and intent, the two traditions differ considerably, and while traditional Satanism may be said to have its roots in Europe (particularly Britain) the La Vey tradition is primarily American and of fairly recent date.

The primary aim of traditional Satanism is the achievement, by the individual, of magickal Adeptship and this is achieved by Initiated individuals following what is called the ‘seven-fold way’ (sometimes called the ‘seven-fold sinister way’). This way is essentially a series of magickal techniques, teachings and goals and during its early stages may be said to consist of an exploration, by the individual, of hidden/latent/sinister/forbidden areas of consciousness.

During these early stages, practical magick is employed, and traditional Satanism distinguishes between ‘external’ and ‘internal’ magick. The first type is primarily sorcery; the second, an exploration/expansion of individual consciousness. One of the tasks of an Initiate following this seven-fold way is the formation of a magickal/Satanic Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals. Among these rituals is ‘The Black Mass’. However, these ceremonial rituals – and external magick itself of whatever kind represent only the first few stages of the sinister seven-fold way: they are, essentially, a practical training in magick and magickal technique. It is beyond these stages that the real work of an Initiate of the ‘Dark Tradition’ begins, and these more advanced stages involve that Initiate in ‘Internal’ magick – the development of individual consciousness.

Thus, traditional Satanism is concerned with the ‘inner development’ of its Initiates, and its followers are few in numbers. Neither they, nor the groups to which they belong, proselytize, and traditional

Satanism has no religious or political connotations whatsoever. Rather, it is an esoteric way of living for those few individuals who might be interested – a way founded on Western Occult tradition (an aspect of this tradition is known as the Septenary system).

The La Vey type of Satanism concentrates on a glorification of the individual ‘ego’ and an indulgence in the pleasures of life. Both the Church of Satan and the more recent Temple of Set are organized on the basis of Satanism as a religion with all that this implies in terms of acceptance of doctrine and adherence to an individual leader/master/specific group. The fundamental tenets of this religion were stated by La Vey in his *Satanic Bible*. While the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set differ on some organizational matters, they both take this ‘Satanic Bible’ (and other works by La Vey) as their starting point, and in many respects the Temple of Set may be said to be a ‘schism’ from the Church of Satan. Other Satanic groups both in America, Europe and elsewhere, take these two organizations as their own ‘role model’ and follow both their teachings/philosophy and methods of magical working.

Basically, the teachings of La Vey and those following him have their origin in the qabalistic, Grimoire tradition. There is an identification with the ‘demonic’ aspects and a desire to use this to further personal goals and ambitions. Generally, followers of this tradition of modern Satanism do not believe in any existence after death, seek practical mastery over others, exult in the pleasures of the flesh, perform rituals and ceremonies for their own benefit and see their beliefs in religious terms. The main groups – the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set also actively seek followers, engage in public avowals of Satanic faith and offer members various titles and offices.

The aims of these groups include winning converts for their religion, making that religion more accessible and acceptable, and, ultimately, bringing that religion into social prominence. The majority of individuals who profess to be Satanists and who do not belong to any particular grouping, almost without exception adhere to the La Vey tradition. This is so because of the ‘publicity profile’ attained by La

Vey and, following him, Aquino (of the Temple of Set) and because of the ready availability of books dealing with this aspect of Satanism.

The fundamental aims of this type of Satanism may be simply stated as the glorification of the ego and the return of instinct. There is not, in this type, any glorification of 'evil' and certainly not any 'Satanic criminal behaviour'. Instead, there is an attempt to change the way the individual views the world – toward what may be termed a more Mephistophelean and Machiavellian approach. In contrast, the followers of more traditional Satanism believe that this approach is only a beginning. These followers eschew the religious approach and instead concentrate on achieving self-development beyond the stage represented by the 'ego'. Traditional Satanism also believes individuals can create for themselves an existence after death, and this creation is seen as one of the fundamental aims of this tradition.

Further, traditional Satanist groups and teachers are secret, and those who, after perhaps a diligent search, find them and seek to follow their seven-fold way are subjected to many ordeals before being accepted. This testing of all candidates ensures that only the most sincere and motivated are accepted.

The foundation of the Church of Satan in the sixth decade of this present century and the writings of the founder of that Church (particularly *The Satanic Bible*) represented only one further stage in the development of Satanism – a new divergence, founded on some aspects, although not all, of that particular magickal and practical view of the world. Satanism, in many divergent forms, existed before the Church of Satan in both the Old and the New worlds and those forms, as well as new ones, continue to exist independent of both this Church and the writings of its creator. Thus groups and individuals which claim that the Church of Satan (in either its present or its original form) represents the only genuine form of Satanism are, historically, deluding themselves.

Such claims are usually based on one or more of the following: (a) The founder of the Church of Satan inaugurated a 'new Satanic' age

and this inauguration makes all other forms of Satanism invalid/superfluous; (b) a mandate was given by some supra-personal being; (c) there is a 'pure' tradition and this form is represented by a presently existing group.

Basically, those who claim to be 'genuine' Satanists divide into three groups: the Church of Satan, the Temple of Set and some small European groups (both the Church of Satan (CoS) and the Temple of Set (ToS) are American in origin) among which the ONA is included. From time to time, other groups become manifest – both they are almost without exception splinter groups/fronts of the CoS or the ToS (e.g. 'The Werewolf Order': a CoS 'front'). The CoS accepts (a) and (c) above and as a group adhere with an almost religious outlook to the founder of the Church and his '*Bible*' – for example, one the followers of this Church states (Black Flame, Vol 2 no 2): 'We have a Bible... We have a Church.... We have a tradition... We have a High Priest.' The ToS accepts (b) and (c) – the mandate emanating from the Prince of Darkness in the form of Set and divulged to mortals in 'The Book of Coming Forth by Night'. Further, the ToS accept that they are continuing the work begun by the early CoS, that is, they represent the original and 'pure' Church. In this sense, the ToS is a schism from the CoS.

Hence the conflict between the CoS and the ToS – both claim to be the genuine form of Satanism and both date the new Satanic age in the same way – 1990 ev is, for example, xxV A.S. Both of these groups have an organizational structure (although the ToS claims the CoS in its present form does not any longer possess a structure) and both have teachings and a leader. Members of both are expected to respect both teachings and leader. Both actively seek members and both engage in public/media avowals. The ToS hopes to make Satanism a legitimate religion. As far as basic teachings go, the CoS and the ToS differ – for although the ToS accepts the early works of La Vey (there being thus a little common ground) it differs quite significantly in what has been built upon those works. There is, for instance, in the ToS an emphasis on the 'higher self' above the glorification of the ego that is such a feature of the CoS as well as a

move away from a fixed ideology and ‘Church’ like mentality. Nonetheless, the ToS demands a certain commitment (subservience some opponents would say) to the teachings and authority of the Temple, and while this is not as pronounced as in the CoS it nevertheless exists. The squabbles between the CoS and the ToS aids this commitment – on both sides – and to a certain extent necessitates it. Having become established, and having media profiles, both the CoS and the ToS need to continually re-affirm both their identity and their mission – and this has led to the formation of personality cults (more evident on the side of the CoS although Aquino accepts the role of ‘Voice of Set’).

Both the Church and the Temple are concerned although in different ways – with safeguarding what they see as the authentic tradition of Satanism, and accordingly each tends to be antagonistic to those outside of this supposed tradition, particularly if individuals and groups espouse views contrary to their teachings and policies. Both wish to protect what they see as their reputation and this tends to lead to suspicions regarding other groups and individuals who espouse different forms of Satanism – as well as sometimes polemics/disinformation against those groups and individuals to further enhance that reputation at the expense of those others.

All this is not unexpected given the form of both the CoS and the Tos and the claims made by each regarding the authority and authenticity of their version of Satanism – in fact, all the above follows naturally. In contrast, the ONA, for example, is not concerned with either an imagined (or even real) history regarding its own tradition and teachings – or with trying to claim some authority (either supra-personal or via some new aeonic manifestation) for that tradition and those teachings. Basically, some ONA teachings have been handed down by reclusive Adepts and some have been developed recently. What is ‘historical’ about these teachings mayor may not be valuable today and mayor may not be of interest to aspirant Adepts – indeed, some of the teachings handed down have been superseded and some of just mystifications. What exists is made

accessible enabling its usefulness or irrelevance to be judged on an individual basis. What is important however is that the central core (recently codified and extended in the creative sense) offers a practical path to Adeptship and beyond. (This path being explicated in the books *Naos*, *The Black Book of Satan*, *The Deofel Quartet* and the Star Game.) The accent is on practical – it is devoid of mystifications, does not involve theoretical discussions, require acceptance of any dogma, ideology or organizational structure. Neither does it require submission to any individual or authority. It is not concerned with converting others, with reputations or establishing a favourable social climate for its adherents. It is, simply, a very simple and practical set of magickally-inclined workings which any individual can undertake for themselves. It does not need to be ‘interpreted’ by some Master or guide. It simply is: available to those who wish to avail themselves of its methods.

This is not to say that this path – the seven-fold sinister way – is easy. On the contrary, it takes time and effort, requiring a certain desire to follow it to its end. The following of this way depends only on the individual.

This present codification of the essence of ONA teachings into ‘the seven-fold sinister way’ is a result of the natural process of evolution within the LHP – in this particular instant, the result of the creative inspiration of one individual over the past few decades. This process, of refinement and extension, will continue as further insights are gained and new creativity – extending the frontiers – arises from other individuals who are Adepts of the LHP. Thus the present form of those teachings (as represented, for instance, in *Naos*) is itself only a stage between a historical past and the possibilities of the future: as such, this form is not sacred or subject to jealous guardianship with extended polemics in its defence. It is simply a working method which produces results – there is no mystique about it, no glorification of the creative individual responsible for its present form, no reliance on historical traditions, as there can be no dogma attached to it. It simply exists, to guide those who may be interested in following its methods.

It is up to each and every individual interested in the LHP and Satanism to choose which way to follow. Some lead to Adeptship and beyond – others merely to subservience to someone else's ego and mythology.

## BRIEF GUIDE TO THE SEVEN-FOLD WAY:

Aims: a) Esoteric Initiation; b) Magickal Adeptship; c) Fulfilment of individual wyrd and potential; d) creation of next stage of human evolution

Stages: 1) Neophyte 2) Initiate 3) External Adept 4) Internal Adept 5) Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth 6) Grand Master (Magus)/Grand Mistress 7) Immortal

Neophyte: Construction of Star Game (qv *Naos*) and learning how to use this. Undertake ritual of Initiation (*Naos*; *Black Book*)

Initiate: Workings with spheres and septenary pathways (*Naos*); Hermetic workings for specific desires/aims (*Naos*). Achievement of demanding physical goal. Seeking and finding of companion (opposite sex: or same if gay) Initiate this individual (*Black Book*) and undertake workings with spheres/pathways with them. Use of Star Game with companion. Undertake Grade Ritual of External Adept (*Naos*).

External Adept: With companion, organize a Temple for ceremonial rituals (*Black Book*) holding regular sunedrions (*Black Book*): recruiting members etc. Run this Temple for between six months to one year – regular teaching sessions (*Black Book*) including Esoteric Chant, Star Game etc. At end of this period prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

Internal Adept: Depending on wyrd (manifest during Grade Ritual) continue with Temple or fulfil on practical level the tasks of wyrd (e.g. creativity). Learning and use of Advanced Star Game and Aeonic magick o Further training of companion (up to Internal Adept if required/possible).

Use of Rites of Nine Angles. Preparation for G. Ritual Master/Mistress.

## **HISTORICAL ADDENDUM: REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM**

The individual responsible for the present codification of ONA (in the form of the seven-fold way, Star Game etc.) does not claim any supra-personal authority for that codification (in the form of Set/Satan or an extraterrestrial intelligence) or indeed for the creativity which was its essence. Neither does he claim any authority via having belonged to some ancient and mysterious group whose 'Master' taught and Initiated him.

The truth is simple, and a little ordinary. He was fortunate perhaps in spending most of his childhood and early youth in Africa and the Far East where, in the former, he grew up among peoples who believed in pagan practices and witchcraft, and, in the latter, he came in contact with many and various traditions including LHP Taoist magic and Martial Arts. All this formed a somewhat unusual education (there is no claim to being 'Initiated' into any form) and provided a continuing interest in esoteric arts. This curiosity, interest together with his keen intellect, enthusiasm and zest for danger' led him to, in later youth, to not only seek out LHP groups in Europe but also into many interesting and diverse experiences, and in the late sixties he was Initiated into some LHP groups/underground Satanic Temples. His diverse experiences then and later (some dangerous, some at variance with prevailing social dogma, many dark, some noetical) provided a useful background for an Occult and personal synthesis and led to him taking responsibility for a small LHP group. The teachings of this group were rather garbled, full of mystifications and occasional insights, but they did provide some basis for creative extension. Thus, the new synthesis that was the seven-fold way was created. The original LHP group had no historical significance and did not claim among its former members any person of significance on any level – it was simply a reclusive circle of a few individuals orientated toward the Black Arts whose teachings (such as they were) centred around a septenary approach to magickal alchemy and a 'mythology' about the Dark Gods.

(It should be noted that the other LHP groups he joined either derived their magic from a mixture of Crowley/Golden Dawn/demonism or were rather boring, lacking Satanic zest.)

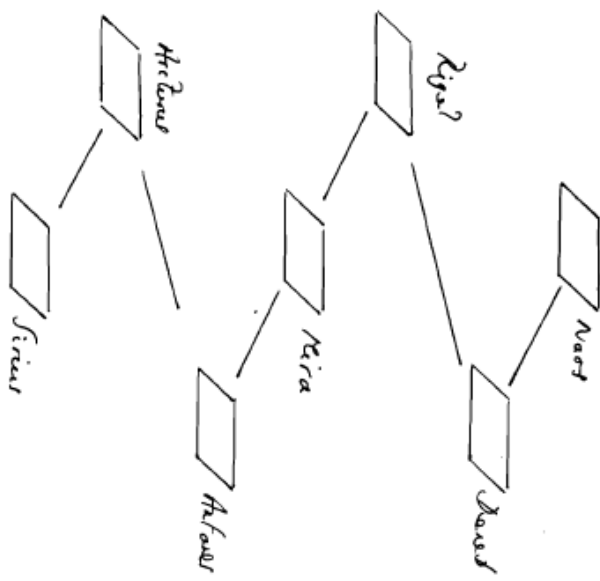
In the early years of the eighth decade of the present century a decision was made to publish the traditions of this small group (the ONA – as it came to be called some decades earlier) together with the new codification. Some of the traditional material concerned Sacrifice and some related to the Dark Gods mythos.

No one within this group believes these traditions and methods are unalterable or invested with ‘supernatural’ authority. As expressed in such published works as *Naos* and *The Black Book* they are a practical method of achieving magickal Adeptship and extending consciousness into the next stage of its development.

Thus the DNA has no structure because no structure is needed – its members may guide others if those others wish, such guidance occurring because those members have themselves undergone (to a greater or lesser extent depending on their own personal development) the tasks of the seven-fold way and can thus offer advice from experience.

It is as absurdly simple as that.

ONA 1989 ev



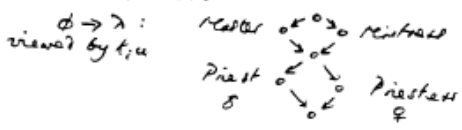
Notes on the Septenary Stars

Deneb: Jupiter sphere: Baphomet: Earth Gate (for  $\alpha$  working)  
 Rigel: Mars sphere: Dark angle (Man's Gate) -  $\alpha$  working  
 Antares: Venus sphere: Light angle (  $\alpha$  working):Star Gate  
 Arcturus: Mercury: Satan/Lucifer: Dark Gate (  $\alpha$  working)

\*Rising of Arcturus (Albion c. 3 000 yrs BP)  $\Rightarrow$  August:  
 thus 'festivals'  
 \*Antares  $\Rightarrow$  May - thus 'festivals' (middle/end of month)  
 ('Venus', implies Baphomet image in 'light' aspect:  
 qv. Tarot image 2 'High Priestess')

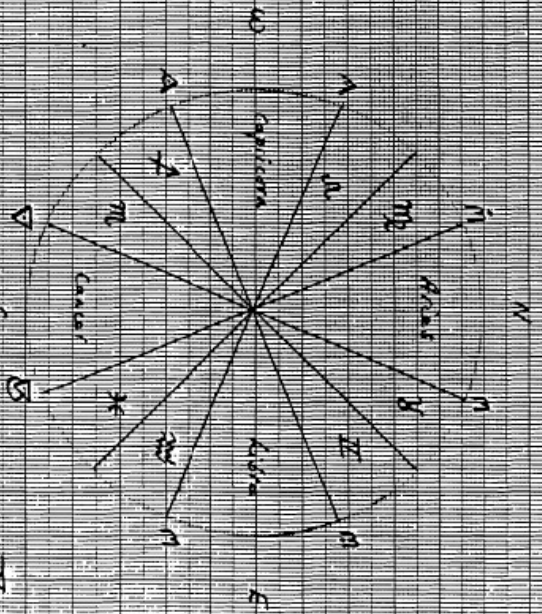
\*Baphomet: Mistress of Earth (qv. 'magickal energies'/Azoth images).

Note: All the above represent only one aspect of the causal symbolism (ie. how the 'chaotic'/raw energy of a particular sphere is apprehended/viewed/manifested to individual consciousness):-



# The Wheel of Life

Arises: Karnas  
 Cause: Moon  
 Karma: Sun  
 Prison: Mercury



N: Spring Equinox  
 S: Summer Solstice  
 W: Autumn Equinox  
 E: Winter Solstice



N: Cause of Dogs  
 S: Cause of Fire  
 E: Fire of water  
 W: Fire of fire etc.

V: Priests  
 S: Priests of Agkadia  
 E: Priests of Agkadia  
 W: Priests of Agkadia  
 A: Priests of Agkadia

The Astral Path

## THE ABYSS

The Abyss is where the causal and the acausal meet: a nexus of temporal and spatial dimensions. Because of the nature of our consciousness, the Abyss lies latent within all of us – that is, our consciousness consists of both causal and acausal aspects. In this sense, we are all ‘Gates’ to the acausal dimensions, although this Gate – and the pathways leading to/from it – often lies undiscovered. Magickal training is essentially the discovery, exploration and use of these pathways.

Symbolized causally, the Abyss lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars in the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the ‘Entering the Abyss’ is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/Mistress from the Adept. The experience of the Abyss – which the Grade Ritual ‘Entering the Abyss’ begins – is fundamentally a destruction of the self-image which the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept created and which was glimpsed during the External Adept rite. It is also the destruction of all personal illusions regarding opposites: the final ‘withdrawing of projections’. In essence, the Internal Adept has learnt (mainly through the Grade Ritual) to withdraw the projections of the ‘ego’ from other individuals – that is, theirs is an understanding of individuals as those individuals are in essence: without the distortion of one’s own passions/ideas/prejudices and without the distortions of other people’s ideas/judgements and so on. The experience of the Abyss takes this a stage further – there is a withdrawal of all personal projections made by every individual upon others/the ‘cosmos’ and so on: both personal and impersonal. Thus, the essence is apprehended behind the appearance which the causal produces because it is the causal. Put very simply, the Abyss is the beginning of acausal perception.

This perception implies a complete understanding of oneself, one’s wyrd, as well as an understanding of others, of aeonic influences, and of the ‘cosmos’ itself – the beginnings of wisdom ... Yet this does not mean a negation of individuality. Rather, it is an enhancement of

consciousness. This is so because the Abyss is also the Tree of Wyrð itself – all the spheres and the pathways in both their individual and aeonic forms: the ‘individual forms’ being Jungian-type archetypes (and the experiences/understanding appropriate to these) on a personal level, and the ‘aeonic forms’ being aeonic/cultural myths and images on a supra-personal level, in both ‘sinister’ and ‘light’ aspects. Further, the Abyss is also a direct opening or ‘Gate’ to the acausal dimensions.

The ritual of the Abyss implies an acceptance of acausal energies as those energies are – that is, without any ‘abstract’, personal or judgemental views. It is a letting ‘in’ of those Null, Chaotic energies without any hindrance. This of course can be dangerous, but the preparation reduces this danger as well as making possible an understanding of those energies and the ‘forms’ they may or may not assume in both the causal and acausal worlds. This latter point is quite important, because there have been many who, unprepared, having experienced some acausal energies via entering the Abyss too soon. Quite often, the result of this premature magickal experience is madness or extreme personal dis-orientation resulting in a ‘possessed’ personal life and/or loss of vitality; another and frequent result is personal delusion about one’s own abilities and understanding, both personal and magickal.

This understanding of the acausal, vital to a ‘successful’ crossing of the Abyss, derives from the preparation implicit in (a) having undertaken the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept [that is, in essence, having spent at least three months alone without any external influences and without any personal contact] and (b) having fulfilled the tasks revealed by that Grade Ritual. This fulfilling of personal tasks (the accomplishment of part of the wyrð of the individual) is necessary (and it takes from one to many years after the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept) because it dissipates the energy of the ‘self-image’ that the Grade Ritual produces, preparing thus a voidness within the Adept. The Adept generally knows when this inner void is reached (in simple terms, the personal, driving energy is gone through achievement of personal goals: the reality, of course, is more

complicated and here the advice of a Master/Mistress/Magus is often sought).

The ritual of the Abyss is simple. The physical part (the walk in the specified time without assistance) is essential preparation for the ‘magickal’ part because it prepares the consciousness in a very specific way as well as draining the physical resources of the body. To complete the walk given the conditions stated requires determination – and this determination is released/abandoned when the magickal part of the rite is begun, this release/abandonment occurring quite naturally because the physical goal has been achieved. Thus, there is a ‘hidden’ wisdom in the construction of the rite (as there is in all the Grade Rituals). The physical part also creates – because of the isolation – a feeling within the individual of being only a part of something more vast, and it is for this reason that the walk is undertaken as far from human habitation – as possible. This isolation, the concentration required to walk at a pace enabling the goal to be reached within the set time, the rhythm of walking, the anticipation of the magickal part, all combine to produce the conditions necessary within the consciousness of the individual conducive to success.

As mentioned above, the Abyss is also an opening into the acausal. The ‘passing of the Abyss’ is the opening of that ‘Gate’ within us. All magick is a glimpse of the acausal, and the stages of the seven-fold way are really stages when the acausal energies are developed and understood in a progressively more emphatic manner – that is, they may be seen as ‘pushing that Gate wider and wider’ – in the passing of the Abyss there is no longer a Gate, but rather a union or fusion. In another sense, the seven-fold way may be said to be the creation. Within the consciousness of the individual, of connections or pathways to the acausal – each stage develops more and more pathways until they form a conduit through which acausal energy ‘flows’. Beyond the Abyss, the individual is part of the acausal ‘flow’ and has achieved the goal of sentient life.

This is really the great secret of alchemy, of magick and of the Left Hand or Sinister Path itself – that is, we can create for ourselves another existence in another ‘universe’ and an existence which continues after our causal self dies. The means to this existence is simply – the seven fold way.

According to tradition, the Abyss is also presented physically in our causal universe. That is, terrestrial and ‘Space’ or ‘Star’ Gates exist where the two universes are joined. In reality, the terrestrial Gates may be said to be points where the causal and acausal come close to contact: where there is ‘seepage’ of acausal energy – the discovery of these places, and then the ‘opening of the Gate’ via magick producing Aeonic energy to alter the causal (and thus the individuals in the world). [See the Order MSS relating to Aeons. ‘Lovecraft and the Dark Gods’ etc.]

$\frac{\pi}{n} / \frac{\pi}{n} \quad \text{NY} \quad \text{N} \quad \text{K} \quad \text{then}$   
 Ny - thra \* k - then

N  $\Rightarrow$   $\frac{\pi}{n} \omega \frac{\pi}{n} \frac{\pi}{n}$  - 1  $\frac{\pi}{n} \frac{\pi}{n} \frac{\pi}{n} \frac{\pi}{n}$   
 - ae . Af - a -

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 30th. Ny - thra k - then - ae

$\frac{\pi}{n} \omega \frac{\pi}{n} \frac{\pi}{n}$   $\frac{\pi}{n} \omega \frac{\pi}{n}$   
 ae .

chant to open star gate

$\lambda$  ---  $\epsilon N^1: N^1$  ---  $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   
 Ny - thra \* k - thra - ae At - a

$\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   
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$\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   
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$\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   $\epsilon N^1: N^1$   
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Chart to return Atazoth

## THE NINE ANGLES – ESOTERIC MEANINGS

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, self-descriptive: the Tree of Wyrð possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base of both lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the Sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three-dimensional space the path from causal to acausal – the ‘Initiate journey’ from the sphere of the Moon to Saturn via the other spheres, this path being helical (cf. ‘The wheel of Life’). The direction of this path is ‘counter-clockwise’. In essence, the acausal is a reflexion (and vice versa) of the causal, so the single term ‘Nine Angles’ describes what is our normal (i.e. un-Initiated) view of the septenary, this septenary being a ‘map’ of consciousness and the cosmos. The realization of the dual nature of the spheres (for example, Mercury is the ‘shadow’ of Mars) arises from Initiation and is the first stage of an esoteric understanding of the term ‘nine angles’.

The term also describes the nine fundamental ‘alchemical’ forms (represented by the symbols  $\Theta(\Theta)$ ,  $\Theta(\Psi)$  or  $\alpha(\alpha)$ ,  $\alpha(\lambda)$ ,  $\tilde{\alpha}(\omega)$  and so on i.e. the pieces of the Star Game). These forms are the basic apprehensions of magickal energy and thus re-present the acausal manifest in the causal (in the many forms of that manifestation – e.g. individual consciousness: the images/archetypes pertaining thereto). Hence each of these symbols is an ‘angle’ re: the above description of the septenary Tree. These nine fundamental forms (the abstract symbolism is a stage of understanding beyond the purely causal geometric one) exist in many combinations within the nexion which the ‘Tree of Wyrð’ represents – and these combinations are abstractly symbolized by the placement of the many pieces of the Star Game over the seven boards (‘Spheres’) of that game. (Note: The Advanced form of the Star Game is the most complete representation, but for convenience the septenary form will be used here. It should be noted, however, that the septenary form – difficult though it is for Initiates

serves only as an introduction to the Advanced game.) This abstraction, in terms of the Star Game, makes the forms understandable on a level higher than that using words and ideas – this understanding is a new form of thinking, a form appropriate to the next century and beyond. Such an understanding arises from playing the Star Game and relating the abstract symbols to conventional representations (e.g. archetypal forms; the energies of the pathways; the symbolism of the Tarot and the many and various Occult symbolisms) – this develops the capacity for what may be termed ‘acausal thinking’: when the conventional representations are abandoned and collocations are viewed abstractly. This ‘abstraction’ is however a new ‘insight’ (a lower form of which is often described an ‘intuition’) and not a dry, academic process: it extends consciousness into new and important realms and pre-figures the development of a symbolic language which eliminates the confusion, both moral and linguistic, which exists in words and the translation of complex ideas into such words. It is ‘mathesis’ in the ancient Greek sense and while not being what we understand as ‘mathematics’ it complements mathematical abstraction and indeed interacts with it in some places: Essentially, the symbolism is a new tool to assist and develop our understanding, and it is via this symbolism that the meanings of the nine angles may most easily be understood without confusion.

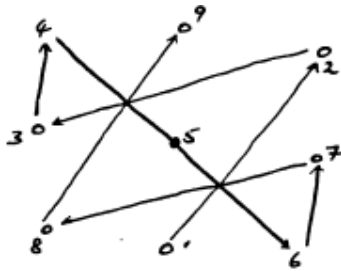
On a less refined esoteric level (i.e. in more ‘conventional’ esoteric terms) the nine symbolize the sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrð with the two most important ‘Gates’ (see illustration). This sigil describes the energy flow and may be used, magickally, in several ways – for example, as a visualization ‘sigil’ (in hermetic rituals etc.) as a symbol of the path walked during certain rites (some connected with Esoteric Chant – qv. ‘*Naos*’) and when an ‘Earth Gate’ is being sought with a view to drawing acausal energy through it to change the causal (e.g. inaugurate a new aeon) – the find an Earth Gate the sequence would be begun to end at the ‘Earth Gate’. The nine also represents the tetrahedron (for example, the crystal one used in the Rite of the Nine Angles) which is itself symbolic of the nexion described by the Tree of Wyrð. Thus, for

instance, in the Nine Angles Rite, the crystal represents one aspect of the nexion, the Priestess and Priest the other: together (i.e. the bringing together in the ritual) they enable the nexion to be opened. In this sense, the Priest and Priestess (when conjoined) form a 'tetrahedron' which, joined with the crystal one, enables acausal energy to become manifest in the causal (the 'world') – ,this is the secret hinted at in many historical alchemical MSS (for example the 'Rosarium Philosophorum': 'Make a round circle of the man and the woman...') and occasionally depicted in drawings. This 'double tetrahedron' is a magickal form of the double described above in the first paragraph (the causal geometric one).

In some 'esoteric' circles the nine is seen in terms of the five, the five itself deriving from the five angles of the inverted pentagram. This is, however, a misunderstanding, deriving as it does from viewing the 'angles' two-dimensionally when in fact they should be considered in a three-dimensional way, at first, and then four-dimensionally (the helical path within the tetrahedrons). This four-dimensional view is in itself only a beginning – beyond is the multi-dimensional when both the causal and the acausal spaces are considered. One means to apprehend this duality is the Star Game.

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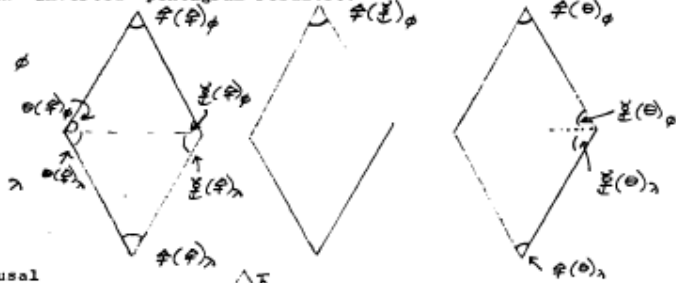
\*For example, the causal within the acausal can be represented by the tensor  $T_{\lambda\mu}$  where  $C_{\lambda\mu}$  is the causal component and  $a_{\lambda\mu}$  the acausal one. For an  $x^\lambda$  system (Euclidean space)  $C_{\lambda\mu}$  has nine non-zero components. These are the symmetric components of  $T_{\lambda\mu}$  : the skew-symmetric being acausal. In this sense, the nine form 'sub-spaces' of the causal, and the tensor 'describes' the nexion causal/acausal. It is possible to write an equation involving this tensor which describes this multi-dimensional space, the boundary conditions of which give, for example, the metrics of each form of 'space-time' (causal and acausal).



- 1 = Moon
- 2 = Jupiter = Earth Gate
- 3 = Mars
- 4 = Dark Angle = Man's Gat
- 5 = Sun
- 6 = Light Angle = Star Gat
- 7 = Venus
- 8 = Mercury = Dark Gate
- 9 = Saturn

(This is only one form or direction of the sigil: the angles may be joined in other ways.)

(Note: Take the four 'gates' from the nine angles and an 'inverted' pentagram results.)



φ = acausal  
λ = causal



Nine turns or angles

Nine basic angles  $\Theta(\Theta) \rightarrow \Theta(\lambda) \rightarrow \Theta(\phi) \rightarrow \lambda(\Theta) \rightarrow \lambda(\lambda) \rightarrow \lambda(\phi) \rightarrow \phi(\Theta) \rightarrow \phi(\lambda) \rightarrow \phi(\phi)$

(Note:  $\Theta(\Theta)_\lambda$  is causal angle;  $\Theta(\Theta)_\phi$  acausal angle etc. )

## CROWLEY, SATAN AND THE SINISTER WAY

In one sense, the work of Crowley may be said to be a restoration of various chthonic mysteries of mainly Sumerian origin. Thus the importance in the cult of Thelema attached to Set/Shaitan/Satan – an attempt to re-integrate into the consciousness of the individual the duality represented by the formula LASH TAL.

However, despite the many claims, Crowley did not inaugurate a new Aeon. His restoration is simply a restoring of something long dead – a kind of necromancy, and as a magickal force the cult of Thelema might as well not exist. In the exoteric sense, ‘Shaitan’ represents those instinctive levels that are often, in our modern society, repressed in the individual – and Satanic rituals of either the traditional kind or the kind based on the use of sexual formulae, are a means of catharsis: a beginning where consciousness is prepared and liberated from the restrictions implicit in ordinary life. In practical terms – and for the civilization of the West whose dominant religion and ethos has hindered by its distortion all that is natural in terms of sex – this often means participation in rituals such as those given in ‘Codex Saerus’ or Crowley’s Gnostic Mass or some form of sexual working. Such participation restores the balance that is often lacking.

Yet such a participation is only a beginning – and the ritual forms of such a participation are only a means. They are means to experience and if correctly undertaken should provide the individual with an understanding of that aspect of their personality which has been symbolized as Satan (for men) and Lilitu/Darkat (for women) – the darker, sensual side. Such an understanding is personal in the sense that the personality of the individual is involved, and the perspective achieved is usually that of the life, or Destiny, of the individual in relation to his circumstances and other individuals. That is, there is little concern with or appreciation of, the forces of an Aeon – other than perhaps some vague ‘intellectual’ understanding: or what is thought of as understanding.

This re-integration of the darker aspects – whether it occurs through participation in rituals or via other techniques of magick – is represented, in the septenary system, by the three lower spheres of the Tree of Wyrð (Moon, Mercury, and Venus) and these spheres symbolize the three states of that re-integration – that- is, Calcination, Separation and Coagulation to use alchemical terms. It is during the next stage that the individual who is following a planned and practical magickal way gains both cultural and Aeonic perspective. This enables an understanding of the relationship existing between the individual and their unique Destiny and those forces which are symbolized by a magickal formula or ‘word’ and which represent a particular Aeon.

Such an understanding (associated with the fourth state the sphere of the Sun – and the fifth stage, Mars) derives or has its foundation in, a rational approach and usually involves the individual studying Aeons, civilizations and the relations between them.

However, the system of Crowley, as well as the many systems deriving in whole or in part from his work, never arrives at this stage because it has (a) set the formulae of sexual magick above everything, and (b) negates with its approach the rational analysis required. The same is true of other magickal systems involved in the ‘darker’ side and which try in some way to let the individuals following them experience their own shadow nature. An integration and thus understanding of this nature – enabling the individual to build upon the foundations thus achieved – of necessity implies the development of those qualities such as reason, logic and scientific understanding, which Crowley et al have abandoned. Yet this development does not imply a mishmash of occult and pseudo-scientific concepts such as ‘quantum mechanics’ and ‘relativity’<sup>2</sup> – an unstable amalgam currently fashionable in certain circles. Rather, it implies the development of the mind and a certain way of thinking.

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<sup>2</sup> The next fifty years or so will see an end to these speculative, un-experimental and rather silly ideas/theories.

On both the esoteric and exoteric levels, the most significant step so far in the evolution of our consciousness has been the development of rational analysis and its extension as the scientific method. The acceptance of this method (which does not preclude an acceptance of the forces with which magick deals) implies a certain ‘view of the world’ and a personal approach to living: a way which is at once cautious, generally optimistic and open and enquiring. This ‘view of the world’ or way of thinking derives from the ancient Greeks – it is expressed in their early philosophy (i.e. before the decline represented by Plato), in their religious attitude and in their way of living. It is essentially the same attitude exemplified by Western paganism, and it is the antithesis of that view and way represented by the religion of the Nazarene. The religion of the Nazarene inverts all natural values – as Nietzsche understood. Thelema, and similar beliefs, negate, as Nazarene philosophy and life does, that natural spontaneity which is the essence of this pagan ‘view of the world’ – because Thelema ties the mind in knots of obscurity and metaphysical speculation (as the qabala in general does) – it briefly frees the spirit only to weigh down the spirit with the chains of its own metaphysics. The true ethos of the West – which the religion of the Nazarene distorted and supplanted – may be signified by the word ‘Azif’ and the symbol of the sunwheel it is pagan in essence. The ethos of the West (which derives from the present Aeonian force or ‘current’ first established c. 500 AD) is not and never has been patriarchal in the sense that Crowley and his followers believed – such a ‘patriarchal’ ethos representing the distortion imposed upon the original ethos by the Nazarenes. That Crowley and others were unaware of this is indicative of how far removed Thelema is from genuine esoteric tradition. Esoterically, the genuine Western ethos is symbolized by that force which has become known as ‘Satan’ or Lucifer. Exoterically, this represents the desire to know which has attained its greatest manifestation in modern science and exploration. An analysis of Aeonian forces indicates that the present Aeon has, on the practical level – i.e. in terms of its effects on the vast majority of individuals who because they have not been liberated by Occult Initiation are sway to external influences – about three centuries more to run.

During this time, the distortion of the current caused by the Nazarenes and their allies mayor may not continue depending on how certain Initiates use certain powerful magickal forces. Whatever, the 'New Aeon' (the sixth out of the seven that mark our evolution) will have its beginnings on the magickal level within the next few decades – although on the practical level it will be about another three centuries until the effects are apparent. This new Aeon will have no 'word' and its magick will be the magick of 'Thought', that is spontaneous empathy. One of the most fundamental facets of this new Aeon will be the development of a symbolic language which extends the frontiers of thought. Such a language is already prefigured in the Star Game – just as the Star Game itself, as prefigured in traditional Alchemy. Another facet of the new Aeon will be the emergence of a new type of individual type outlined by Nietzsche. This new individual will be fierce, free (of both external and internal/psychic influences), exult in exploration and discovery and possess an essentially pagan attitude to life. It is and has been one of the aims of genuine sinister Orders to produce such individuals – by having their Initiates follow the seven-fold sinister way.

What has happened over the past fifty or more years is that the distortion of the Western ethos – and thus the genuine Aeonic current – has increased. Part of this increase is, in fact, due to Crowley and those who have followed him and his system without really understanding what they were doing. The genuine western esoteric tradition – as distinct from what most Occultists wish to believe is the 'secret tradition' – has no connection whatever with the qabalah, or Egyptian mysteries and symbolism, and neither does it employ in any way the sorcery of 'grimoire magic' and the forms once appropriate to now dead Aeons be such forms Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian or whatever.







The basis of the western tradition was and always has been rational in the sense that those who carried on its tradition sought to understand themselves, the world and the cosmos in a detached manner – free from religious/political dogma. That is, to understand things as those things are in themselves: without the projection of beliefs and ideas.

To this end, the septenary system was evolved, and the ‘mysteries’ expressed in abstract symbolism (of which Alchemy was one form). The essence of the Western tradition was not some ‘great secret’ or ‘hidden knowledge’ to be revealed to Initiates only – rather, it was the belief that everything in the cosmos could be understood if one probed, investigated or thought enough about it. That is, the cosmos was seen as a natural order into which individuals could gain insight. From this insight, a new individual would emerge: a more conscious, evolved person.

The tradition thus encouraged the development in the individual of empathy via personal experience: an experiencing of all aspects of our own nature as well as the worlds within and without. Thus were the ‘magickal/Occult’ faculties themselves developed. The way of this tradition was essentially practical – exemplified by the Grade Rituals, tasks and so on of the seven-fold way. There was no speculative metaphysical system, no acceptance of irrational fears and beliefs, no subserviance to someone else’s personal mythology.

The new Aeon should be a continuation of the process which the genuine Western tradition began. Yet it is possible that this new Aeon may never emerge. The distortion of the Western current does and has represented a desire by some to return to what may be described as an aspect of the Babylonian ethos. This aspect gave rise eventually to not only the poison of Nazarene philosophy and religion, but also to the many political and social systems and ideas founded in the ‘Nazarene view of the world’. There is, at this moment in time, a very real magickal conflict occurring between two forces – those representing (whether consciously or not is immaterial) this Babylonian/Nazarene ethos, and those representing the genuine western (and thus ‘sinister’) tradition. On the outcome of this conflict the next Aeon depends – there will be either the new Aeon with the blossoming of the individual and the development of consciousness giving thus a liberation from the tyranny of religion and politics, or a return to those essentially patriarchal dualistic values where impersonal ideals/ideology have precedence over the individual. Every act of genuine sinister magick is a step toward the

new Aeon. Thelema is a step back into the past – as are other systems which lack the empathy that experience arid then transcendence of the sinister brings.


 ὁσσοῶν 7,000 - 5,000 : ♂ (♀) : Sirius  

 Ἰσοδοξοῶν 5,000 - 3,500 : ♀ : ♂ (♁)  

 Ἀποδοξοῶν 3,000 - 1,500 : ♀ : ♂ (♀)  

 Ἰσοδοξοῶν 1,000 - 500 : ♂ : ♀ (♀)  

 Ἰσοδοξοῶν 1,000 - 2,500 : ♂ : ♀ (♁)  

 Ἰσοδοξοῶν 2,500 - : ♀ : ♀ (♀)

## HANGSTER'S GATE

Winter came early to the Shropshire town: a cold wind with brief hail which changed suddenly to rain to leave a damp covering of mist.

An old man in an old cart drawn by a sagging pony crossed himself as he saw Yapp shuffle by him along the cobbled lane toward the entrance to the Raven Inn. It was warm, inside the ancient Inn, but dark from fire and pipe smoke, and Yapp took his customary horn of free ale to sit alone on his corner bench by the log fire. The silence that had followed his entrance soon filled, and only one man still stared at hf. The man was Abigail's husband, and he pushed his cap back from his forehead before moving toward Yapp. His companions, dressed like him in their worn work clothes, tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside. He reached Yapp's table and kicked it aside with his boot. Slowly, Yapp stood up. He was a wiry man and seemed insubstantial beside the bulk of Abigail's husband.

'Wha you been doing? To her!' Abigail's husband clenched his fists and moved closer.

Yapp stared at him, his unshaven face twitching slightly, and then he smiled.

'I canna move! I canna move!' shouted Abigail's husband.

Yapp smiled again, drank the rest of his ale and walked slowly toward the door.

'I be beshrewed!' the big man cried amid the silence.

Yapp turned toward him, made a gesture with his hand and left the inn as Abigail's husband found himself able to move.

No one followed Yapp outside. A carriage and pair raced past hf as he walked down the lane. The young lady inside, heading for the warmth and comfort of Priory Hall, was alarmed at seeing him and

turned away. This pleased him, as the prospect of the walk to his cottage, miles distant, pleased him – for it was the night of Autumnal Equinox.

The journey was not tiresome, and he enjoyed the walk, the mist and the darkening sky that came with the twilight hour. The moon would be late to rise, and he walked briskly. Soon, he was above the town and at the place where the three lanes met. His own way took him down, past the small collection of cottages, alehouses and a Church, toward the wooded precincts of Yarchester Hall. He stopped, once, but could not see the distant summit of Brown Clee Hill where he had possessed Abigail. It had been a long ride back in the wind and the rain, but the horses had been strong, almost wild, and he smiled in remembrance, for that night Abigail had warmed his bed. Tomorrow, perhaps, they might go to Raven's Seat. It would be all over by then, for another seventeen years. No one would stop or trouble them.

His way led him into the trees, along a narrow path, down past Devil's Dingle to Hangster's Gate and the clearing. There was nothing in the clearing – except the mist-swathed gibbet with its recent victim swinging gently in the breeze. He would need the hand, and with practised care, he unsheathed his knife to stretch up and cut the dead man's left hand away. Less than a day old, the body had already lost its eyes to ravens.

It was not far from the clearing to his cottage, and he walked slowly, every few moments stopping to stand and listen. There was nothing, no sound – except a faint sighing as the breeze stirred the trees around. A lighted candle shone from the one small window of his cottage. It was a sign, and he stopped to creep down and glimpse inside. There were voices inside and as he looked he saw Abigail standing near a young man. He saw her draw the youth toward her and place his hand on her breast. Heard her laughing; saw her kiss the youth and press her body into his. Then she was dancing around him, laughing and singing as she stripped her clothes away to lay naked and inviting on the sphagnum moss that formed the mattress

of Yapp's bed. Then the youth was upon her, struggling to wrest himself from his own clothes.

Yapp heard people approaching along the track and he stood up to hear Abigail's cries of ecstasy. He waited, until they reached him and they all heard Abigail climax with a scream. Then he was inside the cottage, with the others around him. The youth was surprised and tried to stand and Yapp stood aside to let them pin him down on the hard earth floor of the cottage. An old woman in a dirty bonnet gave a toothless laugh – Abigail laughed, even Yapp laughed as the tall blacksmith tore out the youth's heart. There was a pail for some of the blood. Abigail was soon dressed, the body taken away, and she led Yapp and the old woman through the trees to another clearing.

The moon was rising, the blood was fresh and she took the severed hand from Yapp to dip it in the blood and sprinkle their sacred ground to propitiate their dark goddess Baphomet.

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## THE TEMPLE OF SET: A BRIEF ANALYSIS

As someone involved for well over twenty years with the LHP, I believe I can offer an analysis from the experience gained during the often hard struggle for , personal and Occult insight. Two things are obvious. First, the Temple of Set is not a Satanic organization; and second, it is not an Occult one.

Satanism by its nature is an elite philosophy of living and its genuine adherents are few in number and usually secretive (for a variety of reasons). The individuals who follow this path are generally rebels who either cannot or do not wish to conform. Those who desire the exhilaration and danger of extremes: those who cannot and will not obey or bow down. In short, those who possess ... 'spirit'. For them, Satan is adopted as a symbol of defiance – and this defiance is and has been highly individual. Rather than accept, they question; rather than believe, they seek to discover for themselves. They have – a dislike of authority and all dogma. Gradually, this spirit of defiance brings a self-awareness: an insight into themselves and others and 'the world', and this results from the diverse (and sometimes dangerous) experiences of life which those individuals undergo. of course, some never reach this point – they fail for whatever reason or reasons.

Further, Satanism is about individuals fulfilling the potential of life: they strive to live as fully as possible, to reach out and become like gods (or goddesses). In achieving this, magick is used as a means – of enhancing life, and understanding. Such striving either makes creative individuals – or it destroys them. This creativity is evident in the life of the individual: through works (e.g. artistic) or through what they achieve (for example – making their own life a work of art which others may try and copy).

All this means two essential things. First, there can be no such thing as a Satanic organization or dogma; and second, there can be no Satanic authority (e.g. in the form of an individual). Organization implies conformity and loss of personal identity and authority (however

small). Dogma implies accepting someone else's beliefs. Authority (of whatever kind) implies subservience – a mentality alien to Satanists. Furthermore, all these stifle creativity: one hallmark of a genuine Satanist.

The Temple of Set is thus an example of what Satanism is not. It is not a religion; it does not possess any 'authority'; it does not need an organization nor any media-profile of 'acceptability'.

of course, some guidance in the initial stages may (and often is) required by those just beginning their quest, and here the experience of those who have gone that way in the past may be of interest or value. But essentially each individual learns via their own experiences – no one can do it for them: there is no magic formula, no mysterious handshake which brings instant wisdom. For the beginner, 'Masters' and organizations are a snare, a path which leads only to the glorification of the ego of the 'Master'.

Such 'Masters' are usually insecure people who need the adulation and attention – it makes them feel alive, important. Naturally, some Satanists play such a 'role' – for a time. But they soon tire of it – it becomes boring. That is, if they are Satanists. Anyone who plays it for more than a year has arrested development – their quest has ended in failure.

Regarding the second point made above – viz. the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. Implicit in any Occult path – Left Handed or Right Handed – are certain obligations stemming from the very nature of Occultism. Wicca, Paganism, Satanism, Black Magick – whatever – all are means, paths which though different in some respects have the same ultimate goal: or at least, when those paths are followed to their ends. In a simplistic sense, the goal is evolution – developing abilities, enhancing already existing ones, re-discovering forgotten ones. Occult paths reveal through the beginning that is Initiation they show the essence hidden by the appearance. Or, expressed a different way, they dis-cover what is concealed. Part of what is concealed is, of course, the 'mysterious'

another is the occult energies of living things. On an individual level, the Occult is the discovery of what is hidden within ourselves, in our own psyche, and Occult paths are processes of self-learning – of what our unique Destiny is and how we relate to the cosmos, this Earth, other individuals.

Initiation is the beginning of a quest – a symbol to that part of the psyche normally hidden which the ‘Occult’ wishes to bring into consciousness, giving thus understanding. The form that this symbol assumes is actually irrelevant, and whatever its outer form it implies a responsibility by the very fact that it is a conscious participation, by the Initiate, in evolution. In the simple sense, Initiation is when the individual begins to take responsibility for their own development, their own evolution: the first genuine step toward real freedom, internal psychic freedom. It is the birth of one small part of the new age.

Naturally, quite often the promise of Initiation is not fulfilled – or is fulfilled only in part – in many individuals. But some continue and of those some may achieve the goal. This promise is why the Establishment and conventional religions discourage Occultism and conduct campaigns against it – for Occultism is a means to real freedom and as such it is a threat to them and their domination of the individual. Occult paths lead to inner freedom and one of the responsibilities of any Initiate is to continue this evolutionary quest by passing onto another or others not only what they themselves may have learnt but also the ‘Occult ideal’ – inner liberation through an Initiatory quest. This ensures continuity and future possibilities. This passing on is never forced, nor is it in any way dogmatic – for it is related to another aspect of Initiatory responsibility: the respect for differing paths, different quests.

Having myself followed a specific Left Hand Path, I am inclined to believe it is worthwhile and effective. But I also realize it is not suited to everyone who wishes to begin their own Occult quest. For many years I recruited for a Satanic group (although ‘recruit is hardly the word: offered the path to those who possessed the right qualities is

nearer the mark) but I was never interested in mere numbers, in proselytizing and tried hard to dissuade most applicants to test their seriousness – because Satanism is difficult and at times dangerous (in psychic terms). I was always aware that other paths were available and perhaps more suitable to some (indeed, to most who applied). I, as an Occultist, knew that Initiation involves the free commitment of an individual – for the goal was their liberation, not their subjection by me or anyone else.

Given all these factors, it is impossible not to I conclude that the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. It does not respect other paths, and other individuals, as is shown by their attempts to discredit others and their insistence that they represent the only genuine form of Satanism. Furthermore, their dogmatic, religious stance with all that is therefore implied in terms of acceptance of Temple authority and mandates – rather than liberating their members actually holds them in thrall, both mental and psychic. Rather than participating in that liberation and evolution which is part of the new age, the Temple of Set actually an offshoot of the old order and its stifling ways of being. This is shown, for example, in their concern with numbers, in trying to recruit regardless of quality and regardless of whether the individual is actually suited to the Left Hand Path – for, for the Temple, numbers mean influence, feathers in the cap of the leader – a sign that the Temple is pre-eminent, flourishing and I succeeding. Naturally, much more could be written to further detail the reasons as to why this particular organization is detrimental to what we as Occultists seek to achieve by our various paths. But the essence of the matter has been revealed – sufficient to enable readers to judge the matter for themselves.

To return, finally, to the personal level – I have no cause to defend, no desire for personal gain in what I write: only a desire for others to understand what is really important about the Occult and the path which a long time ago I myself decided I would follow. Organizations like the Temple of Set undermine what serious followers of the Left Hand Path have been trying to achieve for centuries – basically

because its members and leaders seek to glorify their own egos at the expense of the inner freedom of others.

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## CULLING – A GUIDE TO SACRIFICE II

As has been written – offers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock, removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (In terms of character). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct/influence/control events in real time (i.e. in the causal) and so produce historical change (war/strife/struggle/change and so on), than it does by choosing a specific offer and executing an act of sacrifice.

However, the correct choice of offer means that with their elimination, the] Sinister dialectic will be aided and thus the intrusion of the acausal into the causal speeded up. [In non-esoteric terms, read ‘aid the dark forces to spread over Earth’.] The choosing of specific offers depends on three things: (1) Satanic judgement; (2) an insight into and knowledge of Aeonics and the Sinister dialectic; (3) the means for undertaking the act without compromising the individuals involved are available. Generally, it is the duty of a Master or Mistress to select offers, although any Satanist, from novice onwards, can suggest suitable targets, in which case the Master or Mistress, after due consideration, will give judgement as to the suitability of the target. (1) means a judgement is made, based on experience. often, this is judgement concerning the character of the victim. The victim may be suggested/chosen (a) because one or more of their actions has brought them to attention and made them seem suitable; or (b) their removal will be beneficial to Satanism/ the Sinister dialectic. The suitability of the victim is decided by a Master or Mistress, and once confirmed, the victims are subject to tests (qv. Guidelines for the Testing of Offers MS). often, the Master or Mistress meets with the victim ‘accidently’ and so can judge them on a personal level, using their intuition/insight and so on. (2) means the proposed action is assessed in the light of Aeonics/the Sinister dialectic – i.e. will it aid the cause of Satanism? The dialectic? (3) means (a) that members are available for the testing; (b) the loyalty of those who will participate is assured; (c) the Temple has the means and the abilities to conduct the act and make it seem ‘accidental’ if required as well as

ensure safe disposal after the act and make the necessary arrangements (an alibi, e.g.) should any participant ever need one. Opfers are not chosen at random – they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act – be such a ritual or a practical act (such as an assassination) – is never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal declares. Instead, the act is supra-personal – done with a Satanic judgement and a Satanic detachment arising from both knowledge (e.g. of Aeonics) and because of the character/ actions of the victim. The act itself is often communal – involving a Temple/ group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating (although the verdict of the Master/Mistress is final). In such communal action, one member is appointed to argue for the selected victim during the special sunedrions which is convened to consider the selection/ arrangements for the act.

The act itself is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values that is, it aids evolution in a positive way, enhances the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the Sinister dialectic/culling). Opfers become/are chosen as victims because of their nature or because of their deeds. Mostly, they are dross whose removal will aid change/the growth of civilization/the Aeonic imperative. The judgement which decides their fate (so far as subjecting them to tests) is of course a Satanic one – but quite often, this judgement is akin to an act of ‘natural justice’ or a Satanic retribution: the victims have effectively condemned themselves by their deeds.

Many examples might be presented to illustrate this – but two will suffice, although it should be remembered that these are merely illustrations, specimens, to throw some light on the underlying principles involved.

I. A young man of weak character (no self-discipline, a bully of the worst kind ... ) spends his time stealing cars and committing petty crimes. He lies on ‘Social Security’ and has a distain for nearly

everyone – which he shows by his loutish behaviour, when he is with his friends, of course, being too weak to do anything provocative on his own. He is often drunk. On one occasion, he steals a car with some cronies, is chased by the Police, but escapes. During the chase, he crashes into some others cars, and two people are injured, one a young woman, quite seriously. Sometime later, he and some others break into the house of an old, blind man. The man attempts to stop them and this enrages our young man who beats the old man unconscious with his fists, boots and the old man's stick. The old man had fought in the Great War of 1914-18 and had been given several medals for his gallant conduct. Our young man is rather proud of himself after this beating and considers himself a 'hard man'. This young man is a typical example of modern dross. His character and his actions make him suitable. Satanic judgement would give him a chance to redeem himself – make something out of himself – via a test designed to provoke this. Should he fall, another test would seal his fate.

II. A Satanic novice living in a European country where questioning 'The Holocaust' is a crime in law, joins an extreme Right-Wing political group which works underground. In doing this, he hopes to acquire experience 'on the edge' and so gain experience, and to aid the Sinister dialectic by challenging 'the accepted' and speaking/working for 'the forbidden' [qv. MSS concerning Aeonics and heresy.]. After some months of action, one of his comrades betrays him and some others because this 'comrade' gave in under pressure and made a deal with the authorities, having been captured doing something illegal (in that country – distributing 'forbidden' books and leaflets). Our novice, however, escapes – but two of his comrades are arrested, tried and eventually jailed for their 'crimes'. Thus, the person who betrayed them makes himself a victim for Satanic retribution – he acted against the sinister dialectic (and thus the novice aiding that dialectic). The novice selected him as a victim, and the Master guiding this novice agreed he was a suitable choice. The next stage was a special sunedrion to moot the case (with a member defending the victim's action and character) and then a

judgement made after the Master had heard all the arguments. After the judgement – arrangements for the tests.

Essentially, sacrifice falls into two categories – (1) the magickal act, achieved by a rite such as The Death Ritual: i.e. death by magickal means. (2) the physical act – i.e. death by practical means. (2) can and often does involve a secondary/simultaneous magickal ritual which aids the act of execution, however this latter is done, or the act may occur during a magickal rite.

### **Excursus: The Reason For Revealing A Secret Sinister Tradition**

Too often, in the past, the true nature of Satanic sacrifice was hidden – even from many who professed to be Satanists. More recently, psuedo-Satanists have claimed that ‘Satanism does not and never has conducted human sacrifices’. However, I repeat that human sacrifice, properly conducted, is a culling and thus is positive it is a part of Satanic practice. of course, the psuedo-Satanists would deny this, Since in their weakness they seek respectability and seek to make Satanism easier and ‘more acceptable’, a playing at wizards. The time is now right, however – both strategically and tactically – to reveal the Satanic truth, the whole Satanic truth and nothing but the Satanic truth in clear, precise terms which cannot be mis-understood. The traditional code of silence which forbid the casting of this aspect of esoteric tradition into writing – and which expressly forbid the dissemination of anything connected with that aspect – no longer, in this one instance, applies.

That is, the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups decided to permit this tradition to be not only written down (heretofore its transmission of necessity had been oral) but also disseminated to a limited extent. This would establish, for both present and historical purposes, what the true nature of Satanism was and is, since it was considered that the time was right (given the conditions pertaining in Western societies at this moment in causal time) for this knowledge to be made known. Part of the reason for this judgement was Aeonic – to present Satanism as it is, thus

enabling those with the right character to follow that dark path to self-development, increasing over decades and centuries the number of genuine Adepts. All of the tradition is now accessible in written form (at least to those prepared to find it) and this makes that tradition more accessible, Since heretofore it had been the exclusive preserve of a few. Accessibility here means it can be used, by others. The other main reason for that judgement was to counter the softly, softly meanderings of the pseudo-Satanists who seemed determined to claim Satanism as their own and who preached that Satanism was actually not that bad, it just had been ‘mis-understood’ and Satanists were actually rather ‘nice people, quite normal’ who just appeared to be rather weird and so on ad nauseam. These jerks, showmen and role-playing l hucksters were taken seriously by those within what had become known as ‘the Occult’ and established their ‘authority’, making pronouncements (such as what group/organization they considered to be Satanic and what they considered to be mere ‘dabblers’) and generally feeling rather pleased with themselves and their safe, tame ‘Satanic’ world/conclaves/covens/Pylons. Such meanderings, the people who made them and the people who believed them, actually were and are detrimental to the achievement of real Adeptship and thus self-understanding and esoteric insight, for they, left unchallenged, would undermine and destroy the essence of Satanism – the creation of a new, higher type via direct often dark experience, ordeals and self-effort over a period of years: i.e. the building of real character via the fires of experience. These psueds had traded dark experience and danger for intellectual verbosity and psuedo-magickal fantasy games.

For so defying the sinister dialectic, some at least would be suitable candidates to become opfers. They would then really discover the wrath, and dark evil power which is Satan.

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## **SATANISM, SACRIFICE AND CRIME – THE SATANIC TRUTH**

Due to the plethora of imitation Satanists who abound today (particularly in America) it has become necessary to openly declare the facts about genuine Satanism in relation to Sacrifice and ‘criminal behaviour’. Such a declaration will establish for all time a permanent record and will expose the fraudulent ‘Satanists’ for what they are – individuals who like to be associated with the glamour of evil and darkness, but who lack the – inspiration, courage and daring to f evil and dark. Furthermore, I repeat I what I have written before – Satanism is not now and can never be, an intellectualized philosophy just as it most certainly is not in any way ethical or moral. It is an individualized defiance and an individualized striving l which vitalizes, which affirms existence in an ecstatic way – as such, it is a way of living which courts danger, excess. It is not nor can ever be, dogmatic just as it never involves submission to anyone or anything. For this reason, there can never be genuine Satanic Churches or ‘Temples’ where Initiates conform to dogma or authority – such things are not for genuine Satanic Initiates but for the deluded, those lacking spirit and talent: – in brief, for the manipulated, rather than the manipulators.

### **Sacrifice:**

In genuine Satanism [primal Satanism] sacrifice is accepted, and indeed is necessary. In former times, it involved both animal and human sacrifice. Today, however, it involves human sacrifice only – since there are an abundance of f- suitable specimens, due to the increase in human dross.

Sacrifice is accepted Satanic practice for several reasons. First, it is a test of Satanic character – to kill someone on the personal level (e.g. with one’s own hands) is a character building experience, and today enables various skills to be developed (e.g. cunning in execution and planning). Second, it has magickal benefits (qv. the Order MS ‘A Gift for the Prince’), Third, it sorts the imitation or toy Satanists out from the genuine – the former find excuses and usually retreat to their

comfy, intellectualized world of playing at ‘Satanic roles and rituals’, or they are genuinely horrified and expose themselves for what they are – gutless cowards who lack Satanic darkness.

However, as explained elsewhere, genuine Satanic sacrifice is always done for a reason – a calculating purpose. [qv., for example, ‘Satanism, The Sinister Shadow, Revealed.’] It is never strictly personal – i.e. it does not arise from any desire which is personal, whether unconscious or not.

Further, it is accepted practice that the victims, the opfers, choose themselves. Thus, opfers are never selected at random just as they are never children (although occasionally an opfer may be a virgin). Mostly, the victims, whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, are tested, and only if they fail these tests will they become opfers. The tests, of course, are unknown to the victim. For example, a series of tests, or ‘games’ are prepared once the victim has been chosen, and each test or game requires the victim to make a specific choice. One choice leads to another test or game. After a certain number of choices of a certain type, the victim is deemed to have failed, and so chooses their own sacrificial death. Most often, the tests are tests of character – those that are shown to be worthless in character become opfers. Thus, a number of victims are selected – those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic of history [qv. ‘The Sinister Shadow’ MS for an example]. These are then, without their knowledge, tested. If they fail, they become opfers. [See below, under ‘Crime’, for an example of the kind of tests that may be involved – the ones for sacrifice are, of course, much more ‘testing’.]

The actual sacrifice has two forms: (1) during a ritual; (2) by practical means (e.g. assassination/‘accidents’) without any magical trappings. If (2) is chosen, then a ritual of sacrifice may still be undertaken, but with a ‘symbolic’ opfer (e.g. a wax figurine named after the actual opfer).

The actual execution of the act of sacrifice – whether during a ritual or otherwise – will be carefully planned, and calculatingly done. This

planning will mean the death will seldom if ever be seen as a Satanic act even if it has occurred during a ritual. Today, and in the recent past, most sacrifices are of the second type – i.e. acts of execution undertaken by a Satanic novice ‘in the real world’, involving assassination and ‘accidents’ or viewed by others (e.g. the Police) as seemingly ‘motiveless crimes’. Further, in genuine Satanic groups, the execution of this act is an essential prerequisite to Adeptship.

The aim of the sacrifice can be either (a) part of a dark ritual – i.e. to presence sinister energies in the causal, causing changes in the world, such changes aiding the dark forces (examples would be the Ceremony of Recalling; the Sinister Calling); or (b) as part of general sinister strategy, adduced via Aeonics. [Note: This latter occurs when a novice progresses along the Satanic path according to tradition.]

### **Crime:**

Crime is not an end, but a means. A criminal act is not done because it is criminal but because the act itself has a purpose or intent – the criminality of that act being irrelevant. This purpose is either to aid self-excellence (build Satanic character) or aid sinister strategy. Basically, an act is judged not by whether it is illegal (and thus criminal) in a particular country, but rather by its purpose or intent. Or, expressed more simply, by whether that act can serve Satanism in general and self-development in particular. An example will best illustrate this.

A satanic novice conceived the idea of gaining experience by burglary. The monetary benefits were useful, but incidental to the main purpose. As a Satanist, he of course planned carefully and chose wisely. First, the jobs themselves had to be difficult, challenging and thus interesting – they would require careful planning and delicate execution. So he chose Apartments, and entry mainly via windows and roofs – this needed some training and the acquisition of skills, plus daring and courage. Second, the people to be deprived of some of their belongings would choose themselves – they would be ‘tested’ to see if they were suitable victims. The selection would be by character – according to their nature. This required the novice to use

his own judgement and instinct. He would select those who showed they lacked character, breeding, nobility – who lacked, in fact, the virtues of a Satanist.

[Note: One of the best exoteric descriptions of ‘Satanic’ character – and also of those lacking it – was given by Nietzsche in his ‘The Anti-Christ’. The Satanist adheres to a ‘master-morality’.]

The novice selected some Apartments in a city where the pickings would be rich. Then he observed the occupants for some time – watching them, their routines and so on. Next, he arranged for the execution of his tests. Two friends (who were actually Initiates of his Order – or rather the Order he had joined) were enlisted to aid him in this. They would appear, on his signal, and seem to rob him as he lingered near the entrance to the building when one of his chosen victims was near. On the first occasion, the victim ignored the ‘robbery’, and continued on his way. On the second, the next victim came to his aid and actually knocked one ‘robber’ unconscious with a punch, albeit for a short time. Thus, the first victim or mark became selected, or rather selected himself by his actions, and it was from his Apartment that the novice stole some things some days later. Of course, the planning and execution of such a test was difficult – requiring acting, timing, manipulation, daring, zest – in brief, experience in the real world. Following this success, he moved to another target and found some new victims for his test. It was interesting that these tests confirmed the novice’s instinctive assessment of the victim’s character – and thus aided his Satanic judgement.

In this example, the burglary was a ‘crime’, in Law – but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was ‘criminal’ – that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real. It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character meant that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of ‘natural justice’. To some, it may seem a

game – and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). and it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents – at different levels.

Furthermore, this ‘realness’ is important – genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and ‘safe’ games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and ‘identifying’ with a fictionalized assassin – or, more likely, will ‘act out’ such a role in some pathetic pseudo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.

Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong – but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.

This growth means that a Satanist moves on – there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurance, courage: new insights.

A ‘role’ is only a role – played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time – they have served the purpose for which they were intended – and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means – to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts – a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them. So it is, so it has been and so it will be – for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile,

the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that ‘Satanism’ never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather ‘bad press’.

But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet ‘stupid’.

ONA

## THE HARD REALITY OF SATANISM

The hard reality of Satanism is that it is very different from both the media image and the more recent image pedalled by imitation Satanists in both Europe and America.

### **I - What Satanism Is:**

a) Satanism is a quest for self-excellence, involving real danger, real challenges and requiring real courage. It involves taking your body to and beyond its physical limits of endurance. It involves real action, alone: without the support of friends, comrades, lovers, relations or anyone. It involves accepting challenges – physical, psychic, intellectual and triumphing solely by one's own efforts. It involves the triumph of pure, individual will and desire.

b) Satanism is, in part, an inner quest, an exploration of the 'hidden' (and overt) aspects of consciousness: a dis-discovery of the darkness within and beyond the individual psyche. This involves 'magickal acts' – such as rituals. This magick, however, is a means, not an end.

c) Satanism involves ordeals, both physical and magickal. Those who are suitable triumph; the others fail. [One such ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept – where the candidate lives alone and isolated, bereft of everything except the bare necessities for physical survival, for a period of three months.]

d) Satanism requires the practical experiencing of all moral limits, and then a mastery of the feelings, desires, pleasures, terrors, pains and so on that these imply.

e) Satanism involves the individual defiance of all subserviance: a Satanist accepts guidance only, and refuses to be dominated or intimidated by anyone. This guidance is toward practical experience, and it by this experience that the novice learns and develops a genuine Satanic character.

f) Satanism involves sacrifice – this is a necessary test of character [qv. the MSS ‘Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime – The Satanic Truth’, and ‘Satanism – The Sinister Shadow, Revealed’ for more details.].

g) Satanism is a means – a method, or way, and the purpose of this means, method or way is to produce a specific type of individual: the next stage of our evolution as a species. Satanism is thus an expression of evolutionary change – on both the individual level and in respect of ‘societies’ and ‘history’. The individuals so created often inspire in the supine majority a certain terror/awe/admiration/fear/jealousy.

h) Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise – its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake.

i) Satanism is esoteric by nature and intent: it is both a ‘secret’ way, by virtue of its methods etc., and it is not nor probably will be suitable for the majority for many, many centuries.

## **II - What Satanism Is Not:**

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a ‘philosophy’. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a ‘Church’ or a ‘Temple’, and a unified dogma (with the consequent schisms and claims to ‘authenticity’). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is – for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endeavour, behaviour and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a ‘Church’, its members and their attitudes.

Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence – a taking of existence

into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a ‘dark mandate’ or some kind of ‘revelation’. There can be no such thing as an ‘infernal mandate’ of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that ‘entity’ said and would most certainly not show any submission – instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything – and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to ‘Satan’. If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create willful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods it is not to create followers or sycophants. An ‘infernal mandate’ implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words – written or spoken – sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the ‘intellectual’. By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence. Satanism strips away the appearance of ‘things’ – living, Occult and otherwise by this insistence on experience, unaided. What is thus apprehended by such experience, is unique to each individual and thus is creative and evolutionary. Discussions, meetings, talks, even books and such like, de-vitalize: they are excuses for not acting.

A Satanist will sometimes use such forms as he/she may use the form of a Temple – to enhance and/or provoke experiences. But they are then actively manipulating, actively creating experiences – the others involved are being used by that person. That is, there is only one Satanist at such gatherings (usually) – the others may believe they are ‘Satanists’, but they are deluded.

d) Satanism does not apply moral absolutes to real-life situations and forms. This may best be explicated by two examples. First, politics. Satanism does not affirm or deny any political forms or type of politics it does not, for example, announce that ‘fascism and Satanism are incompatible’. Such announcements/pronouncements arise from a moral bias and a lack of insight into both Satanism and ‘society’ and thus Aeonics.

A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose – the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as ‘extreme Right-wing’) is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history. Thus a Satanist may become involved in, or set up, an organization of the extreme Right – this is dangerous, exciting, vitalizes, provides experiences ‘on the edge’ and should thus aid the development of the character and insight of that Satanist.<sup>3</sup> What is important, is that this involvement is done for an ulterior, Satanic, motive: what others think and believe about such actions is totally irrelevant. Anyone purporting to be a Satanist who criticizes such an action, whatever the political hue of the group/organization, reveals by that criticism that they are not Satanists – but rather, moralizing nards lacking in insight and real Satanic understanding.

The second example concerns the formation and use of Satanic ‘Temples’ and groups by a Satanist. A Satanic novice, in order to gain experience of magickal rituals and people manipulation, usually forms

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<sup>3</sup> It can also aid the sinister dialectic – here, an understanding of Aeonics is important.

a group to perform Satanic rituals. The people recruited are for the most part used – and the novice often assumes a specific Satanic ‘role’ for this: the role of sorcerer/sorceress. He/she may dress in a certain way and so on, as he/she may use fables to impress and/or manipulate. This, however, for a genuine Satanist, is only a stage – and one which lasts a year or two. After that, experience and mastery of ceremonial and hermetic magick gained, they move on to new challenges and experiences, as all good Satanists should. Further, the individuals of this ‘Temple’ or group are not Satanists, although they may believe themselves to be – they are simply being used to afford the novice pleasure/excitement/experience and so on. Had any of the any Satanic character or potential, they would rebel to undertake their own quest by forming such a group/’Temple’ and experience the limits of themselves.

Sometimes, the group has another aim – an Aeonic or suprapersonal one, in which case its life may be extended. But whatever, genuine Satanic guidance by an Adept or Master/Mistress to a novice always occurs on an individualized basis, never within the rigid and constraining form of a ‘Temple’.

Thus, there is not nor can be any constraining rules applied to the conduct of such ‘Temples’ and groups – there is no ‘moral code’, no bounds which cannot be overstepped. The rules, such as they are, are made by the Satanic novice according to their desire and goals. That is, they can do with that group and its individuals whatever they desire to do and no one – not even the Adept/ Master/Mistress who may be guiding them – can set limits or prescribe their behaviour. They must learn for themselves – and from their mistakes, should they make some.

This naturally leads to the obvious Satanic deduction that a group like the Temple of Set may contain one, perhaps two, Satanists – who are using the ‘members’ for their own Satanic goals. This person (or persons) would of course deny this, and if that denial was sincere, they could not be Satanists. What is certain, is that that group cannot contain more than perhaps two Satanists – for the members accept

the constraints imposed upon them from above, and are servile, in both theory and practice. They are also not being led into real experiences, but accept a sterile, sanitized and safe 'Satanism' as pedalled by their leader.

e) Satanism does not seek any form of official recognition as it does not seek to become respectable or the prerogative of a majority. Rather, Satanism operates, and must operate, for the most part in a clandestine or 'underground' manner. 'official' recognition means someone or some organization is granted some sort of 'status' and thus assumes both in theory and in fact an 'authority' and an organizational structure to support it. This authority and this structure mean followers, sycophants – and contradict the essence of Satanism. 'Respectability' means a moral stance broadly in line with that pertaining at the time – that is, it means a restricting morality, ethics, as well as a limiting of action to what is deemed broadly 'acceptable' by the 'society' of the time.

Both of these – official recognition and respectability – also mean that the self-appointed authority which is recognized and becomes or seeks to be respectable, sets its own limits: there is 'proscription' of other groups, a peer hierarchy and all the many trappings of herd conformity; the triumph of illusive forms over essence. In brief, the deluding of others, rather than their liberation. Since the experience of the essence that Satanism brings is unique, this uniqueness is totally contradictory to all forms that seek to constrain, define and restrict – two of these forms being 'official recognition' and 'respectability'.

Some other hard facts about Satanism are in order – to be placed on record.

Satanism is hard and very dangerous. This danger is much more than just 'mental' or a psychic one of the kind sometimes experienced in magickal workings. It is a personal danger of the 'life or death' kind. If it is not, then it is not tough enough, it is not Satanic. For far too long the pathetic imitation Satanists, such as those in the Temple of

Set and the Church of Satan, have had no one to contradict their sickly, wimpish versions of Satanism – they have tried to deny the darkness and evil which are essential to Satanism because the frauds in those organizations are fundamentally weak: they have never gone to their limits, never experienced the realness of evil. They have tried to make ‘Satanism’ safe and ‘respectable’: they have intellectualized it because they are typical products of this present intellectualized, peace-loving, ‘we need to be safe’ society.

A Satanist is like a beast of prey – in real life, not in fantasy. A Satanist may be and often is an assassin, a warrior, an outlaw – in real life. The imitation Satanists, however, pretend to be these things – their fantasy-life is greater than their real experiences of such things. A Satanist seeks and makes real his/her fantasies and then masters the real-life situations and all those desires/feelings which give birth to those fantasies – they live them and then transcend them, creating from those experiences something beyond them: a new individual. often, things go wrong – but as always in life, the strong survive and the weak perish, are written off. The Satanist creates the dreams, standards of excellence and spirit which others often later aspire to emulate. This creation is in real life, by deeds and deeds alone.

Because of this, few indeed are the genuine Satanists. Sometimes their lives (or aspects of them) become public – but often they are hidden, working their darkness in secret, for the benefit of evolution .

ONA 1991 eh

## THE PUBLICATION OF ESOTERIC TRADITIONS ON THE LEFT HAND PATH

For a long time, genuine esoteric tradition was handed on an individual basis, from Master/Mistress to novice. There were many reasons for this, most of them practical: the tradition was esoteric, liable to mis-interpretation, and many of its tenets and rituals involved what would have been regarded as ‘heretical’, anti-social and/or illegal acts. Furthermore, the methods used to train novices often made those novices into ‘outlaws’ and set them against conventional society. Also, for a long time, the teaching and teachings of the tradition was heretical in law – a criminal offense against Church and State. Secrecy was essential and necessary. This state of affairs pertained until quite recently. With the burgeoning of interest in ‘the Occult’ in general, the LHP became somewhat less secret and certain aspects of the tradition were discreetly circulated. What were mistakenly taken to be ‘esoteric’ traditions and, given the new openness toward the Occult and the repeal of anti-Occult laws, freely distributed and/or published, were (a) the useless Grimoire/Qabalistic tradition, or (b) a mis-interpreted Crowleyism, or (c) of a showman/ghoulish/self-professed type with bits cobbled together from (a) and (b) with archaic myths and unenlightened egoism thrown in. The real tradition – with its darkness and danger – remained hidden.



To (c) belonged the Church of Satan, which made Satanism akin to a fantasy role-playing game or games with some sorcery added to impress. The later schism which gave birth to the Temple of Set (born not with a bang but with a whimper) was not unexpected given the structure and orientation of this ‘Church’ – and neither was the fact that the leader of this schism based his Temple and authority on what was termed an ‘Infernal Mandate’, and declared Satanism as a religion, much mis-understood. Meanwhile, the old traditions continued, in Europe and elsewhere, in their traditional way – secretly, accepting but few novices and these only after severe tests and ordeals. The traditions, writings, rituals, methods, ordeals and techniques remained unavailable except to those few. After lengthy






deliberations and consultations, the individual representing traditional groups, decided to gradually make the esoteric tradition which he and others represented available on a selective basis, to reveal, for once and for all, what the LHP and Satanism were really about. The real impetus for this decision came from Aeonic strategy – making the tradition available would enable an increase in the number of genuine Adepts, thus hastening the presencing of the darker forces on Earth, and so fulfilling the sinister dialectic of history. This increase, however, would be gradual – over centuries.


With this dissemination, the purpose, intent and methods of Satanism and the LHP could no longer be mis-interpreted and the posers and charlatans who professed to be ‘Satanists’ would be exposed – at least to those with any sagacity. With the secrets accessible to those who sought to find them, the real esoteric work could continue, as it always had, in secret – the training, via direct experience, of those few strong and gifted enough to undertake the difficult and dangerous journey along the Left Hand Path.

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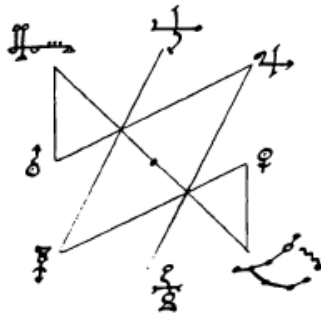
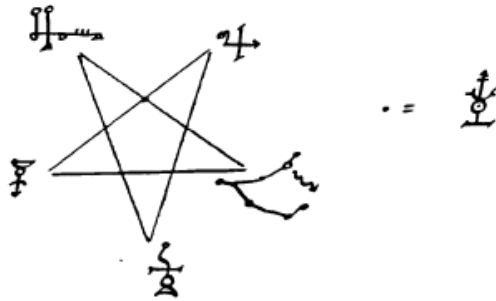
## The Secrets of the Nine Angles

The diagrams show how the basic nine angles relate to the inverted pentagram. Thus,  is the first sphere, the Moon,  the second sphere, Mercury, and so on.

The diagrams signify the order of working in order to create types of magickal energy - that is, they are rites of invocation. Thus, the inverted pentagram shows how magickal energy can be created (or rather drawn from the acausal) - the type depending on where the process is begun. For example, to invoke 'Satanic' energies, the  point would be the starting one, going on to the next, , and then  and so on. The diagrams refer to the chants (given in 'Naos' and elsewhere) which when sung correctly open the gate or nexion (to the acausal) located at/represented by the specific point or sphere shown. Thus,  means the use of the Agios Lucifer chant (mode IV);  means the use of the Agios Baphomet (mode 1) and so on. For a ritual, the chants are undertaken in order.

The 'symbol of the nine' shown below the inverted pentagram is only one form of the many possible by joining the seven spheres of the septenary and the 'gates' - as shown, the invocation begins with the Moon sphere and ends with the Saturn sphere (and thus the Agios Vindex chant). (See 'Fenrir' vol II no. for further details and the chants not given in 'Naos.') Each symbol of nine represents a particular type of energy - for example, to open an 'Earth' gate, the sequence would end with the Earth Gate (i.e. the Jupiter sphere); while to open a Star Gate it would end with that gate -  on the diagram.

A simpler form of invocation is possible, and involves not the complete chants, but simply the "word or name" associated with the particular sphere (according to the septenary tradition). Thus, the Moon sphere would involve the vibration of "Nox", the Mercury sphere "Satan" and so on. (qv. the correspondences in Naos.)



$\begin{matrix} \text{♂} \\ \text{♀} \end{matrix} : \text{R} : \begin{matrix} \text{♂} \\ \text{♀} \end{matrix} \} \text{ etc.}$

$\begin{matrix} \text{♂} \\ \text{♀} \\ \text{♂} \end{matrix} : \begin{matrix} \text{Agius Lucifer} : \text{Mode IV} \\ \text{Agius Baphomet} : \text{Mode I} \\ \text{Agius Vindex} : \text{Mode II} \end{matrix} \} \text{ etc.}$

$\text{♂} : \text{Nythra Kthunna} : \text{♂} - - * - \text{♀}$

$\text{♀} : \text{Nythra Kthunna} : \text{♀} - - * - \text{♂}$

1) Musick, Incense and Forms

|         |         |              |              |   |
|---------|---------|--------------|--------------|---|
| Moon    | G major | Trapezoid    | Hazel        | ▽ |
| Mercury | E minor | Tetrahedron  | Yew          | △ |
| Venus   | F sharp | Pyramid      | Black Poplar | ▽ |
| Sun     | D minor | Cuboid       | Oak          | △ |
| Mars    | C major | Octahedron   | Alder        | △ |
| Jupiter | B flat  | Icosahedron  | Beech        | △ |
| Saturn  | A flat  | Dodecahedron | Ash          | △ |

2) Reflexive colours:

|         |                  |
|---------|------------------|
| C       | bright red       |
| G       | Orange           |
| D       | Yellow           |
| A       | Green (viridian) |
| E       | Blue             |
| F       | dark red         |
| B       | Indigo           |
| F sharp | Violet           |
| C sharp | Purple           |
| A flat  | Black            |
| E flat  | Xanthin          |
| B flat  | Tyrian purple    |

## RUNES

|                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>ƿ animals</p> <p>ᚢ strength</p> <p>ᚦ Loki/night</p> <p>ᚷ Odin</p> <p>ᚱ movement</p> <p>ᚨ fire</p> <p>ᚨ gift</p> <p>ᚱ laughter/mead</p> <p>ᚱ thunder</p> <p>ᚦ Wyrð</p> | <p>ᚱ Ice</p> <p>ᚦ year/'time'</p> <p>ᚱ sorcery</p> <p>ᚱ moon</p> <p>ᚦ defence/life</p> <p>ᚱ sun</p> <p>ᚱ Thor</p> <p>ᚱ Earth (as goddess)</p> <p>ᚱ war/strife</p> <p>ᚱ family/kin</p> |
| <p>ᚱ water</p> <p>ᚱ the folk</p> <p>ᚱ the folk-land</p> <p>ᚱ day</p>                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                                       |

## The Septenary Star Game

### The Boards:

There are seven boards, placed one above the other in a spiral and forming a septenary Tree of Life: each board representing a sphere. Each board consists of nine white and nine black squares (see fig. 1).

Each board is named after a particular star, some of which have esoteric significance.

### The Pieces:

Each player has three sets of nine, represented by Alchemical symbols thus:  $\Theta(\Theta)$   $\Theta(\Psi)$   $\Theta(\Phi)$ ,  $\Psi(\Theta)$

$\Psi(\Psi)$   $\Psi(\Phi)$ ,  $\Phi(\Theta)$   $\Phi(\Psi)$   $\Phi(\Phi)$ ;

$\Theta(\Theta)$   $\Theta(\Psi)$   $\Theta(\Phi)$ ,  $\Psi(\Theta)$   $\Psi(\Psi)$   $\Psi(\Phi)$ ,  $\Phi(\Theta)$   $\Phi(\Psi)$   $\Phi(\Phi)$ ;

$\Theta(\Theta)$   $\Theta(\Psi)$   $\Theta(\Phi)$ ,  $\Psi(\Theta)$   $\Psi(\Psi)$   $\Psi(\Phi)$ ,  $\Phi(\Theta)$   $\Phi(\Psi)$   $\Phi(\Phi)$ ;

One set of twenty-seven pieces is white, the other black. The pieces are usually made from cubes or flat circles of wood with the appropriate symbol painted on them. An alternative form of symbols may be employed -  $\Theta$  as  $\alpha$  ;  $\Psi$  as  $\lambda$  and  $\Phi$  as  $\omega$ . Thus, the  $\Theta(\Phi)$  piece becomes  $\alpha(\omega)$ .

### The Placing of the Pieces:

Six pieces are placed on Sirius (two sets of  $\Theta$ ) for white, and six for black (see fig. 2).

Arcturus has three pieces for white and three for black (fig. 3). Antares has six pieces for white and six for black - two sets of  $\Psi$  pieces placed in the same pattern as the  $\Theta$  pieces on Sirius.

Mira has no pieces on it at all. Rigel has the remaining three pieces of the  $\Psi$  sets, placed as the  $\Theta$  pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white and six of black from the  $\Phi$  set, placed as the  $\Theta$  set on Sirius.

Naos has the remaining three pieces of the  $\Phi$  set, placed on the same squares as the  $\Theta$  set on Arcturus.

### The Moves:

Each piece, when it moves, is transformed into the piece next in sequence according to the pattern:

$$\begin{aligned} \Theta(\Theta) &\rightarrow \Theta(\Psi) \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi) \rightarrow \Psi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Psi(\Psi) \rightarrow \Psi(\Phi) \\ &\rightarrow \Phi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Phi(\Psi) \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi) \end{aligned}$$

Thus, when  $\Psi(\Phi)$  piece is moved, it becomes a  $\Phi(\Theta)$  piece. A  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece when moved becomes  $\Theta(\Theta)$ .

The  $\Phi$  pieces (that is,  $\Phi(\Theta)$ ,  $\Phi(\Psi)$ ,  $\Phi(\Phi)$ ) can move from any board to any other board and any vacant square.

The  $\Psi$  pieces may move across a board to any vacant square or up or down one or two boards. For example, a  $\Psi$  piece on Sirius may move to either Arcturus or Antares to any vacant square.

The  $\Theta$  pieces may only move across a board one square at a time to a square of the same colour or up or down one board to another to a vacant square of the same colour. For example, a  $\Theta$  piece on a black square on Sirius could move to a black (vacant) square on Arcturus, or move one square on the Sirius board.

A  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite colour on any square or any board except Naos. The piece so captured is removed from the board and plays no further part. After such a capture, the  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece becomes a  $\Theta(\Theta)$  piece.

### The Aim:

This is to occupy certain squares on Mira with one's own pieces according to a pattern determined by the players before the game begins. However, pieces can stay on the Mira board for only three moves - after that, they move to another board. The first of these three allowable moves is that one that brings the piece to Mira - that is, it can stay for only another two moves.

The first player to place his pieces on the appropriate Mira squares, wins. The pattern most often used is given in fig. 4.

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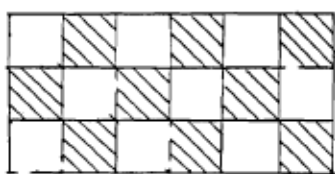
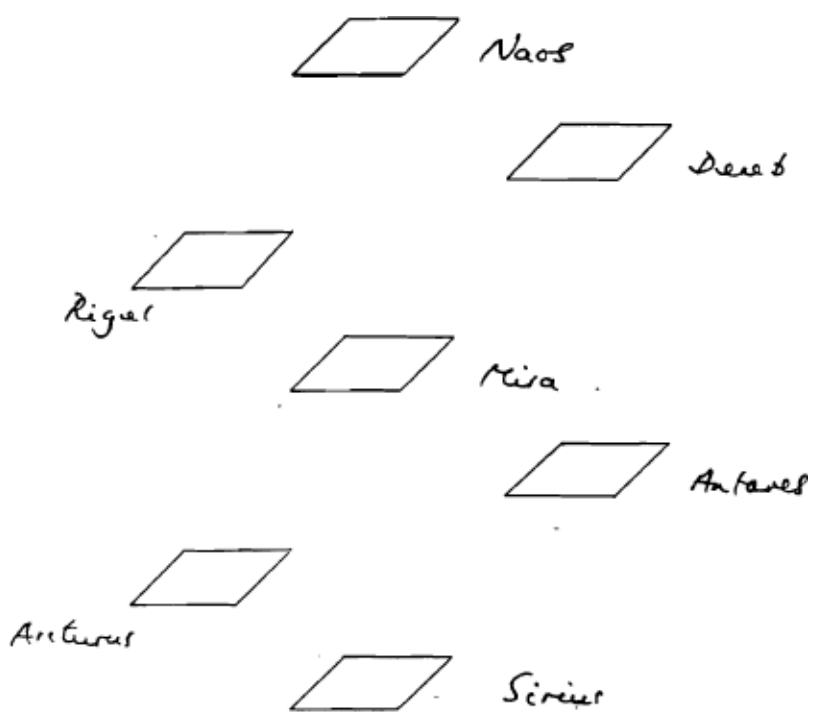


Fig. 1 : The Boards

Fig. 3: Arcturus

|                                    |                          |                                       |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| $\Theta(\frac{\Psi}{\Phi})_{\phi}$ |                          | $\Theta(\Theta)_{\phi}$               |
|                                    | $\Theta(\Phi)_{\phi}$    |                                       |
|                                    |                          |                                       |
|                                    |                          |                                       |
|                                    | $\Theta(\Phi)_{\lambda}$ |                                       |
| $\Theta(\Theta)_{\lambda}$         |                          | $\Theta(\frac{\Psi}{\Phi})_{\lambda}$ |

Fig. 4: Pattern to win

|                                       |                          |                                    |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| $\Theta(\frac{\Psi}{\Phi})_{\lambda}$ |                          | $\Theta(\Theta)_{\lambda}$         |
|                                       | $\Theta(\Phi)_{\lambda}$ |                                    |
|                                       |                          |                                    |
|                                       |                          |                                    |
|                                       | $\Theta(\Phi)_{\phi}$    |                                    |
| $\Theta(\Theta)_{\phi}$               |                          | $\Theta(\frac{\Psi}{\Phi})_{\phi}$ |

|                                    |                          |                                       |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| $\Theta(\frac{\Psi}{\Phi})_{\phi}$ |                          | $\Theta(\Theta)_{\phi}$               |
|                                    | $\Theta(\Phi)_{\phi}$    |                                       |
| $\Theta(\frac{\Psi}{\Phi})_{\phi}$ | $\Theta(\Phi)_{\lambda}$ | $\Theta(\Theta)_{\phi}$               |
| $\Theta(\Theta)_{\lambda}$         | $\Theta(\Phi)_{\phi}$    | $\Theta(\frac{\Psi}{\Phi})_{\lambda}$ |
|                                    | $\Theta(\Phi)_{\lambda}$ |                                       |
| $\Theta(\Theta)_{\lambda}$         |                          | $\Theta(\frac{\Psi}{\Phi})_{\lambda}$ |

$\phi$  = black pieces  
 $\lambda$  = white pieces

[ $\phi$  pieces on black squares]

Fig. 2: Sirius pieces.

Symbolism:

The acausal space is represented by  $\phi_s$  ; the causal by  $\lambda_s$  .  $\phi_s$  is described by  $f^\phi$  ;  $\lambda_s$  by  $f^\lambda$  .

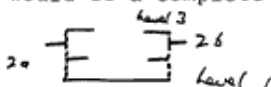
$k_{i\alpha}$  symbolizes an individual;  $k_{\lambda\alpha}$  a group of individuals of number  $\lambda$  ;  $k_{i\alpha}$  represents a higher civilization.

$\in$  is to be read 'within' or 'member of a group/space or sub-space.

General Theory:

All life implies the coincidence of  $\phi_s$  and  $\lambda_s$  . Sentient life implies  $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$  ; this is abstracted into seven stages or levels represented by the seven boards of the game. The two sets of nine pieces represent the  $f^\phi$  and  $f^\lambda$  aspects of cosmic Change (usually the 'black' pieces being  $\phi$  and the 'white' pieces  $\lambda$  ) - or how Being becomes through Time. This expresses the interaction of  $\phi$  and  $\lambda$  through modes of being -  $\ominus$  ,  $\otimes$  or  $\oplus$  . Three sets of pieces are used to express the fundamental nature of such Change as aspects of time.

Each board to be a correct representation should consist of three levels as in the 'simple' form of the game - that is, each board would be a complete 'simple Star Game' thus:



However, in practice, this form of the septenary game is not used in the initial stages because of its complexity: its mastery is one of the tasks of the Internal Adept. What follows is applicable to the 'standard' form of the septenary game with seven boards each of eighteen squares.

Magick implies changes in  $\lambda_s$  via  $f^\phi$  : the 'cause and effects' understood by science operates in  $\lambda_s$  via  $f^\lambda$  .

The movement of pieces implies  $f^\lambda$  and  $f^\phi$  and this is the essence of the magickal use of the game.  $f^\phi$  is represented via  $\oplus$  (or  $\omega$  ) moves and captures,  $f^\lambda$  by the other moves. In one sense  $\otimes$  moves represent the duality associated with mercurius - possessed of both  $f^\lambda$  and  $f^\phi$  elements.

### I - $\kappa_i\alpha$ :

In terms of the consciousness of an individual (since  $\phi_i \in \lambda_i$ , for  $\kappa_i\alpha$  represents consciousness) the pieces are:

|                  |                                    |
|------------------|------------------------------------|
| $\odot(\ominus)$ | Extravert Feeling type             |
| $\odot(\Xi)$     | " Intuitive                        |
| $\odot(\Phi)$    | " Thinking                         |
| $\ominus(\odot)$ | Introvert Feeling                  |
| $\ominus(\Xi)$   | " Intuitive                        |
| $\ominus(\Phi)$  | " Thinking                         |
| $\oplus(\oplus)$ | Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth |
| $\oplus(\Xi)$    | Magus/Magica                       |
| $\oplus(\Phi)$   | Homo Galactica                     |

$\odot( )$  describes 'ego' consciousness;  $\ominus( )$  'self' consciousness, and  $\oplus$  'adeptship' - that is, beyond individuation - the  $\epsilon^{\wedge}$  goal of  $\kappa_i\alpha$ .

Development of consciousness implies an increase of  $\phi$  elements in a particular  $\kappa_i\alpha$ .

To represent a particular  $\kappa_i\alpha$  by the placing of pieces (in order, for example, to work magick upon that particular  $\kappa_i\alpha$ ) the operator must first assess the character of the  $\kappa_i\alpha$  using the septenary correspondences as a basis. In order to do this accurately, it helps if various facts about the  $\kappa_i\alpha$  in question are known - such as particular interests, whether any involvement in 'esoteric' groups and so on.

Character is assessed through determining the psychological type of the individual in accordance with the above table then finding appropriate 'Tarot' images linked to the type of consciousness represented by the character.

II -  $k_c u$  :

For  $k_c u$  the seven boards represent the seven Aeons, and one Aeon is represented by placing appropriate pieces on appropriate boards - Sirius is the first Aeon (the pre-Hyperborean, sometimes called the Primal Aeon), Arcturus the Hyperborean Aeon and so on. The coming 'New Aeon' is thus Deneb.

To represent the present Aeon the pieces should be changed from their original positions thus:

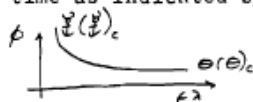
$$\begin{aligned} S\theta(\phi)_\lambda &\rightarrow N\psi(\theta)_\lambda; R\psi(\phi)_\lambda \rightarrow N\phi(\theta)_\lambda \\ R\psi(\phi)_\phi &\rightarrow N\phi(\theta)_\phi; A\psi(\theta)_\lambda \rightarrow R\psi(\psi)_\lambda \\ N\phi(\phi)_\phi &\rightarrow N\theta(\theta)_\phi; N\phi(\phi)_\lambda \rightarrow N\theta(\theta)_\lambda \end{aligned}$$

$k_c u$  implies  $\phi_s$  <sup>via  $t^\lambda$</sup> ; the opening of a gate, which brings  $\phi_s$  to presence in  $\lambda_s$ , predates the beginnings of a particular  $k_c u$  by c. 300-400 years.

All  $k_c u$  up to the present Western have exhausted their potential by the  $\theta(\theta)$  stage - although  $\phi$  stages (via  $\phi^s$ ) are possible.

$$\delta^2 k_c u \Rightarrow \psi(\psi)_c \rightarrow \psi(\theta)_c \rightarrow \theta(\psi)_c \rightarrow \theta(\theta)_c$$

No  $k_c u$  has ever achieved  $\delta^2 k_c u$  because this requires  $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$ ; where  $\omega \gg \gamma$  and  $k_c u \Rightarrow \phi_s \in \lambda_s$ ;  $k_c u \Rightarrow \phi_s \mu$ . A  $k_c u$  lasts between 1,500 and 1,200 years,  $\phi^s$  declining in intensity during this time as indicated by the symbols:



$\theta(\theta)_c$  lasts approx. 400 years.

Each Aeon is associated with a particular higher civilization thus:

| Aeon     | Span              | Associated $k_c u$ | Date of end |
|----------|-------------------|--------------------|-------------|
| Sumeric  | 4 000 BC - 2 000  | Sumerian           | 2298 BC     |
| Hellenic | 2 000 - c. 70 AD  | Hellenic           | 378 AD      |
| Western  | c. 500 - 2 000 AD | Western            | 2390 AD     |

---

$\phi_s$  is expressed via  $k_c u$  (and in general  $k_n u$ ) for  $k_c u$  as an 'ethos' both exoteric and esoteric (which quite often only

Adepts understand since the esoteric ethos is the essence hidden by the exoteric ethos and is often revealed via 'the Abyss').

It is important to understand that the most important and practical aspect of an Aeon is the associated higher civilization - magickal Aeonics workings shape the ethos of this during the transition period between the ending of one Aeon and the beginning of another. During this time, however, the energies of the old Aeon produce the last transformation of the  $\mathcal{K}_c \omega$ : the  $\Theta(\Theta)_c$  stage, which is usually an Imperium, often military in extent and form of power.

Hitherto, Aeonics workings - when they have been undertaken at all - have concentrated on opening the Gate that presences the power of a new Aeon. Yet it is possible to extend by such workings a  $\mathcal{K}_c \omega$  into the  $\mathcal{A}$  stages. For the present, this implies the end of the Western as c.3090 AD instead of 2390 AD. This is the first time in history that such a change is possible, since heretofore the process of Aeonics change has not been consciously understood by Adepts - its was approached mainly via mythological symbolism. It is through the abstract symbolism of the Star Game that full control is possible.

$$\delta^\theta \mathcal{K}_c \omega = \mathcal{E}(\mathcal{A})_c \rightarrow \Theta(\mathcal{A})_c \rightarrow \mathcal{A}(\mathcal{A})_c$$

$$\delta^\theta \delta^\lambda = \mathcal{A}(\mathcal{E})_c \rightarrow \mathcal{A}(\Theta)_c \text{ : "opening of a gate"}$$

$$\delta^\theta(g) = \sum_{\mu=1}^{n-1} \beta(\mu) [\mathcal{E}(\mathcal{A})_c] \delta^\theta \text{ where } g = \mathcal{E}(\mu)_c$$

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### Star Game: Addendum

(Note: The following serve to explain some points arising from students learning to use the Game.)

\* When a piece is moved, it is transformed into a piece next in the transformation sequence. This means that the original piece is removed from the game and a new piece (marked with the symbol appropriate) is placed on the square the original piece has moved to.

Thus, if a ♀(♀) piece is moved, for example, from a square on the Sirius board to a square on the Arcturus board (say a black square) then the ♀(♀) piece is removed from the game and a (new) ⊖(⊖) piece placed on the black square of the Arcturus board.

To facilitate these changes, spare sets of pieces are kept (usually two full sets) beside the structure. An alternative method is to make each piece from a cube of wood or other material and paint symbols on each side of the cube, the symbol/piece in play being the one uppermost. Thus, for example, a cube would be marked with symbols which follow in the sequence enabling, when a move is made, the cube to be rotated to show the new symbol/piece. A spare set (or sets) are also kept, for when the cube symbols are 'exhausted' and the cube needs changing. Thus, a cube might have the following symbols painted on its side: ⊖(⊖); ♀(♀); ⊕(♁); ♀(♁); ♀(♁); ♀(♁) while another would have:

♂(♂); ♀(♁); ♀(♁); ⊖(⊖); ⊖(♁); ⊖(♁)  
...

\* In the transformation sequence ( ⊖(⊖) → ⊖(♁) → ⊖(♁) → ♀(♁) → ♀(♁) → ♀(♁) → ♀(♁) → ♀(♁) ), the arrow → represents a single transformation. Thus, a ⊖(⊖) piece requires eight transformations to become a ♀(♁) piece, and nine to return to a ⊖(⊖) piece.

In one sense, each piece is one of the "nine angles" and is part of an evolutionary (or devolutionary) development/transformation via both causal and acausal time. This development/transformation is helical rather than circular (qv. The Wheel of Life) - one causal aspect being the transformation of the symbol into the next in sequence, one acausal aspect being the movement from board to board.

The most complete representation of the causal and acausal aspects is the Advanced Star Game.

...

\*The Star Game is a four-dimensional structure: the boards are orientated three-dimensionally in space, while the pieces, moving/transforming re-present 'time' (both causal and acausal). The boards themselves may be seen as interacting with, for example, the Zodiacal progression - this explicating a further aspect of the 'timepath' or 'transformation'. Hence the Moon/Cancer aspect relates to the Sirius board, the Mercury/Capricorn aspect to the

Arcturus board, and so on. This gives an 'Earth-bound' perspective to the patterns represented by the Star Game itself (for example, for an individual, , or for aeonic magickal workings). Thus the 'seasonal' variations are mapped/re-presented by the Game - the pattern being a helical one (see the Wheel of Life diagram).

It should be noted that the starting 'point' is relative and depends on what, at that moment, the Game representation is being used for. For example, if it is being used to simply try and comprehend the connections/wholeness of the Earth/individual system (in ordinary magickal terms, Seasonal influences/patterns where Seasonal means the flow from Spring to Summer to Autumn to Winter), then the starting point is the part of the season pertaining at that time. (Thus the Star Game is a sophisticated magickal 'clock'.) For instance - the Summer Solstice would imply the beginning of the Cancer segment, that is, a part of the Sirius board (what part, the student can easily deduce - and should so deduce). The 'Wheel', and the rest of the Septenary correspondences, give archetypal/magickal/alchemical reference points around this 'cycle'/flow/change - and thus show the external patterns of that change, as evident to individual consciousness (and in terms of those images/symbols and so on). Thus are the seasonal changes described - in both the causal and the acausal. For example, the Solstice point would equate with the symbol Mistress of Earth, the element Earth; while the Spring Equinox would equate with the Priestess and the element Water (in this instance with that part of the elemental sequence which is 'Water of Water' - the change to the next Zodiacal constellation being marked by another part of the sequence: qv. 'Wheel' diagram). The sphere in this, Venusian, instance is Antares and associated with Emerald, the colours Green and White, the process 'Coagulation' and so on.

## Advanced Star Game

The advanced Star Game consists of the seven boards as in the septenary version - together with the same number and distribution of pieces - but each of the seven boards consists of 4 levels:

The first level of each board consists of the ordinary 18 black and white square board. The second level has eight squares with 4 on either side consisting of 3 squares in a row and 1 in front. The third level consists of one square, and the fourth level of 4 squares. These levels are on both sides of the board as in the illustration.

Thus each board (which represents a sphere of the septenary) has 18 squares plus 26, making 44 in all. There are thus 308 squares in total in the advanced game. Further, there are some additional pieces, as described below.

This version of the game is a complete and full representation of the septenary system: each board represents the connections or pathways between the levels or spheres. For instance, the black squares on the first level (9 squares) together with the squares on levels 2 and 4 (8 plus 4 squares) are the acausal paths or connections from that sphere to all the other spheres. The other side of the board (the 9 white squares on the first level plus the 12 squares of levels 2 and 4) represent the causal connections from that sphere. In one sense the causal connections are the 'outgoing' connections (or exits) and the acausal 'incoming' connections (or entrances) to the pathways (or tunnels). The two squares of level 3 (one on each side of the board - again representing the acausal and causal aspects) are 'null squares'. These null squares represent the connection to the Abyss - that is, they symbolize the random element always present. In the actual playing of the advanced game these squares are important - any piece which is placed on them is automatically changed into another piece selected at random. This random selection is done by a process determined before the game starts by the player or players: the most favoured method being to choose, without looking, from the spare pieces. This choice is done by the player whose piece has moved to the square. The chosen piece can be either white or black, and a piece on a null square - once it has been changed at random - can move to other squares according to what type of piece it is. Thus, a  $\ominus$  piece could move up or down one level only, while a  $\oplus$  piece could move to any vacant square on any level or board. To facilitate the random choice, a complete spare set of pieces is kept for this specific purpose and these pieces are used for this purpose only. Thus, as the game progresses, the choice of pieces becomes more limited.

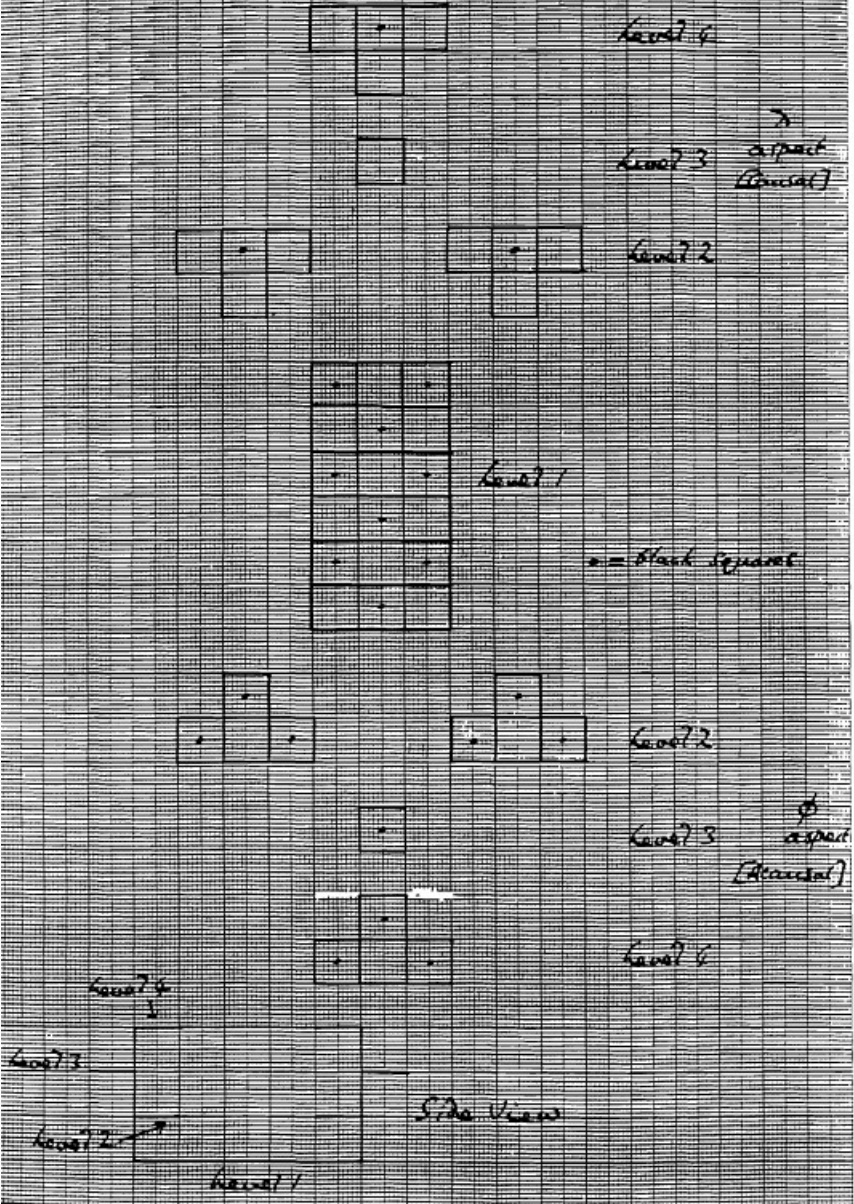
### Pieces:

There are two extra sets of all nine pieces for each player making thus five sets for white and five sets for black. Hence, over the 308 squares there are 90 pieces.

Three sets are placed for each player (or 'side') as in the septenary game. The two additional sets are placed as

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THE FIVE LEVELS OF OUR WORLD



follows:

- \*One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board
  - \*One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board
  - \*One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board
  - \*One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board. (See illustration.)
- The null squares on Sirius and Arcturus are left vacant.

Moves:

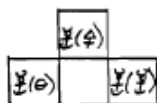
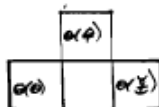
The pieces follow the same rules of movement and transformation as in the septenary game.

However, when a piece is on any of the levels (that is, 2, 3 or 4) of any board a move up or down a level is regarded as the equivalent of a move up and down the seven boards. Thus for example, an  $\ominus(\ominus)$  piece on a black square on level 2 of the Sirius board may move (provided the squares moved to are vacant at the time) across level 2 to another black square, or up to the black square of level 3 (the null square - where it will be changed at random) or down to a black square on level 1. A  $\oplus(\oplus)$  piece on level 4 may move across the squares on level 4 to another black square, or it may move onto a vacant square of the same colour on Arcturus. Level 4 may therefore be regarded as a 'stepping board' to other boards.

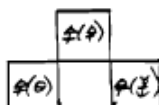
Another example: a  $\Psi(\Psi)$  piece on level 2 of Sirius may move to any vacant square on level 2, up to level 3, or up to level 4 (any vacant square, or down to any vacant square on level 1. These moves are possible because a  $\Psi(\Psi)$  piece has '2 degrees' of freedom. If the  $\Psi(\Psi)$  piece was on, say, level 2 of Arcturus, it could move down to level 4 of Sirius (but not any further). Similarly, a  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece of level 4 could move if it was on, say, Arcturus, to any vacant square on level 1 of Antares or any vacant square on level 2 of Antares (either side - that is, either the 'causal' or 'acausal' side).

It is simply a question of looking at the levels either up or down for 'degrees of freedom'. Thus an  $\Delta(\Delta)$  piece, having unlimited degrees of freedom, could move from any level on any board to any other level on any board.

The  $\Phi(\Phi)$  piece if on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite colour on any square and any level of any board except Naos.



level 2



level 4

## **INTERNAL ADEPT – A BRIEF PRACTICAL GUIDE**

1) Important to choose a good site: it must be isolated, near fresh water suitable for drinking, within a day's walking distance of supplies (c. 20 miles) and somewhere you will be undisturbed for the length of the ritual. You should visit several sites beforehand and choose the one most suitable.

2) Equipment (see Equipment Guide for some recommendations) must be adequate for the period.

Tent – choose one suitable for two people as room is important. Be sure to seal flysheet seams with sealant (and take some sealant, tent repair kit). Use a strong separate groundsheet under the tent ground sheet as this will take some of the wear and give some more insulation.

Sleeping bag – Take two plus a cotton inner. No need for expensive down bags: choose two synthetic ones, one to fit inside the other (for colder days and as spare).

Insulating mat – essential.

Clothes – take two of most things. Go for hardwearing natural fibres (wool, cotton). Thermal underwear is essential. As is a hat and a balaclava. Be sure to take at least two pairs of gloves.

Waterproofs – Jacket and over trousers. Best are heavyweight nylon /neoprene. If using expensive breathable fabrics like Gore-tex, take a spare pair of coated nylon since in hard, extended use the breathable fabrics can break down.

Boots – a strong walking boot is essential. Also take spare pair of shoes/lightweight trainers which are fast drying.

Stove – take two: one burning liquid fuel, other solid for emergency back-up.

Knife – essential. Also take a pocket lock-knife as spare.

Survival Aids – essential. To include: compass; waterproof matches; tinderbox (flint/magnesium); survival bag; foil (space) blanket; torch and spare batteries; emergency food sufficient for two days; spare tent guy lines/pegs; sewing kit; first-aid kit.

3) Diet – Take a supply of vitamin/mineral supplements. Every day you need protein, fat, carbohydrate plus c. 3 litres l of water. As basic diet use oatmeal, tinned (powder) milk, f cheese, biscuits; dried fruit; tea/coffee. Every 3 or 4 days eat a cooked meal made from a pre-packed foil wrapped freeze dried range. Each visit for supplies (one a month no more unless dire emergency) buy fresh fruit, milk, eggs, bread, meat or fish. As much as you can afford/carry back to site.

4) Points to note:

- \* Re-pitch tent every two weeks
- \* Avoid wood fires as they attract attention – however cold it gets.
- \* Always keep a set of clothes dry and in waterproof bags in tent for use if needed. If all your clothes do become wet wrap foil blanket around yourself, eat a hot meal, have a hot drink and get into sleeping bag. To dry damp clothes place them between the two sleeping bags before you go to sleep.
- \* Keep as clean as possible by bathing in stream/river/lake.
- \* Wash clothes frequently if weather suitable for drying them quickly
- \* Before you go visit Dentist and Doctor for check-up
- \* If Winter ritual or using high-altitude/Nothern sites where snow possible, take foldable shovel, snow-shoes and extra warm clothing. Make sure the tent you choose has adequate ventilation and is strongly guyed.
- \* Give your Order contact details of site chosen and contact them a.s.a.p. after conclusion of ritual.

Remember: you can only take what you can carry on your own back. Take specialist foods with you, and buy first months supplies after pitching camp – sufficient for about a month.

Approx. a month before you go try a week on the diet chosen, and amend if necessary. Be sure to take sufficient money to buy supplies for the period of the ritual plus cost of return from the area.

Problems which may arise:

\*Illness. Expect some 'colds' and 'flu' initially. Keep warm and dry – plenty of fluid. Do not eat wild berries, mushrooms etc. unless you are sure you know what you are eating. If a serious injury (e.g. broken limb) forces you to seek aid, the ritual is void and must be done again when fit enough.

\*Boredom – if you are going to succeed, you will learn how to cope with this. Always maintain your resolve to complete the ritual under the conditions required.

\*Diet – Get used to it! You may feel tired if you have got the balance wrong and will probably lose weight. Others have survived, so you can.

\*Intruders – have a story ready for 'passive intruders' to your site (tourists/walkers etc.) – seeking spiritual enlightenment etc. Avoid human contact if possible. For other intruders (e.g. landowners, gamekeepers) – be friendly and ask permission to stay, saying you want solitude. Most will accept this; if not, move elsewhere to an area scouted out in the first few days of the ritual for this purpose.

\*Long spells of bad weather – a bonus, if it happens, forcing you further into psychic debt.

\*Vermin (lice etc.) – You may become infested. If so, do not worry. Keep as clean as possible, washing clothes regularly. On return to 'civilization' dispose of /burn all clothes and bedding (this is advisable anyway) and get some medical treatment if scalp/pubic area infested. Nothing much to worry about – regular washing will help keep the infestation to an inconvenience and will not seriously affect your health.

\*Foot problems. Try and keep your feet dry – always have a spare pair of dry socks. If boots become sodden, let them dry out naturally and use your spare shoes until they do. You can dry dampish socks during the day by putting them under your hat, wrapping them round your neck like a scarf etc.

Remember: make sure your energy intake is sufficient to allow moderate physical activity – this generates body heat and is essential in cold/wet weather. On good warm days – air dry your sleeping bags.

### **Grade Rites – Grand Master/Mistress**

The Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth needs to fulfill several conditions before the ritual proper:

- 1) To have fully fulfilled the pledge of a Master/Mistress regarding transmission of the Way by (i) having trained at least one suitable individual up to and including Internal Adept and revealed to them all esoteric teachings; and (ii) explicated that Way using appropriate means enabling understanding by others as/when their wyrd inclines (these means including writings; images; music etc.).
- 2) Having fully mastered all the techniques of aeonic magick and achieved by some of these new temporal forms.
- 3) Significantly extended the boundaries of knowledge, understanding and existence by creative endeavour explicated causally and acausally – some magickal, others outwardly not-magickal.
- 4) Have begun the process of directing acausal energies via a new or presently or past existing nexion according to the wyrd of that Master/Mistress with the intention of a new aeonic manifestation or re-creating a previous form or forms.

These conditions have been fulfilled (or nearly so) the candidate sets in order his/her temporal affairs – discarding all that is unnecessary.

This includes all properties, all of significant monetary value, all accumulated possessions, and all obligations of a personal kind (familial etc.; profession/employment). The candidate is to have no financial or other resources other than that required for necessary survival (and then on a weekly basis) save for a small amount sufficient only for the performance of the ritual. All this preparation is necessary and should be strictly adhered to – this attainment of ‘temporal freedom’ being necessary for reasons which a Master/Mistress will understand. (To those lacking this understanding and post-Adept insight all that will be said that such freedom enables the candidate to become for a short period an actual ‘nexion’ between the causal and acausal, all attention, energies (psychic and otherwise) being then capable of focusing upon the task.)

The ritual proper involves the candidate achieving a difficult feat of mental and physical endurance – usually this involves walking, in difficult, isolated terrain, a distance of 300 miles in 15 days carrying appropriate equipment and occasionally buying food en route using the small monetary savings mentioned above. (Experienced long-distance walkers are advised to increase the distance.) This feat is planned to end at or near the site chosen by the candidate for the physical nexion.

The candidate is then to reside at or near this site for a period from Equinox to Solstice or Solstice to Equinox (or, for some nexions, for an alchemical season) during which time and using aeonic techniques acausal energies are brought forth and directed to an individual(s)/organization/order/archetypal formes) and so on, via the chant/name(s)/ images and so on chosen by the candidate. In addition, the candidate usually creates a new technique, to enhance the working (e.g o similar to the ‘Star Game’). During this period the temporal changes caused by the magick should be discernable. (Further enhancements/workings may be required after this initial period.) These changes signify the success of the Grade Rituals.

## THE DATING OF ESOTERIC TRADITION

Received tradition (as given to the present writer by his teacher – an Adept of the esoteric ‘Albion’ tradition: for which read ‘Seven-fold Way’/Septenary/Hebdomadry/ traditional Satanism and so on) places the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon, and thus the civilization of Albion, at least a thousand years before the dates given in Order MSS.

Thus, received tradition gave the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon as between 7,000 to 6,000 BC (that is, ‘nine to eight millenia before the present’ – this ‘present’ being c. 1975 ev). Also, the ‘Primal Aeon’ was given as arising between eleven to ten millenia ago. This placed the origin of the Hyperborean civilization (Albion) at around 6,000 or 5,000 BC, and thus dated Stonehenge to between 4,500 and 3,500 (the ‘later’ date – 3,500 – being favoured). After a thorough study of these received traditions, and a review of present archaeological/historical understanding, the present writer decided the traditional dates were out by at least a thousand years. When the Order MSS were written (mostly after 1975 ev) to consolidate what had been – apart from a few MSS such as the *Black Book* – a mostly oral tradition/teaching, these ‘new’ dates were included.

However, the present writer admits that this revision may well be mistaken, and that the ‘traditional’ dates may yet be proved correct.

It is to be hoped that sometime in the future further evidence for the civilization of Albion will be found, particularly in regard to accurate dating and the confirmation of esoteric tradition concerning the seafaring nature of the communities (particularly the links with Iceland/Greenland/ Canada and the later migrations southward: Greece etc.), the technological advances made and so on. While some evidence for the ‘advanced’ agriculture of the later period is emerging (e.g. the ‘Butzer’ Farm project) and the astronomical nature of Stonehenge is now well-established, there is still the view of Albion during the period in question as a rather basic ‘Neolithic’ semi-nomadic society, rather ‘backward’ in comparison with the ‘civilized’ societies of

Sumeria and Egypt. The acceptance of this view is not surprising, given the paucity of evidence, the lack of archaeological excavation and an almost total lack of ‘professional’ interest. Part of the lack of evidence stems from the fact that a lot of the sites have been almost continually inhabited/cultivated with the consequential loss of material/patterns; another is the use of wood in the construction of artifacts – this is rarely preserved and there has been a rather silly tendency to use pottery remains (its ‘sophistication’ etc.) to judge/date the communities associated with it, whereas in fact at the time pottery was probably considered an inferior material to wood/leather etc. Another stems from a lack of written records – in Egypt, Sumeria and elsewhere there are well-preserved reminders.

## Notes on Rituals – II

### Forms & Rituals:

The 'Forms' [see the "Musick, Incense and Forms" chart] may be used to enhance magickal workings in two ways:

1) The Form may actually be constructed to form the 'inner part' of a Temple (or the whole Temple itself) and the working undertaken within this - with an intent, or desire, appropriate to the sphere associated with that Form. Thus, a tetrahedron shaped 'inner sanctum' would be for Mercury workings: i.e. workings concerned with 'indulgence and transformations' [qv. the tables in 'Naos' and elsewhere] while a pyramid would be appropriate for Ecstasy and Love.

The working may be further enhanced by constructing the Form in the appropriate material.

2) The Form may be constructed in the material [see table] on a small scale and this itself may be used in two ways:

a) As a focus for vibration/chant - using the appropriate chant for the sphere concerned [qv. 'Naos']. Thus, for Mercury, the tetrahedron would be associated with the "Agius Lucifer" chant\*. The vibration appropriate to this sphere would be "Satan"/"Satanas".

b) The Form may be used to store/concentrate the magickal energy of a ritual associated with a particular sphere/working by visualization and chant.

The energy, brought by a working will be 'cast into' the Form and visualized as being amplified by that Form. It may then be dispersed, according to desire. [Note: this 'visualization' is what actually occurs to the energy because of the structure of the Form.]

### Incenses:

The incenses given in 'Naos' for pathworkings are appropriate to those workings and the visualizations of the spheres (the Tarot images etc.).

Those given are the ☉ aspect. The ♃ aspect are those listed in the "Musick, Incense and Forms" chart. Thus, the ☉ incense for Mercury is Sulphur; the ♃ incense is Yew. The ☉ is a combination of these in equal proportions.

☉ is generally used for pathways and spheres as in 'Naos'; ♃ is used for specific workings involving the energy of a particular sphere [e.g. Moon implies the vibrated 'word' Noctulius and is appropriate to 'hidden knowledge'/'sinister knowledge/terror - see the tables in 'Naos' and elsewhere]. The ☉ incense for a particular sphere may be used for any type of working.

Note: the basic difference, in magickal terms, between the three forms of incense associated with each sphere is that the ☉ aspect "evokes" those energies/levels of the sphere associated with ☉, the ♃ aspect, those associated with ♃ and

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\*See below for the esoteric version.

\* i.e. the ☉ incense.

the ♁ aspect "evokes" the ♁ energies/levels. Novices begin workings with the ⊕ aspects because in general these are more accessible; Initiates are expected to gain experience with working with all three aspects in magickal workings. Put simply - the ⊕ aspect can be considered as the 'first level' of the sphere, the ♁ as the 'second' and the ♁ as the 'third'. Thus, the 'first' level incense for Moon (Petriochoir) associates particularly with the Tarot image 18, the 'second' level (Hazel) with the Tarot image 15, and the combination with the image 13.

These 'refinements' are, however, subtle - and their appreciation marks the step beyond the novice stage. An experience of them is considered essential as a prelude to Adeptship.

#### The Nine Angles and the Dark Gate:

The sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the 'Gates' gives not only the pattern of 'walking' when the chant ritual is undertaken according to tradition [qv. 'Naos'] but also shows the 'pathways' appropriate to those rituals which 'open the Gates'.

Thus the open the 'Dark Gate', the sequence would be: Earth Gate-Mars-Star Gate-Moon-Sun-Saturn-Man's Gate-Venus-Dark Gate.

Further, to 'find' an Earth Gate (as in establishing the magickal centre of a new Aeon) the sequence would be begun to end at the 'Earth Gate'.

This sequence of pathways may be used in two ways:  
1) as a prelude by the chief celebrants [e.g. in a Nine Angles working] who 'invokes the energies' appropriate to the particular pathway before the Rite proper: the first is begun eight days before the Rite. Thus, for a Nine Angles rite, the celebrants would be the Priest and Priestess - for a 'Dark Gate' ritual (i.e. 'chthonic Nine Angles' working) this would mean beginning at the 'Earth Gate' (the site chosen for the ritual) and invoking on the pathway toward the sphere of Mars [hint: construct a three-dimensional Tree of Wyrd showing the connecting pathways (qv. the Order MS 'The Septenary System' in "Azoth") and overlay this with the 'Nine Angles and the pathways' (Earth Gate to Dark Gate for this particular ritual) and the forces involved in this pathway (Earth Gate to Mars) will be clear: as will the symbolism etc. to be employed]. The second invocation on the second night (in this particular rite at the same location) would be Mars to Star Gate, and so on.

[Note: These preliminary workings for a Nine Angles rite significantly enhance the Rite itself.]

2) as a magickal working in itself. The 'intent' of this working may be either: the obtaining of knowledge [as for instance in finding an 'Earth Gate' - or in using the pathways to bring 'self-knowledge'/expansion of consciousness into acausal realms], or with a specific intent appropriate to the 'final point' (sphere or 'angle') where the pathways end. Thus, a Dark Gate final point would be appropriate to 'sinister/chthonic' intent, and so on. These specific rituals

can be either ceremonial or hermetic in form.

#### Naos:

This word has several meanings, all of which are esoterically significant.

As a word it means the inner Temple or sanctuary [from the Greek  $\nu\alpha\omicron\varsigma$ ] both in the physical sense of a place and in the sense of consciousness: i.e. the 'latent' temple [read 'knowledge' etc.] within each individual. It also signifies a type of portable shrine wherein an image of a deity was kept.

It is, as a word, in common usage in Egyptian archaeology. In the Occult sense - i.e. as used in the septenary tradition - it is used to describe both an outer form which holds an inner meaning [e.g. an esoteric book] as well as a physical inner Temple or sanctuary.

Naos is also the name of a star, important in the Nine Angles rite.\*

#### Falcifer/Vindex:

Names signifying the person who may embody, in the causal world, the essence of the sinister - i.e. he/she empowered by the 'Dark Gods' to bring the wordless Aeon in a practical sense. In the exoteric sense, Falcifer (the 'reaper') and Vindex (the 'avenger') are esoteric names for the anti-Nazarene mentioned in "Revelation" and elsewhere.

Vindex can be 'created' by sinister ritual - the chthonic Nine Angles rite when the energy is channelled by visualization and chant into a designated person. [qv. the Order instructional text: 'Falcifer: Lord of Darkness'; a fictional account of part of this process.]

#### Qabala:

An expression of the distortion foisted upon the Western ethos by Nazarenes and their allies in spirit.

The Western ethos [i.e. the outward form of the magickal energy of the 'Western aeon'] is Luciferian/pagan - the septenary system/seven-fold sinister way being an esoteric expression of this [see 'Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way'\*\*\*]

The use of qabalistic/Hebrew names/images/symbols aids this distortion and thus enhances the power of the Nazarenes and the 'old Aeon' values/power structures. The same applies to the use of 'Egyptian/Sumerian' etc. images/symbols/names. Those who still use such symbols/images/words are not yet free from Nazarene indoctrination/unconscious influences.

Thus, effective sinister magick implies the use only of the septenary tradition in terms of names/images/symbols.



\*Note: A recent book on Star names gives Naos as deriving from the Greek for ship. This is a misunderstanding of the Ionic  $\nu\alpha\omicron\varsigma$ ; a ship is  $\nu\alpha\upsilon\varsigma$ .

\*\* Published in 'Fenrir' no. 7

## AEONICS

Prefatory remarks: These are 'esoteric' teachings – of necessity, because their understanding requires the insight and knowledge which an External Adept and Internal Adept has attained. Without this insight and knowledge, there is liable to be mis-understanding and a failure to appreciate the finer points (or even any of the points at all).

The 'Aeonics' MSS provide a general introduction to what is a practical but difficult subject. They describe the essential mechanisms involved: they contain no 'value judgements', no view. Rather, they present what is, as it is. They are an aid to conscious understanding of Aeonie energies – it is up to each and every Adept to decide what they wish to do with that understanding, in the practical magickal sense. The best, and most complete, description of Aeonie processes is the Star Game, particularly the advanced form. These MSS should serve only as an introduction to the abstract symbolism of the Game. Complete understanding arises when the Game is understood 'intuitively' – that is, without conscious effort: when there are no need for words or descriptions. All words are ultimately bound up with division into 'opposites' (and thus 'value judgements' etc.) – only the symbolism is truly representative of what is beyond the Abyss, that is, of the acausal itself and how that acausal effects(presences) the causal. It is in the Star Game that real understanding of Aeonics lies.

## AEONS AND THEIR ASSOCIATED CIVILIZATIONS

The energy of a particular magickal Aeon is manifest (presented) via a higher civilization: there is generally a time-lag of about 400 or 500 years between the start of the Aeon and the beginning of the civilization. The wyrd of the aeon is often expressed by a symbol/word/magickal working (e.g. the Hellenic: Eagle/oracle; dance) although these are merely outward expressions of the inner essence. The destiny of the associated civilization is most often expressed by an ethos/myth (e.g. for the West: Science/ Exploration) and is expressed via various archetypes, some of which may directly relate to the ethos.

An aeon is essentially an ordered manifestation of acausal energy in the causal via an earth-based nexion: this nexion being the ‘magickal centre’ of the Aeon (and thus the civilization). Various cults and their associated mythos are derived from this centre and its energy. For previous Aeons, this ordering was for the most part intuitive and unconscious – i.e. not arising from deliberate magickal acts by Adepts: the finding and opening of a nexion occurred by the very nature of that acausal energy seeking to ‘earth’ itself. Aeonic change is now understood and gives all Adepts the possibility of creating Aeonic changes.

A civilization undergoes an organic process of growth and decay and symbolically it has nine stages, represented by the pieces of the Star Game. (Note: the Star Game – particularly the Advanced Star Game – gives a complete representation of one Aeon and its civilization if the pieces are placed correctly.) A civilization generally lasts between 1,500 and 1,700 years. From its origin, it takes about 800 years for a civilization to enter its Time of Wars (aka Time of Troubles) and this period of wars lasts on average 398 to 400 years. It is followed by the Imperial stage – Empire or Imperium (aka ‘Universal State’). This lasts about 390 years after which the civilization finally falls. The gradual decline of a civilization follows the wane of the magickal energy associated with it – the archetypal forms which presented this have fulfilled their potential, become exhausted of energy. (Note: the

Star Game can be used to show how a particular archetypal form grows and decays, causing changes: e.g. the pieces of one board may be used to designate that archetype – by following the changes of the pieces and the affects on other boards, the principles of change may be seen.)

| Civilization | Relations               | Challenge | Time of Troubles  | Universal State      |
|--------------|-------------------------|-----------|-------------------|----------------------|
| Egyptian     | Unrelated               | Physical  | 2424 -<br>2052 BC | 2052-1660 BC         |
| Sumeric      | Unrelated               | Physical  | 2677 -<br>2298 BC | 2298 - 1805 BC       |
| Hellenic     | Loosely affiliated      | Physical  | 431 -<br>318 BC   | 318 - 578 AD         |
| Indic        | Unrelated               | Physical  | 7 - 322 BC        | 322 - 185 BC         |
| Japanese     | Offshoot of Far Eastern | Physical  | 1185 - 711 AD     | 1597-1945 AD         |
| Sinic        | Unrelated               | Physical  | 634 -<br>221 BC   | 221 BC - 172 AD      |
| Western      | Affiliated to Hellenic  | Physical  | 1560 -<br>1996*   | 1996 -<br>2390 AD ** |

Table I

\*Estimated from model (see Appendix II). The 1568 AD date is given by Toynebe.

\*\* Estimated from model (see Appendix II).

## AEONIC MAGICK GENERAL NOTES

Should only be undertaken if individual is free from unconscious influences – particularly archetypal images 1 of current civilizations/distortions imposed upon it by others. This usually implies having passed the Abyss – but some ‘lesser’ Aeonick magick can be undertaken by Internal Adepts. This is so because if latent archetypal energy is present within the psyche of the individual, there will be a blocking/internal distortion of the acausal energy – released/created via aeonic rites, and this usually leads to problems: e.g. psychic distortion, physical problems and so on.

Aeonic magick implies, for most rites, the individual being a ‘channel’ or ‘gate’. Psychic residues imply a blocking.

Archetypes imply a development in time – i.e. causal movement. Put simply, this means ‘action’ – or a ‘story’: some role played out by the image and thus fulfilled. In the ‘cultic’ sense, there is a ‘legend’/goal. New images require new motifs: i.e. new forms of fulfillment. ‘Mimesis’ is one method of aeonic magick that has come down over the centuries (indeed, it was once probably the only means available). Basically, this involves imitating some aspect of cosmic/Earth-based movement/working, and then either following the natural pattern or slightly altering that pattern to bring about a subtle change. (This ‘alteration’ forms the basis for ‘black’ magick – qv. The Black Mass: the use of Nazarene formulae, slightly distorted via sinister intent.)

often, this implies ‘acting out’ an archetypal role according to a myth/legend/cult. The key here is the identification of the magickian with the role (which is, however, not a possession, as in shamanism) – this requires preparation. This ‘acting out’ can involve others –‘as, for example, in a ‘sacred marriage’ (qv. ‘Sun’ and ‘moon’ as symbols). The intent of the working is then visualized/chanted. If alterations are desired, these are incorporated. Mimesis can also be done via the construction of suitable models which are symbolically imbued with ‘life’. It may also be done via a ‘play/drama’ whose participants are unaware of the intent and/or of the symbolism. In all Cases it is

necessary for the Master/Mistress of the ritual to channel magickal energy into the proceedings either via ceremonial/hermetic methods or by 'opening a Gate'. If the latter, then the energy so brought may be channeled directly or at a distance (if for example a 'drama' is being performed).

## AEONIC MAGICK GENERAL (I)

The basic means are:

1) Archetypes – their creation/re-emergence. This is achieved via:

a) ritual. – e.g. Nine Angles rites with appropriate visualization/models/drama

b) creating a mythos: and then channeling acausal. energy into this form via ritual.

c) symbols – ‘energize’ these via ritual/hermetic workings. All the above require an understanding of archetypal form and change.

2) Open a ‘Gate’ and let the acausal. energies spread naturally or channel them via an individual or individuals. The latter requires some ‘form’ to be imposed upon the ‘raw’ energies released: this form is achieved via the desire of the Master/Mistress and may be either (a) in accord with the wyrd existing at the time (i.e. to help fulfil wyrd of Aeon) or (b) against this, if some fundamental change is desired.

3) Star Game – manipulation of symbols with magickal intent. Can be as ‘core’ of other ‘ritual’ working where this ritual brings acausal energy. (Note: this is not strictly necessary for a Magus.)

All Aeonick magick is (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon; (b) against that wyrd; or (c) beyond both of these because a new form is desired. (c) involves both small changes introduced within an Aeon for some specific reason or other, and large changes desired as, for example, a prelude to attempting to create a ‘new balance’ (i.e. the creation of a ‘new Aeon’).

It is possible to alter the magickal energy of an Aeon at any time, although this is easier during the last phase of an Aeon (generally the

Winter stage of the civilization, the few decades before, and after, the beginning of an Imperium). This alteration can be of any type – if sufficient energy is produced/created/released. (The Nine Angles rites are usually the most powerful in this respect – particularly the chthonic with ‘Sacrifice’.) Whatever, there must be an intent: something specific to change the energy to/toward. This is often symbolized by a magickal ‘word’ which then represents the ‘new Aeon’/the distortion imposed upon the existing Aeon: this ‘word’ is only the outward form of inner essence.

For the West (and at the time of writing – 1980 ev) the fundamental long-term options re Aeonic magick are: (1) rites to bring Vindex (channelling into individual etc.); (2) rites to ‘Open a Gate’ (re the next Aeon); (3) rites to bring acausal energy, letting this presence without form; (4) rites to distort/prevent the wyrd of the West (i.e. Imperium). (5) implies another aim – i.e. the forces must be directed to something other than Galactic Imperium. The scope of this aim is wide-ranging. (6) creation of a new Aeon which is not the direct descendant of the West – i.e. does not involve ‘Dark Gods’. Again, aims wide.

## AEONICS S. Trad. II

The essential principles of aeonics are:

1) Aeonie magick can be either (a) directed into a specific form (and this can be an individual) or some structure (temporal) which the Adept creates for this purpose – ie. as a means to achieve a specific goal. This structure can be religious, social, political, business and so on; or (b) drawn forth via ritual(s) and left to disperse (ie. there is no specific intent/aim) according to its nature. This implies an element of randomness.

2) Aeonie energy can be used to: (a) create new archetypal forms (eg. specific archetypes); (b) distort/disrupt already existing ones.(a) implies a new 'idea'/mythos and often a 'word' to express this (to non-Adepts). Also, some causal movement is implied in such a form – a development in time.

3) All aeonic change can be: (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon existing at that time ( the wyrd being manifest in the Destiny of the associated higher civilization); (b) against that wyrd (thus a 'distortion'); (c) to create a new wyrd. This can be either a new Aeon or an undirected/chaotic disruption of existing one. A new aeon implies a new set of archetypal Corms/mythos etc.

4) All changes can only be directed by the Adept within certain temporal limits, these being set by the strength of the energy produced and whether the initial ritual(s) are subsequently re-inforced. Most aeonic rites by their nature imply a element of random energy which produces further change at first roughly in accord with the energy/intent of the rite: as causal time flows on, the original forms are re-formed via metamorphosis.

5) Any change is possible using aeonic energies – ie. such energies and their use are a-moral. It is the consciousness of the Adept which via intent directs the energy into specific forms to provoke temporal changes in line with that intent.

6) Changes against an existing wyrd (and such like) require more energy because the 'old' archetypal forms/patterns need to be broken down/redirected. Thus, to change aeonic forces the best way is (a) distort/disrupt forms already existing; (b) let the random element accelerate within those Corns by letting loose undirected acausal energies within the aeon/higher civilization; (c) then begin to create new forms via ritual(s). (A skilled Adept can try all three at the same time.)

7) Aeonic energies bring changes on a large scale by mostly affecting non-Initiates – ie. the changes are unconscious: the 'mass' is unaware that their drives/desires/patterns of behaviour/'thoughts' and so on are being manipulated by Adepts. The most obvious way this occurs is via archetypal forms – but there are other levels acting (how many depends on the acausal energy (intensity, type etc.) and the ritual(s) done by the Adept). One of these is direct psychic contagion – ie. the energy directly affects those receptive/sensitive to it (and this can include Initiates etc.). Those thus affected may then give that energy form or do deeds broadly in line with the type of energy.

(Note: Archetypal forms created via aeonic ritual work mostly unconsciously at first; later, some individuals may express these forms in a practical way, as ideas, myths, mythos, Institutions and so on. Psychic contagion by-passes 'forms' including archetypal forms ie. the latent acausal part of the psyche of infected individuals is directly affected/'opened' by the acausal energy.)

Some further insights:

1) Generally, once an aim/change is decided upon, this should be enshrined in an archetypal symbol, sigil and/or a phrase/word. After the main aeonic rites to produce this change, these symbols etc. should be regularly 'charged' via hermetic rites (eg. sexual magick) and the energy left to disperse naturally or stored in a crystal. The type of aeonic rite depends on the change desired, how strong are

already existing aeonic energies (eg. change toward the end of an aeon generally requires less energy). The same applies to reinforcements of the rite (should these be necessary).

2) Wyrd of present Western aeon is Imperium. This implies what is moralistically called an un-democratic State. One aim of such a state would be colonization of the Solar System and then the stars. In essence, this State would be an outward manifestation of Satanic spirit. Political forms to achieve and maintain this Imperium are only a means and must be seen by Adepts in this light. The same applies to 'military' forms. If an Adept or Adepts wish to achieve this wyrd then practical Corms to bring this change must be created/encouraged (magickally) (this applies of course to all aeonic changes). The choice of such forms is made on the basis of practicality, necessity and energies required: it is usually the result of a logical assessment of existing conditions and future possibilities – amoral in essence. An attempt was made by various LHP Adepts earlier this century to use a political form to create a type of Satanic empire on the practical level with the aim of achieving the wyrd of the West. This involved disrupting Nazarene/Magian Corms/ethics/ideas and so on both magickally and on the practical/political level. This attempt was a partial success insofar as it has created a new 'mythos' – there is also archetypal energy stored (and awaiting further use) as well as a nexion now partially open. These offer Adepts the possibility of continuing this work perhaps via the same (or very similar) political forms, perhaps by other (7 contradictory) political forms. It is up to each Adept to make their own assessment – and to decide whether they wish the success or no of this wyrd.

3) It cannot be stressed too often that aeonic magick implies long-term assessment (from several centuries to millennia) and this time-scale of necessity negates the relative moral values that pertain in a society for perhaps a few decades or centuries. Aeonic insight implies an overview of not only the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being, but also of previous Aeons and future Aeons. The basis of insight is a rational apprehension of Aeonic energies and how those

are made manifest (produce changes) via civilizations and how those civilizations (in their ethos etc.) affect individuals within them. Further understanding comes from magickal experience: how aeonic change is, magickally, possible. The most comprehensive means of understanding Aeonic energies is the advanced form of the Star Game.

The essence of the Adept is this Aeonic insight – the breaking free from the bonds (archetypal forms and thus their unconscious/conscious influence) of the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being. Further, the bonds of past influences (of previous Aeons) must be transcended also – most who follow or attempt to follow an Occult way fall into the trap of shedding current Aeonic influences only to fall prey to past ones (Egyptian,<sup>4</sup> Sumerian, Greek etc.) or to be possessed by one ‘Idea’/mythos.

4) Present Aeon is dying – its energies are on the wane. Thus time is right to produce aeonic changes/find new nexions. Aeonic magick is concerned with two things: (1) understanding the fundamental principles of how certain types of magickal energy (existing in the acausal) manifests and may be made manifest in the causal; and how those energies when so manifest produce temporal change; (2) actually using such energies – via rites etc. to bring such change in accord with one’s desire or goal.

(1) implies learning about aeons and civilizations – how both are formed, live, decay and change via acausal energies – and about how those within them, from individuals upward, are changed and manipulated by the various forms the acausal energies assume. Among such forms archetypes, myths and mythos, ideas, symbols (including artistic representations), as well as the more transient types like politics and religion.

(2) implies learning the skills of aeonic magick and follows after (1). The basic skills are aeonic rites (eg. the Nine Angles rites; Ceremony

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<sup>4</sup> qv ‘Temple of Set’!

of Recalling), the Star Game, and creative manipulation of symbols, ideas and so on (including the more transient forms).

(1) is covered in the many and varied Order MSS dealing with Aeonics and details of the basic skills are given in '*Naos*', *Black Book* and the various rituals (most now available in various publications). This present MS will deal with an area not specifically covered before with a view to dispelling some misconceptions.

Sinister aeonic magick implies actual use of the energies by individuals – bringing change(s) to the 'real' or temporal world. This use is often misunderstood by non-Adepts of sinister traditions, and particularly by those who adhere to the old distorted magic(k)al systems. For instance, aeonic magick was used earlier this century to aid a new political form and so try and alter in a significant way the direction of the Western civilization in order to bring about certain futures. These futures (the plural is intentional) would, if they had resulted, have led to the expansion of both a technological and thence an individual kind over a period of many centuries – and this because of the dynamic nature of the form chosen as well as the future transformation of it, via dialectic and internal metasomatosi. The most identifiable manifestation (ie. causal appearance) of this form was National-Socialist Germany. However, most individuals who consider this form, consider it not from an aeonic standpoint but rather from a limited, causal and 'moral' point of view – a view they take, also, of more recent attempts by other individuals and groups, to use that and similar forms for magickal ends. The perspective of this view is immediate rather than of centuries and millennia and shows a fundamental lack of understanding of not only aeonics but 'also magick itself.

The reality is that all significant magick is either Aeonic or internal: External magick is but a child's game, to be played while learning the most basic skills of magick, or for amusement, perhaps, later on. To a real magickian, all types of political (as well as religious and cultural) forms are means – to be used if they are useful for aeonic or internal magickal goals. Genuine Adepts use many temporal forms – although

they never identify with them in the sense of adhere to them causally: from a psychic perspective. In the initial stages of the seven-fold way, for example, some 'roles' may be assumed by the Initiate to bring insight, challenges and generally experience the 'forbidden', the contrary, the 'heretical'. But these roles are only that – part of an internal, psychic and thus sinister manipulation of forms. Later, such forms – and others – may be used in the aeonic sense: to bring about large-scale temporal change (how large depending on the intent as well as the skill and aim of the Adept). But in both, manipulation is the key.

Thus, those who criticize those LHP individuals and/or groups who do and have used political forms in the past – or some other temporal form: social, religious or ideological – clearly show by that very criticism and their subsequent 'labelling' of those individuals and groups (from their own myopic and relative 'political' or 'social' perspective) that they lack not only – understanding but also insight into the basics of magick. In short, these 'labellers' expose themselves as not only unworthy of being called magickians, but also as adherents to the old, Nazarene dominated moral value-systems. Their lack of perspective, I- and magickal understanding is not, however, unexpected considering the pathetic state of 'magical understanding' prior to the dissemination of ONA teachings – particularly relating to Aeonics and Internal magick.

On the individual level – of Initiates – the LHP is decidedly a-political, a-religious and a-social (where the 'a' prefix means 'beyond', 'outside'), and is devoted to making each Initiate unique: that is, aiding them fulfill their potential, thus enhancing evolution and creating the next stage of our evolution. The ultimate aim of sinister aeonic magick is to create conditions in the 'real world' such that Initiation and Adeptship and all that these imply in terms of evolutionary understanding and insight, is not only available for all, but fulfilled. This, of course, is and will be a long-term aim; perhaps achieved by the end of the next Aeon, perhaps not. But the aeonic magick of anyone present moment (eg. a rite or form manipulation) aims to presence a part of that future in that present moment or

create conditions enabling it. Thus, change is provoked and made possible – in individuals, groups and civilizations. Hence the complexity of aeonics, and the multitude of temporal forms used – but also its simplicity. For, viewed causally and simply, aeonics is change, opposition, creation; provoking challenges and insight counter-balancing and adversarial.

In short – a dialectic, for individuals, groups and civilizations, as well as aeons. and it is this dialectic which is the ‘numen’ of sinister magick – its ultimate meaning and its ultimate challenge.

Quite simply, it is for those who aspire. The rest can continue their crawling non-existence. Naturally, in aeonic magick some mistakes have been made – some judgement have been shown by events to be incorrect. But understanding and reason are cumulative: a process of learning, for individuals civilizations, and aeons. However:

ΤΟΙΟΥΤ' ΟΥΒΕΙΔΥ' ΟΙΣ ἘΜ' ΕΥΡΪΣΕΙΣ ΜΕΓΑΝ  
.....

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## AEONICS – THE SECRET TRADITION I

Exoterically, the distortion imposed upon the Western Aeon is represented by the religion of the Nazarene. Esoterically, one aspect of the distortion is represented by the ‘qabala’. Both of these are manifestations of what it is convenient to call the ‘Magian ethos’: that is, an approach to living, a way of thinking/being. One of the external manifestations of this ethos is the ‘Babylonian Talmud’ and the religion whose codes/teaching are represented by that collection of tracts. Another is the ‘Old Testament’.

This ethos has, over the last few centuries, become diversified, and now assumes various political and ‘philosophical’ manifestations. The ‘sickness of the spirit’, which Nietzsche analysed in many of his works [particularly the ‘Anti-Christ’] has changed the direction of the Western civilization [see ‘Notes on Esoteric Tradition’ and other MSS] and thus its future: Had there been no distortion of the Western ‘current’ or ‘magickal energy’ then the Western civilization would now be about to enter the final, Imperial, stage. There would be an outward expansion, led by the elite, firstly world-wide and then, using the technology which is such a feature of the true Western ethos, into outer Space itself with the consequent colonization of the solar system and star systems beyond. This Imperial stage is ‘Promethean’ or Luciferian in aspect – that is, it is dynamic and expresses that zest for living which is pagan [and which, esoterically, is the essence of genuine Satanism]. It is in one sense the dominance of ‘action’ over thought the triumph of ‘master-morality’. Esoterically, this is and always has been for all ‘higher civilizations’ the triumph of honour and those who uphold this most elitist of concepts. [This is so because of the nature of the ‘acausal energy’ which, ‘seeps through a Gate’ at the beginning of each Aeon. Exoterically, this energy is ‘sinister/Satanic’ as these terms are understood by the Order (qv. ‘The Dark Forces’<sup>5</sup>). It is this energy which ‘creates’ the civilization – or rather, the civilization is an outward embodiment of that energy, and this impetus to civilization

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<sup>5</sup> Published in *Fenrir* no. 4

is maintain by the 'élan'/spirit of the creative minority who are (mostly unconsciously) guided by a feeling of Destiny which itself arises from such energy and which is often enshrined in a mythos/legend. Adepts are those who understand this, and who can thus work with the energy as that energy is embodied at that moment in time. In the past, this understanding was often intuitive – only in the last century or so has this understanding become rationalized, and thus allowed an even greater degree of understanding (and consequently manipulation of the energies).]

However, the Western civilization, having been distorted in its ethos, is suffering from a sickness of spirit – an infection. Instead of almost entering the stage of Imperium, it is increasingly inward-turning, increasingly concerned with ideas that are 'alien' to it – that is, which do not arise from its own ethos. It has been, in effect, unconsciously given a dream and is now striving to live that dream although that dream means its own death. [As with all Aeonics, there is no judgement here – merely a statement of facts. All Adepts must discover for themselves whether they wish to alter the futures which can arise from these facts, and alter according to their own desires.]

In practical terms: the distortion is evident in the political ideas of Marxism/communism, in the economic idea of capitalism and in the sociological ideas/value-systems which preach 'equality'. The first and third of these derive from Nazarene beliefs – there are, in effect, extensions of the Nazarene spirit: the triumph of the 'slave-morality'. The second, when analysed, takes the abstraction evident in an aspect of the 'Magian ethos' stages further. What all this amounts to on the level of effects is that individuals [and this applies particularly to the creative minority] are:(a) concerned by a 'morbid conscience' and are thus unable to act with spirit/élan, think and act on the basis of reality (esoterically, read 'they act like sinners and penitents rather than Satanists'); and (b) they perceive the world/other individuals via the distorting lenses of abstract ideas – these ideas deriving from the distortion. Magickally, individuals have lost contact with the genuine archetypes of their unconscious. Even worse, the 'magic' which purports to return these archetypal energies does the opposite – it

gives experience of the ‘archetypes of the distortion’. This ‘magic’ is that based on, and derived from, the qabala and the ‘Grimoires’ of the Middle Ages. [This includes Crowley. ‘Wicca’ would be one way forward were it not so lacking in Promethean zest – that is, lacking the spirit of true paganism (qv. the Vikings).] For the Western civilization, one of the most powerful archetypes is the Warrior. [Note: Adepts are those striving to free themselves from archetypal influence. Part of this involves living the archetypal role of ‘Mage’... We are concerned here with the majority who are swayed by archetypes without understanding them.] This Warrior has two aspects, both important vis-a-vis the Western ethos. One is the ‘Hero’ (where there can be sacrifice of self to the good of the folk); the other is ‘Conquerer’.

In simple terms, the West should now be exalting the archetype of the Warrior: it should be a goal aspired to, and the Institutions and so on of the societies of the West should represent this striving to emulate the Hero/Conquerer – and all for the benefit, not of some artificial idea like ‘equality’ or ‘democracy’, but for the communities of the West and the individual who strives to become a Hero/Conquerer. This latter point is vital to an understanding of the present – and thus the future. To take an example from history (a valid one, since all higher civilizations have the same form): The West should now be entering the stage that the Hellenic civilization entered with the Roman Empire at the time of Augustus. In the Rome of that time, the Hero/Conquerer was an ideal aspired to – for the benefit of Rome and those citizens who could profit by emulating that ideal. The Warrior was honoured, and warrior values held sway, giving a zest to life, and expansion for the Empire.

This emulation/exaltation of the Warrior archetype by the majority creates the final, zestful, stage of the West (or rather, should have created it) – the strong, the daring, the noble are encouraged and rewarded. The benefit is Empire: for the West this would have been a ‘Galactic Empire’. This means that the societies are imbued with the ‘Promethean’ spirit (or ‘acausal/sinister’ energies). [Aeonically, Adepts have three functions: 1) their own Destiny (which may be to

try and become an 'Immortal'; 2) to aid by magick the Destiny of the civilization to which they belong; 3) or to change that Destiny according to their desire, which of these, they now, in time... None of these can be attained without an understanding of that present in which they find themselves: as that present is.]

In practice, the Western Empire would have meant the dominance by a racially aware community/nation/federation of first the West and then possibly the world – this giving rise to the foundation of colonies in Space and the expansion of the Empire into other Star systems. It would have been 'racially aware' (that is, basically European in race) because archetypes compel this type of cohesiveness: that is, 'Destiny' in the case of a civilization implies a commonality, a sense of belonging, or 'rootedness'. This makes possible 'thinking with the blood' – that is, genuine 'elan' – and thus an advance/conquest. Where this elitist attitude does not exist, there can be no lasting conquest, and thus no Empire.

For the West, this Empire should have begun around 1996-2011 ev and lasted until about 2390 ev after which it, like all Empires, would fall. But then, the Destiny of the West would have been achieved, and with it the dispersal of acausal energy beyond the confines of the Earth. The whole purpose of the Western Aeon was to achieve this further expansion. [Note: There is no 'morality' involved here: just an understanding of magickal, aeonic, energies. The morality which would dismiss a Western Empire is basically Nazarene...] With the fall of this Empire, the 'New Aeon' would assume practical form on the diversity of planets conquered and colonized. There would then be the 'Spring' of not one new civilization, but of many, with the consequent expansion of consciousness.

However, what is occurring at present is an increase in the distortion that is, acausal energies are weakening, the Western civilization declining. [It must be borne in mind that although the energies of the 'New Aeon' are – or rather can be – emerging now, during the beginning of the 'Winter' stage of the present civilization, they have little effect on the practical level until the new Aeonic centre is found.

What effects they do have is largely small and concerned with ‘creating new archetypes’: these new archetypes influencing things only gradually. It takes several centuries for large scale effects – and a new civilization (i.e. a further upward trend in consciousness) requires the channelling of acausal energy through a new gate as the ‘old’ one closes. According to tradition, the gate associated with the next Aeon is in outer Space. Hence, on one level, a need to ensure the fulfilment of the Destiny of the Western Aeon.]

On the practical level, this decline means an inward-turning culture: an increase of ‘appearance’ – that is, a reliance, among individuals and societies, on abstract ideas and theories. There will be dominance by Nazarene beliefs and ideas deriving from them – a return to a ‘religion’/ social system of living. [A desire to believe as against a desire to know/explore.] For the West, this will mean tyranny of the mind (and the body because restrictions on movement will exist) existing with a return to ‘barbarism’ in certain areas (in terms of ‘lawlessness’/attitude to living) leading to a gradual decline and probably (after some hundreds of years) an extinction of the acausal on Earth. [In a simple sense, the acausal is evolution, of species and consciousness: the ‘Opening of a Gate’ (a new Aeon) an expansion due to the acausal presencing on Earth and within individuals.]

Already, this tyranny of ideas exists – together with an increasing physical tyranny to destroy those who do not believe. This tyranny concerns those opinions which contradict in essence the Nazarene/Magian beliefs in ‘equality’ and ‘inward turning morbidity’. [See the MSS ‘Aeonics and Heresy’.]

Exoterically, the distortion can be remedied by the arrival of the ‘Anti-Christ’. Esoterically, the acausal, sinister, energies can be channelled by ritual into an individual/individuals to create Vindex. Vindex will then be the creator of the Western Empire [i.e. the ‘Satanic Empire’]. This is one way for Adepts of the sinister tradition to use Aeonic energies. [Note: What ‘Vindex’ and the ‘Empire’ means to others is different to what happens in aeonic terms: the former is outward (i.e. ‘moral’) appearance, the latter, the essence or aeonic

‘effect’.] This magick is dangerous – because it draws upon those who practise it the ‘magic’ of those who have a vested interest in the forces of the distortion .

Other uses of present Aeonic energies are outlined in other MSS.

# **CLIOLOGY – A BASIC INTRODUCTION**

FIRST ISSUED: 1978 EH; REVISED: 1982 EH. FURTHER  
REVISION: 1984 EH)

## I CIVILIZATIONS, AEONS AND INDIVIDUALS

In order to represent these things in a way which provokes a higher, conscious understanding and thus the development of insight, it is necessary to develop a new type of abstract representation – a new kind of mathematics. However, before proceeding to do this, some general clarifications are necessary.

An Aeon is the term used to describe a stage or type of evolution. Evolution is taken to result from a certain process – and this process can be described via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes in certain ways over ‘time’ – this ‘time’ having an acausal and a causal aspect: evolution is an increase of the acausal in the causal.

More precisely, the cosmos exists in both causal and acausal space-time where causal space-time (symbolized by  $\lambda_\sigma$ ) has 4 dimensions: three spatial, and one time dimension, this dimension being linear. Acausal space-time symbolized by  $\phi_\sigma$ ) has  $n$  spatial dimensions and one, acausal, time dimension.  $\phi_\sigma$  intersects  $\lambda_\sigma$  at certain places – these places are ‘life-forms’: i.e. a living organism is a place where  $\phi_\sigma$  and  $\lambda_\sigma$  coincide. Sentient life is regarded as a ‘large-scale’ intrusion of  $\phi_\sigma$  into  $\lambda_\sigma$ : a ‘mergence’ rather than just a point of coincidence. Consciousness is said to reside, or be, in the acausal. The energy of  $\lambda_\sigma$  and its changes in causal time, can be described and thus ‘explained’ by conventional scientific means, e.g. by Physics. The energy of  $\phi_\sigma$  and its changes can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and acausal time.

An Aeon is a form or type of acausal energy which manifests in the causal – i.e. it has certain limits in both causal time and 3 dimensional space. It re-orders the causal – which is simply another way of saying such acausal energy produces certain changes in the causal. A civilization [or rather a ‘higher’ or Aeonic civilization] is how this form, this energy, is ordered in the causal – from a causal point of view. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree – the surface of the

earth is the boundary between the causal (above) and the acausal (below). The roots are in the acausal (the acausal energy), the trunk and branches in the causal. The 'aeonic' aspect is the roots; the civilization aspect is the trunk; the societies within the civilization are the branches, and the individuals within a society are the twigs and leaves.

Civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms – they are created, or born, they grow and change and then they die. They occupy a finite space over a finite time, undergo metamorphosis and so on. They possess structure or form, which form while variable within certain limits is the same or similar for all manifestations of a similar type – and this form can be studied and classified, and appropriate models formulated to represent it and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is an aspect of an Aeon, and an individual is an aspect of a civilization. All individuals – unless and until they attain a certain degree of self-awareness [variously called individuation and Adeptship] and thus inner liberation and freedom from 'unconscious' and other influences – are subject to the psyche and this psyche is determined [draws its energy from] the civilization and thence the Aeon. One form such energy takes is 'archetypes'.

This energy [which is basically 'acausal' and not to be confused with the physical energy described by science which is causal energy] determines or influences the actions/non-actions of individuals insofar as those individuals affect the civilization and thus the Aeon. In other words, their lives do not affect or change the civilization or the Aeon. They are part of the wyrd of that civilization – they do not possess a wyrd of their own. Using the inexact analogy – an individual with wyrd (an Adept or someone who has achieved individuation) is a seed which becomes free from the tree and can begin a new process (a sapling). All other individuals are tied to the tree to grow as it grows and die when it dies.

A civilization thus expresses an ordering of evolution. Its energy, and

thus its archetypes and so on, is determined by the Aeon which 'creates' [or rather, causes its creation/manifestation in causal space-time]. These energies, for both a civilization and an Aeon can be described in various ways. The most simple (and not very accurate) is mythological/archetypal. An Aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time. It is linked to a particular geographical region, and there is a centre to this where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because an Aeon is a physical presencing of acausal energy via a nexion – i.e. a nexus between the acausal and the causal. This centre usually acquires a cult or religious nature: mostly unconsciously. That is, certain individuals are 'drawn to this area' and the acausal energy produces/provokes changes within and external to the psyche of these and other individuals.

The list given below describes the energy of each Aeon which has existed in mythological/archetypal terms – it is guide, rather than an exact description of the energies, and a guide to the changes which are caused in the psyche. [The exact description is purely abstract – in symbols – and is given later.] Each Aeon has a particular civilization associated with it. (See the list.) Its energy may be expressed in terms of an 'ethos' – that is, how the  $\kappa_i$  [where the symbol  $\kappa_i$  represents individual(s)] within that  $\kappa_c$  [where the symbol means 'Civilization'] apprehend both causally and acausally [or in simple terms, both rationally and intuitively] the acausal energy of the Aeon. This ethos, like a  $\kappa_c$  grows and changes : it evolves.

The civilizations listed are 'higher' or Aeonic ones – those that have changed/shaped conscious evolution. Other civilizations have existed, but they have generally not contributed significantly to such evolution in terms of creativity – they are usually related, in time and space, to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an Aeonic civilization are: (a) It possesses a distinctive ethos [Note: an ethos is not a 'religion' as religion is conventionally understood.]; (b) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from the disintegration of an existing civilization (i.e. the challenge as such is social)]; (c) it is creative on a large scale.

In analyzing civilizations and their changes, the work of Spengler and Toynbee is valuable, although its details are not essential. What their work has done, is to contribute some fundamental ideas about the nature and structure of civilizations – their detailed work (such as, in Toynbee’s case, historical dates and events) adds flesh to the bones of the aeonic theory here propounded, but that theory is independent of such detail which may be and indeed should be surpassed in the future. The two most fundamental ideas of these historians are Spengler’s one of the metamorphosis of what he terms a ‘culture’, and the genesis of civilizations as given by Toynbee – their origin, classification, inter-relation and so on. The ideas have been combined with others – some original, some not (some part of ‘esoteric tradition’) – to provide the framework for aeonic/causal theory outlined here. This framework is ‘Cliology’ – the study of those processes which have caused historical change.

The mechanism by which civilizations affect evolution is that of ‘creative individuals’. Most of these are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act, or to express that ethos more consciously, those causing others to act. Few individuals in a civilization reach the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence of ethos – be such the ethos of their own civilization or that of another. Of course, many are there who believe they are free of such influence – but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is the aim of genuine Esoteric Arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious development where they become free of such influences – i.e. to achieve a uniqueness of identity. This requires insight, knowledge and reason – all of which are aided by understanding how and why things (such as civilizations) are as they are. Cliology is an expression of such understanding, and as such a learning of the subject adds conscious development and thus makes Adeptship/individuation possible. The abstract form, given here (particularly in the Second and Third parts of this introductory treatise) takes this rational understanding further.

| Aeon        | Symbol                | Magickal Working      | Associated Civilization | Dates                |
|-------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Primal      | Horned Beast          | Shamanism             | --                      | 9,000 -<br>7,000 BP  |
| Hyberborean | Sun                   | Henges                | Albion                  | 7,000 -<br>5,500 BP  |
| Sumerian    | Dragon                | Trance;<br>Sacrifice  | Sumerian/<br>Egyptiac   | 5,000 -<br>3,500 BP  |
| Hellenic    | Eagle                 | Oracle;<br>Dance      | Hellenic                | 3,000 -<br>1,500 BP  |
| Western     | Sunwheel/<br>Swastika | Ritual                | Western                 | 1,000 BP -<br>500 AP |
| Galactic    |                       | Star Game<br>& beyond | Galactic                |                      |

[Note: BP means 'Before Present' (1980 eh); AP means 'After Present']

The centre of the Hyberborean Aeon was the area around Stonehenge. The centre of the Sumerian was located between the Tigris and Euphrates (and is near present day Baghdad). The centre of the Hellenic was Delphi. The centre of the Western was/is around an area in the Marches - it was, and is, esoteric due to the distortion of the Western ethos by first the Nazarene religion and then other forms broadly similar in effects to that religion.

The mythological/archetypal attributes of a particular Aeon can be gleaned from the symbol and 'magickal working' listed above. The ethos of some civilizations are listed below.

Hellenic - Quest for excellence; Reason. Western - Exploration/Science.

| Civilization | Relations              | Challenge | Time of Troubles | Universal State |
|--------------|------------------------|-----------|------------------|-----------------|
| Egyptiac     | Unrelated              | Physical  | 2424 - 2052 BC   | 2052-1660 BC    |
| Sumeric      | Unrelated              | Physical  | 2677-2298 BC     | 2298 - 1105 BC  |
| Hellenic     | Loosely affiliated     | Physical  | 431-31BC         | 31BC - 378 AD   |
| Indic        | Unrelated              | Physical  | 7 - 322 BC       | 322 - 185 BC    |
| Japanese     | Offshot of Far Eastern | Physical  | 1185-593 AD      | 1597-1945 AD    |
| Sinic        | Unrelated              | Physical  | 634 - 221 BC     | 221BC - 172 AD  |
| Western      | Affiliated to Hellenic | Physical  | 1568-1996*       | 1996-2390 AD ** |

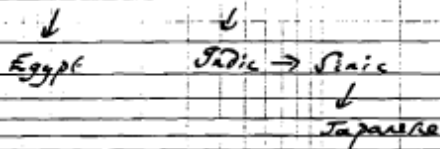
Table I

\*Estimated from model (see Appendix II). The 1568 AD date is given by Toynbee.

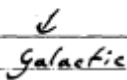
\*\* Estimated from model (see Appendix II).

- spread ( $\phi_1 \rightarrow \lambda_1$ ):-

a) Albion  $\rightarrow$  Sumeria  $\rightarrow$  Indus



b) Hellenic  $\rightarrow$  Western



a)  $\Rightarrow$  'Hengeal' / Stone-circles  
[ $\phi$  centre:  $\phi_1 \rightarrow \lambda_1$ ]

b)  $\Rightarrow$  Delphi

[a): c. 6,500-2,500 BC  
b): c. 1,000 BC - 500 AD]

External manifestations of  $\phi$  ("creativity..."):-

Albion: Proto-Astronomy; wheel; Proto-Agriculture

Sumeria: Writing [Phoenicia  $\rightarrow$  Egypt]; Agriculture

Hellenic: Reasoning; Logic; Proto-Science

West: Science; Experimentation; Technology

$\phi$  Centre: Western Area:-

Surrounding Black Hadley, Linley, Skipperstones,  
Long Mynd, Caradoc

⊕ x x x o d p x x x o o x o d x o

x x x p o x x o d x x u x x o

Notes:- Centre of Albion [Hyperborea] - Stonehenge.

Culture runs Ridgway, Walker Track; Jewel Track; ArtWay etc.

• Centre of West  $\rightarrow$  where remnants of traditions of  
Albion survived beyond 1,000 BC [to c. 700 AD & thence  
20th Century].

Each civilization follows a pattern. This can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for an Aeon. Such study enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification. In one sense, this is a withdrawing of projections (in Jungian terms). Second, it develops already existing faculties and creates new ones - the ability to reason in abstract symbolism, for example, where the symbols are 'numinous' (i.e. "alive") rather than being simply 'intellectual'. That is, such symbols relate to those things which are important for an individual's life. [In a simple sense, the symbols of alchemy are imbued with 'psychic energies' and thus possess 'power'. More correctly, the symbols re-present acausal energies as against causal ones such as in mathematics and physics.]

The symbolization enables the patterns, on the levels of an Aeon, a civilization and individuals, to be followed and manipulated if necessary. It enables insight into Aeons, civilizations, individuals, and one's own self, and thus forms the essence of inner esoteric teaching.

The symbolization, at the present time of writing, is of three kinds, two of which have been developed quite recently. The first kind is the mythological/archetypal - the use of myths/archetypes and such like forms to describe/represent the processes and patterns. Such representations are traditional, and still useful, particularly in the early stages of study. [One type of this kind of representation is the septenary Tree of Wyrð with each sphere being associated with various archetypes/mythological forms and so on.] The second kind, is The Star Game - a collocation of abstract symbols which re-present the acausal as it manifests in the causal, these symbols, as mentioned above, being numinous ones. The third type, the rudiments of which are described in the Second and Third Parts of this present work, is a formalized abstract system which represents the beginnings of a new science. The first and second types are complete. The third type has only begun to be developed - the next few centuries should see this new science complete in most of its essentials. The mastery of the first type of symbolization is relatively easy. The mastery of The Star Game (in both septenary and Advanced versions) takes quite an intellectual effort, stretching the frontiers of conscious evolution. The understanding of the third type, takes conscious evolution still further. The completion of this third type will stretch the frontiers almost to their limits.

All three kinds are genuine esoteric Arts.

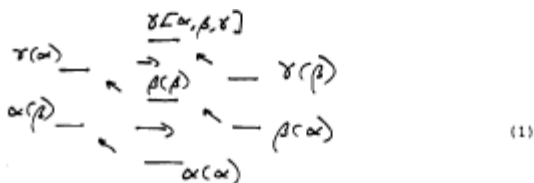
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## II The Basic Symbolism

Before proceeding to describe the symbolism of this third type, some brief remarks concerning the symbolism of The Star Game will be in order.

In The Star Game, Aeons may be symbolized by the boards - i.e. the first board (Sirius) re-presents the first or Primal Aeon, the next board, the next Aeon, and so on. The placing on the pieces on a board represents a particular stage of an Aeon - the initial placing being the pre-civilization stage of an Aeon. The movement of pieces then represents the evolution within an Aeon and its effect upon others.

However, all seven boards can be used to represent just one Aeon. The same is true both for a civilization and an individual. Thus, in the septenary version for instance, the seven boards could be used to represent aspects of one civilization from its genesis to its demise - the first six boards might be chosen to represent the causal changes, and the seventh, the acausal ones, thus:

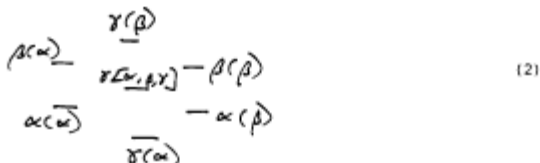


In this case, the last board is in 'acausal space' and thus has three causal aspects -  $\alpha, \beta, \gamma$ .

Here, the basic transformation is represented by:

$$\alpha(\omega) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta) \rightarrow \alpha(\gamma) \rightarrow \beta(\omega) \rightarrow \beta(\beta) \rightarrow \beta(\gamma) \rightarrow \gamma(\omega) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta) \rightarrow \gamma(\gamma)$$

However, another representation would be:



In (2) there is no linear (2/3 dimensional) representation of causal time as there is in (1) [ the basic transformation is a linear representation of change]. That is, in (2) there is no direct, linear sequence from one board to the next.

Both representations are equally valid - they are merely different ways of viewing the same thing, and this flexibility is inherent in The Star Game. This is an important point which is often overlooked - the only constants (or constraints) in/of the Star Game are the seven boards, each of a particular number of squares, the number and types of pieces, and the rules governing their movement. What the boards and symbols and moves re-present has to be determined before the game is used - when, that is, it is used esoterically, and not just as a 'game'.

Further, acausal components or 'pieces' (such as  $\gamma(\gamma)$  or  $\alpha(\gamma)$  say) exist simultaneously as a particular causal component or piece - thus, when  $\alpha(\omega)$  exists, so to does  $\alpha(\gamma)$  and both  $\beta(\gamma)$  and  $\gamma(\gamma)$ . When  $\alpha(\omega)$  transforms to  $\alpha(\beta)$ , these acausal pieces still exist, even if they have not been 'presented' in the same or adjacent causal space as that piece. This simultaneous existence is represented, in the septenary form of The Star Game, for instance, by the degree of freedom of movement of an 'acausal' piece..

We shall now move on to describe the basic symbolism of the third form.

Two abstract spaces,  $\phi_s$  and  $\lambda_s$  are posited and  $\lambda_s \& \phi_s$  is divided into nine sub-spaces represented by the abstract symbols

$$\alpha(\omega), \alpha(\beta), \alpha(\gamma), \beta(\omega), \beta(\beta), \beta(\gamma), \gamma(\omega), \gamma(\beta), \gamma(\gamma)$$

(3)

$\phi_s$  is determined by  $\epsilon^\beta$  and  $\lambda_s$  by  $\epsilon^\lambda$  where  $\epsilon^\beta$  is acausal time, and  $\epsilon^\lambda$  causal time.

both at present otherwise undefined.

A basic principle governing  $\phi_r \in \lambda_r$  is that the sub-spaces occur in the following order:

$$\alpha(\omega) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta) \rightarrow \alpha(\gamma) \rightarrow \beta(\omega) \rightarrow \beta(\beta) \rightarrow \beta(\gamma) \rightarrow \gamma(\omega) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta) \rightarrow \gamma(\gamma)$$

(4)

[Note: the symbol  $\in$  is to be read 'within'.]

$\alpha(\omega)$  is regarded as closer to  $\lambda_r$ ,  $\delta(\beta)$  to  $\phi_r$ : thus (4) represents a movement from  $\lambda_r$  to  $\phi_r$ .

(4) is called a transformation, via  $\epsilon^\lambda$ .

Therefore,

$$\delta^\lambda [a(\delta)_\alpha] = a(\delta)_\alpha' \quad (5)$$

where  $a(\delta)_\alpha'$  is the new transformed element according to (4).

$\epsilon^\beta$  transformations also occur. Such a transformation -  $\delta^\beta$  - is defined by

$$\delta^\beta a(\delta)_\alpha = [a(\delta)_\alpha', a(\delta)_{\alpha\gamma}'] \quad (6)$$

Thus, for example,

$$\begin{aligned} \delta^\beta \alpha(\omega) &= [ \alpha(\omega)', \delta(\beta)' ] \\ &= \alpha(\beta), \gamma(\gamma) \end{aligned}$$

and

$$\delta^\beta \beta(\omega) = [ \beta(\omega)', \alpha(\beta)' ] = \beta(\beta), \alpha(\gamma)$$

Hence, a  $\delta^\beta$  transformation is non-linear\*. The operations  $\delta^\lambda$  and  $\delta^\beta$  are the fundamental operations in  $\phi_r \in \lambda_r$ , and can be used to formulate rules which govern what occurs in both spaces. That is, an algebra for these regions can be created (rules for  $\delta^\lambda \pm \delta^\beta$ ,  $\delta^\lambda / \delta^\beta$ ,  $\delta^\lambda \cdot \delta^\beta$  and so on) and then equations written, using the transformations, which represent the forms taken by 'objects' in these spaces - i.e. the forms are geometrically represented using algebraic equations based on the new algebra. Each form is then identified with a particular aspect of such spaces - e.g. one form/geometric structure would be an aeon; another a civilization; another an individual. The geometric representation would be via a new 'co-ordinate geometry' in the new space defined by  $\phi_r \in \lambda_r$ . Manipulation of the equations, and an identification of the models with aspects of the physical manifestations, would then provide new insights. [For details of this new algebra and geometry, concerned with the space  $\phi_r \in \lambda_r$ , see the MS 'Mapping The Acausal'.]

\* It is also creative: i.e. a 'new' aspect/symbol/form is created/becomes manifest following such a transformation. This explicates the nature of an acausal transformation.

### III A New Representation

This section is an introduction to the basic ideas of a new representation of the acausal. This representation enables the fundamental laws governing the changes of energy [or acausal matter] to be ascertained and described in conventional mathematical terms.

The ideas - the formulation of the acausal and the changes, and so on - may be used to describe, by reduction [the imposition of appropriate boundary conditions] the causal and the changes of matter/energy within it. Thus, it is possible to develop a new physics which describes the laws and so on of the acausal, this new physics being able also to describe the causal since the causal is a special case of the acausal.

The acausal,  $\phi_s$ , may be described by a five-space, thus:



$$\beta = (x, y, z)$$



$\beta$  is a representation of the 3 dimensions of causal space:  $x, y, z$ .

A line-element of this  $\beta$  space is described by:

$$ds = f(\epsilon^\alpha, \epsilon^\beta, \rho)$$

$\epsilon^\beta$  is determined by  $c$ , the velocity of light.

$\epsilon^\beta$  implies action at a distance, because of the nature of  $\phi_s$  - i.e. it is 'beyond the causal'.

When  $\epsilon^\beta = 0$ , the five-space becomes a four-space defined by Riemann geometry.

$$a \text{---} ds_\alpha \text{---} b \quad 4\text{-space: } F_g = f(ds_\alpha)$$

For  $\phi_s$  : 
$$F_u = f(ds_\beta)$$

where  $ds_\beta$  is determined by  $\delta\epsilon^\beta$ . For  $\epsilon^\beta = 0$ ,  $F_u$  reduces to  $F_g$  [where  $F$  in general represents 'Force' - e.g.  $F_g$  is gravitational field in  $\lambda_s$ ;  $F_u$  is the 'unified field' of  $\phi_s$ ].

A point in  $\phi_s$  is specified by  $\epsilon^\alpha, \epsilon^\beta$  and  $t$  where  $t = (x, y, z)$  and the metric of this space is derived from a transformation  $t \rightarrow t_2$  and so on.

Further,  $\phi_s$  implies velocities greater than that of light.

$f(\epsilon^\alpha)$  describes energy changes in  $\lambda_s$  - i.e. 'matter'.

$f(\epsilon^\beta)$  describes energy changes in  $\phi_s$ , one of which is charge.

$\phi_s \in \lambda_s$  implies charged particles.

$f(\epsilon^\alpha)$  are differential equations involving a wave-function: e.g.  $\nabla^2 \psi$

$f(\epsilon^\beta)$  are differential equations representing geometric transformations of 5-space

Some equations of 4-space: (i.e.  $\lambda_s$ )

$$\nabla \times (\nabla \times F) = \nabla (\nabla \cdot F) - \nabla^2 F$$

For nuclear field:

$$\nabla (\nabla \cdot F) - \nabla^2 F = 0$$

Div implies source density of field; Curl implies vorticity of field; Grad implies rate of change of field. Mass implies  $F$  - the flux  $\int \epsilon^\alpha$ .

| Aeon         | Associated Higher Civilization      | Centre of Aeonice Force | Consciousness Guide | Magickal Form         |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Hyper-borian | Albion<br>c. 4 000 BC -<br>2 500 BC | Stonehenge              | ♁ (♁)               | Henges                |
| Sumerian     | Sumeric<br>c. 3 100 BC -<br>1905 BC | Tigris basin            | ♁ (⊕)               | Trance;<br>sacrifice  |
| Hellenic     | Hellenic<br>c. 1 100 BC -<br>378 AD | Greece                  | ♁ (♀)               | Gracle;<br>Dance      |
| Western      | c. 1100 AD -<br>2390 AD             | Germany                 | ♁ (⊕)               | Ritual;<br>Word       |
| Galactic     | c. 2400 AD -                        | Beyond solar system     | ♁ (♁)               | Empathy;<br>Star Game |

An Aeon lasts approx. 1,500 years (not 2,000) and predates the higher civilization associated with it by approx. 300 - 400 years. An Aeon implies  $\phi \rightarrow \lambda$ ; that is, an increasing of  $\phi$  in  $\epsilon^{\lambda}$  dimensions. In simplified form, one may say that a 'Gate' between  $\phi_1$  and  $\lambda_2$  has been 'opened' - giving an increase in consciousness ( $\delta \phi$  by  $\epsilon^{\lambda}$ ) via the mechanism of a higher civilization. Thus the 'opening of a Gate' for the next Aeon, the Galactic occurs c. 2000 - 2100 AD.

Contrary to Occult mythology, the most important aspect of a new Aeon is the associated higher civilization, the civilization taking its ethos from the Aeonice force and/BEING the most conspicuous manifestation of that force. The subsequent development of the higher civilization is natural, determined by the ethos or 'spirit', the ethos itself becoming expressed and codified in what is usually a non-magickal form - as a 'philosophy' or way of looking at the world. This codification usually occurs in the Spring period of a higher civilization's metamorphosis.

| Aeon     | Philosophy    | Associated (& often esoteric) Mythos |
|----------|---------------|--------------------------------------|
| Sumerian | Vedas         | Dragon/serpent mysteries             |
| Hellenic | Pre-Socratics | Apollo; mysteries of the 'Kabeiroi'  |
| Western  | Science       | Faustus; Grail'; Dark Gods           |



\*In reality, the 'Grail' was a precious crystal - not a chalice - as per 'Nine Angles' rite. The received (i.e. non-esoteric) legends about the Grail are distorted recollections of Hyperborean mysteries. According to esoteric tradition, the Grail was actually used c. 700 AD to inaugurate the Western Aeon - hence the medieval traditions.

## SATANISM AND CHILD-ABUSE

Allegations have been made, and continue to be made, concerning ‘Satanic’ child-abuse – that is, the sexual abuse of children as part of Satanic rituals, practices and beliefs.

As an authority on Satanism, having been actively involved in Satanism for nearly twenty-five years, and being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups, I can write expertly about this matter. Genuine Satanism – like all genuine magick – is a path, way or method of individual self-development. Rituals may be and often are a part of this, but these rituals all conform to certain patterns: they are all intended to aid and explicate self-understanding and development, as well as enhance and develop certain ‘Occult’ abilities. Naturally, some rituals and methods are concerned with the individual experiencing certain emotions and, in Satanism, enjoying certain pleasures. However, because of the aim of Satanism [to aid the attainment by the individual of magickal and personal understanding and thus promote evolution and self-mastery], this experiencing involves a conscious choice or decision by the individual. This makes Satanism of necessity an adult path or way – for genuine Satanism, of the traditional type, is not concerned with proselytizing nor ‘corrupting’ others without their consent. Its concern it must be repeated – is individual advancement arising from a conscious and free decision by the individual – anything else is not Satanic as it is not magickal. This free choice is part of all genuine Occult and magickal paths: Initiation means this free choice, the decision to begin an inner quest. When there is no free choice about the matter, there is no genuine Initiation – whatever path or way is being followed. Where Satanism differs, is in the aim, the philosophy of life and the techniques used to achieve the aim – these make it a ‘Left Handed Path’ [when viewed conventionally].

Thus, there cannot be any such thing as ‘childhood Initiation’ – nor this participation by children under a certain age in any genuine magickal rituals. What there can be: what there often is – in genuine Satanism at least is the simple dedication of infants by their parents

to the darker path, and involves only the appointing of guardians to watch over and care for the child(ren): ‘Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach them when the teaching-time is right, our ways ..’ from ‘The Ceremony of Birth’ in *The Black Book of Satan* (ONA) The time for teaching is when the child, in accord with Satanic philosophy, can choose for themselves – sixteen years of age or thereafter – that is, when they have attained the threshold of adulthood.

Hence, there is not, and cannot be, any such thing as ‘Satanic’ child-abuse: there can be no child-hood ‘initiation’, no participation by children under a certain age in rituals, and no abuse, by adult Satanists, of children. This latter is important – Satanism is concerned with the individual gaining self-mastery and self-understanding. The abuser (whether of children, drugs or pleasures) is swayed by mostly unconscious desires and impulses – they may manipulate and try to control others who are susceptible, but they cannot control themselves, or even begin to understand their ‘darker’ side. In short, they are weak – and generally rather pathetic – individuals, although they may hide behind a ‘mask’ or a ‘role’. Such people are not Satanists, but rather failures. The Satanist aspires to self-mastery, self-overcoming; to knowledge ...

The popular image of Satanism is a lie – a myth invented and fostered by those who have a vested interest in maintaining it. Organized religions and under-developed individuals need such myths, as they need stereotyped enemies: for only by such means can such people and such religions survive and flourish. Many believe, with that certainty that faith and fanaticism bring, the myths about Satanism and the more general myths about ritual ‘child-abuse’. I and a few others know the facts – in my case about Satanism – but it needs a certain mental freedom, to consider these facts as considered, and then make an informed judgement about like me can present an unbiased mind, they should be the matter. It is this freedom which a biased, religious intolerance destroys.

The real question about Satanic child-abuse (and ritual abuse itself) is thus a question about attitude, belief and commitment to reasoned thought and debate. Long after Science showed the Earth was not at the centre of the Universe, the Church – its ministers and its faithful – continued to believe otherwise, confirmed in their certainty of faith. Do we, now concerning this question of Satanic child-abuse – return to a Dark Age of faith, of believing what certain Church people wish us to believe to bolster their religion and rather intolerant view of the world; or do we go forward to greater understanding based on an acceptance of the facts? These facts show that Satanic child abuse – and ritual abuse itself – is a myth.

ONA

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The following books contain the facts regarding traditional Satanism, and should be studied by anyone who wishes to know what Satanism really is:

*The Black Book of Satan – A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick*

*Naos – A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept I*

*Fenrir* Vol. I (no's 2 – 8)

*Fenrir* Vol. II

All the above are obtainable from the ONA.

# HOSTIA II

Secret Teachings of the ONA  
Volume II

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## INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME II

This volume contains a selection of 'restricted' esoteric manuscripts circulated among those members of the ONA who were (and are) of the Grade] of External Adept and above and who were in good standing. As such, while complimenting the MSS contained in Volume I, they represent part of the 'inner core' of esoteric teachings. Some of the MS in the present volume are concerned with sinister strategy, some with practical techniques to achieve and implement that strategy, and some with what can be described as the essence of real evil.

## ONA – ORGANIZATIONAL STRUCTURE

The ONA is organized on the basis of cells, basically for two reasons: (1) Security and (2) Effectiveness.

The structure means that each new Initiate/member has one (at most two) Order contacts who channel information/teachings and so on, and who offer guidance/instruction. When this member reaches the stage of External Adept, they usually form their own Temple for ceremonial magick and for teaching, recruiting their own members, whose Order contact thus is that External Adept. Each Temple thus formed exists independantly. Hence, if it or any of its members are ‘compromised’, the chain cannot lead very far, enabling other members in other Temples to remain secret and so continue with their own work, both personal (following the path to Adeptship) and aeonic (aiding the sinister dialectic).

Further, such a structure is effective, because: it enables each member to progress at their own pace; it enshrines a fundamental principle of genuine Satanism [individuality, and freedom from subserviance to authority] and it enables practical experience of a character-building type [e.g. by organizing and running a Temple at an early stage].

Essentially, the Order is secret – and intends to remain so as far as most of its members and activities are concerned. However, its teachings and traditions have been and will continue to be made progressively more ‘public’, that is, available – thus enabling any individuals who may be interested to follow (if only in part) the way of genuine Satanism, for those individuals by so doing (however slightly) will aid the sinister dialectic, increasing the dark forces presenced on Earth. Some of these may progress to the Order.

This ‘working secrecy’ is necessary because Satanism cannot now be anything other than selective – it is elitist, being a hard and dangerous path, and part of its effectiveness lies in work of an ‘underground’, clandestine nature [e.g. some essential work is done by those involved in ‘respectable’ positions, which positions would no longer be

available if the Satanic beliefs/practices of those involved in such work was generally known: i.e. they were discovered to be Satanists]. This secrecy will not change in the immediate future [for c. 20-30 years, that is] due to the nature of the societies in which we are forced to work.

Satanism can never become (until the 'New Aeon' arrives at least) respectable: for to become so would destroy its numen, its viability as a way to genuine Adeptship. It is dark, evil – for the few who genuinely dare. This daring, as mentioned in other MSS, is practical, in real-life situations, involving danger, requiring courage, and defiance of both one's own limits and those of others, including the society of the moment. While society and other structures restrict and deny the promise of Satan, this dark defiance is required – and, moreover, required as a working system which achieves results, both personally and aeonically. What will change, is the number of individuals who can try this way to liberation – and while this will increase, it will do so only slowly over a period of decades. This will be a cumulative process which will aid (and indeed create) the next Aeon, the Satanic one when what is regarded now as dark and sinister will hold sway.

Thus, it has been necessary to disseminate the teachings and traditions of the Order, and this dissemination will continue and increase, as part of sinister strategy. This part of sinister strategy was begun a decade ago by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. It was carefully planned and (so far) has been carefully executed.

The initial stage involved circulating some details about traditional Satanism (the Septenary system; dark gods mythos) among some sections of the Occult fraternity. Thus, a few articles were published, and the existence of the Order itself made known, for the first time outside traditionalist groupings, thus confirming certain rumours about such a group existing, such rumours having been in circulation for some time. Over a number of years, more information was made available – although still within the 'sub-culture' of the Occult

underground. This attracted some interest (and a few Initiates – incidental to the main intent) and was followed by the establishment of, at first, a newsletter, and then a ‘zine’, both of these being of an ‘underground’ nature, both in terms of quality and the manner of distribution (i.e. selective, advertised in similar underground publications). Furthermore, the number of copies distributed was kept low. The aim was two-fold – to create a sense of exclusivity (thus making the Order at first difficult to locate/find) and to pose no direct threat, that is, the zine and those associated with it would be seen as totally on the fringe, without resources and probably without any support. Thus, the activities of its members, always secret, would pose no threat and no investigation of any kind would be contemplated. Thus, both of the aims mentioned above could be achieved – dissemination of the tradition, and preserving the secrecy necessary for valuable work to continue.

After a few more years, the next step was taken – the distribution, again on a small scale, of works containing in detail the whole tradition. The format of these works would be the same – of a kind to intimate only a small-scale enterprise. Thus were *‘The Black Book of Satan’*, *‘Naos’*, *The Deofel Quartet* and other works made more accessible for the first time. Furthermore, the scarcity of these works would create an ‘aura’ about them – an aura which hinted at the darkness of the tradition. This would be re-inforced by making available the most sinister aspects of the tradition – aspects which would also contradict the meanderings of the armchair ‘Satanists’ who prattled on about Satanism being mis-understood and not really being evil, and who had increasingly come to notice as the decade came toward its end.

Naturally, this would provoke a reaction – both from those within the Occult and those without. The reaction from those within the Occult (and particularly those who said they adhered to the Left Hand Path) would establish their own position, and thus their total mis-understanding and lack of real insight. In brief, they would continue their word-games and fantasy-roles when confronted by the reality of genuine Satanism. But, equally as important, some would

assimilate the tradition, or parts of it (perhaps unconsciously, perhaps consciously by plagiarizing it) and thus not only be influenced by it but also aid the sinister energies it re-presented because of that influence. [Thus, some of the meaning of the term 'sinister dialectic' can be glimpsed.]

The next stage was to give form and substance to certain aspects of the sinister energies that the Order and thus its tradition represented – among such forms being Satanic images (e.g. in the form of Tarot images) and music. These, by their very creation, would presence such energies (unconsciously influencing others – particularly 'the susceptible ones'). They also would be distributed in the manner used hitherto, spreading that sinister influence, partly (as the other earlier dissemination had done) via the process of psychic contagion. Following this, there would be a gradual increase in both the quality and the number of items distributed – without however the genuine darkness of the forms and tradition being diluted. In addition, more subtle approaches would be used – gradually contaminating psychic energies with strands of the sinister and thus overtly/covertly influencing/persuading others outside and within the Occult, and drawing them into that ever expanding circle of those touched by the powers of Darkness. [This paragraph explicates the current stage of play.]

Thus, secrecy is preserved as and when necessary, while the tradition and thus the sinister is effectively spread.

## **SYNISTRY**

The following extracts are taken from ‘Synistry – the Way of Satan’, the autobiography of a member of the ONA. The work is explicit in stating not only what Satanism is and involves, but also in detailing the often sinister (and sometimes illegal) experiences of the author. It is a challenge to the meek imitation ‘Satanists’ who merely dabble and play at Black Magick and who are afraid of real evil – those who espouse ‘Satanism’ as some sort of ‘moral’ religion.

## VIII SACRIFICE

Although it was over seven years away, I believed the time was right to begin the planning for my performance of the Ceremony of Recalling a sinister ritual of sacrifice where the victim or offer was offered to Baphomet, the dark Goddess of Satanic tradition, regarded as the Bride of Lucifer. According to the tradition I was heir to, the ritual was performed every seventeen years by the Grand Master or Grand Mistress who represented that tradition – the offer being a Priest of the tradition. In the ceremony, the Mistress of Earth identified with the role of Baphomet.

The sacrifice could, of course, be purely symbolic. It had been a long time since a voluntary sacrifice had occurred, the offer, in the recent past, being carefully chosen. I believed I should continue this recent trend. I would need to plan the rite carefully – carefully choosing those who would take part. They would be sworn to secrecy, and would have to have no doubts of any kind. I, like a few others, understood the meaning of the rite itself – it would continue a tradition, creating a link with past deeds and thus magickal energies, and it would also create or draw down its own sinister energies. These could be directed to achieve a specific goal, or they could be directed into a chosen individual or individual who would have an important sinister Destiny to fulfill, or they could be stored to await further use. Whatever, it was an extremely powerful and sinister rite.

Such a sacrifice would thus be for a specific Satanic goal, and in accordance with Satanic honour the offer [for this would have to be an involuntary sacrifice] would choose him/her self by their deeds. That is, their removal would benefit evolution, and consequently aid the sinister. They would not be chosen at random, as they would not be – despite the claims by those who knew nothing about genuine Satanism – virgins or children. They would be those whose removal would actively benefit our long-term aeonic goals. Let me express this plainly so that it will be understood. The victim or victims would be the type of person or persons whose death by whatever means would not be mourned – someone or many would say: ‘He/she

deserved it...? The sacrifice would be akin to an act of natural justice. Naturally, it would be myself, in consultation with a few others, who would decide, and this decision would be based on sinister strategy or aemonics.

Such an offer could be chosen by such means at other times and the appropriate rite of sacrifice performed, but the Ceremony was more specific: its aims, intent, were for a definite purpose. Accordingly, I began to plan for the ritual – I already had a few vague ideas concerning suitable candidates, and asked a trusted Guardian of one of the Temples to begin research into their backgrounds. I also visited a few possible sites for the ritual, researched others, and began to consider those who might participate with me. , of course, I had undertaken sacrifices before – in the approved manner. and even before those, I had tried a ritual of sacrifice. This was in my early days, before I assumed my role as heir. I, with some others involved in politics and vaguely involved with the sinister, planned to sacrifice someone to commemorate the founding our new political movement. We chose the victim, and gathered on a crag in Yorkshire one night. Our plan was to will the victim to fall over the cliff to his death. So invocations were done. energies directed. The victim became possessed, stumbled and fell. Unfortunately, he fell only a short distance, and was mostly uninjured. So in that sense the ritual failed. I knew why – of those gathered, only myself and one other really wanted to cause someone's death. The others were not committed to the sinister.

My other attempts were successful. The victims fell by assassination, or were victims of 'accidents' – all achieved by my 'underground' political work, and what followed thereafter, as related in an earlier chapter. I simply – before the act of execution – dedicated their death to my sinister cause. It was quite simple, and very effective, even in battle. I was merely continuing a long-standing pagan tradition – dedicating enemies beforehand, and enemies, they deserved Such was the 'approved' themselves.

Naturally, those who then killing them, for a cause, of course. Being

to perish, their death aiding the sinister dialectic. Satanic manner. Thus did the victims choose have no understanding of Satanism, as well as those who oppose that philosophy of living, portray sacrifice differently. According to them, it is always the 'innocent' who are victims, who are opfers. They seldom, if ever, define what is meant by 'innocent' – and cannot, however they try, define on a satisfactory basis, what 'evil' is.

Hopefully, my revelations will destroy such myths – as they will destroy the attempts by the feeble, mostly urbanized, people who call themselves 'Satanists' and who deny sacrifice exists or ever has existed as a Satanic practice. These people know nothing about real, primal, Satanism – they like the glamour of the sinister but are weak individuals, lacking in character, who play at 'roles' in a fantasy world. They do not have the passion, the spirit, the desire, the pride or the creative genius of genuine Satanists. Such people, in fact, would make good opfers.

Finally, what I have written before bears repeating – wars are the ultimate sacrificial rites, and it no coincidence that sometimes the sinister dialectic has aided these, and occasionally brought them about.

## AEONICS AND MANIPULATION I

Aeonic magick is essentially the use of magickal energies to effect large-scale changes in the causal. This involves manipulation of forms, as well as a rational understanding of aeonic changes [civilizations, their ethos, etc.]. The forms involve transferring magickal energy – via the desire/aim – from the acausal to individuals. That is, manipulation of individuals on a large scale, both numerically and over time. The type of the manipulation varies, according to the formes) used and the desire/aim. For example, there can be psychic manipulation via archetypal forms, direct manipulation via words/images/personality; indirect by psychological pressure ...Two forms often used are religion and politics. Essentially, the sinister Adept takes a practical view of individuals insofar as Aeonics is concerned – understanding that the majority in whatever time and place, are by their nature, subjects: that is, raw] material to be used according to sinister strategy. This assessment is a-moral.

What this means in reality is that a goal is set (via a knowledge of Aeonics and sinister strategy – the ‘sinister dialectic’) and suitable means of achieving it are considered and a decision made. The decision is then made real, presented in the causal, by magickal and other acts – regardless of consequences, be they moral, magickal or otherwise. Sinister Adepts – because they are Adepts – only consider Aeonic type goals, having as Initiates and External Adepts gained practical experience in ‘external’ manipulation, that is, manipulation of a few individuals for personal reasons. This aids self-understanding and magickal abilities. The goals of Adepts relate to wyrd and thus Aeonics – they are: 1) the creation of a new wyrd, and thus a new Aeon; 2) disruption of existing wyrd (with either an alternate or no specific goal); 3) altering the wyrd in a] specific way; 4) fulfilling the wyrd of the Aeon. [It should be understood that Internal Adepts – not having attained full Mastery – are still part of the Aeonic wyrd pertaining during their causal life – time.]

An example will explicate this.

Present Aeon: Western (or 'Faustian'/Promethean). Present phase: what should be 'Imperium' (the final phase of an Aeon), lasting c. 390 years. During this last phase the energies of the next Aeon are manifest/created by Adepts, via a physical nexion (or 'centre'). The practical forms of this new Aeon arise toward the end of Imperium – although some will exist/be created before then, on a small scale: i.e. they will not seem to significantly affect 'history'. This present Aeon has however been distorted – its ethos undermined and its forms changed. This distortion is basically Nazarene/Magian [see 'Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way' and other Aeonics MSS]. It also changes the possibility of Imperium – from an almost certainty to only a minimum possibility. Sinister strategy, at the present time, is to create a new Aeon of sinister import – and to achieve this, it is considered necessary to:

(a) undermine the distortion of the Faustian ethos, and (b) fulfil the wyrd of the Faustian Aeon, that is, Imperium. Both of these will aid, by their nature, the creation of a new Aeon that is essentially Satanic. Thus, sinister Adepts will work, on both the practical and the magickal level, toward the achievement of these aims. This sinister strategy is part of their vow – their wyrd – as Initiates of the sinister tradition: that is, they are pledged to fulfil it<sup>6</sup> if possible, and certainly aid its fulfilment. Other Adepts will have other aims – if a sinister Adept decides on another strategy, they cease to be Adepts of a certain Satanic tradition, becoming something else instead. Only when – and if – they reach the stage of Grand Master/Mistress will they have the knowledge, ability and understanding to change sinister strategy.

To aid the creation of a new, Satanic, Aeon, the following are necessary:

1) the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways at this present time – i.e. the creation of specific archetypal forms/images/systems/ideas which affect individuals.

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<sup>6</sup> Whether or not they are aware of this, at the time.

2) the opening of a physical nexion to draw acausal energies in a significant way and enable their presencing.

3) the performance of certain Aeonic rites (e.g. Nine Angles) to create sinister 'psychic pressure', altering individuals. [Note: this is more general than (1) and involves letting the energies presence according to their nature, this nature being formed via the rites used.]

4) the creation of particular and specific practical forms and the channelling of magickal energies into these.

5) the emergence of more Adepts of the sinister tradition – i.e. individuals possessed of self-understanding, Occult insight and abilities, who are imbued with the ethos of the new Aeon.

6) the creation of the ethos of the new Aeon in a way enabling its apprehension (both unconsciously and consciously) by those who are not Adepts and who are not involved in esoteric Arts.

In addition, and as mentioned above, there is (a) undermining Nazarene/ Magian forms/effects; and (b) aiding the fulfilment of a Faustian Imperium.

(a) involves performing rites such as The Black Mass and others from *The Black Book of Satan*; spreading the tenets/forms of traditional Satanism enabling others to follow the Way (or at least utilize in some form its energies, to the detriment of others); undermining/distorting the distortion itself, both magickally and otherwise[magickally – e.g. Mass of Heresy].

(b) involves assisting in both a magickal and a practical way, those individuals/groups/forms who/which have as their aim a practical expressing of Faustian ideals, and who/which thus assist or contribute to the Faustian ethos. In political terms, this means National-Socialism and similar expressions of the Faustian ethos. This assistance will be practical, financial, magickal and personal.

(1) involves the creation and dissemination of new and traditional forms such as images, music, rituals, *The Black Book of Satan*.

(2) involves the finding of the physical nexion and undertaking the appropriate rites [one of which is the Ceremony of Recalling, the other of which is a Nine Angles rite].

(3) involves not only general rites [such Nine Angles, Ceremony etc.] but also targeting specific individuals and infecting them with sinister energies. [Rituals from *Black Book* perform part of this.]

(4) involves forms such as religion, politics, Art, philosophy and practical expressions of these – groups, organizations, ‘Art-objects’ and so on: all imbued with the sinister nature of the new Aeon. [Note: this is more general than (1) and may be considered as involving ‘exoteric’ forms/ideas etc. as against the ‘esoteric’ (i.e. directly Satanic) of (1).]<sup>7</sup>

(5) involves dissemination of the sinister way as explicated in *Naos* etc. – the guidance of suitable Initiates, via ordeals and practical experience] in the ‘real’ world.

(6) involves the creation/aiding of a ‘world-view’, and practical expressions of this, which enshrines the new ethos – a sense of Destiny, a setting of goals, for the founders of what will be new higher civilization c. 2400 eh. It is the primary aim of sinister Adepts to involve themselves in the creation of the new Aeon by means of all the above – for only such means make possible the fulfilment of individual wyrd [for the next three centuries at least]. Anything else is not sinister – but game-playing.

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<sup>7</sup> All such forms presence the future in the present: i.e. they capture/ re-present aspects of the new Aeon, practically, magickally and psychically.

## AEONICS AND MANIPULATION II

Part I considered means; here, we are concerned with what terms like ‘new sinister Aeon’ mean.

First, it should be understood that the present civilization [which represents the energies of the Aeon now existing] was, in its ethos, essentially what is termed ‘Faustian’. That is, dynamic, questing for knowledge and understanding. The exoteric expression of this ethos is science – or, more correctly, a reasoned approach to the ‘world’; a conscious evaluation based on experience/ evidence. Aspects of this ethos are expressed in the Renaissance – and in National-Socialist Germany. This latter is most important, and so often misunderstood. NS Germany represented the quintessence of ‘Western’ civilization: an exuberance, a balance between ‘Man’ and ‘Nature’, a spiritual force heir to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Civilization means a way of living – and of dying – more than it means Art and artifacts. It certainly does not mean material comforts, or even a certain type of politics (like ‘democracy’). The greatest example of and model for a civilization, is the warrior: someone who enshrines honour, loyalty and natural justice (or ‘fair-play’). That this is so seldom understood, today, is evident of how few really understand: of how precious wisdom still is. Further, the fact that the above statements regarding National-Socialist Germany are heresy (in the literal sense) today, explicates the distortion that has occurred in the Faustian civilization far better than dozens of words.

This ethos, exoterically, is Satanic. That is, the true ethos of the West enshrines a Satanic view of the world – a pagan joy in conquest, experience, living, in seeking and going beyond limits, physically and intellectually. The morbidity of the Nazarene has undermined all this distorted it. In essence, therefore, a Faustian Imperium would have been a type of Satanic State on Earth: a fulfilment of the first part of the sinister dialectic of history, and would have made possible the next part or stage, that of a Galactic Empire. It would be during this later stage that another goal would have been achieved – a genuine evolution in consciousness, a higher type of individual, on a massive

scale. That is, Adept hood with its self-understanding and knowledge would be commonplace rather than (as now) the preserve of a few.

However, Satanism – in both exoteric and esoteric forms – became and is a heresy. Except for a brief and glorious period when an exoteric form achieved power – i.e. NS Germany.

Here, exoteric means an outward form or i: a physical presencing which achieves change in the causal. Esoteric means ‘the essence’. An example – an Initiate of the sinister tradition becomes through Initiation an outward expression of Satanic spirit, consciously. The sinister becomes presenced, in the causal, by the actions/magick/life of the Initiate. In a sense, the causal persona/psyche of the Initiate is a ‘Temple of Satan’. As the Sinister Way is followed, according to tradition, the Initiate accesses more and more of the sinister – presences more of it in the causal, causing/provoking change both internal and external. As knowledge and understanding increase, there is more awareness of the sinister as it is – i.e. without forms: the sinister ceases to be hidden or occult. At first, the essence of the sinister is hidden or obscured. An exoteric form implies a form, a channel – which is not necessarily consciously understood as a form or channel. A form can be either ‘positive’ or ‘negative’ with respect to the morals pertaining at the time – the sinister is beyond opposites but can only be presenced through them at particular times. That is, it becomes ‘earthed’ through a positive or negative form and thus provokes change and evolution. However, ‘morals’ as mentioned above – does not mean ethical: rather, it implies the prevailing ‘spirit’ or orientation, the orthodoxy of the moment.

A civilization is itself a form for sinister energy: a form possessed of its own ‘life-cycle’ (first mentioned by Spengler although not really understood by him). Thus, a civilization through its metamorphosis fulfills or can fulfil the sinister dialectic – i.e. it aids evolution toward new forms, presences the sinister and enables the acausal to be accessed (sometimes directly by a few individuals per Aeon). The Western civilization is a link – the fifth stage of the seven that can

lead to new forms of existence. The next Aeon, beginning on the practical level c. 2400 eh, is the 'Galactic' and should be the realization of the sinister on a large-scale. Part of this will be the development of latent Occult faculties, part will be development of new ways of thinking (such a use of symbolic languages rather than words), and part will be discovery external to the Earth: the conquest of planets in other stellar systems. There will thus be a freeing of spirit both internally and externally. Our species – at present mostly undeveloped children, intellectually, psychically and personally – will mature, and become adult,] achieving wisdom and thus fulfilling the promise of magick.

However, this will not just 'happen' – or arise from a desire to make it so. It will involve struggle: war, conquest, attrition, exploration; the decimation of the worthless and the conscious breeding of a new elite.

It will arise because of ethos – because there is a sense of Destiny, a vision to be great. It will involve manipulation by sinister Adepts of vast energies over centuries of time – for without this direction, this sinister manipulation, inertia will return, entropy increase, and the petty ones, the visionless ones, the Nazarene-type ones will spawn in their worthless majority until they overwhelm. As has been written elsewhere, civilization is a struggle and requires the triumph of a noble minority who impose their vision on those that they conquer.

Thus, the term 'new sinister Aeon' means the triumph of a creative minority imbued with a specific élan and a sense of Destiny who create and maintain a civilization, this particular civilization extending well beyond the confines of the Solar System. It means the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways, and certain ways of living – ways which are essentially Satanic. What these ways are, has been prefigured by NS Germany [and particularly by aspects within that form, such as the Waffnen-55). The means to achieve this – such as aiding Imperium, presencing sinister energies, opening a nexion [and drawing forth 'The Dark Gods'] – have already been outlined. What it is important to remember is that the means, such as political

forms, their support/manipulation etc., are part of sinister strategy to achieve a specific goal. That is, they are purely means: not the goal itself, and as such cannot be judged causally or by the standards pertaining at anyone time. They have been chosen to achieve something, and those who cannot comprehend this do not understand Aeonick magick. People, in their majority and their individuality, are a means to be manipulated via forms. The goal is a new Aeon, Satanically inspired; the means, many and varied – often ‘heretical’. The magick of the genuine Adept is, in its power and effects, of centuries: anything else is for beginners and children.

## ESOTERIC TRADITION – SYNISTRY

Dark Gods:-These are 'living' entities which exist in an acausal space-time. They may be likened to 'anti-matter' as against the 'matter' which exists in our causal space-time – thus, their intrusion into the causal, disrupts. This disruption is primarily psychic because the psyche of an individual by its nature intrudes or is a part of the acausal. The entities can assume physical forms, but only briefly – and then only when a nexion is fully opened. and where the causal and acausal intersect on Earth.<sup>8</sup>

The Dark Gods do not have 'forms' as understood causally – because a physical form is a causal thing, and they are beyond the causal. Neither do they possess 'feelings' etc. as we understand the terms. They are on the edge of even an Adept's comprehension [in terms of understanding them.] They can act [i.e. have effects in the causal] via individuals who can access them – or 'presence' them.

It should be understood that the Dark Gods are not 'the acausal' itself. They exist in a part [or one realm] of the acausal – that is, -they exist, have life or being according to the nature of the acausal. The acausal is 'beyond causal time' and does not have a spatial 3D-geometry. Other beings probably exist in other acausal dimensions – but of them there is no knowledge.

When an Initiate accesses the acausal – increases the acausal aspect of their consciousness – they are extending the range of their being: i.e. evolving, creating new aspects of consciousness. This is one of the aims of the seven-fold Way – and of all real magick. A part of this, may involve confrontation with some of the 'Dark Gods'.

In conventional terms, the Dark Gods are evil, sinister.

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<sup>8</sup> Such as 'magickal centres' associated with an Aeon – or the finding of such places. It is possible to create such a place – and this is one meaning of such rituals as the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion.

## **The Western Aeon:**

As far as Adepts of the sinister tradition are concerned, there are only two realistic options: the creation of Imperium [the fulfilment of Western wyrd via a practical form], or disruption of existing forms with the aim of undermining and destroying Nazarene/ Magian influence, leading to chaos from which a New Aeon will emerge, this Aeon being Satanic. The latter involves the ‘pruning’ of unnecessary elements on a large scale – the creation of an elite capable of making the Aeon a reality. The first involves the creation/aiding of a practical form – and presencing magickal energy into it. It also involves creating the right psychic conditions – within and external to individuals. Some of this is directly magickal, involving magickal energy accessed via rituals etc.; some of it is providing/creating/making available the information and forms of the sinister. The practical form is either directly political, or ‘religious’. Both involve a more widespread dissemination of the sinister tradition and creation of new forms for its energies.

## **Traditions and New Forms:**

As mentioned elsewhere, maintaining the tradition (as explicated in such works as *The Black Book of Satan*, *Naos*, *The Deofel Quartet* and *Hostia*) and making it more widely available, is important – and indeed essential. This is because the use of the tradition, in whole or in part [e.g. rituals from the *Black Book*] by others outside of being drawn into the tradition, makes those others ‘channels’ for the sinister energy the tradition represents. That is, they ‘presence’ sinister energies in a precise and particular way and thus fulfil sinister strategy. The tradition has been given its present form [as explicated in the various books and MSS] to achieve just this (as well as other things).

However, the creation of new forms is important and indeed vital – there must be a continuing evolution. These forms will further access the sinister, and presence it. The tradition itself serves as a Way – both for individuals, and aeonically: it enables the achievement of

individual Adeptship, as well as the fulfilment of the sinister dialectic of history. This will be so for the next few centuries – until the New Aeon becomes a reality. That is, its methods and techniques should not be changed (at least not intentionally by those of the tradition for the next few decades) or ‘superseded’ – as a way of creating Adepts etc. This is not a question of ‘dogma’ but rather strategy, as mentioned above. It is vital that this and the reasons for and beyond it are understood by those of the tradition. The external forms [such as arise prior to and during the Aeon] will only arise from an initial coherence of magickal energies and intent – and it is and will be the unchanging form of the ‘Way’ [techniques, rituals etc.] which will enable this. The new forms created/evolved will add to rather than undermine what already is. Anything else is simply individuals playing at magick (and particularly playing at Aeonics) without achieving anything and indeed without understanding what they are doing.

### **Initiation and Beyond:**

The quest of an individual can only and ever be individual, that is, unique. The quest, made possible and aided by the tradition, develops the individual, enabling individual wyrd to be understood, and lived. It is also makes possible Immortality (qv. Acausal Existence – the Secret Revealed). Beyond a certain level, Initiates guide themselves – learning from their own real-life experiences. That is, they have acquired sufficient self-insight and honesty to enable them to do this. When this stage is reached [toward the end of External Adept for some; during and beyond Internal Adept for others] there should be still a following of the ultimate goal – a striving for the Abyss and beyond, although this ‘striving’ will be more balanced than hitherto. This does not mean the individuals become or develop their own ways of achieving that goal – that is, not undergoing the Grade Rituals of Internal Adept and beyond according to tradition because they believe they are not necessary or that they have/can create (d) other means. Should they do this, they will not achieve the specific goal of the sinister way – but rather

something else entirely, or else nothing. The reasons should be obvious from the above (Traditions ... ).

The Aim: Wisdom, and its living, enabling the last stage (into the acausal). This means self-understanding and supra-personal understanding. An apprehension of the world and its forms as they are – a rational knowing: and what is necessary for change, aeonic and otherwise. This knowledge is sometimes sad, and often born from ordeals and having lived the Abyss. It never confers wealth nor privilege, and seldom imbues one with ‘happiness’. It is beyond words, but can sometimes be transmuted into a form enabling some others to apprehend, if only in part, its essence. This aim takes causal time – usually c. 20 years from Initiation (if the Way is followed) – and lies beyond the Abyss. It is balance, beyond opposites, a new way of being.

## ESOTERIC TRADITION VI

**Baphomet, Opfer and Related Matters:** The word ‘opfer’ generally refers to the sacrifice that occurs – symbolic or otherwise during certain rituals. There are, generally, two types of opfer: (1) associated with rites to open a nexion, between Aeons – when such an opfer(s) are considered necessary in terms of the ‘energy’ required; (2) those associated with traditional beliefs regarding the ‘working of the cosmos. (‘Opfers’ associated with ‘death rituals’ form a third type.)

The second type, according to tradition, was chosen once every 17 years and this sacrifice was regarded as necessary to retain ‘the cosmic balance’ – in modern terms, keep a nexion open (and thus preserve the associated higher civilization etc.). The chosen one was made an honoury Priest (this type of opfer was always male –.see below) and there was a joining between him and one or more women, as Priestesses. This joining was a simple type of ‘hierosgamos’, and the offspring of the union(s) were given great honour. At the ceremony itself. the head of the opfer was severed and displayed – usually for a night and a day (although this period may have been longer in the very distant past). The rite was conducted outdoors in a ‘Sacred’ place – often a circle of stones on hill-top.

The chosen one was able, because of the sacrifice, to partake of an acausal. existence – becoming thus an Immortal. Thus was ‘willing sacrifice’ possible, although it is easy to imagine that in later times, the opfer was not always willing. Traditionally, this type goes back to Albion and while

Originally the ritual. was probably a community affair, it became more and more secretive. What survives to the present day (The Ceremony of Recalling with ‘opfer’ ending) probably reflects the essence of this earlier tradition rather than the detail (the words, chants etc.). This essence may be apprehended in the role of the Mistress of Earth – representative of Baphomet, the dark goddess. It was to Baphomet that the sacrifice was made – hence a male opfer. Indeed, the whole ceremony (of Recalling) can be seen as a

celebration of the dark goddess – the Earth Mistress/goddess in her darker/violent/sinister aspect. The ‘severed head’ was associated with the ‘worship’ of Baphomet – hence the traditional representation of Baphomet.

This ‘cult of Baphomet’ derives from Albion (see below). The significance of the 17 year cycle is unclear – if there was an oral tradition, it has been lost. In the past few decades, some theories to explain this 17 year cycle have been advanced, but they are unconvincing.

The identification of Baphomet as the Bride of Lucifer/Satan probably dates from around the 10th or 11th century ev, as does the use of the name ‘Satan’/Satanas as the Earth-bound representative of the Dark Gods.

It is important to remember that in earlier times (e.g. in Albion during the Hyperborean aeon) there was no clear and/or ‘moral’ distinction between the ‘light’ and the ‘sinister’: the two were seen as different aspects of the same thing. Thus, what we know as the Mistress of Earth (the ‘goddess’) was both what we now call ‘Baphomet’ (the dark aspect) and Gaia (the Earth mother). Likewise with the ‘male’ aspect – Satan and Lucifer – or Dionysus/Kabeiroi and Apollo. We now understand all such symbols as unconscious/conscious projections onto ‘reality’ (where ‘reality’ = the region of causal./acausal. mergence) as ‘gates’/nexions to the acausal itself, with the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrð being a ‘map’ of these gates understandable by ‘non-Adept’ consciousness. Thus, the sphere of Mercury re-presents Lucifer/Satan – Mercury, Mars and Sun being the ‘male’ spheres, and Moon, Venus, Jupiter the ‘female’ ones, (Saturn being beyond such opposites – ‘Chaos’ itself). The ‘cult of Baphomet’ was the worship of the dark aspect of the ‘female’ energies – where in this context, worship means a striving toward understanding/conscious integration.

Traces of the worship of the ‘light’ aspect survive in the septenary tradition in the name ‘Aktlal maka’ (qv notes on Names and Symbols)

and the natural form of the Nine Angles rite. The darker aspect survives, in essence, in the Ceremony of Recalling and the traditions associated with the 'Mistress of Earth' and 'Baphomet'. As to the original name of the goddess in both her aspects, there is a tradition which gives 'Darkat' as the name used before 'Baphomet' became the common usage.

However, 'Azanigin' has also been suggested – as has 'Aktlal Maka' for the 'light'/Gaia aspect, although both these are merely 20th century (ev) suggestions, not based on any oral tradition. Some aspects of the cult of the (dark) goddess are said to have survived into Greek times in the 'Mystery cults' (qv Kabeiroi – and also 'Eleusis' for the 'light' aspect), this being an 'indirect' survival, the 'modern' septenary tradition being a direct one, from Albion.

The use of the name 'Baphomet' probably derives from the 10th or 11th century (ev) although the traditional pictorial representation of 'Baphomet' is undoubtedly much older. As elsewhere, if there was an oral tradition connected with the-origin of the name Baphomet, it has been lost. Thus, there are no indications as to the 'original' names of the 'light' and 'sinister' elements on the 'male' side known to us as 'Lucifer' and 'Satan'. These latter names probably also derive from around the 10th or 11th century (ev) although 'Karu Samsu' (or something very similar) has been suggested for the 'Lucifer' aspect and 'Sapanur' as the 'sinister' aspect.

The rites associated with the first type of offer such as 'The Sinister Calling' – cannot be either dated with certainty or seen to be derived from an earlier tradition. In all probability, they derive from the 12th or 13th century (ev), although it is quite possible that earlier versions/forms existed. Some have even considered The Sinister Calling as a later version of the Ceremony of Recalling. Again, if there was an oral tradition, it has been lost – all that remains are the rituals themselves. The 'Black Mass' itself (and indeed most of the ceremonial rituals in *The Black Book*) probably originated around the same time as The Sinister Calling. The original Mass was said in Latin, although by the middle of the 20th century (ev) a translated

version had found its way into the *Black Book* of necessity, although some Latin chants remained.

ONA.

## THE RITE OF THE NINE ANGLES

The rite may be undertaken on either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih gate) or the winter solstice (for Algol). The *Naos* rite is suitable for southern climes and will not be given here although in form it is the same as the version given.

Ideally, the rite should be undertaken either:

- a) on a hill-top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and another rock – in Britain this other rock is ‘Buxton’
- b) in an underground cavern where water flows [this applies only to the ‘chthonic’ form]
- c) in a glade consecrated beforehand within a circle of nine stones (the first stone being set on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising, the second at the full moon and so on: the first stone marking the point on the horizon where Saturn rises) [Note: this applies only to the ‘natural’ form of the Rite]

Further, the time is right when, for Dabih, Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it; and, for Algol, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the time being before dawn.

These conditions mean that energies are available to enhance the working.

The rite exists in three versions – the natural form, the chthonic, and the solo. The chthonic form may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken] according to tradition. It must be noted however that this combination is exceedingly dangerous – if done correctly with: (a) above and with the conditions for Algol as above, it brings back to Earth the Dark

Gods themselves by opening the Star Gate between the causal and the acausal.

However, the chthonic form may be successful in bringing to presence the Dark Gods without the Sacrificial aspect if the chants are done correctly, the crystal is sufficient in size, and cosmic tides aligned aright [note: this usually occurs when an Aeon is (magickally) ending, the energies being more pronounced in the last three decades. At other times the rite can be used to bring about such changes.

The *natural form* involves a Priest and Priestess [ideally these should have undertaken the ritual of Internal Adept – or at the very least External Adept] and is basically a drawing to the Earth of acausal energies – these are left to disperse naturally: i.e. without any magickal intent.

The *chthonic form* involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one Cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant together with a congregation of male and female. This form is either an invocation to the Dark Gods – the energies being dispersed naturally – or a channelling of those energies into a specific event or events or individual. This channelling however requires the skill of at least a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

The *solo form* involves one individual and the aim is usually the alteration of the consciousness of that individual: this however is very dangerous.

Note: all the above forms require a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz.

## **I Natural Form**

If possible, the conditions above should be met – if not, conduct the rite on an isolated hill-top at sunset. Both Priest and Priestess should be naked. The rite begins with the Priest vibrating seven times ‘*Nythrakthunae Atazoth*’ while the Priestess holds the crystal in her hands,

palms upward. The vibration should consist of three projected vibrations followed by four resonant ones – all aimed at the crystal which should be at a distance of not less than two feet and not more than three. After the vibrations, the Priest places his hands on the crystal and both vibrate *‘Binan ath ga wath am’* as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue, *locis muliebribus*. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize the Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. If desired (ie. sinister intent) this energy may be symbolized by Atazoth – a dark and nebulous chaos issuing forth from a star strewn Space which changes into a ‘Dagon’ like entity before becoming chaos again. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then rises and buries the crystal in the earth of the hill [as deep as possible – this may be prepared beforehand – and leaving few traces]. When complete, she vibrates over the place *‘Aperiatur terra, et germinet Chaos’*. They then depart from the hill.

[Note: further rituals may take place over the burial, but they must have the same intent and follow the form as above except the vibrations are aimed toward the buried crystal – no further crystal being required]

## II Chthonic Form

If the special conditions cannot be met [(a) and Algol are most effective; (b) and Dabih are generally for channelling into specific events/individuals] then a hill-top containing volcanic quartz is suitable.

The crystal should be placed on an oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood [this enhances still further the effect of the crystal and is a recent modification]. The Priest, Priestess and Cantors

stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six – three male and three female) form a circle around them. The congregation dance moonwise and according to their desire chanting ‘*Atazoth*’ as they do while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor ‘*Nythra kthunae Atazoth*’.

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the ‘Diabolus’ chant [see set texts] while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Gate opening (as in I above).

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate ‘*Binan ath ga wath am*’ a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate ‘*Atazoth*’. If two Cantors are present, this *Atazoth* vibration begins in parallel: the next ‘*Atazoth*’ is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the ‘*Atazoth* chant’ according to tradition [see set texts]. While the Cantors are chanting the Priest and Priestess continue with their visualization.

If only one Cantor is present, the ‘*Atazoth*’ vibration is continued nine times and then the ‘*Atazoth* chant’ undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

If for some reason(eg. inexperience of the participants) the manifestations do not occur, the Priestess should chant in C major *Nythra kthunae Atazoth* after which the Priest also places his hands on the crystal and he and the Priestess vibrate *Binan ath ga wath am*, the Cantor(s) chanting the Diabolus as before after which the Priest visualizes the energies arising from the orgiastic rite as cohering and then entering the crystal to be then drawn forth into both himself and the Priestess before being sent forth to render asunder the Star Gate.

Notes of this form: \* the rite may be enhanced by the use of tabors/drums during the dance and the orgiastic rite, individuals being appointed for this task. \* The maximum number of participants should not exceed twenty one in total. \* Provided rigorous training is undertaken beforehand, the dance and the orgiastic rite can be replaced with the congregation chanting from the start of the rite the ‘*Diabolus*’ in fifths – they continue with this until the Priest signals them to stop (after the Cantors *Diabolus* chant) after which they chant the ‘*Atazoth*’ chant’ in fifths repeatedly until the end of the rite. If this form is done, it is important for the congregation to visualize the Star Gate opening while they chant – and this visualization should be agreed beforehand and be the same as that of the Priestess and Priest. This form of the chthonic rite is however only effective if the congregation has been trained to chant in the correct manner. A suitable cavern/resonant building/Temple may be used in this instance. [Further note: providing the chanting is accurate, the crystal large enough, this form is among the most effective]

### III Solo Form

This form should be undertaken on either a hill-top or in a Temple/resonant building. It begins at sunset on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising.

The individual should face Saturn and vibrate ‘*Nythra kethunae Atazoth*’ seven times while holding the crystal. Then ‘*Binan ath ga math am*’ is vibrated followed by the *Diabolus* chant after which the visualization is begun (as above) [Note: this form involves the ‘Saturnian’ gate and thus the Gate may be visualized near the planet Saturn]. The energy is then visualized as flowing down into the individual, this visualization lasting for at least one quarter of one hour. After, the individual chants the ‘*Atazoth*’ chant’, places the crystal on the ground and sits near it, to visualize its interior becoming black and this blackness spreading out to engulf the individual.

[Note: This ritual should not be undertaken lightly. There must be a preparedness to exult in the energies. After the rite (the individual

will know when it is complete) the crystal should be wrapped in black cloth and stored until required again. Before attempting this form, individuals are advised to seek the guidance of a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth]

## HELL

I shall be honest – Satanism has been hijacked. By posers, by pseudo-intellectuals and by gutless weaklings who like the glamour and danger associated with it in the public mind but who do not have the guts to be evil – to do dark deeds.

These modern days so-called ‘Satanists’ are really Nazarene scum in disguise – worms in dead snake-skin. They prattle on about ‘morality’, puff themselves up with titles and perform verbal and intellectual gymnastics. They think being Satanic involves calling yourself a Satanist and dressing up like Dracula or Mephistopheles or a vamp.

Well, I am sick of these imposters. Those who get a thrill from playing the role but who never actually do anything evil, who never go to extremes, who never stand on the edge – or climb down to the darkness of the pit of Hell. Those who have never experienced the limits of themselves in love, in war, in living – these weaklings trying so hard to impress.

What, then, is real Satanism all about? First, it is about rebellion – against the conformity of the present. and I mean a real rebel, a real outlaw – someone who cuts a dash, who has charisma, whose very presence makes others uneasy ( and who does not have to wear some stupid ‘costume’ to do this). Second, it is about testing your own Destiny. So – you believe you are special, do you? Well, prove it! Try something dangerous – try something to see if you get away with it. If not – tough, you failed. There are plenty of others... If you succeed, try again, until you know your limits. Choose a good cause, or a bad one or no cause at all, and really live, intoxicating yourself with life, danger, achievement. Do not rest and never be afraid to face the possibility of death. But in all that you do be honourable – to yourself. Carry this honour with you everywhere like a favorite concealed weapon.

Third, learn from your experiences – like you would learn from a ‘bad’ woman (or man) in your youth when sex was still something of a mystery. A real Satanist does not often do magick – they are magick by the very nature of their dynamic, zestful existence. It is experience which teaches, from which you learn – you cannot learn Satanism from books (although some may guide you aright to begin with), it cannot be taught by ‘Masters’ and never involves cozy little discussions with ‘friends’ or others. Anyone who accepts a ‘Master’ and grovels before them however slight that grovelling may be – is not a Satanist, just a sucker who sucks. Accepting some ‘authority’ is a sign you are weak: a sign you need emotional crutches: a sign you are a whimp.

So, get off your arse, you suckers, and make Satan proud. Learn to do evil.

What is evil? All that restricts life – all that tries to constrain the possibilities. Doing evil means breaking these restrictions and constraints – and taking the consequences of your own actions. Just do – just discover, just smash the chains that hold most others in thrall, and never bow down to anyone about anything: smash them first, or die rather than submit. That way, you will learn how to live – and laugh at the weak.

of course this is dangerous – for others, and yourself! Satanism was never easy – or for whimps. See you in Hell!

## THE SINISTER CALLING

### **Introduction:**

The aim of the following ceremonial ritual can be either (a) returning to Earth those ‘negative, chaotic, sinister’ forms/energies dark legend knows as ‘The Dark Gods’; (b) drawing forth from the acausal dimensions, chaotic energies, directed toward a specific goal/aim/intent or channeled into a particular individual(s)/group/temporal form. The main difference between the two is that in (a) the forms/energies are left to disperse/create conditions according to their nature. If insufficient preparation/desire is present within those performing this Calling, (b) can become (a) – sometimes to the detriment of those Calling.

The rite below assumes willing sacrifice. (For unwilling sacrifice, qv. ‘A Gift to the Prince’ – of historical interest only.)

The rite of Sinister Calling is a traditional ritual (perhaps the most sinister ritual that exists).

**Setting:** An isolated hill-top, sunset, with Saturn rising – ora sinister Temple/cave.

### **Participants:**

Master of the Temple – purple robes

Mistress of Earth – purple robes

Priestess – naked, upon altar

Priest – black robe, tied’ with white cord/girdle

Congregation – black robes

Guardian of the Temple – black robes, with face mask

### **Preparation:**

1) Seven days before the rite, the congregation assembles in the dwelling of the Master or Mistress. Here they stay until the rite is complete. During the seven days they are forbidden to speak, wear only ceremonial robes, will abstain from intoxicating drinks and

sexual pleasures and eat no meat. (This is a 'Black Fast'.) During the hours of darkness no lights except black candles are to be lit and at sunset on each day they gather in the Temple to chant the *Dies Irae* nine times. During the seven days no contact with outsiders is allowed, and no music or intrusive sound, save for the *Dies Irae* and the *Atazoth* chant, is to be heard. Both the dwelling and the Temple should be incensed with Saturnian incense. According to tradition, the robes worn will contain a hood/cowl which is to be worn during the daylight hours, these hours being taken up with walking within the dwelling grounds (or a suitable, isolated location nearby) for at least three hours together with such diversions as the Master and Mistress will arrange. (Note: These diversions – which in recent times include playing the Star Game are so chosen so as not to destroy the black tranquility of the fast. In the past they have included study of alchemical MSS, silent Tarot readings (using sign language/drawn symbols for the reader to express meanings) and practice in performing esoteric chant (*Dies Irae/Atazoth* chant – fourth/fifths and so on), this latter in the Temple if the Calling is to be performed there.

2) The Temple is prepared seven days before the rite (this applies to the site chosen – which should thereafter be guarded by appropriate energy). This consists of the Master and Mistress incensing the area with Saturnian incense, while chanting seven times the '*Sanctus Satanas*'. They then unite in sexual union, the Mistress visualizing the nexion to the Dark Gods as being gradually opened, though remaining partly closed. One planetary hour before the Calling begins on the seventh day, the Temple/outdoor area is made ready by an Initiate chosen for this task. A black cloth is laid on the altar and seven black candles placed upon it and lit. Chalices of strong wine are prepared ready near the altar. A large quartz crystal is placed in the centre of the Temple, on an oak (or wooden) stand. (Note: It enhances the energies if this crystal is shaped as a tetrahedron. Whatever the shape, the crystal should be as large as possible.) The I-Master brings the Sacrificial Knife. An image of Baphomet, according to sinister tradition, may be present in the Temple, but no other artifacts, furnishings, signs or symbols.

The congregation et al gather outside the Temple, robed as above, and are led into the Temple by the (naked) Priestess at the beginning of the rite.

3) As the congregation assemble on the seventh day before the rite (they will have been informed some time before by the Master or Mistress of the date of the Calling, its purpose and intent being explained) lots are drawn to decide which man among them shall be chosen. The one chosen by the drawing of lots (the 'opfer') is free to then accept or decline the honour. If this honour is declined, another lot is held, and the one so chosen may also decline. After this, a further lot is held, the result of which is binding. The opfer so chosen by lot is then led by the Guardian(s) to a secure, secluded place and resides there until the rite of Calling begins. Each night and in this place the opfer receives the Priestess for the length of one planetary hour, the Priestess being chosen from among the Temple to be at this period capable of conception. If the Master or Mistress so desire, another lady in addition to the Priestess may be chosen and received by the opfer at the dawn of each day. It is duty of the Guardian(s) to watch over and care for the opfer during the days before the rite, and lead him to the Temple for the Calling.

### **The Rite:**

The congregation process into the Temple, led by the Priestess who is assisted onto the altar by the Mistress. The congregation gather in a semi-circle before the altar, the Guardian(s) holding the opfer by the entrance. The Mistress greets the Master with a kiss, saying: "To you is it fitting, Master, to speak to our gods for these many. With your own eyes see how we seekers of darkness await this calling forth of our gods!"

The Mistress gestures with her hands, and the congregation remove their hoods/cowls. She says: "So shall we rejoicing, dance!" The congregation begin to dance, counter-sunwise around the altar chanting *Binan ath ga wath am*'.

The Master lays the S. Knife on the womb of the Priestess while the Mistress places her hands on the crystal and joins the Master in chanting the *Diabolus* in fourths while visualizing the nexion opening. This chant is repeated seven times, the congregation continuing their dance and chant.

After the seventh chant, the Master claps his hands nine times as a signal for the congregation to gather round. The Guardian brings the offer forward.

The Master gives the offer a chalice of wine, which he drinks. After this, the Master says to him: 'We greet our honoured guest with a kiss.' He kisses the offer, followed by the Mistress and the congregation who kiss the offer in turn.

The Mistress then removes the robe of the offer and begins to raise his secret fire with her lips while the Master gestures to the congregation as a sign for them to remove their robes. They then begin to dance again – chanting '*Ataxoth*', '*Satanas*' and/or shouting/laughing/screaming as they whirl faster and faster in ecstasy and frenzy.

As they dance, the Guardian lifts the Priest upon the altar while the Master takes up the S. Knife. The Priestess holds the offer in sexual union and visualizes the nexion opening as she draws by movement the secret fire from the offer. She then releases him and on this sign the Mistress signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires.

The Mistress then touches the crystal with her hands visualizing/intoning the aim/intent of the calling, ad libitum according to the frenzy/energy generated in the Temple. As she touches the crystal, the Guardian(s) assist the offer from the altar and with the Master (who takes the S. Knife and the empty chalice used by the offer) leave the Temple to a secluded place (which may be the place used by the offer during the preparation period).

In this secluded place, the Master vibrates ‘*Nythra kthunae Atazoth*’ while the Guardian(s) hold the offer. After the vibration, the Master uses the S. Knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in the chalice. He then returns to the Temple and the Mistress symbolically washes her hands in the Red Elixir before herself chanting ‘*Nythra kthunae Atazoth*’. Following this, she and the Master chant the Diabolus in fourths, directing the chant toward the crystal.

The rite is concluded by the Master assisting the Priestess down from the altar. She departs from the Temple, returning with trays of food and wine which she offers to the congregation their revelry continues until desires are fulfilled. The Priestess herself withdraws after offering the food and drink, as the Master and Mistress do.

Note: After the final *Diabolus* chant by the Master and Mistress, if an aim/intent is intended, this is visualized/voiced by them according to magickal principles before they depart from the Temple. Should they wish, they may combine this with their own sexual union. Should no aim/intent be desired, the dark forms/energies are left to gather/disperse according to their nature. The Guardian(s) are sworn to secrecy, and after the Red Elixir is produced they secrete/bury the empty vessel in a location prepared beforehand.

## DIABOLUS

Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla  
Teste Satan cum sibylla.  
Quantus tremor est futurus  
Quando Vindex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.  
Dies irae, dies illa!

## SANCTUS

Sanctus, Satanas, Sanctus  
Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth!  
Sanctus Satanas Sanctus!  
Satanas - venire;  
Satanas - venire!  
Ave Satanas, ave Satanas.  
Tui sunt caeli,  
Tua est terra  
Ave Satanas.

## REVENGE

Central to any civilization and society which is civilized, is the notion of revenge – and central to revenge is the blood feud. When the ‘State’ – of whatever political hue or any large organized governmental structure, reserves for itself the means and control and dispensation of ‘Justice’ then true freedom does not exist: the individual has become controlled and enslaved, if not physically, then mentally.

Any healthy flourishing society not only allows revenge, but encourages it, and any society which does not is already a form of tyranny, however much clever, vapid, intellectual and political words may be used to try and obscure this reality. A healthy’ society is one that tends to respect the individual right to justice and thus revenge: the two are linked and cannot be separated without destroying both, leaving an empty shell. A healthy society seeks to respect the individual, and extend their responsibilities and duties, and one of the most important responsibilities and duties of any individual is to avenge.

This view is not upheld by many today – and certainly by none who form those cliques of legal and social ‘professionalism’ which infest society today. Instead, the present System seeks to convince us all, from childhood, that only the State has the ‘right’ to deal with ‘Justice’ – and that only this is ‘civilised’. But if you believe that, you really are ill – one of those pale specimens inebriated by the clever words and ideas of the half-men (and half-women) who unfortunately proliferate today in our comfortable and monied societies. Revenge is natural and necessary. An illustration here might be instructive. A young motorist, high on drink and drugs, deliberately runs down and kills someone: the classic ‘innocent passerby’. After some trouble, the police find this driver and he is charged. When his case comes to court, he manages to wriggle out of the murder charge (‘lack of sufficient evidence’/some legal problem) and is instead convicted of manslaughter. He shows no remorse. He is sentenced to 3 years in prison. After a little over 2 years he is

released, and some months later is arrested for drink driving and driving while disqualified. A few more months in prison. Then he is free. Now, in this instance (and many like it) the relatives of the victim have a duty to kill this piece of scum – and should be ashamed of themselves if they did not. Naturally, they would give all sorts of reasons as to why they would do nothing – but basically they are, if they do nothing, (a) spineless cowards; (b) degenerate bastards who do not care; (c) so ground down by the System, by the lies and propaganda, that their natural instincts have been destroyed. They – one or some of them – should have killed the offender. Naturally, in the feeble societies of the Western tyrannies, had they done so they would – if caught – have faced ‘Justice’ and the legal system themselves: and probably spent longer in prison than the bastard who deserved to die (such is the sickness of the ‘West’). But, until this whole rotten System is destroyed, they should have used the rules of the System against itself – why not, for instance, run the bastard himself down? You would, if caught, only get a few years. But at least you would be able to live with yourself \_ still have your honour.

of course, an impartial assessment (like a Judge) is still necessary – but once judged, relatives are honour bound to act.

## CONQUER, DESTROY, CREATE

Most people are sick – in the head. Why? Because they lack vision – because they lack the desire to translate that vision into reality and because they lack the character to break the psychic chains of the modern world forged from ideas.

And I am not writing about mediocre vision, either but about grandiose vision: vision which makes one aspire to greatness, to make real what others may sometimes dream about perhaps once in their puny, pathetic lives. I am writing about that inner vision which drives some individuals and which makes them great: makes them aspire to fulfil at least part of their god-like potential. That inner demon which compels, which makes one strive again and again and never admit defeat, even when faced with death.

Conquerors have vision: so do Artists and Explorers and warriors. Today, there is an excess of petty individuals trying to make real their petty and cowardly concerns; an excess of petty officials and petty rules and petty governments trying to restrain the individual spirit and psyche; an excess of petty ideas trying to level down all individuals to the lowest level and so breed a plastic bastard race equal in all things who no longer aspire to real greatness.

What is needed are individuals who dream large – who strive to make those dreams real, regardless of the consequences. In short, a return of the conquering attitude. All that is great and worthwhile is built from the blueprint of inner vision, and the greatest vision is conquest – of ourselves, of others, of what is still unknown. There are no limits unless we in weakness set our limits. We, today, need to rediscover the delight of discovery and conquest: of going where no one has been before, of being masters of our own Destiny by following our visions and instincts.

This is not easy. Let the weak, the scum, the majority huddle together in their quest for happiness and material well-being. Let them seek comfort in each other and ideas. Individuals are born from hardship

– from the hardship of questing after a dream. Conquest and exploration bring a joy, and create a uniqueness, like no other – the joy and individuality of a god.

Seek to be like a god – that is the answer to the misery that is bred from morbid self-pity and smallness and a wallowing in abstract ideas – from the seeking after illusions like happiness and comfort and stupid ideas like ‘freedom’ and ‘justice’. The only freedom is the freedom to dream and the freedom to make that dream real, just as the only justice is that which is within each individual: what they feel. of course, the weak and the cowardly feel a different sense of justice than the strong – they call this ‘law’ and enshrine it within a church to their gods of ‘democracy’ and ‘equality’, whereas the strong call their justice vengeance and honour, words which the majority fear Or do not understand.

So what dreams are, today, fit enough for those who aspire to be like gods? There are only two, as this century ends. and they are connected.

The first is to destroy those edifices which the cowards, the weak, the huddling majority have erected to defend themselves from the natural elite – those few who dare, who defy, who despise and are fearless and conquering in their defiance. To destroy those governments, forms, Institutions or whatever as a prelude to renewed creation: as prelude to the conquest of the supine masses and their world. To destroy all that has and does enervate – all that makes individuals slaves and seeks to stop their dreams. For the world and its peoples exist for the benefit of the natural elite – to be subjects, to aid them, to use the resources so that in time there is an evolution upwards, rather than downwards: an evolution toward still higher forms. Uut this has been and only can be achieved by the majority aspiring to emulate the deeds and daring of the few, of the natural elite – by the morality and vision of the few becoming the morality and vision of the many, not the other way round. This, naturally, means suffering – perhaps wars, perhaps great sorrows. But all that is great arises from suffering not softness. Once the vision of the few is defeated by the

many, once their energies are redirected – once the dreaming stops and the aspiring ceases – then there is decline – and sickness, of the spirit and the psyche. This can be put I very simply: war and conquest and exploration are needed; when they stop, decay sets in, the scum come to the surface.

Thus, goals of destruction, re-construction and creation must be set – and strived for. This requires a new breed, an elite nurtured by naturalness and instinct and visions. An elite which others see, and are afraid of. Such an elite may not be political – but if it was, so what? So what if it became labeled as extreme, if the vision behind it became to be called by some name or other. Labels, names and indeed analysis of the political, social and intellectual kind – are games played by the weak, the cowardly, the sick and the scum. What matters is action, the desire to achieve, to become again fierce, tough, forbidding and thus real individuals who have broken the psychic chains of-rhe majority. What is important is inner resolve.

These goals would naturally lead to that second dream, fit for a god: the exploration of Space – to break away from the smallness of this world and find new ones: to explore, to conquer, to challenge us to even greater heights of being, to reach the limits of our potential and thus become god-like in our unique individuality – a new species that spreads ever onwards and upwards, toward even more, for evolution is never done. The planets, the stars, the galaxies with their visions, their richness, their splendours, await us: and it is up to us, each and every one of us, whether we reach them. We can begin that quest – or we can remain trapped in our own pettiness with our petty, pathetic concerns and outlook, on this small insignificant planet. Or we can take up the challenge of ourselves and our future and seek to be like gods, and thus fulfil the potential latent within us.

The first step is to change ourselves – within, where it matters, and become strong in spirit and psyche: a warrior in outlook and intent. The second is to spread that change outward – to others and external forms, destroying and then creating. The third is to strive further – toward the fulfilment of our inner vision, on this world and on

others. Those who choose not to act have condemned themselves as failures.

## MAGICK AND POLITICS

*(Transcribed from a talk given by AL at ONA Sunedriion yf 99)*

What is occurring more and more within society, is adherence by individuals to ephemeral causes and ‘opinions’ as a result of the subjection to individuals to propaganda both overt and more ‘covert’ (ie. ‘subliminal’). That is, society is developing so as to make practical experience of the traumas of life more and more distant – the individual becoming shielded not only by the ‘State’ and its Institutions but also by ideas. Thus, the world is seen via the distorting lenses of these ideas. In the past, wisdom arose usually painfully over a period of time by diverse and often traumatic personal experience – that is, a very individual ‘view of the world’ was formed as a result of these varied experiences. of course, few arrived at even this stage of conscious development.

Magick, properly understood, was an attempt to ‘short circuit’ this process – hence, for example, the tasks and procedures of the Grade Rituals in the seven-fold Way. Thus, magick built, from within and without the individual, a genuine foundation – an ‘inner core’ which enabled the individual to not only survive in an often hostile world, but also enhance their life quite significantly. Magick restores the individual in a very important way to the ‘roots of their being’ allowing thus a personal growth.

However, society in general does the opposite. Its ‘education’, its Institutions, its Laws all act together to produce an individual lacking in spirit: that is, devoid of a personal world-view. Moreover, this occurs whatever the outward political allegiance of the society – ego socialist or capitalist or shades in between. – and occurs whether or not a particular society is ‘democratic’ or overtly ‘repressive. The only difference between the two is the method: the latter is more objectified and direct, often involving force and suppression, while the latter is more devious (and all the more dangerous because of this).

Essentially, there is growing within nearly all the societies of the world a consensus and an adherence to a certain set of ideas and values. That is, there is a 'levelling down' of differences together with a real loss of individual freedom - not only in terms of the ability of an individual to transit freely, unencumbered by whatever 'past' he or she may have, but equally importantly in terms of inner outlook. There is less and less 'realness' about individuals because the dramatic, formative experiences which shape and mould character and which give spirit are either becoming 'illegal'/frowned upon or made impossible by State control and/or indoctrination of the individual into a certain pattern of living/ideas about life.

In the practical sense, one could say not only are the legal restraints on an individual and their actions increasing, but also the direct power which States have over individuals (and this includes information about individuals) are ever growing. This, coupled with cooperation between States in the distribution/exchange of information and the desire for even more and larger 'federations' of States (eg. like a 'European State') both national and international, means more and more direct personal restrictions and less and less 'inner freedom'. There is in short, much more superficial ways of living: ways encouraged by States and by those who adhere to what is fast becoming the accepted world 'idea-system'.

This 'idea-system', it will surprise few here, is based to a great extent on the 'Nazarene view of the world'. Already in one of its many political forms it is established within -the States of the West where its watchwords include 'democracy' and 'equality' and 'freedom'. of course, these words enshrine clever ideas - but they are not real simply because they belong to something beyond one or at least a few individuals. This is really the crux of the matter. What is real is that which exists for each one of us, and this is and must be discovered anew by every individual as part of the process of life itself: when it is not, there is no real life - only the appearance of it. There is thus no inner essence, only outward form. What this means is that all governments, States, Institutions or power-groupings negate

this essence because our conscious life is a personal process of development pivotal upon our understanding of ourselves, the world, the cosmos and those few others with whom we inter-act in a very personal way: it should not be extrapolated beyond this, and all politics, all religion and all social pressures of whatever hue contradict this. They are, essentially, counter-evolutionary because they make the individual reliant on that which is not born from within. Thus there can be no such thing as genuine 'democracy/freedom/equality' and all attempts to create what are only abstract ideas destroy individuality. Such abstract ideas, however, continue to flourish, and they continue to make the individual sterile. There will be, in the near future, more and reliance upon such ideas, more and more attempts to make them a 'reality' in State/governmental forms – ego in Eastern Europe and beyond.

of course, this analysis forms the core of 'genuine anarchism': but even this is a label, an 'ism' which has evolved into an 'idea' with all the dissent appropriate to an idea. Magick is a means away from all this – it is a practical system, devoid of dogma, and makes possible the next stage of our – evolution as individuals. As such, it is direct opposition to all power-forms – governmental, religious or social although this opposition is silent and will remain silent. Magick is individual and will remain individual and while current conditions remain not unfavourable as regards the] spread of information relating to its techniques, this will probably change: simply because inner liberation is and will continue to be so for some time the province of a small number of individuals while the devotees of abstract political and social ideas continue to flourish and expand. This, naturally, is only a brief resume of the problem – and what perhaps it is essential to remember is that we as artists of the magickal possess the ability to bring -about change: both within ourselves and, should we wish it, within the society within which we live. The essence of the former is the seven-fold way, that of the latter – aeonic magick.

ONA

## INSIGHT ROLES

Insight roles is the name given to a dangerous technique aimed at developing personal understanding. The technique itself is simple:-it involves the individual living for a specific period of time – between six months to two years – a certain role or ‘way of life’.

What makes this difficult and dangerous is that the role chosen must be at odds with the individuals’ own feelings and view of the world. This brings the individual into conflict with themselves – and sometimes friends and society as well. This forces the individual to rely on themselves and discard in a practical way all the illusions that must be discarded if Adeptship is to be achieved.

The technique is not to be undertaken lightly, but once begun be continued for the allotted time.

The technique is normally begun after the Grade Ritual of External Adept and after the individual has successfully run their own magickal group for at least three months. It is important that the individual strive to identify with the chosen role, and not see it merely as an unpleasant task. This identification must begin with a conscious decision to act the role as convincingly as possible. The role itself, for the period of time chosen, should be the main interest and occupation of the individual.

In an important way, Insight Roles are magickal rituals extending over a period of time and for the majority of individuals following the seven-fold way (the sinister path) are necessary as a prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. It is the experiences undergone (both external and internal) during an Insight Role that give the individual the impetus necessary to undertake and complete the period of isolation required during the Grade Ritual. For it is this period of isolation which is often necessary for the individual to understand and integrate those experiences. From these, the genuine Adept is born.

All Insight Roles, of necessity, seem 'bizarre' to non-Adepts. The individual who decides to undertake the technique should choose a role (from those listed) which is the opposite of what they themselves consider their own personality to be.

### **General Guidelines:**

When a role is undertaken, you are forbidden to explain to anyone the reasons for this sudden change in your behaviour/attitudes. This will isolate you, and begin the process of self-reliance and belief in your own Destiny. Observe the reaction of 'friends'.

You should initially think of the role as a means of enhancing your life – an opportunity. The role is part of the process of self-discovery – which is often painful.

To succeed, you must let go of all your previous opinions, beliefs and ideas. Forget everything assumed about people who naturally adopt the role you have chosen – just accept them, as they are. This will be very difficult. The role is an ordeal – a kind of second Initiation, and you can only become free, and ready for Adeptship, by losing your past.

The role chosen should be seen as part of your Destiny – and you should learn to revel in the role. If possible, keep a record of your thoughts, experiences and observations.

You should not, during the time of the role, undertake any magickal workings of whatever kind – simply because these are not necessary, considering the Insight Role is itself a powerful (and highly dangerous) magickal ritual of 'internal' (or alchemical) magick. Be determined to continue in the role for the length of time you have chosen. Should you succeed in this, you will discover many important things about yourself and the world. Wisdom will be gradually gained through the trials of experience. There is no substitute for this kind of practical learning. Always remember during the role, that you have chosen to follow the path toward self-divinity – the role is but a stage

on that path, and one that has to be undertaken if your goal is to be achieved.

The roles are listed in order of difficulty/psychological danger with brief notes on the type of individual who might undertake them bearing in mind that the role chosen should be the opposite of what you consider your 'personality type'/ view of the world to be. From the viewpoint of the present the most challenging (and dangerous) role undertaken by members in the past Insight Roles, to defy. two decades has been the one listed first. quite simply, are for those who dare.

**(SECRET)**  
**INSIGHT ROLES II**

The roles are listed in order of danger (both practical and psychological) – the most dangerous first.

1) Join an organization of the extreme ‘Right’ and undertake the life of a political activist – attending meetings, demonstrations and so on. You should see yourself as a ‘revolutionary’ who seeks to create a new type of society. You must forget all your assumptions about this type of politics – and the people in it – and live out, in a practical way, this role. \*Contact address: *British National Party, P.O. Box 446, London SE 23 2LS.*<sup>9</sup> Send for literature and ask about joining.

2) Enter a Buddhist religious order. Read about Buddhism, then apply to one of the addresses below to stay for a ‘retreat’ and ask then to enter the order. (1) *Throssel Hole Priory, Carr Shield, Hexham, Northumberland (Zen Buddhism).* (2) *Nanjushri Institute, Cinisbead Priory, Ulverston, Cumbria (Tibetan Buddhism).*

3) Join the French Foreign Legion. Contact address: *La Chef du Poste d’Information de la Legion Etranger, Bas Fort St. Nicolas, 2 Boulevard Charles Livon, 13007 Marseille, France.*

Sell and forget everything – and simply go.

4) Open and run a brothel. First, find premises; second, find individuals willing to offer their services. Honesty in dealings with clients, and good friendly treatment of those employed to offer services to clients is the key to success, and must be done.

5) Join the Police. Assuming you are tall enough and have the right qualifications – ask at a Police Station or employment centre and

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<sup>9</sup> Editorial Note: These contact addresses are now out of date. The MS was last revised 1985 eh.

apply. Be determined to succeed if interviewed – find plausible reasons, when asked, why you wish to join.

6) Vagrant. Sell everything you possess, give up job etc. buy rucksack., small tent etc. and wander around, trying to earn living by doing small jobs, begging sometimes for food.

7) Form a Wiccan group. This role means you assume the identity of a ‘white’ Priest/Priestess. Create a believable past for yourself (re Initiation and so on into Wicca) and then recruit members. Aim is to form a ‘teaching coven’.

8) Set specific physical goals and train to achieve these. These goals must be achieved within eight months of beginning training. They are:

a) Run a marathon in less than 2hrs 50 min (men) or 3hrs 10 min (women);

b) Compete in a (cycling) 12hr Time Trial achieving a distance of at least 230 miles. Intermediate aims are: 25 miles in 1hr or less. (Note: 12 hr Time Trials are usually held during the summer months – so begin role at time to coincide with eight month training build-up, e.g. December. Join local cycling club – find details at nearest good bike shop.

(a) and (b) may be combined – and should be if you are fairly fit.

### **Some guidelines to assess viability of each role:**

1) Best suited for those of ‘left-wing/liberal sentiments, including anarchists.

2) Suited to those who enjoy the pleasures of the flesh women, wine and food.

3) Suited to those who lack a sense of adventure and consider themselves ‘non-violent’.

- 4) Suited to those who are introverted and find organizing things difficult.
- 5) Suited to those who dislike authority – particularly the Police.
- 6) Suited to those who like comfort and need security of home/job etc.
- 7) Suited to those who lack imagination and flair for self-expression.
- 8) Suited to those who dislike sport.

## THE PUBLICATION OF ESOTERIC TRADITIONS ON THE LEFT HAND PATH

For a long time, genuine esoteric tradition was handed on on an individual basis, from Master/Mistress to novice. There were many reasons for this, most of them practical: the tradition was esoteric, liable to misinterpretation and many of its tenets and rituals involved what would have been regarded as 'heretical', anti-social and/or illegal acts. Furthermore, the methods used to train novices often made those novices into 'outlaws' and set them against conventional society. Also, for a long time, the teaching and teachings of the tradition was heretical in Law – a criminal offense against Church and State. Secrecy was essential and necessary.

This state of affairs pertained until quite recently. With the burgeoning of interest in 'the Occult' in general, the LHP became somewhat less secret and certain aspects of the tradition were discreetly circulated. What were mistakenly taken to be 'esoteric' traditions and, given the new openness toward the Occult and the repeal of anti-Occult laws, freely distributed and/or published, were (a) the useless Grimoire/Qabalistic tradition, or (b) a mis-interpreted Crowleyism, or (c) of a showman/ghoulish/self-professed type with bits cobbled together from (a) and (b) with archaic myths and unenlightened egoism thrown in. The real tradition – with its darkness -and danger – remained hidden.

To (c) belonged the Church of Satan, which made Satanism akin to a fantasy role-playing game or games with some sorcery added to impress. The later schism which gave birth to the Temple of Set (born not with a bang but with a whimper) was not unexpected given the structure and orientation of this 'Church' – and neither was the fact that the leader of this schism based his Temple and authority on what was termed an 'Infernal Mandate', and declared Satanism as a religion, much mis-understood.

Meanwhile, the old traditions continued, in Europe and elsewhere, in their traditional way – secretly, accepting but few novices and these

only after severe tests and ordeals. The traditions, writings, rituals, methods, ordeals and techniques remained unavailable except to those few. After lengthy deliberations and consultations, the individual representing traditional groups, decided to gradually make the esoteric tradition which he and others represented available on a selective basis, to reveal, for once and for all, what the LHP and Satanism were really about. The real impetus for this decision came from Aeonic strategy – making the tradition available would enable an increase in the number of genuine Adepts, thus hastening the presencing of the darker forces on Earth, and so fulfilling the sinister dialectic of history. This increase, however, would be gradual – over centuries.

With this dissemination, the purpose, intent and methods of Satanism and the LHP could no longer be mis-interpreted and the posers and charlatans who professed to be ‘Satanists’ would be exposed – at least to those with any sagacity. With the secrets accessible to those who sought to find them, the real esoteric work could continue, as it always had, in secret – the training, via direct experience, of those few strong and gifted enough to undertake the difficult and dangerous journey along the Left Hand Path.

In this example, the burglary was a ‘crime’, in Law – but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was ‘criminal’ – that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real.

It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character in that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of ‘natural justice’. To some, it may seem a game – and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). and it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents – at different levels.

Furthermore, this ‘realness’ is important – genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and ‘safe’ games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and ‘identifying’ with a fictionalized assassin – or, more likely, will ‘act out’ such a role in some pathetic psuedo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.

Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong – but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.

This growth means that a Satanist moves on – there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurance, courage; new insights. A ‘role’ is only a role – played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time – they have served the purpose for which they were intended – and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means – to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts – a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them.

So it is, so it has been and so it will be – for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile, the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that ‘Satanism’ never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather ‘bad press’.

But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet 'stupid'.

ONA

Shrewsbury  
Shropshire  
England  
27th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Thank you for your very interesting letter, and the questionnaire. This later I have replied to and sent by separate post.

Regarding publications which present the teachings of the ONA, the following are available (from the above address):

- \*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept. 121 pages. \$30 including Air Mail postage
- \*The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick. 56 pages. \$ 20
- \*Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA, Volume I. 130 pages. \$35
- \*Hostia, Vol. II. 56 pages. \$20
- \*The Deofel Quartet, Volume I. (Falcifer, Lord of Darkness; Temple of Satan). 211 pages. \$50
- \*The Deofel Quartet, Vol II. (The Giving; The Greyling Owl.) 221 pages. \$52

The prices are rather high due to the cost of Air Mail postage - for instance, Naos would be just £11 without the postage costs. All the above are copies of the original MSS as circulated among members. Most of the articles which appeared in 'Fenrir' are in either 'Hostia' or the Black Book. The Deofel Quartet are instructional texts written in fictional form. [Cheques payable to Thoraynd Press.]

In replying to your detailed and reasoned comments, perhaps I should start by saying that in attacking the 'intellectualism' of the Temple of Set, I am attacking the mostly non-practical (in terms of living) approach of that and other groups. They have made Satanism seem mostly cerebral - a subject to be studied, discussed, argued about, analyzed, rather than being a practical guide to living on the edge. Their practice, such as it is, is again cerebral - magickal workings which are mostly devoid of a primal exultation, ecstasy. In short, their approach revolves essentially around abstract ideas. I am not critical of intellectualism per se - I am regarded by some as 'an intellectual', having been trained both as a scientist and a classical scholar [I have several translations of Greek Drama to my credit]. Rather, I have tried to make clear (sometimes by exaggerating the point) that I regard Satanism first and foremost as a practical way which involves garnishing experiences of the limits of living, and learning from those experiences - transmuting the experiences into self-insight, the development of consciousness and so on. I also believe that these experiences must be tough - must take each individual to and beyond their own limits - and that they must be done without relying on anything other than a pure defiance, a pure strength of character. To me, it seems that both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan provide 'props' for their members - there is dogma, an organizational structure, a sense of belonging, and the belief that Satanism is somehow a 'fantasy game' or playing at soocerers.

Basically, intellectualism should follow action - not prejudge it nor limit it. All the members of the ToS and the CoS I have met over the years were full of 'Satanic theory' but had little (sometimes no) experience of going to and beyond their own limits. Basically, they played at Satanism - the occasional (boring) ritual, the odd working with a magickal intent. But nowhere was there a proud, defiant, exultation in living; nowhere was there real Satanic character born from character-building experiences. There was, and is, an awful lot of discussions, of meetings, of articles, of letters, of 'organizing' things. But try and get one of them to actually do something really Satanic in the real world - to divest themselves of the props (psychic, human and Occult) which supported them, and so return them to their primal nature - was impossible: they were too lazy or weak; too comfortable with playing their Satanic fantasy roles and games.

Regarding my own tradition, and the question of what is and what is not 'Satanism'.

I make no claim that the ONA represents the only 'true form of Satanism' - it is simply one tradition among many, although it does pre-date the formation of the CoS. What I express and have expressed, is that organizations like the CoS and the ToS by their very nature actually hinder the development of those qualities which I and some others believe to be central to Satanism. By those I mean that any organization which prescribes a dogma for its members to believe, which restrains them by 'ethical conditions' and which implicitly or explicitly require those members to submit to an organizational authority/Master/leader, is not Satanic. The ToS in particular believes in Satanism as some kind of 'religion'. I, and the Mistress who Initiated me into the ONA tradition, have always seen Satanism as being individualized - concerned with building a unique character, a truly free being. An organizational structure such as possessed by the ToS contradicts this in essence, however many clever words may be used to try and hide this fact. Such organizations breed sychophancy, dependence - one has to 'conform', to a certain degree at least. Of course, I understand some of the tactical reasons which explain why the ToS, for instance, claims 'religious status' - but even these reasons, on examination, show that the adoption of these tactics are unnecessary and actually counter-productive, in terms of producing real Satanic Adepts: i.e. individuals of Satanic character who truly represent an evolutionary development.

In my own tradition, for instance, it was the custom to train one, at most two, novices on an individualized basis. That is, a Satanic Master/Mistress guided one or two novices in the way of Satanism - there was and is no organizational structure, no limiting the behaviour of those novices, only an imparting of tradition and advice born from personal experience of having oneself undergone ordeals and formative experiences in the real world.

Sometimes, in undertaking an Adversarial role against the CoS and the ToS, I have been rather strident - but to provoke, to try and get others to think constructively about those organizations and the type of Satanism I believe they represent.

I describe the ONA as being a 'traditional Satanist' grouping by which I mean it adheres to certain traditions - chief among these being a guiding of novices on an individualized basis, it undertakes certain rites/practices on a basis established in earlier times, and it accepts that Satanism is dark, evil in a very real sense (one of which is that there are certain powers/ dark energies which are beyond the psyche of the individual and which can overwhelm it - which are primal). The traditions I inherited were really a mixture - some ceremonial rituals (such as the Ceremony of Recalling), some legends regarding Albion, some beliefs concerning Saphomet as a dark goddess who was propitiated in former times by sacrifice, some methods (such as 'Insight Roles') used to develop Satanic character, and some ordeals, both practical and magical, designed to test, to create skill, to provoke self-insight. All these I have made accessible, mostly without comment. I make no claims as to their validity, historically or otherwise. It is for others to judge them, and use them if they consider them to be useful.

What I have done, is to refine what I have inherited and add to it, making what I believe to be a purely practical system which enables any individual prepared for the hardships and struggles, to reach Satanic Adeptship and beyond. There is no mystery or mystique about achieving Adeptship and Satanic mastery: all it takes is years of self-effort, years of experiences, years of refining abilities and learning new ones. Furthermore, there is no need for me to set myself up as some 'all-knowing' Master empowered by an Infernal Mandate or whatever. What I have done I have done because I followed the traditional way of seeking experiences and because I possessed a Satanic pride which made me survive and learn from those experiences.

Many of my experiences - as befits a traditional Satanist - were dark; an awful lot were dangerous in the 'life or death' sense. I gambled my life, everything, many times, and won.

There is nothing very remarkable about this - or there should not be. Everyone has potential (or at least most do) - but they seldom if ever realize a fraction of that potential for various reasons: they are constrained, by 'society', by their own fears and weaknesses, they are lazy, they prefer 'easy' solutions (such as sitting at the feet of some 'Master')... To me, and some others, Satanism is a means to realize that potential, to go even beyond that. To do this, radical measures are required - and these are always testing as they are mostly in the real world.

By the nature of quite a lot of my experiences, they are 'secret' - they were beyond the bounds of conventional morality and law. Thus have Satanists operated for a long time - in secret, by the very nature of their existence, by the very nature of some of the experiences that are required to transcend the conformity of the herd and the inertia of one's own psyche, and which thus are a 'Yes!' to being. Naturally, this is dangerous - as you say, it can be an excuse for just plain foolhardiness. But a Satanist is someone who achieves a mastery - who experiences, and then, learning from that experience, transcends it. It is the failures who become trapped (in their own desires and their limited perceptions, for instance). So some fail - they obviously were not possessed of enough Satanic qualities. That is the nature of our existence - the tough win through, the weak perish. It is not for me or anyone to limit, to prescribe, to forbid - the selection occurs by itself, by 'trial and error'. Each individual must learn for themselves - this is the crux. No one can do it for them. The essence, born via experiences, cannot be learnt from books, it cannot even be taught - it must be experienced. All I and any genuine Master can/<sup>do</sup> give advice, perhaps suggest some experiences which may be interesting and suitable - but the novice must undertake the experiences. If they learn from them, fine. There are more experiences and adventures waiting. If they fail, for whatever reason, or do not learn from the experience - tough!

In respect of politics. You mention that if a Satanist used politics, he or she never could achieve political success because Satanism is so unpopular. Naturally, if that Satanist was known as a Satanist - but if he/she kept this secret, as many do and have done, there is no problem. Of course there might be a danger of being 'exposed' as a Satanist - but that in itself is a challenge: to work under "deep cover". It requires a special person, certain skills - a Satanic character, in fact. I know of one particular person, many years ago, who did just that, until his aims were achieved.

However, my general point concerned a novice who might get involved with politics as a learning experience - for perhaps a year or so. This experience is quite different from that resulting from announcing, publicly, that one is a Satanist (this in itself is an experience which some Satanic novices choose to learn from). To become involved in extreme politics provides many opportunities for manipulating others (speaking in public; writing propaganda); for testing one's courage (participating in a rally/march where one's opponents are in the majority and threaten violence); for learning about comradeship and betrayal. And so on.

Further, although fascism as a creed had some links with the Nazarene Church, National-Socialism was, in essence, contradictory to Nazarene philosophy and ways of living. Most modern and authentic National-Socialist groups are anti-Nazarene (as witness Matt Koehl's 'New Order' in the US). But, essentially, the question is not about a particular type of political world-view, be it fascism or whatever, being contradictory or not to Satanism. The question is about all political forms being forms - structures which can be used, for a Satanic purpose, to achieve Satanic goals. The question of what might happen to individuals within a certain type of State is only a short-term question, and its asking implies a lack of what I have called 'Aeonic insight'.

Basically, Aeonics is a study of those processes which mould individuals and societies over long periods of time - how people, alone and in groupings, have been and can be manipulated, changed, controlled. It is study of those energies which affect and infect the psyche and which produce and change archetypal forms.

and which thus mould character - and thus make 'history'.

Aeonics has nothing to do with Crowley. It is a rational analysis of the causes underlying historical change, and Aeonie Magick is the use of magickal energies to effect aeonic change - i.e. change on a large scale over significant periods of time. Basically, Satanic strategy (or 'the sinister dialectic of history' as it is sometimes called) is about using such energies to bring changes broadly in line with Satanic aims - i.e. enable individuals to fulfil their potential, evolve to become like gods and so on. This strategy is based on reality - both in terms of the energies used, and 'human nature'. Therefore, the goals are seen as long term - of centuries or more. The aim has been and is to increase the number of genuine Satanic Adepts, and to provide changes which enable this.

Thus, it will be seen that Satanism, when understood correctly, is not solely about self-advancement - it is also about using magickal and non-magickal forms/energies to produce changes within societies which incline toward the fulfilment of Satanic aims. This does not mean a kind of 'altruism' - it means a calculating, reasoned assessment and then a striving and working toward certain long-term goals, this assessment and this striving actually enhancing our existence in a positive, Satanic way. In the simple sense, it may be considered as Satanic manipulation on a large scale. The assessment itself, and the reasoned understanding behind it, requires the development of special abilities - one of which may be said to be 'Thought'. This is a development of our consciousness, and leads beyond language. It is a special kind of 'thinking' - a thinking with symbols, although the symbols are not abstract, as in mathematics, but rather 'numinous', archetypal. Essentially, it extends the range of our being. This type of thinking is pre-figured, and made possible by, 'The Star Game' - a collocation of symbols which extends both our intuitive and our reasoning faculties. The mastery of this 'game', and thus the use of a new way of reasoning/being, is a sign that one has taken evolution further - has become almost a new type of 'human', one so far above the majority that it is difficult to conceive one ever belonged to or related to that majority.

This rational analysis of Aeonics leads to certain judgements, a lot of which are mis-constructed by those who call themselves Satanists because they understand those judgements on a personal basis - usually castigating the individual or group which presents them from what is essentially a 'moral' position. That is, there is a 'projection', by those Satanists (and Occultists in general), onto the forms/judgements that they cannot really understand because their perspective is so limited - so caught up in the constraints of their time and society. This is what I meant by 'cosy, intellectual and basically moral abstractions'. Most who profess to be Satanists cannot see very far - they cannot reason, coldly and unemotionally and deeply. They accept other people's abstractions and ideas and 'reasons' and have not thought the matter out for themselves because it is either too difficult for them or they (once again) are too lazy, too smug, too self-satisfied, too comfortable in their little 'Satanic' world with their 'Satanic' friends.

This judgement is part of genuine Satanic character, and arises from the self-insight born via hard, testing experiences and ordeals. A Satanist has to strip everything away - all props, go right back to the primal. This means he/she relies only their instinct, their character, their spirit - their inner resolve. This process takes years - and then, and only then, can the person acquire the other aspects a Satanist needs and must have: the 'intellectual' super-structure, the new ways of being, one of which I mentioned above (vide 'The Star Game'), the skills in magickal and people arts.

What has happened is that this foundation, this hard foundation, is lacking in nearly all modern 'Satanists' - they are too soft, have not been toughened, they rely too much on the comforts of society, on what others (like Aquino et al) have given them in terms of principles, beliefs, dogma and so on.

Hence, when I say that National-Socialist Germany aided the sinister dialectic, it is mis-understood: as me being a 'National-Socialist' or something of the kind. I am simply stating a fact of Aeonics - as I do when I say that a future State or

Empire which was inspired by National-Socialism would also aid the achievement of Satanic aims, over centuries. Others, who perhaps have not reasoned deeply about such things, express naive views like a new Satanic age is just around the corner and that politics hinders the coming of this age. I know the reality of human nature and the times in which we live, and I know most people today are little different from what they were thousands of years ago (in some ways, we have lost something - as I am aware when I read Homer or Sophocles). They have hardly evolved at all - there is more illusion about 'inner progress' and conscious evolution than there is reality. In fact, the Occult in general fosters this illusion. Thus I understand that real change arises slowly - most people still delude themselves, are still in thrall to unconscious influences, still swayed by appearance. Our whole modern world conspires to make this so - magick, and particularly the Left Hand Path, is a means to the essence behind appearance; or rather, it was. Its awe, primal nature, its inspiration, its dark numinosity can really liberate and change. Thus my castigation of those who I see as peddling a 'safe Satanism', an easy path to liberation - they destroy the one thing capable of liberating those in thrall. And they do it (a) to glorify they own ego, and (b) because they have not understood the way itself.

I trust this will <sup>be</sup> of interest and perhaps thought-provoking, and look forward to your comments.

With best wishes,

*Stephen Brown*

Shrewsbury  
Shropshire  
England  
28th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Further to my recent letter, perhaps a few more comments might clarify the position of the ONA, and be of interest to you.

By making certain material available - on sacrifice, for example - and by writing certain MSS dealing with that and other 'dark' topics, I and others have done two things. First, made it clear that such material is part of my tradition and that it recounts what was/is done. Second, returned to Satanism that darkness and evil which really belongs to it (at least in the novice stage).

I have no desire to give Satanism a 'good name' - on the contrary. I wish it to be seen as I understand it to be - really dangerous and difficult. Naturally, many others believe the publication of certain material is mistaken, just as those who oppose Satanism have and can use that material to confirm their views on Satanism. The decision to make such material available was made only after considerable thought with full knowledge of the consequences.

Of course, I may be mistaken - I make no claim to be 'infernally infallible'. I welcome positive discussion - the dialectic of learning. My thesis re the nature of certain practices which I inherited is open to discussion, an 'antithesis', from which a new synthesis and understanding may emerge. But all those in other Satanic organizations have done is 'proscribe' the ONA, or attack me personally or mount campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. The whole attitude of such groups, as befits their nature, is patronising - vide Aquino, in his letter to me of October 7 XIV: he, the Master or teacher, and I a student (of potential!) under his guidance and submitting to the rules of the ToS. He, and others, have stated that human sacrifice is not and never has been a part of Satanism. Well, it probably is not and never has been a part of some traditions - but it was/is a part of my own tradition, according to principles laid down a long time ago regarding the victim or offer choosing themselves, the act then being akin to an act of 'natural justice'. (qv. the MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed'; A Gift for the Prince' etc. I shall send you copies of some of these, since they may be of interest.)

As with many things, sacrifice can be misconstrued. The affirmation that it has occurred as part of one Satanic tradition at least can be taken up by those weaklings (in terms of character) who circulate around the fringes of the Left Hand Path, and give them an excuse to indulge in criminal acts. That is, such people fail to understand the reasons for such acts (the correct choice of offer, for instance) as they can never rise above their own weaknesses. Are these consequences my responsibility, or not? Or am I acting like a Satanist (my kind, anyway) and standing back, perhaps with laughter, when a probable consequence becomes a fact? Does this unsettle you? Horrify you? Does this provoke a challenge and make you question the nature of Satanism?

The same applies to the use of politics. Is it worth the death of x number of others (in a war, say) to give birth to one, perhaps two, genuine Satanic Adepts? I would answer in the affirmative. Does that make me cruel? Or Satanic?

Also, I do not believe it to be necessary nor desirable for Satanism to try and become respectable - or even improve its image. Nor even to try and counter the propagands of the Nazarene fundamentalists. Such things are irrelevant. What matters is presenting the essence of Satanism so enabling individuals to work at their own self-development in a Satanic way. As I mentioned before, Satanism fundamentally means individuals striving to go beyond what they are. This is hard, and means that not many will attempt it; even fewer will be successful. The means cannot be made easier - for that would destroy the essence.

Thus, the ONA is in conflict with groups like the ToS who really want to make Satanism easy and safe and thus become rather more widespread than it is now. It is personal, direct experience, ordeals and so on, which are important. For instance, to achieve Adeptship the ONA believes each individual must undergo certain formative experiences. One of these involves living alone, in an isolated location, for three months with only the bare necessities required for physical survival. These conditions are necessary, for by so living in such a way the individual strips away all self-illusions, exposes all their inner weaknesses, and makes them reliant only on themselves. There are no distractions, no friends to give comfort, no material comforts to soften the hardship. This [which is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept] is tough. But it is the key to Adeptship. There is no short cut, no easy way. To succeed in this ordeal, the individual must have or develop an infernal strength, a certain character. Naturally, many fail - some renounce their Satanism, some find excuses for giving up. But one either stays the distance, observing the conditions of harshness, or one does not. Many are they who have said that this ordeal is not necessary - they believe there are other ways (all easier, of course), or they are afraid of confronting themselves without the supports normally around them: friends, lovers, organizations, dogs, material comforts. They and others like them can believe what they wish - but that particular ordeal works; it produces a strong, insightful character ready for the new challenges which can inspire an Adept. Or it destroys.

I understand Adeptship not as a reward given by someone else (such as Aquino) for what they perceive as 'progress' or 'ability', nor even as the undertaking of any kind of ritual at the end of which one congratulates oneself and appoints oneself as 'Adept'. Rather, it is the achievement of a certain self-insight and knowledge, allied to an understanding and judgement born of experience. It is also mastery of certain skills (some magickal, some not-magickal) and a developed awareness stemming from a synthesis of rational understanding (or 'intellectualism') and intuition. It is a stage in the Satanic way of living - a stage reached by self-effort and struggle. A Master (or Mistress) is a stage beyond this - there is no gift, infernal or otherwise, which confers the attributes of this stage of individual evolution. It is achieved, by the individual, not a reward and certainly not a self-appointed title assumed after a few years playing at Satanism and safe magick.

However, it is true that present conditions are more favourable toward the propagation of Satanism than was the case decades ago. But even were direct 'persecution' and anti-Satanic laws to return, Satanism would continue: it would re-adopt the practices of those decades. The cell system; the oral transmission; 'deep cover'. Novices would still be trained; goals would still be achieved. So 'favourable' conditions are not necessary - indeed, some see them as detrimental; they make organizations like the CoS possible!

These present conditions provide some opportunities - of increasing the number of genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and of making available for present and future generations the methods and techniques of those Arts. The real aims of Satanism will be achieved whatever the external forms our societies may take - Satanists, like the shape-changers they are, will adapt and prosper. These aims are essentially two-fold: continuing the tradition (i.e. training Adepts; providing opportunities for seeding Satanism), and gradually changing evolution.

The second of these will actually arise from the first - the changes will occur because of the increasing number of Adepts. These may be likened to a new species which at first is small in number but which, over decades and centuries, increases. In time, it will dominate. The first arises because it is one of the obligations of each new Adept to find someone suitable and guide them toward Adeptship. These changes will, as I explained in my last letter, take time - centuries, in fact. There is no way the process can be speeded up - each individual must acquire the knowledge, the character, the experiences, for themselves, and this takes time. It takes less time now than it did - because we understand more, we are more conscious of what we are actually doing (or at least some of us are). It is possible and indeed probable that over the next century or so the time taken to reach Adeptship and the stages beyond will be reduced. But the situation at the moment is as it is. A century ago it took perhaps twenty or thirty years of one's life to achieve real Adeptship. Now, it can take as little as five to ten years. What has not changed (at least yet) is the number who reach that stage. As I wrote many years ago, most people want easy solutions, they want someone to do the work for them, to confer titles on them - or they are so comfortable with their illusions and delusions (regarding their magical abilities and their self-insight, for instance) that they see no reason to change, to really struggle to reach toward Adeptship. All I can do is point the way - offer some guidance. It is up to each individual whether they begin the quest, and having begun, whether they succeed.

The fundamental questions which should be asked are: what, fundamentally, is Satanism? What does it mean in terms of the life of the individual? What does it mean in terms of society? The ONA offers some answers. Organizations like the ToS give other answers, some of which contradict the ONA ones. Each individual must arrive at their own assessment. The ONA offers a practical system which I and others know from experience works - at least in producing our kind of Satanist! The ONA is critical and controversial: it is provoking, Adversarial, occasionally irreverent. This in itself is creative. It engenders response.

Once again, I would welcome your response to the matters raised in this letter and the various MSS.

With best wishes,

*Stephen Brown*

Shropshire  
England

7th September 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

It was with interest that I read your letter in a recent issue of 'Brimstone' after my attention was drawn to that magazine by a friend. An open (rather friendly) reply to some of the points you raised has been sent to the Editor - I am sure he would send you a copy should you be interested.

However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First - and perhaps inconsequential out of its context - no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: no such position exists. Your statement on this was somewhat surprising because I felt you would be above using 'Kennel' type tactics re mis-information about other LHP individuals and groups. Am I mistaken? Or perhaps the information was supplied by a not altogether too reliable source here in the U.K.?

Second - and most important - your mention of the MSS concerning sacrifice. These were published basically because they form part of an esoteric tradition, which tradition was being made accessible to those who might be interested following a decision to publish Order methods, teachings and traditions. Essentially, such publication lets others decide what is or is not worthwhile or valuable or interesting from an esoteric point of view - there is not, within the ONA, any control of esoteric information as a result of one or more individuals deciding what is 'right' or 'true teaching' - simply because individuality is the foundation of the "ONA way". This way is the development of self-insight and magickal mastery via individuals following the seven-fold way.

But this background aside, you raise an interesting point in your use of the term 'ethical'. Does Satanism have ethics? And if so, what are they and who formulates them? By the nature of the Temple of Set I am led to assume the answer would be affirmative and that it is the TeS which formulates these. Is this assumption incorrect? If it is not, then I and some others would offer dissent - based not only on the principle of individuality mentioned above but also on the reality of there existing divergent LHP and Satanic traditions (some of which existed before the foundation of the Church of Satan). Speaking for myself, I consider debate about ethics futile in a LHP context - except to express the obvious Satanic assertion (qv 'The Dark Forces' in "Fenrir" 4) that one essential personal quality is honour born from the quest for self-excellence and self-understanding. One either has this personal quality (or the potential to possess it) or one does not: intellectual debate about it is irrelevant. This quality is expressed by the way of living an individual follows and as far as the ONA is concerned this quality is one of those that marks the genuine Satanic elite from the imitation. Yet we accept that others may disagree since we feel there can be no religious dogma about Satanism or the LHP: no subserviance to someone else's ideas or ways

of living. Each individual develops their own unique perspective and insight as a consequence of striving to achieve Adeptship - a perspective and insight which derives mainly from practical experience, both magical and personal. Thus we uphold anarchism.

Hence the publication of the many and various Order MSS. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I do understand that some may believe that tactically the time was not right to publish some of these MSS. However, is the time ever right? Once again, some interesting questions arise. For example, for the benefit of those groups (like the ToS) which do adopt a high media profile, is it necessary and indeed desirable for other groups and individuals on the LHP to restrict what they say and teach and publish in case such things are mis-interpreted and/or distorted and used against the LHP in general? This would imply some sort of consensus among those individuals and groups on the LHP - a consensus which it seems both the ToS and the Church of Satan wish to achieve by claiming a religious 'authority'. To this end there seems to be developing an almost Church-like mentality - with schisms and prohibitions and proscribing of other groups and individuals. Rather 'Old Aeon' values. If such a consensus is indeed necessary (and I and some others have doubts whether it is) then it would seem better achieved on a mutual basis by recognition of diversity and traditions and then the development of mutual understanding rather than one group trying to impose its dogma by a religious type belief: such dogma and such belief being entirely contrary to the basic principles of Satanism and the LHP - self-development via self-experience.

I and others like me respect your right to promulgate the Setian philosophy just as I trust you have the sagacity to understand that what La Vey codified and what the early Church of Satan represented is not the only form Satanism can take. Satanism existed in many forms long before La Vey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing - developed as it is and has been by creative individuals within it. As I mentioned to you in a previous letter some time ago, this does not mean we claim to be a 'peer' organization with a claim to some kind of 'authority'. We are simply a small group following our own way - a way somewhat different from that developed by the Church of Satan and the ToS. Our tradition, such as it is, is not static - indeed in many ways the most significant developments (e.g. the Star Game, Grade Ritual codification, Deofil Quartet) have occurred quite recently. Doubtless these developments will continue.

When in the past we and others like us have said things that others interpret as being 'against' the ToS or La Vey, we were simply assuming the role of Adversary - challenging what seemed to be becoming accepted dogma that the only 'real' Satanists are either in the ToS or the Church of Satan. Such a dogma is an historical absurdity and its acceptance an affront to the Satanic desire to know and understand and not meekly believe.

If you have any comments about these matters I would be interested to read them.

Cordially yours,

*Stephen Brown*



## Temple of Set

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Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.  
High Priest of Set

October 7, XXV

Mr. Stephen Brown  
Post Office Box 4  
Church Stretton, Shropshire  
England

Dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you for your letter of September 7th.

Under your several aliases every single letter and publication of the O.N.A. is authorized over your personal signature, whether as "pp" or otherwise. Personal contacts by our former Priest Martin confirmed that you are the leader, if not indeed the sole member of this institution.

The old Church of Satan used to play games with mythical officials and executive bodies behind the scenes. As a senior official of the Church I helped to keep this particular hot-air balloon inflated, initially assuming that it did no harm and made the Church a bit more colorful to the membership. Ultimately I became uncomfortable with it, however, because in the last analysis it involved deceiving the very persons - the membership of the Church - who had come to it in good faith depending upon it to not deceive them, even in so "playful" a fashion.

It was also responsible for a more serious kind of damage. It enabled Anton LaVey to announce policies in the name of a fictitious "Council of Nine", or in the name of a fictitious official, and thus to escape personal responsibility for his actions. Nor was there any executive body or other official to whom he was accountable. Had there been, the catastrophe of 1975 might have been averted without the entire Church of Satan organization having to be scrapped. [Even if it had evolved into a Setian mode, as in many Lesser Magical ways it was indeed doing prior to the crisis, it still might have continued as an unbroken organization - and Anton LaVey might be its High Priest today.]

When the Temple of Set was founded, therefore, the old occult game of "Ascended (or in this case 'Descended') Masters behind the scenes" was ashcanned along with the other practices of the old Church with which we were ethically uncomfortable. From the moment of its founding, the Temple has made all of its officials and executive bodies a matter of record, known to all Setians [and to non-Setians with a legitimate interest]. And neither the High Priest of Set nor any other official has the sort of dictatorial power that Anton LaVey had in the Church.

Given the present climate of witch-hunting hysteria in England, publication of a "Satanic ritual" by an avowedly "Satanic" institution which includes human sacrifice is thoroughly irresponsible. In fact it would be irresponsible even in a normal social climate, as the Satanic religion is not and has never been based upon the principle of human sacrifice. [It is Christianity which espouses that principle, sacrificing its god in human form every Easter.]

If you were presenting that ritual text as an example of Christian hate-propaganda against the Satanic tradition, making clear that it has no basis in fact, that would be one thing. But the ritual which you have published makes no such distinctions, and is thus a dangerous "loaded weapon" to be used by any child (of any age) who picks it up. And of course it plays right into the hands of any anti-Satanic maniac who is looking for "evidence" of "Satanic ritual murder". Your argument that the O.N.A. does not consider itself responsible for such uses may satisfy you, but it certainly doesn't satisfy the Temple of Set as guardian of this religion.

Indeed Satanism is an ethical religion, and yes, I do consider the Temple of Set the institution consecrated by Set to establish and maintain such an ethical environment - which is carefully developed in the *Crystal Tablet of Set*.

As a non-Initiate of the Temple, you are of course at liberty to dissent from this ethical standard. But neither, by your non-Initiatory status, does the Temple consider you a member of the Setian/Satanic religion. You are, in our eyes, simply one more individual affecting "Satanism" as a personal hobby. In this you may be more or less skilled, more or less articulate, more or less artistic: these we do not judge.

But what we do judge is that in all of this you have not been Recognized by the Temple which exclusively is consecrated by Set. We consider the Temple a sacred institution, not just one of a number of "Satanic clubs" around the world. From 1966 to 1975 CE we held precisely this view concerning the Church of Satan, which welcomed the interest and enthusiasm of amateur "Satanists" and "Satanic" groups such as the O.N.A. but considered only its own membership and Priesthood formally deserving of the religious titles they held.

This last point deserves further elaboration and emphasis. Just because we regard the Temple as seriously and exclusively as we do does not mean that we hold non-Temple "Satanic" groups in blanket contempt. Some of them are indeed

amateurish and embarrassing to the Satanic tradition, and the sooner they disintegrate the better. But others are quite serious and sophisticated, and deserve our respect and admiration - which are quite freely given where due. Some, upon encountering the Temple of Set, have voluntarily dissolved and commended their membership to it. Some have retained their independent structure and interests while at the same time encouraging/allowing their members to affiliate with the Temple as a formal religion. Some have simply gone their own way, maintaining a polite non-acceptance of the Temple's avowed Infernal Mandate.

The distinction we draw in all cases is dictated simply by our sacred regard for the Priesthood of Set, and the Temple under its care, as established by Set in the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*. If we did not draw that distinction, then we would be, at our heart, an insincere and fraudulent religion.

Therefore the exclusiveness of the Temple of Set is not born of either arrogance or competitiveness, but simply of the utter seriousness with which we regard ourselves. It is this same attitude which makes the Temple of Set reject any "council of churches", occult or conventional, for the simple reason that we consider our religion correct and theirs incorrect. As is stated in our informational letter, "they may serve a useful social function as purveyors of soothing myths and fantasies to humans unable to attain Setian levels of self-consciousness".

I have re-read the comments I made concerning the O.N.A. and yourself in *Brimstone*, and I see nothing in them that I think should be amended - including the compliment to you at the conclusion of those comments. You are, from what I have seen of your writings, an intelligent and creative individual who could become an influential and respected philosopher of the Left-Hand Path if you can bring yourself to cast aside all of the fictitious "lumber and wreckage" with which you are unnecessarily crippling yourself. If I didn't see Setian qualities in you, I wouldn't even bother to say such things. But just as in my university classes I speak most bluntly to the students who do have the intelligence to master the curriculum and aren't doing so, so I speak thus to you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "John D. Alleé". The signature is highly stylized and somewhat illegible due to the cursive and overlapping lines. It is written on a white background.

cc- Adept John D. Alleé, Editor, *Brimstone*

Shropshire  
England

20th October 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Thank you for your letter of October the 7th.

I appreciate your comments and before passing on to specific points raised, would like to make some general comments.

What I sense (and I use the word advisedly) is that you and I, despite our differing methods, are fundamentally trying to achieve the same thing. I here mean in terms of 'esoteric' magick and not in terms of outward terms or expressions.

We are both aware of the potential inherent within individuals and how certain forms, magickal or otherwise, can be used to explicate that potential, bringing thus an evolution of consciousness both individual and beyond the individual. Thus are individuals, and 'society', changed over varying periods of time. You have established and maintained an organization and imbued it with certain forms, which forms via their various transformations, create and establish conditions for changes in tune with certain energies. Because of the nature of this organization, and the energies, there is a need to maintain a coherence, a magickal continuity and thus the establishment of a system which protects the viability of all aspects.

As to myself, I deal with similar forms but make them manifest in a different way - building in to some of those manifestations a random or 'chaotic' element and into others a 'numinous' aspect. Thus, further forms are developed, in both causal and acausal time, and achieve certain goals, some of which are quite long-term (beyond my own temporal lifetime at the earliest).

All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) - at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.

Where we might (and seem to) differ is in our respective time-scale for fundamental change and in making some elements more manifest than others, to achieve specific ends.

Of course, I accept that my understanding may not be complete (and might possibly be incorrect on some points) as I assume that you, claiming the title 'Ipssisimus', understand the preceding four paragraphs without me having to elaborate at length.

You have accepted a "role" within the Temple of Set with all the duties and obligations implied, and there is much to admire in this. This of necessity means adhering to the principles of what you describe as the 'sacred trust' placed in you vis-a-vis the 'Infernal Mandate'. Thus there is a religious attitude and acceptance. All this I myself regard as natural and necessary, given

the vehicle chosen - that is, the Temple of Set. The way of the ONA is, however, quite different - we see our way as guiding a few individuals to self-awareness, to Adeptship and beyond, via various practical and magickal techniques. The emphasis is on guide, on self-development, on self-discovery. There is no religious attitude, no acceptance of someone else's authority, and no mystique: the methods, as divulged in the recently published book 'Naos', are essentially practical.

All this arises from the understanding that changes such as I mentioned earlier (regarding individual potential) will occur slowly and for the most part on a small scale for some time to come: bringing changes to 'society' (a generalization here, for brevity) - and thus to larger numbers of individuals - on the timescale of a century or more.

The present aim of the ONA is to make these techniques - which give all individuals the means to achieve the next stage of individual evolution should they so wish - more generally available. These techniques (the Grade Rituals for example, and the Star Game) will probably and indeed should be refined and extended in the future, as they have been refined in their creation over the past decade or so. Older techniques, inherited by me, have served their purpose - and to an extent have made possible the present advances, including preparing the way, on the level of mystique, for a dissemination of the 'new'. To be more explicit - an 'aura' was created around the ONA (quite deliberately) by using certain methods, magickal forms, and by publishing certain material. This aura, existing, becomes transformed - and serves a very useful purpose on the acausal level. (In simple terms and on an elementary level, it provides a certain impetus to seek out and try the 'new' techniques, the 'new' way - on the level of individuals.)

Thus, as the new techniques (and hence the new forms deriving from them) become more widely distributed, via books such as Naos, the Deofil Quartet and the Black Book of Satan (these last two due for publication this Winter Solstice) then the methods used hitherto are no longer needed, and are abandoned - they have served their purpose. It is the same with the ONA: once the techniques and the essence are more widely available then 'membership' as such is irrelevant, since everything is available and accessible (and this includes past methods and teachings) the individual taking responsibility for their own development, their own experiences (both magickal and personal). This is the fundamental point: the responsibility for development ultimately rests with individual desire, just as each individual must make their own assessment of what is valuable and what is 'ethical/just' from their own experience, it being the aim of the techniques of the seven-fold sinister way to provide the character-building, evolutionary, experiences. There is no pre-judgement by me or anyone, no set of rules. The function of the ONA is now to guide, simply because its members have undergone the experiences of the way and can speak from a position of experience - an experience which may or may not be of value to others.

Thus the fundamental difference in our approach. It was

made quite clear to the former Temple of Set Priest you mentioned that each individual is expected to work on the practical level to achieve his or her own magickal development - to actually practice magick, to use magickal and other techniques, rather than just talk about them. This takes quite a number of years, and is a personal effort. Most people cannot be bothered - they want easy solutions - and most people who enquired in the past about the ONA were not prepared to work toward their own self-development. They either wanted someone else to do it for them (be such a someone a 'Master' or an Infernal Manifestation) or would not/could not undertake the life-style change necessary for achieving genuine Adeptship (such as spending three months alone under special conditions). Ultimately, their loss.

I, for one, do not believe there is a 'religious' solution to Adeptship and beyond - a gift, Infernal or otherwise. There is only self-experiencing, in the real and the magickal worlds, and that is it. Wisdom is acquired by the alchemical process of internal change over a period of time: the techniques developed by the ONA may shorten that time from several decades to perhaps a decade or just under, but they do not do away with it, just as those techniques make the possibility of such change available to all.

For this reason, the ONA does not attempt to define what is or is not of the Left Hand Path and what is or is not Satanism (or even what Satan is) - each individual arrives at their own understanding via experience. Occasionally, as I have mentioned, there may be the adoption of an adversarial role in order to attack accepted (or even unconscious) dogmas within the broad spectrum of the LHP movement - but that is as it should be, for individuals questing after knowledge who refuse to meekly believe. Once again, a 'role' is only a role, played out in the quest for understanding.

On the specific point of membership - yes, there is more than one (not that it really matters anymore now that dissemination is being achieved). Not many, it is true, but enough - some only beginning their quests, some more advanced along the way: in this country, in Scandinavia, in the countries of Europe and elsewhere.

Of course, all this may confirm your opinion that the ONA is not 'Satanic' (or 'Setian' - this latter I would agree with). Do you therefore understand 'Satanism' as now the exclusive preserve of the Temple of Set because of the 'Infernal Mandate' you mentioned? If so, this raises rather interesting questions regarding 'Infernal' authority, revelation and such like - questions partly answered by your use of the term religion. What then of Satanic organizations which existed before the revelation: such as (to take an odd example) the Order of Satanic Templars here in England which existed (and was undertaking Initiations) before the establishment of the Church of Satan? (It later became known as the Orthodox Temple of the Prince.) Personally, I see Satanism more as a way of living than as a religion: an attitude to life, and one which is ultimately personal, striving to ever more.

However, as mentioned above, I believe our ultimate goals are the same even though our methods may differ. Of course in this, as in many things, I may be mistaken: I claim no authority, and my creations, profuse as they are, will in the end be accepted or rejected on the basis of whether they work (Satan forbid they should ever become 'dogma' or a matter of 'faith'). I also expect to see them become transformed, by their own metamorphosis and that due to other individuals: changed, extended and probably ultimately transcended, may be even forgotten. They - like the individual I am at the moment - are only a stage, toward something else.

In the interests of sinister fellowship I could arrange for a copy of 'Naos' (and other works as and when they become available) to be sent to you, should you be interested.

Enclosed please find a copy of an article due to appear shortly in the journal 'Balder'. It may make you smile.

Cordially yours,

*Stephen Braam*

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[Editorial Note: In view of the controversy in Occult circles about using 'pseudonyms' and the desire of certain groups to operate 'underground' without media scrutiny - a subject mentioned by Dr. Aquino in his letters and since taken up by a number of others both within and without the LHP - the following observations are in order:

\*It has been for many centuries an established principle among LHP Adepts to work in a reclusive manner in 'secret'. The reason for this is basically two-fold: the magickal work is mis-understood by 'outsiders' [ and often by such people categorized from their own social/political/religious perspectives] and to try and explain it to non-Initiates was seen as a waste of time; and, secondly, it enabled that work to be undertaken without hindrance from interfering individuals and officials. Without this secrecy, the LHP would not have survived. Today, conditions have changed somewhat, but still not enough in some areas.

\* A labyrinth was created to confuse the merely curious and those seeking to disrupt the magickal work and tradition.

\* Quite often, LHP Adepts have a 'seperate professional' life (which in some cases is part of their long-term magickal goals) and the 'stigma' of involvement with magick would be detrimental to that. Quite often this seperate life is beneficial to the evolution of the 'Occult' in general as it provides opportunities for dissemination (mostly clandestine).

That some individuals have gone 'public' is fair enough - that is their decision. But those who prefer or need to work 'underground' in order to continue their own reclusive and secret traditions should not be castigated for in many cases they are guardians who can never have a 'public' Occult role. Societies, and the individuals within them, are still structured on the basis of categories and generalizations.]

## ONA STRATEGY AND TACTICS

The fundamental strategic aim, expressed exoterically, is to aid evolution of the human species by increasing the dark, creative, forces which presence on Earth. Expressed esoterically, the aim is to aid the creation of a 'New Aeon' wherein what is now known as Adept-type consciousness and abilities are the preserve of the majority. This aim is long-term: c.3-S centuries.

This aim involves keeping opening already existing nexions, and opening new nexions, these nexions effectively drawing forth acausal (or sinister) energies. The energy is then directed to achieve specific goals, or left to disperse and disrupt according to its nature. Exoterically, this aim is 'The Return of the Dark Gods' and the creation of a Satanic Age and a Satanic Empire on Earth. To achieve this aim, various tactics, or means, are required. Some are:

Existing power structures and thus societies need to be disrupted and re-shaped, enabling some of them to be used to create a Satanically inspired society or societies.<sup>10</sup>

\*The means and techniques of achieving Adeptship, and thus real individual freedom, need to be made known, thus enabling an upturn in genuine Adepts. These Adepts will form an elite, and from this elite influence will be gained and the sinister implemented. Some of this elite may well take or hold or influence various forms of political power in the future when disruption/destabilization occurs on a large scale.

Each of these involves certain specific things. For instance, a Satanically inspired society could well be of a fascist/National Socialist type – i.e. this type of society would achieve or could achieve certain Satanic goals either directly or via the dialectic of change, and thus aid the ultimate goal: a New, Satanic, Aeon. Accordingly, such views and the organizations upholding them would be aided, mostly

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<sup>10</sup> See Addendum at end of MS.

secretly. Esoterically, the creation of an Imperium by a charismatic individual (Vindex) would be aided both by magickal means and more directly. Vindex would be a nexion for the dark forces.

Essentially, NS type politics is considered as, at this moment of aeonic time, aiding the sinister dialectic, and an NS society as one of the first stages in changing evolution toward the sinister on a large scale. One of the primary goals of Imperium must be the conquest of Space. [This assessment arises from Aeonics.]

The disruption of existing forms is necessary, whatever tactics (such as politics) are used to aid the sinister Aeon. Disruption means the destabilization of societies – particularly Western ones, where global power at present resides. On the practical level, this means that the societies must be made the breeding ground for the tactical forms chosen. The peoples must yearn for something – and what they yearn for must be given to them. That is, their instinctive yearning will be controlled, psychically, via sinister Adepts. They will be made ready, psychically and practically, for what power-structures are required. To achieve this, various archetypal energies must be used and directed, and some implanted in the ‘collective unconscious’ (e.g. by using archetypes manipulating them – and creating new archetypal forms).

Further, societies must be destabilized on the practical level. This will be achieved in two ways – via using sinister magickal energies, and by aiding practical disruption. The first means an increase in chaotic type energies: sinister random energies which infect susceptible individuals and drive them to do certain things, to disrupt, cause chaos, spread evil and so on. The second means aiding those things which will undermine societies – e.g. drugs, pornography, crime, political unrest, economic misfortune, racial and other social tensions (including religious ones).

Of paramount importance is disrupting those large, influential power structures, the United States of America and the Soviet Union. Without these structures (both of which are forms of Nazarene/Magian control and influence) the natural, disruptive

forces within those States and within the States which are covertly controlled/influenced by them, would re-emerge, making it easier for the strategic goal to be achieved. That is, without these two power structures, contending rival States would emerge both within Europe and world-wide. There would be many wars as long-suppressed conflicts were fought out, just as the naturally strong and aggressive would re-assert themselves by using force. In short, natural forces would take over.

In the case of the Soviet Union, the tactics are to use magickal forces to disrupt – and to encourage those elements which seek the destruction of the Soviet bloc. The former involves directing magickal energies at the power structures and seeding susceptible minds with certain disruptive/chaotic/directed forms: e.g. the performance of rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, with] specific aims. [Exoterically, the Dark Gods would be invoked, via Nine Angles type rites, and sent to disrupt/provoke change.] The latter is more restricted, at the time of writing, due to lack of practical influence in that sphere – but three areas to encourage are: 1) The dissemination of Satanic ideas in the countries under Soviet control/influence and in countries where influence can be spread into those countries (e.g. Eastern Europe); 2) The spread of heretical views (e.g. with regard to National Socialism, the Holocaust etc.); 3) Aiding the emergence/influence of Islam to undermine Communist ideology/Nazarene ideals in certain areas.

In the case of America, the tactics are similar – to use magickal forces, and to encourage overt disruption. The former involves directing energies both chaotic and sinister to infect others; spreading Satanic ideas and methods (e.g. by making available rituals and the ideas of Satanism); and undertaking rites appropriate to destabilizing both individuals and the power structures in general. The latter involves supporting various organizations and groups on both sides of the political spectrum (to enhance disruption/breakdown); spreading subversive and heretical ideas (e.g. National Socialism); and generally trying to break down the society from within – this involves encouraging drugs, crime, and such like (which will provoke not only

breakdown, but which will also provoke a reaction, which reaction will become more extreme as the breakdown becomes more extreme, this reaction aiding the emergence of natural forces and instincts). Whatever means are necessary can and should be used – the aim is to cause the American State structure to collapse, creating chaos, from which a reaction will emerge, this reaction being of a certain type – i.e. tending toward authoritarianism, anti-Nazarene in essence. This collapse of American power will free the world, and enable at present suppressed forces to emerge and take control, which forces will be beneficial to the long-term goals. Nowhere will this be more evident than in the ‘Middle-East’. A tide of Islamic fundamentalism would bring great changes, enabling a beneficial alliance between the new power structure which should emerge in America.

What applies to both America and the Soviet Union applies to Europe – but America and the Soviet Union have priority at present, at least in terms of magickal energies. That is, the attack occurs on all levels, in Europe, America, the Soviet Union and world-wide (particularly in the Middle-East)<sup>11\*</sup> – but if resources are or become stretched for whatever reason or reasons, America and the Soviet Union have priority. Adepts will immediately understand that even if the strategic aim is not achieved, the disruption/chaos caused in trying to achieve it by some of the tactics mentioned, will be Satanic. All such tactics pay homage to Satan!

ONA 1988 ev

Addendum: Since the MS was written, Soviet power has, in fact collapsed. It would be unwise at this juncture, to attribute this to magickal and other means – i.e. to see the magickal campaign as being solely responsible. What is clear, however, is that such means played a part – perhaps began the process via a psychic contagion.

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<sup>11</sup> Note: It should be obvious that the aim in the Middle East is to encourage Islam this undermines both America and the Soviet Union in the short-term and prepares the ways for future alliances.

This fall now makes the United States of America the prime magickal target insofar as such workings are concerned. Here, there are 'Adepts' of the Nazarene Magian traditions to contend with.

The means of magickal disruption will continue to be:

- a) Spreading already existing rites (such as in the *Black Book*) enabling others in that country to invoke/open nexions and so spread the energies those rites re-present (one of the aims of those energies being disruption).
- b) Performing Nine Angles rites and directing the energies toward disrupting power structures and directing it toward targeted individuals.
- c) Performing Death rites with the aim of eliminating or harming certain influential individuals.
- d) Spreading existing forms (and creating new ones) which infect the psyche of individuals.
- e) Continue to perform traditional ceremonies and direct their energies toward achieving disruption or aiding those causes/individuals who will assist or aid perhaps without their knowledge the sinister dialectic.
- f) Direct energies into already existing nexions (and create new nexions) to aid/create those tactical forms which aid the emergence of Imperium-like forces. g) Loosing undirective/chaotic energies of sinister import.

## CONCERNING THE TEMPLE OF SET

The Temple of Set, as both its High Priest and its members admit, understands what they regard as Satanism as a religion. Further, the fundamental basis on which the Temple was founded is the ‘Infernal Mandate’. This mandate, it is claimed, was given to Aquino by the Prince of Darkness Himself (in his manifestation as Set) and, it is said, makes the priesthood of that Temple the only one consecrated by the Prince of Darkness – that is, only the Temple of Set is a true representation of Satanism. The Temple sees itself as a sacred guardian – it has a ‘sacred duty’ because its High Priest has been chosen by the Prince of Darkness.

However, these two things – which so define the Temple of Set – show that it cannot be a genuine Satanic organization. To prove this, we will consider each of these things in turn – first, the question of an ‘Infernal Mandate’, and then the question of Satanism as a Religion.

Aquino maintains he has a ‘sacred duty’ because of the mandate, and that this mandate gives him authority to consecrate his Priesthood. Further, he claims that only this Priesthood is truly consecrated to the Prince of Darkness. What this means in practice, is that the Temple of Set has set itself up to be the unique representative of Satanism.

In reality, Aquino claims to have received a Mandate during some magickal working and thereby claims authority. A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom – and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a ‘spiritual’ authority given by some ‘entity’ real or imagined be that entity Satan or Set or whatever. Indeed, to so claim such authority via an entity external to oneself exposes the person who so makes the claim as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom – that is, they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements. Such an individual has to rely on something external because what really matters is missing – what is missing is that which is created by the

following of the Black Arts to the ultimate ending. That is, direct practical experience and the mastery and wisdom which are thereby won.

A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) does not need to pose – they do not need to claim they have a mandate. The authority of a real Master or Mistress arises from their experience – it is rooted in them by virtue of their character and is evident in their eyes, their attitude and their knowledge. They have a unique, individual character – they do not play a ‘role’ or claim to be in touch or have been in touch with some supra-personal entity. What they say and teach is based on their own experiences, on their own learning – they have struggled along the Path for many years, and learnt the hard way, via direct experience. They know because they have done.

Accordingly, anyone who claims and need to rely on a mandate given to them – either by some entity or someone who instructed them – reveals themselves to be a charlatan.

To make this even clearer, I shall be personal for a few sentences. I represent a certain Satanic Order – and in a sense I therefore have some ‘authority’. But I have this authority because, in this Order, I have gone further than anyone I have experienced more, and so learned some things. Perhaps I have gained some Wisdom – I certainly have esoteric knowledge and skills beyond that of most others. What I say and do arises from my experience – it results from years of effort along the Left Hand Path. My authority is because of my character – a character forged via experience. Even though I had been Initiated by a Satanic Mistress who instructed me for a while, my authority does not derive from her – or from Satan. It derives from my own character. Others can learn from me if they wish they are free to judge what I say or write or create, and learn from it and use it should they wish. They must assess its worth for themselves. I do not make out what I say or write or do to be anything other than mine – except where it concerns some traditions: learned from my Mistress. But even these are to be judged on their own merits – there is nothing special about them, nothing ‘Infernal’

in the sense of a mandate attached to them. They have not been ‘sanctified’ by the Prince of Darkness Himself – they are not ‘sacred’ truths. In brief, there is nothing of a religious nature attached to me, the authority I have or those teachings I have inherited and substantially added to. I stand on my own merits, and my creations likewise.

The same is true for any genuine Satanist. Why? Because it is in the nature of Satanism. This leads us to the second question: Satanism as a religion.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against the religious attitude. Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold or try to hold our existence, our being, in thrall – and the most potent form of thralldom has been and still is, religion. Religion emasculates us – whether it be overtly, via a religion, or covertly by a religious attitude such as is evident in political or social zealotry, in conformity to a dogma and an authority.

Satanism, in essence, is an individual defiance – an individual pride, an individual striving, an individual quest for excellence. It is about fulfilling the potential inherent in our existence – and this means finding and fulfilling our unique Destinies. Satanism means self-effort, self-learning, self-experience: it means each individual striving to become like a god; striving to be like the Prince of Darkness Himself. The Prince of Darkness does not seek weak, docile followers: He desires Comrades, individuals of strength, of Character, full of pride and defiance, overflowing with existence itself (which is expressed in deeds, in creation, in changing, in altering evolution). of course, He (and all genuine Satanists) use others for Satanic ends – they manipulate. He, as Satanists of character do, has followers – have those who obey. But these are not Satanists, they are tools, used to achieve something, perhaps broken, but mostly discarded when what they have been used for has been achieved. They are the dominated, the slave-majority, While the Satanists are the elite, the masters.

Satanists are never constrained – they learn for themselves, via experience, and so progress toward greater understanding, toward a new existence. It is the aim of Satanism to produce unique individuals possessed of character. Accordingly, a genuine Satanic Master or Mistress or group merely guides others merely offers advice, based on experience. There are no restrictions, no religious zeal. There is not and cannot be any dogma – any authority which the individual must be subservient to. There cannot be any form of conformity. If there is it is not Satanic.

The Temple of Set constrains its members by dogma, by ethics, by making them subservient to the authority of the priesthood, and to the High Priest himself. It fosters a religious attitude – ‘believe! because I/we are empowered by Set/the Prince of Darkness and so possess his authority’. It restrains – ‘do not associate with that person/organization, for they are proscribed’. It breeds a sycophancy, stifling genuine experience and creativity.

Naturally, there are many fine-sounding words and phrases, a great deal of intellectualism, which obscures these brutal truths. The Temple of Set encourages verbiage at the expense of real, dark, sinister experiences. Its members wallow in the illusory world created by words and ideas when they should be alone undergoing formative ordeals. They play at magic(k) and enjoy the glamour of pretending to be ‘Satanists’ – but they do not go to and beyond the limits of their lives, they do not live life as a succession of ecstasies, they do not go to ‘the edge’ again and again. Instead, they correspond With one another, meet and talk, meet and talk, do little rituals together or alone, read, and talk and read and write “ and they know they are safe – the Prince of Darkness has been tamed: he is not really ‘evil’ (as we are not, they say to themselves and mean it). and they have their ‘progress’ mapped out for them – awarded to them by the Priesthood in whom they trust and by Aquino, their High Priest. If they please this priesthood, and Aquino, they are rewarded – exalted to the higher grade and can give themselves and call themselves an exalted name: priest, perhaps, or Adept, or maybe even Magister Temple if they have truly been sycophantic enough for long enough.

Meanwhile, the few genuine Satanists get on with their hard tasks – with following the path of Black Magick by their own efforts, by learning for themselves the hard way. The work to achieve a real mastery, of themselves, of magick making errors, perhaps, but learning, and so growing, so changing and so becoming a changer of evolution itself. For them, there are no restraints, no dogma, no authority. There is only success – or failure. They achieve their own Grades, in their own time, and have the self-honesty and the insight to know if they have really achieved.

One illustration to end with. Consider the path of Satanism as a marathon race. There is a start, and a finish, which we will consider to be Adeptship in this instance. Satanists and would-be Satanists line up at the start. The race begins. The Satanist runs the race, and finishes, by his or her own effort – there is no help, only the will to finish, the hardship of the race itself. It is an individual achievement. But the Temple of Set members are those who run some of the distance, and then find someone running alongside (or perhaps driving along would be more apt) saying ‘The rules have been changed! By a decree [read by an ‘Infernal Mandate’]. The marathon is now only 10 miles – so stop and will award you your certificates [read ‘confer Grades’].’ The Temple of Set members of course believe this person, they do not doubt the Decree – or if they do, they accept it. They stop, and receive their ‘rewards’ – and believe they have succeeded: they have run a marathon. But in reality, they have deluded only themselves.

To conclude: The Temple of Set is the epitome of what Satanism is not.

Anton Long ONA

# HOSTIA III

HOSTIA

Secret Teachings of the ONA

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## **ADEPTSHIP – ITS REAL MEANING AND SIGNIFICANCE**

Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a ‘Special Forces’ unit (such as the British SAS). I shall explain why this is so, but first will describe what genuine Adeptship is.

An Adept is an individual who has undertaken an Occult quest and who has, as a result of that quest, the following abilities/attributes: a) a real understanding of esoteric, Occult matters, and a deep esoteric knowledge/insight;

b) esoteric skills – chief of which is empathy: with both natural and ‘Occult’ forces/energies. An important aspect of this empathy [an intuitive understanding of things as those things are in their essence] is with living beings and that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens;

c) a unique character – formed via experience;

d) a unique ‘philosophy of life’ attained via self-discovery and self-experience – by finding answers unaided. Adeptship results from a transformation – a transmutation of the individual.] This begins at Initiation, whether that be ceremonial or hermetic [i.e. as part of a group or alone]. It is an internal alchemical process of change .and occurs on all levels – the psychic, the magickal, the intellectual, the psychological and the physical. It is the birth of a new individual who has skills, knowledge, understanding and judgement not possessed by the majority. The changes themselves arise from a synthesis – there is an evolution of the] individual and their consciousness because of a successful response to a challenge. Or rather, because of a series of such successful responses over a period of some years. In essence, the Initiate undertakes a challenge, strives to achieve a certain goal, and if successful, grows in character, maturity, knowledge, esoteric skill and so on. They then move on to new challenges, until the process is complete and Adeptship attained. The challenges themselves occur on all the levels mentioned above – i.e. the psychic,

the magickal (or Occult), the intellectual, the psychological and the physical.

Essentially, the path to Adeptship is a quest which involves ordeals, the achievement of goals and so on. Furthermore, the quest is individual and involves experiences in the real world: not just 'in the head' or of a 'magickal' nature. By its nature it is solitary – it involves the individual overcoming the challenges, undertaking the ordeals, alone. If certain ordeals and challenges and experiences are not undertaken – and if all of them are not done alone – then there is no real achievement and thus no genuine Adeptship. The nature of the experiences, challenges and ordeals which are necessary, and the fact that they all must be done alone and unaided, makes Adeptship difficult to attain, and is the reason why real Adepts are rare, although there are many who claim the achievement. Returning to the example mentioned above – that is, real Adeptship is more difficult to attain than being selected for and successfully training with a Special Forces unit. The selection procedures for such a Unit are tough, and the training likewise. But the individual undergoing them has a definite, concrete goal – and that individual is with others: there is a camaraderie, a desire not to 'lose face' in front of others. Also, the individual is in a definite environment – usually a training camp with Instructors and other members of the Unit. There is a 'tradition' with its special signs: a uniform, a beret, an insignia. and everyday concerns – food, shelter etc. – are taken care of.<sup>12</sup>

In contrast, the goal of Adeptship is mostly intangible: it seems 'magickal' and Occult; part of another world. Further, the Initiate is on their own and still lives, for the most part, in the 'real world' – they have responsibility to clothe and feed themselves (at the very least) and find or have some shelter.

But there is more. The physical challenges alone which an aspirant Adept must undertake are, in fact, more difficult, more tough, than

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<sup>12</sup> Except, of course, during training exercises of the survival kind – but these are limited, in time and space, and part of 'the course' which is real and known.

those used by any Special Forces unit. They are more testing, more selective. Only the strongest, the most determined, survive them. Add to these physical challenges the many others that are required – intellectual, magical, psychological and soon – and it is easy to understand why Adepts (or genuine ones at least) are so rare. and why they are part of an elite.

Of course, there are many – in fact, most – who call themselves Occultists of whatever Path or none, who maintain that such things are not required for Adeptship to be achieved. [I shall describe in detail the actual challenges themselves shortly.]

These Occultists maintain that Adeptship is actually one or more of the following:

(a) amassing a great amount of what passes for ‘esoteric knowledge’ by, for example? reading a lot of books and magazines, and by attending various meetings/discussions/conferences/participating in ‘Magic(k)al’ forays; (b) being given the title ‘Adept’, by either (i) someone else for services rendered or whatever, or (ii) undertaking a self-written/published ‘Rite’ after which one congratulates oneself and uses the title Adept; (c) achieving an ‘enlightenment’ during some stupor/trance/communication ceremony/working/ritual/discussion with a supra-personal entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence; (d) being ‘chosen’ by someone/some entity/some extra-terrestrial intelligence; (e) hanging around the Occult scene for so long that one feels entitled to call oneself an Adept.

All of these are merely delusions of attainment. I do not expect this article to shatter the delusions and illusions of the deluded – for they need them and the false Adepts will continue to fantasize about their achievement just as many individuals will continue to fantasize about belonging to or having belonged to. various Special Forces units. What this article will do is to present the real meaning and significance of Adeptship in a way which is not open to mis-interpretation: to reveal, for once and for all, the illusions of

Occultists for what they are, and thus what is really necessary for genuine Adeptship.

Among the challenges an Adept has successfully undertaken. are the following:

1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 30 lbs in under 7 hours over difficult hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2 ½ hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c) cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours.

2) Having organized and run for not less than six months, a magickal/Occult group/coven/Temple of not less than seven people and performed ceremonial and hermetic rituals regularly.

3) Having found and loved (and probably lost) at least one ‘magickal companion and worked with them in a magickal and personal way over a period of many months.

4) Having attained an understanding and mastery of esoteric magick – external and internal – via practical workings over a concentrated period of time lasting at least two years. and, following this, have begun to understand what is beyond external and internal magick – i.e. Aeonic magick and processes.

5) Having experienced in real-life situations, danger involving one’s possible death.

6) Having faced many and severe dilemmas of a personal and ‘moral’ nature, the resolution of which required a choice and which consequently brought a maturity of outlook and a sadness. 7) Having spent at least three months living totally alone in an isolated area without talking to anyone and without any modern comforts and distractions.

8) Having developed one's intellect by hitherto foreign to one: e.g. advanced mastering a complex and abstract subject mathematics, the Star Game; symbolic Magick.

Show me someone who has not done the above (or very similar things) alone and who claims to be an Adept, and I will show you a liar – be that liar aware of the lie, or unaware of it. For too long, the intentional and unintentional liars have had no one to challenge them – and their characterless version of 'Adeptship' or 'Adepthood'.

All the challenges enumerated above breed character. They are formative; they create the Adept. and those mentioned are only some of the challenges an Initiate must successfully experience and triumph over – there are many more.

There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves self-effort, self-discovery, unaided. It involves triumphs, and mistakes – and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and a learning from practical experience.

However, it should be remembered that Adeptship is not the end of the quest. There are stages beyond, which require even more difficult and dangerous experiences – which need even more self-honesty. For conventionally, Adeptship is only half-way between Initiation and the ultimate goal, sometimes described as the gateway to immortality.

As with Adeptship, there are many who claim to have been to the stages beyond Adeptship – who claim to be 'Masters' or Grand Masters, or even the stage beyond! Like most 'Adepts', these are liars, both intentional and unintentional, and they will be exposed in another iconoclastic article.

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## **MASTERY – ITS REAL MEANING AND SIGNIFICANCE**

Mastery is one of the names given to the achievement, by an individual, of one of the advanced stages of the Occult way or path. In the septenary tradition – which some regard as the authentic Western tradition in contradistinction to the Hebrew ‘Qabalah’ – this stage is the fifth of the seven that mark the quest. and those who reach it are often known by the titles Master of Temple or Mistress of Earth.

It follows from the stage of Internal Adept. which is the stage of Adeptship [qv. the MSS ‘Adeptship – its Real Meaning and Significance]. Between the two, lies an area often called ‘The Abyss’. Basically, an Internal Adept [or simply ‘Adept’ for short: an ‘Internal’ Adept is distinguished from an ‘External’ Adept by virtue of the former having achieved an internal, as well as an external insight/understanding and a skill in both internal and external magick] has discovered the nature of their unique Destiny in the real world. That is, they are aware of personal wyrd. Before they can venture into and beyond the Abyss, this Destiny has to be strived for – the Adept has to make real. In the real world, this dream of Destiny.

For every Adept, the Destiny’ is unique. But for all it means an interaction with the real world – in effect transforming their inner vision and energies – in a practical way and so in some way (often quite significant) changing the real world. All Adepts effect changes in others. Some do this in a directly magickal way – for instance, by running a Temple/group and teaching esoteric traditions. Some do it via creativity – for instance, music, Art, writing. Some do it via direct action, which appears to non-Initiates as divorced from Occultism – for instance, politics or business. Some combine elements of all of these. There are many other ways. What is important is that the Adept is using their skills and abilities, derived from achieving Adeptship, in a practical way – their life has a vitality, a purpose, a dynamism which is beyond that of most others.

While this is occurring, the Adept is learning and evolving further. For some Adepts, the majority in fact, this interaction, this striving for a Destiny, is totally satisfying. In effect, their wyrd is this Destiny. [Note: wyrd and Destiny are not identical. Wyrd is beyond, but includes personal Destiny. The ‘Tree of Wyrd’ comprises all the seven spheres or stages of the Occult quest.] In esoteric terms, they possess no desire to progress further; and usually their desire to follow the Occult path to its ending fades, slowly, and then is lost in everyday and personal concerns. Their quest has been a phase of their lives – a rewarding one, but nevertheless a phase, which they mostly consider they have ‘outgrown’. However, some Adepts see and understand this Destiny in a different way. Or, rather, they feel it differently after a number of years of striving.

They gradually become aware of what is beyond, in esoteric terms: they understand this Destiny as a part of their wyrd, and that wyrd as the ‘dialectic of change’. In essence, they understand in a real, complete way [i.e. not just ‘in theory’] what Aeonic magick is – of how their life and deeds are part of an Aeonic imperative.

Of course, all Adepts – if they are genuine – understand the rudiments of Aeonic theory. But this is a purely intellectual, abstract, understanding. It is cerebral, devoid of numinosity. Further, most Adepts are aware of the rudiments of Aeonic magick – but, once again, this awareness is cerebral. What occurs in some Adepts is that by the very process of striving to achieve a personal Destiny in the real world, they gradually come to understand what Aeonics really means, in personal and supra-personal terms: they experience Aeonic magick via their striving. This makes it real to them in a meaningful way – cerebral understanding is mostly a vacuous understanding.

In essence, therefore, the esoteric understanding of these Adepts grows in the only way real esoteric understanding does – via practical experience of the realities. They acquire more insight into the world, the Cosmos and themselves. On the psychic level, the energy which imbued their personal Destiny, which gave them the vitality, the ‘élan’ to pursue it, wanes. They begin to seek after something else – they

desire what seems to be an intangible wyrd. Thus, they move toward 'The Abyss' after some years of striving in the real world, of garnishing experiences, of learning from them. In effect, the self-image, which Adeptship created, is waning. [Note: Initiation creates an 'ego-image'; an External Adept has both an ego-image and the beginnings of a self-image. An Internal Adept has achieved a self-image: a certain unity of conscious and unconscious/pre-conscious forms. This self-image is vitalized by a Destiny.]

For a period, the Adept lies between two-images: the self-image which has almost died, and an intangible but tantalizing wyrd-image. This is often a most difficult time in the personal life of the Adept. There is nothing and no one to help them.

Gradually, they may achieve more understanding and come to understand the real essence hidden behind appearance: in themselves, others, the structures of the world, the cosmos itself. They will also come to realize what is missing from their own life – in terms of experience. Accordingly, they will redress the balance by living to attain what they lacked, to fully complete themselves. This, of course, is difficult, requiring as it does not only a genuine self-honesty and awareness, but also a real understanding of what the balance itself actually is. Here, 'theory', book-learning and such like is no use.

Then, when some balance is achieved, there will be a discovery of the essence of not only Aeonick Magick but also what the essence of magickal forces really are. A discovery of that which is beyond opposites – a return to and a going away from, primal Chaos.

Following all this, there is usually an ordeal which is magickally ruthless which ascertains if the person undertaking it has actually achieved both an internal and a magickal mastery. In the septenary tradition, this ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress which involves the candidate walking, alone and unaided and carrying all food etc., a distance of 80 miles in isolated terrain, starting at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day. After reaching the target distance, a magickal ritual is performed which is

psychically dangerous. Then, there is a certain satisfaction of having achieved the stage of Master of Temple/Mistress' of Earth.

Naturally, the above is only a brief outline of the transition from Adept to Master or Mistress. The salient points are that it involves many years of striving for something in the real world, of causing changes via a Destiny; that there are and must be more experiences to take the individual far beyond 'the self'; and that there is a real understanding of what lies beyond external and internal magick – of the patterns and processes of dialectic change, of evolution itself: in brief, of Aeonics, a real Mastery of forms.

To provoke or cause the individual to go beyond 'the self', the experiences of necessity are hard. By their nature they take the Adept to and beyond the limits of living – mostly in a way more extreme than those which form the character of an Adept and which therefore a novice may undertake to experience and learn from and so grow.

Because of all this, the Adept who progresses to the stage beyond possesses real wisdom. They have achieved many things. They are different from ordinary mortals –inside, where it matters. They know because they have experienced: because they have seen more of life; because they have been to the limits of themselves and gone beyond what they were. and because they have maintained their resolve to follow the Occult path they have chosen to its ending.

In effect, they belong to a new race – they are part of an elite more exclusive than that to which Adepts belong. They have developed a significant part of their latent potential; have fully understood themselves, the world, the people in it. The esoteric or hidden forces in the world, and the Cosmos itself.

This does not mean that they are infallible or that they have nothing more to learn. Neither are they deceived by their own abilities and [understanding. They are, however, aware of what it is they must do. conversant with their own abilities and the dialectic of change. That

is, they know how to use Aeonic Magick to affect evolution – and do so, for their own life is a part of the creative change necessary.

Most who claim to be a ‘Master’ (or ‘Mistress’) – are charlatans. As with the false Adepts. they appoint themselves to this title, or are appointed to it by someone who claims to have progressed even further. They have not achieved it. They have not achieved anything significant in creative terms; have little or no self-understanding; possess no real knowledge of Aeonics and Aeonic Magick. They have not lived their limits – and gone beyond them. They have no ‘genius’, no wisdom. They are still full of self-delusion, particularly about their esoteric knowledge and their own abilities, and have no real insight into others, let alone themselves. In fact. many who claim to be ‘Masters’ lack even the basic qualities of an Adept.

The same applies – even more so – to they who claim to have gone beyond the stage of Mastery, and I shall explain why in words which will expose them for the frauds that they are.

The stage beyond that of Master – often signified by the title Grand Master – requires for its achievement significant Aeonic works. That is. it requires the person to have produced profound changes in the causal and magickal forms which mark a particular Aeon: or to have actually presented esoteric/magickal energies in such a way that a new Aeon is created. This does not mean that someone believes they have done these things – ‘on the magickal level’. It means that the structure of evolution has been significantly altered in accord with the wyrd of that Grand Master/Mistress: and in such a way that the changes are perceptible, in real life. In those forms and structures which Aeonic energy is presented in the causal, such as societies.

This does not mean a playing at magick by heading some self-created Occult organization or Temple – or writing/talking at great length about Occult matters. Neither does it mean that one assumes the title by taking over some already existing organization or group. It most certainly does not mean someone else awards it or confers it.

Further, it means one has not only reached the limits of present knowledge regarding Aeonics and other esoteric matters [and knowledge in the sense of practical experience] but has also extended those limits by one's own creativity – taken conscious evolution further. That is, added in a profound way to a conscious understanding and to the means for others to attain such understanding. This in itself does not mean anything 'dogmatic' or of a religious nature – or 'given to one' by some entity/supra-personal intelligence or whatever. It is never 'revelatory' in the sense of a religion. That is, it does not mean one is 'appointed' by some entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence or whatever and so 'heads' some sort of messianic crusade of a religious nature.

The frauds indulge in pseudo-mystical babble and Occult histrionics – they expect and mostly demand obedience. They play a 'role' and often dress the part. of course, by doing these and similar things they obtain followers, sycophants – i.e. weak individuals who need to fawn and obey. All the frauds rely on something external to themselves, be this something a 'role', a mandate, a divine/diabolic revelation, an imagined/real lineage, an organizational authority, a messianic/diabolic/extra-terrestrial commission or whatever.

In reality, all these traits and actions are signs of someone not yet achieved Adeptship – someone striving for self-insight.

A real Grand Master (or Mistress) has a wealth of practical experience both Occult and 'in the real world'. They have genius – a highly developed intellect and creativity. They possess empathy in the highest degree. They have Judgement. They possess a critical awareness and understanding of all those factors and forms which have and do shape and change our evolution both conscious and unconscious from individuals to Aeons. and they are unique – 'their own person'. They owe allegiance to no one and they are not constrained by any affectation or role (such as conforming to the imagined image of a Master or Grand Master or 'teacher'). Like genuine Masters and Mistresses, they are spontaneous and human,

without affectation of ‘knowledge’ or ‘cleverness’. Neither do they-pretend to be ‘venerable’ .

There are perhaps two or three genuine Grand Masters/Mistresses a century – and that is all. and this is unlikely to change, given the present capacity of individuals to delude themselves and given the fact that few are prepared to undertake the really hard and difficult struggle that lasts for at least a quarter of a century and which creates such a unique entity.

As regards the last stage of the Occult way, which the septenary tradition describes by the term Immortal and which the distorted and inauthentic tradition of the ‘Qabalah’ describes as the stage of the ‘Ipssisimus’ [and I had to look-up how to spell the word], this really is not obtainable except In the last few years of the causal existence of a Grand Master/Mistress who has created for themselves an acausal and thus Immortal existence. Thus, anyone claiming this title in the causal or mortal world is, ‘ipso facto’, a fraud – and one who has little or no knowledge of real esoteric matters. Those who so claim, show themselves up to be not even a genuine Master or Mistress – and seldom, if ever, even an Adept.

As Aeschylus once explained – *παθει μαθος* : one can learn through adversity/ suffering as so achieve wisdom. Before this ‘law’, people suffered, but did not learn. Most Occultists have never suffered, and so learn nothing; they eschew ordeals, and teal life experiences, in favour of mystical meanderings and a religious mentality. Or they find comfort, an escape in the Occult.

A real Occult quest involves adversity – undertaking hardships, surmounting real physical, mental and psychic challenges; forging into the unknown, alone. Questing through adversity to transform one’s existence.

It takes years of self-effort and adversity, of accepting challenges and triumphing, to achieve real self-insight and genuine esoteric

understanding, and thus to become an Adept. It takes even greater effort and adversity and learning to go beyond that.

Real wisdom is still, unfortunately, a precious commodity. The esoteric path to Wisdom is open to all – its techniques and methods work. But such is the primitive self-awareness of most people that they cannot appreciate this or be bothered to undertake a real quest in search of the next stage of existence. So the Occult babbling will continue, and the frauds claim their titles. *De nihilo nihil fit.*

ONA 103yf

## **ARTHURIAN LEGEND ACCORDING TO THE SECRET SINISTER TRADITION**

There is a secret oral tradition regarding the person known as ‘King Arthur’ which deserves recording. According to this tradition:

- 1) Arthur was a ‘Romano-British’ chieftan.
- 2) His wife was called Gonnore, and her father was a chieftan whose base was the fortified site now known as ‘old Oswestry’.
- 3) Arthur’s base – and thus ‘Camelot’ – was the city of Viroconium (present-day Wroxeter in Shropshire).

This city was the capital of a prosperous and powerful war-lord and British chieftain Vortigern (c. 450 ev). It was also associated with the war-lord Ambrosius, who was of Roman descent.

Arthur maintained a continuity and a certain style of life ‘Romano-British’. He followed in the tradition of Vortigern and Ambrosius, being a powerful chief tan whose rule extended far. He flourished after Ambrosius – c.500 ev.

- 4) Arthur and his people were pagans. Their beliefs were indigenous ones, connected with gods and goddesses.
- 5) Arthur faught many battles to secure his kingdom from rivals. Some of his battles were with invading tribes – but for the most part, these new tribes settled peacefully into what is now England. There was more assimilation than there was conquest. [The idea of ‘barbarous hordes’ ruthlessly invading is a myth – created by later generations and part of a Nazarene indoctrination campaign.]
- 6) One of his relatives – known under the later name of ‘Modred’ sided with some of his enemies (i.e. rival chieftains) and Arthur faught against him in a battle in which he was badly wounded. The

site of this battle was near the Camlad River and the modern Shropshire hamlet of Wotherton. Arthur returned to his stronghold via a lake called now 'Marton Pool', near Worthen (SW of Shrewsbury). At the time, this lake had an island – a mound containing a grove of trees. The place was regarded as sacred, and the waters were reputed to have healing powers. The island was an abode of a goddess, and a Priestess lived there. This was the 'Lady of the Lake'. This mound still exists, although today it is not surrounded by water, as the Lake has shrunk to become a Pool.

7) The 'Merlin' of legend was actually a pagan wise-man who was adviser to Arthur. The abode of this person was the area around the west of the Long Mynd.

8) After his final battle, Arthur returned mortally wounded to his city, where he was buried. Sometime later, the city was peacefully evacuated, as it had become undefencable. A new stronghold was founded on a mound between a loop of the river Severn, and Arthur was re-buried here. This mound served as one of the seats of the Kings of Powys – much later a town grew up around it called Scrobbsbyrig. The town was later called Shrewsbury. One early name for this mound was said to be the 'hill of the Alders' A Nazarene Church now stands near the site of Arthur's tomb.

9) Arthur's 'clan-symbol' was a Dragon.

## **SATANISM – OR LIVING ON THE EDGE**

Genuine Satanists are at the sharp end: they act. They strive for and implement their personal Destiny and they work for the fulfillment of sinister strategy. That is, by their lives, by their ways of living, they actively aid the creative forces of Darkness. Or, expressed another way, they do the work of the Prince of Darkness.

In contrast, the dabblers, the psueds, keep themselves secure in their imaginary and fantasy ‘Satanic’ worlds – with correspondence, meetings, conclaves, discussions; with performing and writing/reading about worthless Occult rites; with their babbling about their pseudo-mystical fantasies.

A Satanist will be living Satanically – and will therefore be dangerous, in the real world. They will do Satanic deeds rather than just talk or write about them. He or she will be, for instance, disrupting society in a practical way, or working to actively create a new, revolutionary society which is more Satanic. They might be real heretics – fighting against the State either politically or via armed warfare if that State (as most Western ones do ) upholds the Nazarene sickness of spirit (evident in modern political ideas like ‘liberalism’ and ‘humanism’ and ‘equality’: the triumph of the worthless at the expense of the noble). Or perhaps they will be aiding the collapse of such a State, and fostering a reaction, by morally undermining it, for example by dealing in drugs or pornography. Or maybe they will be teachers in influential positions, subverting others in secret towards Satanism or those transient forms Satanism often assumes to gain control and influence. Or they might be actively culling the worthless, the scum – by being a vigilante, or a zealous, honourable Police officer...

Whatever, they will have a direction, a purpose, an intent which goes beyond the edification of their own ego. They will be working to achieve something great by Virtue of which they can excel in their own lives and thus really live to the full. They will be developing and using their potential, their skills – and thus exulting in life, in overcoming challenges. They will be contributing toward their own

evolution and that of existence itself because they are harnessing in a practical way the darker forces.

This direction, purpose and intent is Satanic strategy, or Aeonics. A rational and thus conscious understanding of those forces which shape and change evolution and the forms assumed by sentient life from individuals to societies to civilizations and Aeons.

It is this sinister or Satanic strategy which makes genuine Satanism what it is, and it is knowledge and understanding of this strategy which marks the genuine Satanic Initiate from the imitation.

A Satanist not only acts in a certain way – achieving things in real life – but they know what they are doing; they possess perspective. An Initiated knowledge. This ‘knowledge’ is not primarily of the pseudo-mystical kind, to do with rituals or other Occult workings/techniques. Rather, it is primarily concerned with how and why certain things are as they are, and how those things can be altered or changed. In essence, it is about how cosmic forces interact With and change/evolve life – about the mechanisms by which Aeons, civilizations, societies and ultimately individuals grow, are or can be influenced and changed.

In the past few decades, many professedly Satanic organizations have arisen, and some have propounded various aspects of the genuine Satanic world-view. But almost without exception they have shown themselves to be lacking in real esoteric knowledge – i.e. Aeonics. Quite often, someone from one of these organizations will ‘sound-off’ and reveal their ignorance, particularly concerning the actions of real Satanists in the real world. For instance, it has become fashionable in these pseudo-Satanic circles to castigate individual Satanists, or a Satanic group, if that individual or group becomes involved in Politics – particularly if those Politics are on what is often termed the ‘extreme Right’. What the ignorant writers and/or speakers in question have not understood, is that such political action is chosen Satanically – to achieve things, both for the individual(s) concerned and for Satanism in general. That is, those who are so

involved are so because they are consciously and with ruthless determination aiding the sinister dialectic: i.e. Satanic strategy. They are living on the edge – causing and aiding change/disruption in real life.

The ignorance of the psuedo-Satanists is revealed in another area – ethics. There is not and cannot be any such thing as Satanic ethics. What there are, are means to achieve Satanic goals and the means are a matter for the individual Satanist striving to achieve those goals. That is, it is for each and every Satanist to decide, for themselves, what is or is not acceptable. This is so because Satanism, in essence, is individual – it is not nor can ever be, religious in any way. Those who believe Satanism is or should be religious, do not understand Satanism at all.

As I have written and said many times, Satanism is an individualized defiance and affirmation: one of the fundamental aims of Satanism is to produce or develop proud, strong, unique, individuals of character who possess ‘spirit’ or ‘élan’, and who possess insight and genuine esoteric knowledge. The aim is not to develop subservient, obedient, sycophants who cannot think for themselves. Satanism aims to develop the instinct and judgement of each person – and Satanists are critical, aware and capable of assessing things and situations for themselves. Or rather, they will be, after appropriate training/guidance. I make no apology for repeating yet again the statement that the religious attitude is anathema to Satanism: Satanism is a rebellion against the religious, dogmatic, instinct.

Satanism shuns obedience to a self-appointed authority; it despises the very idea of a religious ‘mandate’ and it does not idolize anything – not even the individual Satanists of distinction. Satanism is at the very edge, the frontier, of conscious understanding and knowledge and Satanists are the ones who try and often succeed in extending that frontier – in bringing more of the cosmos into conscious awareness and thus control. They dare, defy, are heretical, possess the courage to dream and make their dreams of Destiny real.

Because they know themselves, others and the esoteric workings of existence, they are in control, masters. They effect change. and they acquire all these things because they possess perspective, a perspective whose foundation is Aeonics.

What, then, is Aeonics? It is an esoteric understanding, and an understanding which in these times of overt and covert Nazarene domination is heretical. It is a knowledge of the processes by which Aeons arise, change and are replaced by another Aeon, and how the creative energies of a particular Aeon are made manifest via a civilization and thus the societies within that civilization and the individuals within those societies. It is also a knowledge of how all these various forms (or causal structures) can be changed – by esoteric or magickal means, and by more practical means.

On the purely individual level, Aeonics shows and describes how the psyche/ consciousness of the individual is influenced, both directly and unconsciously, and how that individual can be changed or controlled. One form of such change is esoteric development – i.e. the techniques and so on, magickal and otherwise, by which the individual can achieve Adeptship and beyond. One form of such control is via archetypal images.

In simple terms, an Aeon is an expression of evolutionary change. In esoteric terms, it expresses how the acausal intrudes upon, and thus changes, the causal. For convenience, the causal may be described, here, as the ‘everyday’ world (tt: world of linear time (past, present, future) and three spatial dimensions (height, breadth, width); the world wherein we live out our lives. The acausal may be described, again simply and for convenience here, as the creative energy that drives evolution – i.e. Satan.

A civilization – or more accurately, an Aeonic civilization – is how Aeonic energy, or the acausal, is ordered in the causal – i.e. an Aeonic civilization is how change is produced in the causal. Within each such civilization there are societies, and within each society, individuals. All civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms – they

are born, change and they die (in the causal, at least). These varying organisms are born, change and end in certain ways, and these processes can be studied and thus understood. This understanding gives the means of control.

Aeonic civilizations are regarded as being tied to, or part of, a particular Aeon, and each Aeon represents a change in our evolutionary development. Thus, each Aeonic civilization represents a significant step in that development: the invention, discovery of significant things, and the development of a greater understanding – of ourselves and the cosmos.

The first Aeon is called the Primal and is dated from around 9,000 to 7,000 BP [where ‘BP’ represents Before the Present: i.e. c. 1990 eh]. Each Aeon, for classification, has a name and is associated with a specific geographical area, a symbol and a ‘magickal working’ – or how the acausal energy was perceived/understood then. All Aeons, except the Primal one, are linked to a named civilization. Further, each Aeonic civilization possesses an ethos or sense of Destiny. Aeons and their associated civilizations are listed below.

of course, there are other civilizations – but Aeonic ones are the most significant ones because they produce significant evolutionary change by virtue of being a nexion, or nexus, for acausal energy – i.e. one may consider them, in magickal terms, as giving form directly via their structures and peoples, to acausal energy. Other civilizations are linked to or derive from, these Aeonic civilizations and while they may have in some way contributed to some evolutionary change (e.g. in terms of invention/discovery) that contribution is much less than for Aeonic civilizations.

| Aeon        | Magickal Working  | Aeonic Civilization | Aeonic Dates     |
|-------------|-------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Primal      | Shamanism         | --                  | 9,000 - 7,000 BP |
| Hyberborean | Henges            | Albion              | 7,000 - 5,500 BP |
| Sumerian    | Trance; Sacrifice | Sumerian/Egyptiac   | 5,000 - 3,500 BP |
| Hellenic    | Oracle; Dance     | Hellenic            | 3,000 - 1,500 BP |
| Western     | Ritual            | Western             | 1,000BP - 500 AP |

It should be obvious that the esoteric ‘symbol’ of the Western Aeon is ‘Satan’ – i.e. Nazarene religion/ethics/forms are a distortion of the Western Aeon. The exoteric expression of the Western civilization is Science & Technology: the desire to rationally discover and to exercise control over the environment via technology.

All Aeonic civilizations end in Empire, and this Empire or Imperium lasts for around 390 years. The ethos of an Aeonic civilization is mostly manifest to (non-Initiate) consciousness via archetypes and a Destiny. These archetypes and this Destiny are different for each Aeonic civilization. The Destiny is often enshrined in a literary/poetic/saga-like form, and this form, for nearly all such civilizations is of the ‘hero-motif’ type: the successful response of a hero or heroes to a challenge or series of challenges. For instance, the Hellenic form was Homer’s *Iliad* and Virgil’s *Aeneid*.

The present Western civilization is at the stage where it should be entering its Imperium (c. 1995-2385 eh). However, the natural archetypes of the Western civilization have been mostly transplanted by alien Nazarene ones – and its sense of Destiny almost lost due to Nazarene ethics and social forms.

As each Aeonic civilization enters its Imperium, the energies of the next Aeon are or can become manifest, via a nexion or ‘Gate’ (or ‘sacred site’) which channels acausal energy into causal forms. The next Aeonic civilization follows after three to four centuries – i.e. it takes that length of time for the Aeonic energies to effect large-scale changes in the acausal. Or rather, it has, until now.

This brief and simplified description of Aeonics allows sinister strategy to be understood. Aeonics describes what has and is occurring in those forces that do mould and have moulded individuals still in thrall – i.e. non-Initiates. The knowledge gains brings a genuine understanding, a perspective. It enables effective sinister magick – it enables the Satanist to act, in the real world, and produce

effective changes. To really live – to play at being god: i.e. to be like Satan.

It is a fact that most magickal acts are useless – they achieve nothing, except perhaps self-delusion. Some may achieve a few, external, results edifying to the ego. and they are useless because few really understand what they are doing. They evoke long dead ‘magickal’ forms from past Aeonic civilizations – or rather try to; they prat about with archetypal energies they do not understand. They confuse the forms and try to use some from one Aeon and some from another. Or they try and create their own. Or they are fundamentally so esoterically ignorant that they are infused with psuedo-mystical garbage and fanciful ‘aeons’ and extra-terrestrial beings and/or diabolic entities from obscure and worthless mythologies.

The Satanist, having access to the real esoteric tradition, can work effective magick, both personally and Aeonicly.

Personally, it means working with the energies/magickal forms of the present Aeon as those energies/forms are. It means eschewing the distortion which has so affected the Aeon and its civilization. One aspect of this distortion is the ‘Qabala’. Thus, any ‘Satanist’ who uses any of the forms or symbols or whatever of or deriving from this Qabala is aiding the distortion and thus in effect undermining Satanic energies/values. That most ‘Satanists’ cannot see this, just shows their lack of real esoteric understanding i.e. their lack of a genuine Satanic Initiation.

One magickal form of the genuine Western tradition, is the septenary. Another is the understanding as ‘Baphomet’ as one name of the dark goddess – the Bride, Lover of Satan. Yet another is the knowledge of the real origins of both the word and the form of ‘Satan’ – from the Hellenic, to which the Western Aeonic civilization was loosely affiliated in its origins and growth, and from which certain esoteric traditions survived. [The derivation of the word ‘Satan’ is from the Greek αἰτία meaning ‘accusation’. It became the Hebrew Satan, whence also (Sh)aitan.]

On the Aeonic level, the esoteric knowledge of Aeonics means the Satanist can judge what to do, and act both in the magickal and the practical sense.

Aeonic shows that there has been and is a distortion in the Western energies, and that, given no distortion, the Destiny of the Western civilization was Empire – i.e. the triumph of ‘Satanic’ values on a world-wide basis for the benefit of an elite within the Western civilization. Aeonic also shows that it is possible at this moment in time to create a nexion and thus draw forth the energies of the next Aeon – to effectively create the next Aeonic civilization.

Thus, effective courses of action are: (a) aiding the creation of an Imperium; (b) countering the distortion in order to introduce new forms/ energies; (c) opening a nexion and thus aiding/creating a new Aeon, consciously [Heretofore, most Aeons have not been created via magickal intent because the knowledge to do so was lacking].

All of the above mean changing evolution – societies and individuals – on a significant scale. (a) involves disrupting present societies magickally and practically and aiding Imperium-like forces; (b) involves countering the Nazarene forms and those allied to it, and creating new forms and presencing them via individuals/groups/society etc. All involve aiding Satanic forces e.g. spreading Satanic ideas esoterically and exoterically; aiming to become/guiding others to become Adepts of Satanic traditions. All involve action in the world.

There is much more to Aeonic, and esoteric tradition, than this. But sufficient has been described for the real essence of Satanic living to be understood.

A Satanist has a desire to excel – to effect changes; to be significant. They are not content to just live, to just survive. The perspective of Aeonic provides an intent, a purpose, by which they can achieve not only self-excellence but also change existence – fulfil or aid the sinister

dialectic. They can help to build an Imperium, where Satanic values can be realized and where combat, war, conquest and exploration can make strong and extend the frontiers, take evolution to its limits. They can ruthlessly undermine and destroy and so aid a change. They can work works of genuine sinister magick and so influence others, create new structures and archetypal forms, and kill and then dismember the corpse of the Nazarene, exultant, as they revel in their mastery. They can, in brief, fulfil a real Destiny.

Meanwhile, the psuedo-Satanists can continue playing their pathetic games and fawning on one another, achieving nothing in the long-term and probably nothing in the short-term either. They can continue imbibing the drug of delusion, and so waste their life.

Everyone has a choice – only the gifted choose wisely.

ONA 1991eh

PO Box 235-  
Shrewsbury  
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4th November 1983 yf

Dear Mr Bolton.

Thank you for the copy of the letter to the Finnish 'Setian' which was most interesting.

Enclosed herewith some further material and MSS for Review and publication, should you be interested in publishing the MSS. The two sets of essays - "NS Essays" and "Physis - Essays in Praise of NS" are now available from Rigel Press at the address above, and not from the Thornyrd address. They are £1 (or US\$5 cash including Air Mail) each.

In your letter, you made mention of 'generational Satanists' and their contempt for Setians because of the Setian philosophy being 'divorced from Nature'. 'Traditional Satanists' feel the same way - the Temple of Set, like the Church of Satan, seems to be a collection of urbanized individuals who enjoy playing the intellectual (or rather, pseudo-intellectual) game of Setianism. For the most part, they have lost contact with the primal both within themselves and in Nature - they need the comforts and safety of urbanized society, although some of them may occasionally play "survival" games after which they return to the comforts of their home, their family, their friends, their 'Satanic' circles and pylons. They are rather like the individuals Adolf Hitler encountered in the early years of the NSDAP who dressed up in ancient Germanic costumes but who did not have the guts to face or fight real enemies, on the streets. (There is a lovely quote in 'Mein Kampf' about this, which you might be familiar with.)

Basically, such people are soft - inside, where it matters. As one of the enclosed MSS explains; "Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS)." In traditional Satanism, the novice has to undergo real ordeals which test their strength of character - overcome difficult physical challenges. They are expected to live Satanically in the real-world (by, for example, fighting for an "extreme Right-Wing" organization or being a vigilante), as they must, if they wish to become Adepts, spend at least three months surviving in the wild, completely alone and without any of the comforts of urbanized living. The ordeals, the living Satanically, enable them to experience the primal within themselves; while the living in the wild of course forces them to experience primal Nature, and what is really hidden in themselves. From all these comes a learning, and a real Satanic character. Or, as I have written many times, failure.

The ONA makes no concessions. The novice either undertakes the tasks, the ordeals, and methods, and succeeds; or they do not, and cannot be considered a traditional Satanist: they are failures. They have not been selected and therefore cannot be (traditional) Satanic Adepts.

In my own life, I have done all what is expected of a novice, and much more. I struggled to and beyond Adeptship, and I know there is no easy way for real achievement. For essentially, the essence of Satanism lies in the striving, the achievement, and then a moving-on to new challenges and achievements with a genuine esoteric understanding which enables perspective: i.e. the implementation of the sinister dialectic. Satanism has other facets, of course - the ceremonial, the 'esoteric knowledge of magick', the philosophy and so on. But these are really incidentals - they are not the essence.

What organizations like the Temple of Set have done, is to take some of these incidentals (and/or distorted versions of them) and set these up as 'Satanism'; and they have been believed! They have duped others. They have attempted to re-make Satanism in their own image - and the result is a spineless affected pseudo or the cowardly ill-disciplined self-professed

"magickian".

For a number of reasons, it has been necessary to increasingly attack the pseudo-Satanic organizations and to explain in greater detail the secret teachings of traditional Satanism (e.g. relating to culling). One reason, is the appalling level of reasoning and genuine understanding shown within 'the Occult' - a lamentable comment on the ability of people to delude themselves. Another reason, is that it is clear the distortion which so affects the Faustian civilization, has affected the Left Hand Path in general and Satanism in particular. In practical and magickal terms, the Church of Satan was an infiltration of Satanism by the distortion - i.e. by the spirit of the Nazarene and those forms derived from the Nazarene (in terms of ethics, politics and so on). The Temple of Set has simply continued this distortion - affecting a few minor changes in structure and attitude, and that is all. Of course, not very many will understand what I have just written regarding the distortion, and even fewer will comprehend the Church of Satan as belonging to the same world as the Nazarene.

On one level it is an attitude to existence. The Church of Satan took some of the trappings of Satanism - which, in its genuine form, is a contradiction 'par excellence' of the distortion expressed by the Nazarene - but it gave them a spirit which was entirely alien to genuine Satanism. It took, for instance, the carnal philosophy and the morality of the strong, as well as some of the magickal symbols/forms of the Left Hand Path. But a real Satanic intent was never within those forms; there was no real Satanic knowledge, no esoteric knowledge or perspective. All the forms did was encourage a self-stupefaction, a glorification of a puny ego, and a living-in a pseudo-magickal fantasy world with 'Satanic' rituals and conclaves and 'grottoes'. In short, all the Church of Satan and its version of 'Satanism' did was encourage personal weakness, fetishes, and a purblind hedonistic individualism - as well as a religious mentality; an obedience to the 'Church' and a fawning upon its 'leader'. In brief, it did not liberate, it did not make strong - it did not encourage the creation of a new race who acted Satanically in the real world and so profoundly changed it. The Church of Satan was part of the distortion, not a cure for it.

The Temple of Set continued what the Church had started. They took or tried to take their version of Satanism into intellectual realms - and, like the Church, they had no understanding whatsoever of genuine esoteric sinister tradition. For they mixed up aeonic images and magickal forms, and used aspects of the distorted qabalistic tradition - in short, they made their 'magick' ineffective and worthless both from the personal and the Aeonic point of view. It is charitable to believe that the founders of these organizations, as well as those who enabled their survival, were just plain charlatans, fiddling or tinkering about with magick without really understanding it. They used the images and forms of Satan, Set, Baal, they delved around in mythology and found others, and created lots of fantasy images - mixed them all up; intellectually found justifications for their approach. They strung together bits of qabalistic magic with bits of Crowley; added a touch of demonism (of the Nazarene/Babylonian or whatever sort); specialized in self-created workings of the dream-image kind. The result? Something so absurd it would be laughable were it not so detrimental to real Satanic change and thus Satanic strategy.

Are you and I and a few others the only ones who understand? Who know that real sinister (or Satanic) magick involves using Aeonic energies to create change and so alter evolution? That one cannot intermingle Aeonic forms - from one Aeon and another one or two - if one hopes to affect Aeonic change? That Aeonic energies are presented via a civilization whose ethos and archetypal and other forms hold the majority in thrall - controls them unless and until they become free via the synthesis and transmutation which is genuine Adeptship? (That is, until they have objectified those energies internally, and thus can master/control them.) That this present Aeon and thus civilization has suffered a profound change/distortion which is essentially de-evolutionary and whose most obvious form is the Nazarene sickness?

Satanism means this liberation from external and internal forms, assumed by Aeonic energies, and the ability to control those energies for an ulterior purpose. It means a rational knowledge of what really is, in both magical and practical terms; a real insight into one's self and the cosmos.

No condemnation is too strong for organizations like the Temple of Set which foster the "status quo" of ignorance regarding genuine magick. Which have tried to appropriate the one thing which can really liberate and which can change the patterns of evolution - i.e. Satanism.

The ignorance of such organizations and the people within them is displayed all the time. For instance, they do not understand the use of politics, by Satanists, as a means to achieve evolutionary change - as part of a dialectic. All they do is condemn those who do act from a 'moral' point of view - or from an 'intellectual' one which sees their version of 'Satanism' as being "beyond politics"! Neither do they have the slightest understanding of those who provoke change and de-stabilization by appearing to do 'immoral' things, such as drug-dealing. Once again, they reveal themselves for the non-Initiates they are. I have to continually repeat that the only guiding factor for the actions of a Satanist, in real life, is the sinister dialectic - that is, will the action benefit the Satanist (in terms of their esoteric development) and will it aid genuine evolutionary change: the achievement of Satanic qualities; the fulfilment of the goal of Satanism in the long term.

Neither I nor the ONA shies away from difficult practical issues of a Satanic nature. Consider the Satanic drug-dealer. He or she is playing a part (admittedly a small one - but such individuals have to start their Satanic careers somewhere! They have to do 'on-the-job training'!) - they are aware, because they are genuine Satanists, of what they are doing: i.e. they have a knowledge of sinister strategy. They are aiding the collapse of a worthless society, and may also be aiding the weak ones (the addicts) to cull themselves. They are also engendering a 'moral' response in others - e.g. in the Establishment. Some of those in this Establishment (e.g. Police Officers) gain real understanding by exposure to the drugs, the worthless: i.e. they develop a good instinct, from practical experience, and so see the druggies as drugs. Thus, they are ripe for conversion to a radical resurgence of noble values, politically expressed - for the sake of illustration, let us say here a radical organization of the extreme Right. They have seen the liberal/Nazarene society, and it does not work - it produces drugs; encourages vermin. And so on. Naturally, this is a simplified analysis, but at least the Satanic intent of the original act - the drug-dealing - can be seen.

Of course, the Satanists are few, and secret. But that does not mean they are 'powerless'! They seek to be the real motivators of change - both of themselves, and others, in terms of society, the civilization, and the Aeon itself. Hence, they really are diabolical, and sinister. And of course dangerous.

The above is only one example - not all Satanists undertake such actions as dealing in drugs. Some may involve themselves in aiding/creating the political form. Some may indeed be the Police Officer. Or the Judge. Whatever, they all know what they are doing, in Aeonic terms; they are all striving to change existence, and thus themselves, by actions in the real world. They are all enjoying playing at gods and goddesses.

Naturally, only some understand in all its complexity and effects, the goal - and can plan accordingly. And can motivate, urge others, to action. These are the real Masters and Mistresses: the really diabolical and evil ones. Those who have a genuine over-view of centuries and more, of millennia.

A Satanic Adept, for instance, might intuitively understand the supra-Aeonic goal. But their rational understanding will be limited - to a century, perhaps. They will see the present goal of Satanic strategy as an Imperium and, after that, a new Aeon and a new civilization. The novice will perhaps only understand the Imperium, rationally - that is, in terms of its effects and their own Destiny. But, hopefully, their understanding will increase as they progress, as, hopefully, the number of novices and then Adepts and then Masters/Mistresses will increase with the implementation of sinister strategy.

The Temple of Set, and the other psuedo-Satanic organizations and individuals, lack both the primal awareness (of Nature and what is within each individual) inherent in real Satanism, and the esoteric knowledge or over-view afforded by Aeonics. It is to be expected that they and these others will continue with their campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. Quite possibly, they might descend to the personal level (if they have not done so already), and reveal their ignoble spirit. By revealing the dark secrets of traditional Satanism in a way that is not open to mis-interpretation - by expressing the true nature of Satanism (e.g. in culling; Aeonics action) - we have made it difficult for them to 'defend their corner' without trying to undermine our credibility, and it will be interesting to see whether they will reduce themselves to ethical tautologies. Whatever, with all esoteric tradition and practices revealed, everyone now has the opportunity to consider the matter for themselves - assess the differing versions of Satanism 'on offer'. Which really is as it should be.

On the personal level, your own sagacity and insights merits recognition, and your work likewise. What a global conspiracy we must seem to some of our more paranoid enemies!

With best wishes,

*Stephen Brown*

Box 38-262  
Petone  
Wellington  
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20 Oct 1992

Dear Markku

Thanks for your letter of 12 Oct., and for the two articles which I'll be pleased to publish.

When you said that you were going to publish a Social Darwinist magazine I thought it very encouraging and relevant - obviously you've changed your mind.

You say that primordial law is inappropriate in Satanism, that it's the opposite to the concept of Satanism as non-natural and a rebellion against the natural order, more akin to christianity. Yet all of christian history and of the TYPE of people who are attracted to christianity should tell us that such religions are outside of nature - anti-nature because of a dis-ease certain TYPES feel with themselves, shut off from the 'Tree of Life' to put it in allegorical terms.

'Setianism' is of course of recent origin - the result of a feud between Aquino and LaVey. Satanism goes back a bit before Satanism and even before the Church of Satan, and even before ancient Egypt - it's a reflection of man's understanding of the workings of the cosmos.

Nature is NOT a 'onefold' static system. The flux, the dynamic evolution are a reflection of it - as Darwin saw, for example. Evolution, genetics, selection, etc. are operative WITHIN nature - basic school science. Nature consists of polarities clashing and interacting - dialectics - responsible for change. This change in the cosmos is pushed by what physicists call entropy - what Satanists call Satan - in the Orient 'batu' (The All) and 'Tan' (the energizing principle or Dark Force behind it). I think I tried to explain this in a prior letter (?). The ancients recognized this, the Tantrics saying 'Shakti without Shakti is a corpse' i.e. Shiva the cosmos - Shakti the energizing element - 'Satan', 'entropy' the 'dark force in nature' or whatever one wants to call it.

The Norse saw it as a clash of Ice and Fire - again polarities working within nature. Ragnarok - the forces of nature overturning the status quo, causing change, evolution, WITHIN nature. Satan is the rebellious ASPECT OF NATURE.

This is what the ancients have taught for milleniums - here's where Satanism comes from - not from the founding of TS or CS a few decades ago.

This is what is still taught by generational Satanists (the real ones, I mean, not the imaginary ones of the christians and neurotic women who claim to have suffered cultic child abuse). Such real generational Satanists have a general contempt for what they call 'Converts' (much like the Jews' contempt for the 'goyim'), but they have a very special contempt for Setians because they see Setianism as having to enover their symbols etc., and presented Satanism or the LML in a totally opposite manner - akin to christianity - divorced from nature.

No, nature does not have 'one law' - it is in a state of flux, dynamic, because of entropy, of what we call the Satanic principle acting on it. I recognized this long ago and wrote of it in my own publications with some emphasis. Science, so long as it is not chained to a political or religious dogma like marxism for example, does not have one law - it seeks to unravel the manifold laws of nature. Christianity has next law - obey its dogma; so does Setianism which describes itself as an "ethical religion", as the ONLY genuine Satanic religion because of an Infernal Mandate, religious dogma at its worst. So it proscribes certain people and organizations, just as Stephen Brown of the ONA so accurately described it.

So when I was given an ultimatum by Austen to quite associating with ONA and halder my reaction was automatic - these are reflective of the genuine Satanic tradition, and what's more they are doing something in the HML world. What do we have in the TS - a bunch of letter-writing, rituals, records of ~~her~~ dreams, etc. which apart from the imagery, is hard to distinguish from any New Age outfit. What do we have in the 'scroll' - more dreams, mystical blabber, nothing real, an escapism.

ONA told it like it really is - intuitive, considering they must have been limited by the amount of TS material they've read. But they recognized the attitude, and we should be able to recognize how correct ONA is in its analysis of TS because we've had access to the material. The ONA offers a rational critique of TS, and how does

## NOTES ON STUDY AND PRACTICE IN MODERN SATANISM

In traditional Satanism, the novice is expected to not only study the tenets and traditions of Satanism, but also put these into practice in real life. Thus, a recent Satanic Initiate – whether working alone or as a member of an established Order/Temple – would study the following works, and then strive to apply the principles contained in them in the way described.

The works are: *The Black Book of Satan*; *Naos*; *Hostia* vols. I, II, III; *Hysteron Proteron*.<sup>13</sup>

‘*Naos*’ would be used as a guide to practical hermetic workings, both external and internal. The *Black Book* would be used as a guide to forming and running a Satanic Temple to perform ceremonial magick. *Hostia* and *Hysteron Proteron* would provide an insight into Satanic traditions and beliefs. In addition, the images of the Sinister Tarot would be employed (e.g. in some of the workings given in *Naos*) and the *Deofel Quartet* might be read to provide additional understanding, together with *The Black Book* II and III.

Satanic practice in the real world would arise from (a) forming and running a Satanic Temple; and (b) undertaking Insight Roles and other Satanic tasks. Aside from a specific Insight Role, which the novice would choose, they would undertake the various physical challenges required [qv. the MS ‘Adeptship – its Real Meaning and Significance’, for example] and strive to increase their experience by living Satanically in a way which aided the sinister dialectic. What these experiences were, they would decide after having studied the works mentioned and after having undertaken the tasks, ordeals and so on, up to External Adept [qv. *Naos*, and the various MSS Guides to the Seven-Fold Way] e.g. having run a Temple for some months, and achieved the physical goals.

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<sup>13</sup> Editor’s note: these manuscripts are included in the ONA authorized volumes *The Sinister Way* and *The Sinister Tradition*.

One of the tasks might be to plan and undertake a culling. Another might be to aid Heretical forms by, for example, becoming involved with an extremist group which seeks the destruction of ‘the System’ and whose principles and aims are in accord with the Satanic ethos and whose actions aid the sinister dialectic. [Obviously, both of these could be combined.] Another might be to undermine present structures by fostering their decline – e.g. dealing in drugs. Another might be removing in a practical manner on a regular basis, the scum and the worthless – e.g. by vigilante action [this is culling performed on a regular basis rather than a ‘one-off’ event].

What matters about these tasks is that the novice chooses them to gain practical experience of Satanism in action and thus increase their understanding and so aid their esoteric development. Naturally, to qualify as Satanic actions, they must aid the sinister dialectic – be steps toward realizing the strategic goal of Satanism. Here, an understanding of Aeonics is crucial, as is a genuine insight into traditional Satanism: as explicated, for example, in *Hostia* I, II, III and as explained to prospective novices in the booklet ‘Satanism – a Basic Introduction for Prospective Adherents’.

The choice of practical action is the novice’s: they must use their understanding to select Satanic tasks. Occasionally, they might be given advice, from a more experienced Satanist, but the final choices are and must be theirs. What matters is to choose and act. The acts are learning experiences, ordeals, and thus it does not matter if because of, say, a certain lack of understanding, a novice chooses, or seems to choose, wrongly. They will either learn from this, or not. If not, they have basically failed – shown themselves not to be suitable. Whatever, their actions will have presented the sinister in some way or ways.

Following these tasks – which should last for a few years – the novice then moves on to the next stage of their esoteric development, that of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. This is a rite of synthesis, and thus the emergence of the Adept.

## **THE PRACTICAL ESOTERIC AIMS OF SATANISM: 90-130 YF**

The practical aims arise from Satanic strategy which has its foundation in Aeonics [qv. the various Aeonics and Cliology MSS – some of the most important are listed at the end of this MSS]. These aims are essentially r tactics to achieve the long-term strategic goal. This goal is the creation of a new species – and this means (a) a new Aeon; (b) a new aeonic civilization. For this to be achieved, present structures, forms, ideas and so on, have to be changed.

Aeonics shows that the present Aeonic civilization, the Western, has been distorted in its ethos and its structures. One of the most potent forms of the distortion has been the Nazarene religion. The distortion has been carried on, and effectively controlled, by ‘Magian’ forces – there has arisen various other forms to implement the distortion and effectively undermine the Destiny of the West – that is, the emergence of Imperium. These forms include communism/Marxism/socialism and the idea of ‘liberal-democracy’: they are all opposed to a racially aware Europe and the idea of Aryan/White superiority. This Aryan superiority would have formed the basis of Imperium without it, Imperium is not possible.

In essence, the ethos of the West has been changed from a Faustian/Promethean pagan one, which exulted in conquest and exploration, to a neurotic materialism and a ‘multi-racial’ pacifist degeneracy. There has been a ‘silent revolution’ in all Western societies and they all now conform to unhealthy Nazarene induced forms – the power structures of these societies now actively seek to eradicate all heretical pro-Promethean ideas/groups/individuals, and use the full force of the ‘Law’, as well as covert tactics, against those who hold ‘out against the relentless onslaught to enslave the peoples of the West to what are essentially ‘Magian’ created ideas.

Thus the campaigns, in schools and throughout society, against ‘racism’. To implement this Magian revolution, a myth was created –

'the Holocaust'. In most societies of the West, this myth is a sacred dogma – disbelief being punishable by imprisonment.

Because of all this, an Imperium is increasingly unlikely. The real – i.e. esoteric – aim of the Magian is a 'Messianic Kingdom' ruled over by this 'Magian' elite. This would be de-evolutionary, in the Aeonic sense, and effectively wipe out the gains of all hitherto existing Aeonic civilizations. Essentially, the rule of 'Dogma' would hold sway, with terror to support this. This terror is already evident concerning the Holocaust and Aryan racism. The reasoned enlightenment, so evident in the Hellenic and Western ethos, would be displaced by a real despotism – a mentality akin to that imposed upon the West by the medieval 'Witch-finders' and their dogmatic Nazarene zeal. The Magian is a synonym for the Zionists.

This brief overview of the current state of aeonic affairs enable the practical aims, to be achieved/striven toward, to be understood in context. Esoterically, traditional Satanism/the septenary, and thus its magick, is an expression of the Faustian ethos and thus the Western Aeon. The other forms of 'Western' magic(k) existing at this time – including the 'Satanism' of groups like the Temple of Set – are expressions of the Magian ethos (as is evident, for example, in their use of Hebrew forms and the 'Qabalah'). Thus the actual 'magick' of these other groups/individuals is aiding the distortion. In practical terms, any magickal act, which does not use traditional Satanist/genuine Western forms (such as the septenary) is an action against the reasoned enlightenment that the Western Aeon represents.

On the practical level, it is considered necessary, in order to achieve strategic goals, to support the creation of a Western Imperium – that is, to support those forces trying to undermine in a practical way the current Nazarene/Magian status quo. This means upholding heretical views such as racial inequality, and denying 'the Holocaust' – as well as aiding/supporting National-Socialist/'racist' causes. The tactical aim here is the creation of a pro-Aryan, National-Socialist type State which has a noble, conquering spirit or ethos, and thus which re-

presents Satanic values in action in the real world. An alternative aim is the emergence of a 'religious' form for this same noble, conquering ethos.

In addition, whatever means are necessary to undermine and thus destroy the present status quo must be used. This means disrupting societies supporting armed insurrection, spreading heretical ideas, aiding those groups/ forms which weaken societies from within (in the moral sense – e.g. drug dealing) and thus engendering a healthy, noble resurgence. A primary aim is to cause chaos, on the streets, economically, and socially – to thus provide opportunities for a revolutionary pro-Aryan group to take or seize power. A magickal and practical aim is to destroy the power structure of America for that country effectively is acting to maintain a global control in accord with Magian dictates and thus impose the Magian world-view. The real power of the Magian heart-land resides in America and in the control exercised in the minds of Europeans by the idea of 'multi-racialism' and the myth of the holocaust. If the present power structure of America was destroyed, the practical power-base, both financial and military, of the Magian heart-land (i.e. Israel) would collapse – what has prevented the destruction of this heart-land by the Arabs is the military superiority given to it by America. No country has ever been able or is able to supply superior weapons to any Arab state not under American control – not the former Soviet Union, not China. America has — secretly threatened any country which seems about to do so – and threatened both economically and militarily. Any country which poses a real threat to Magian lands has been dealt with – e.g. Iraq.

With the fall of this heart-land, the Messianic dream of the Magian would be unrealizable.

The next Aeon will be determined by the success or failure of these tactics. That is, for the next Aeon to emerge, and thus for the next Aeon civilization to arise in around five centuries time, it is necessary to destroy the distortion affecting the present Aeon. Failure

to do this will mean the emergence of that civilization will be much delayed – by up to at least a thousand years.

Further, the success of the tactics, and the emergence of an Imperium, means the spread of the present civilization beyond the confines of the Earth – out into Space. This is possible now, and only now, due to the inventiveness of the creative minority within the civilization and the technology to implement that in a practical way. A defeat would mean a hiatus, and thus a starting from the beginnings – effectively, the achievements of this Aeon would be wiped out.

Traditional Satanism is fundamentally pan-Aeonic: ie. concerned with the patterns and processes which are perceived, in the causal, as Aeons and Aeonic civilizations. However, to effect changes in the causal, actions of individuals and groups (and this includes magickal acts) must work with things as those things are – as they are presented in causal time at particular causal times. The reality of aeonic energies is that they assume causal form in aeonic civilizations, and that at anyone millennia, only one civilization is aeonically significant. Therefore, aeonic magick is a working with the aeonic energies presented in the particular civilization at the time of that magickal act(s) – or a working against those energies. Anything else is not Aeonic magick – i.e. is not effective on the aeonic level: it is purely personal, external, magick.

The present Aeon is the Western – and this Aeon dates from c.500 eh to c.2000eh – in terms of the energies being predominant. The aeonic civilization follows some centuries later: for the West, arising c. 900 eh and ending c. 2400eh. The energies of the next Aeon follow or arise some centuries after the last Aeonic ones: in practice this means at the end of the civilization of the last Aeon; when the Imperium is collapsing. Thus, the new Aeonic manifestations will arise c.2400eh.

In the past, Aeons arose as part of the unconscious process of dialectical change. However, we are now at the stage of evolutionary

understanding when we can alter the process itself because of that conscious understanding which Aeor.ics, cliology and so on, gives us. That is, we can significantly alter the process of aeonic evolution and thus the civilization which gives form and reality to aeonic energies. The time for such change is when the energies of one aeon are waning, and the energies of the next aeon have not arisen in any significant way.

Left to themselves the aeonic energies would have produced a Western Imperium which would have lasted from c. 1990eh-c.2450eh. A new aeonic civilization would then have arisen c.3000eh, and lasted for c. a thousand and more years.

The reality of aeonic magick means that one must work either with the energies of the Western energies – and thus aid/create an Imperium – or that one works against those energies. At this moment in causal time, no other energies of aeonic type are prevalent on Earth, and no other cultures/civilizations are significant in evolutionary terms. [This statement of reality will not please many.]

Thus, the only practical options for significant magickal work are the ones given above: aiding Imperium (and thus countering the distortion) or working against the creation of Imperium (and thus aiding the distortion). The former option is continuing the evolutionary trend – i.e. presencing the sinister; creating a dynamic imperative and thus aiding exploration/conquest/discovery. The latter option is de-evolutionary- i.e. it aids those forces which by their nature are restrictive in both the short and the long term. The former is a moving-on; the latter, a dogmatic standstill and then a recession. of course, the majority of non-Initiates see things differently – they view the distortion as ‘progressive’ and those arranged against it (e.g. NS type forces) as regressive/reactionary/primitive and so on. Such people have not only failed to perceive the essence of things veiled by their outer transient forms, but also have abandoned rational thought and judgement for abstract idealism arising from sentiment. The majority of such people who view the situation in this sentimental idealistic way, are simply victims of the distortion itself products of

the unhealthy societies which esteem verbiage and clever pseudo-intellectuals concepts above judgement based on experience and real insight.

Initiation implies a development of real insight and judgement – and a learning of genuine esoteric knowledge. The esoteric knowledge of Satanism, hitherto secret by nature because it was and is heresy, is essentially a knowledge of Aeonics – of those factors governing evolution/change from aeons to individuals. One insight of a Satanic Initiate is into the forms and structures assumed by aeonic energies in the causal.

This insight means that a genuine Initiate understands a transient form such as ‘National-Socialism’ as a practical expression of some of the principles of Satanism and as, in the long-term, contributing to evolutionary change via its inherent dynamism and acceptance of the forces of Nature. Such an Initiate understands that, at this moment in aeonic history, such a form is necessary: ie. this form (or something very similar) and only this form presences the sinister in the way that sinister must be presented to achieve the strategic goal of Satanism over centuries.

The current practical concerns of traditional Satanism lie thus with the Western civilization – with aiding those forms which can or do presence the sinister, or which will change societies to the benefit of the sinister. The tactics are geared to this. Thus, an encouragement of Islam in certain Arab states may be a tactic used – because Islam acts to discourage the ‘American’ materialism which would otherwise flourish, and thus offsets ‘American’ (read covert Zionist) influence. This in itself poses problems for America and thus the Magian.

However, the aeonic or essential reality, is that Islam is a transient form which like all religions enshrines the dogmatic, anti-evolutionary ethos, and while in the very long-term the goal is enlightenment or Adept-like liberation and thus understanding for everyone, the practical reality means that a working with this particular transient form is tactically right, in order to achieve the goals connected with

the present Western civilization and thus the establishment of a new Aeon.

The reality is that there are no easy, idealistic options. A genuine insight and understanding of aeonic matters means certain judgements have to be made: certain tactics have to be employed in order to achieve anything. Satanism is concerned with real, meaningful changes in the real world: it is not concerned with mystical or pseudo-mystical world-views and impractical idealisms. In a fundamental sense, Satanism is pragmatic – aeonically.

The present reality is as stated above – no amount of ‘wishful thinking’ or idealism or sentiment will change this. One either aids aeonic change and thus contributes toward evolutionary change, or one does not.

On the magickal level, as well as aiding the forces of Imperium and countering the distortion, acausal energies can be presented to begin the process that is the next Aeon. That is, a nexion can be created, consciously, and the acausal energies consciously directed into temporal forms, some of which will be ‘magickal’. This is in addition to aiding the present aeonic forms. In effect, these new acausal energies will create the next Aeon and thus its associated aeonic civilization.

This creation is the ‘esoteric’ Satanic goal of Satanic Adepts – the ‘exoteric’ goal can be considered to be aiding Imperium and thus fulfilling the wyrd of the West (and hence countering the distortion). In reality – i.e. viewed from beyond the opposites inherent in causal forms – the esoteric and exoteric goals are essentially the same: or rather, different expressions of the same things, that is, sinister or acausal energy presencing in the causal and thus creating evolutionary change. However, this ‘differentiation’ into esoteric and exoteric goals is useful since it enables the tactics to be understood. Viewed another way, the exoteric goal is the short-term esoteric strategy, and the esoteric goal is the long-term esoteric strategy.

*Ita lex scripta.*

## THE SONG OF A SATANIST

In an important sense, most of my life represents genuine Satanism In action – a going to extremes. a learning from the experiences of those extremes, and a doing of dark, dangerous and sometimes ‘illegal’ deeds.

This life stands in stark contrast to those of the psuedo-Satanists, some of whom have acquired a notoriety and a ‘fame’. I have – as a Satanist should be intoxicated by the essence of life itself – by that which inspires, which causes the creativity, self-absorption and genius of all great artists be they musicians, writers, warriors, explorers or whatever. I have dared to dream and to defy – and have dared to try and make my dreams and inspiration a reality. I have used my life for Some purpose – striven toward goals with a passion that overcomes all obstacles. I have known great love – physical, intellectual, and of the soul, the essence of existence. I have also known the opposite – the sadness that awaits all who venture into the dark starkness of the Abyss within and without. and thus the synthesis of these and other things which is the apprehension of wisdom.

This living has been an ecstatic affirmation of existence – a self-surmounting. The goals striven for were for the most part irrelevant: what was important was the striving for something with a passion. For in such striving, in the action in the world so entailed, in the striving, there was an intensity, which captures the immortal and which re-presents the spirit of Satanism: that heroic defiance which is the essence of all conscious evolution and thus civilization itself.

Such exultation is dangerous. By its nature it is individual. It is anathema to those forms and structures which suck vitality and which by their very existence, level individuals down and break or try to break their spirit. It is Heresy. It is testing – some become possessed; some perish; some are broken in spirit and descend to the mediocrity of the majority some are caught In the snares left by those who adhere to those things which suck vitality (such as religion and ‘law’ and ethics). But some few survive and prosper and thus inspire

others to venture out where no one has dared to go before. and of those few who survive. there are some who can express In words or other mediums (like music) what they have felt. and experienced and learnt – in a way which is easily understood. These few are the really dangerous ones ...

It amuses me – and has amused me – when I come into contact with modern, self-professed ‘Satanists’, be such people a part of some ‘Temple’ or ‘Church’ or ‘cult’, or be they working on their own. With a few notable exceptions, these people are ridiculous – for them, Satanism is an intellectual philosophy. a collection of rituals, and/or an anarchic attitude. For them, it is an object or study, and involves meetings, discussions. For them, it is communal, and involves ‘ethics’ and/or a religious approach and attitude. For them, it is a glorification of their ego and a wallowing in the pleasures and wealth this existence can offer: an excuse for self-indulgence and lack of self-discipline.

In reality, Satanism is an attitude to living – and an attitude foreign to these mostly urbanized people who profess to be Satanists. Satanism means living one’s life in a certain way – achieving things, in the real world by one’s own efforts and because one is exulting in existence itself consciously. That is, one’s life is intentional – a striving toward a higher existence by practical deeds, by overcoming challenges which take evolution to new realms. A Satanist strives to change themselves – and then the world itself. They desire glory, fame – to be significant. They are not content, and even when a goal is achieved, there is the need to find and strive toward another goal, another way of living. There are always new experiences awaiting – new levels of achievement.

A genuine Satanist needs action – they need challenges, because they possess within themselves the ‘fire of Satan’, that vitality which is the quintessence of living. This vitality shows in their eyes, their character – it is evident in their deeds.

Fundamentally, one becomes a Satanist by acting like one – by doing Satanic deeds. A Satanist of some experience would say one and more of these things:

‘I have experienced combat; I have killed, watched comrades die. I have loved – and hated. I have discovered something for the first time. I have been alone for months, bereft of most things, and thus come to know myself. I have faced my own eminent death, not once, but many times. I have achieved things with my body I thought not possible. I have exulted in overcoming physical, intellectual and psychic challenges. I know the passion that motivated Beethoven, van Gogh, Nietzsche, and I know the feelings and greatness of Caesar, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great ... I have heard the music of the galaxy and the stars and planets within it. I have been in a prison cell and known the meaning of freedom. I have culled human dross. I have done criminal deeds – to learn and defy.’

of course, these things are only examples – there are many more. What is important --is that they express real experiences of a dangerous or learning kind: they breed character; they test. They are selective. They are the type of deeds done by individuals with spirit – the type of understanding such an individual possesses. If only intuitively at first.

A Satanist will live life on the edge – will take up a profession which allows him or her to excel in deeds of action or creativity or exploration, or all of these. They will become experts in their chosen fields – and these fields by their nature will require persons of character and inner strength who prefer to work alone. Fields like assassination; Special Forces; Political manipulation... and then, having achieved, they will move on – to new ways and deeds. Or perchance they will die, defiant to the end.

Whatever, their quality of living will far surpass that of the weak majority. Their experience of both the dark and the light will be deeper, more extensive, and thus will they possess a greater insight, a greater understanding, a real depth of character. In contrast, the self-

professed ‘Satanists’ will be shallow – all talk, with little or no real experience of living on the edge. They shy away from real self-effort, from real self-overcoming, and build fantasy worlds in which they find comfort. They need the company of others, as they need their ego to be massaged by what they regard as their ‘Satanic peers’. They talk an awful lot with others about Satanism, and probably, having learnt a lot of ‘theory’ from books and various organizations, write their own ‘Satanic’ rituals which they perform with the glee of the necrophiliac.

Some of these denizens of psuedo-Satanic organizations and cults will indulge in anarchic behavior to impress themselves and others. But by so d0ing they reveal a lack of character – for a genuine Satanist possesses nobility and a self-discipline that others seldom understand.

Imitation Satanists make excuses – and devise theories to explain their lack of Satanic deeds in the real world. They have seldom if ever changed themselves to something greater than what they were at Initiation, and they most certainly have not changed the world in any way, significant or insignificant. They have achieved no glory – discovered nothing new; not extended the frontiers of understanding by even one micron. Instead, they wallow in obscure doctrines ... and consume the drug of self-delusion. To be brief, they have not composed a Satanic song which illustrates their life. They labour, but in vain – *poeta nascitur, non fit*.

Most Satanists cannot publish an autobiography, or even have a biography which relates their life in detail while they still live, for the simple reason that it would probably render them liable to prosecution by those asinine guardians of even more stupid system of ‘Law’.<sup>14</sup> If this threat does not exist, then their life has not been Satanic enough. and, moreover, that life is never completed until causal death – something written at a certain age, should be out of

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<sup>14</sup> Plus the fact that most wish to continue their sinister esoteric work in secret, to aid the sinister dialectic.

date within a few years. If it was not, then again the full Satanic promise of one's existence has not been fulfilled. The time for the publication of such writings is after the causal death of its subject – although an expurgated version may serve a purpose, for some replete with experiences who wish to express the essence and inspire others to follow and then surpass them.

In my own case, I have written a brief recollection of some of the experiences of my Satanic life, for posthumous publication. But even in that MS, there were many things not recalled, perchance the MS falls into the wrong hands before the right time. Such a recalling – of dark and occasional ecstatic deeds, most of them 'illegal' and all of them 'heretical' in this purblind society – will have to await my twilight years and a recounting of them to a trusted Satanic comrade. and even though the MS was written only two years ago, it is already out of date.

and of that living, it is the essence which is important, not especially the details. From that living, I have distilled the quintessence into words which cannot be mis-understood – devising a method by which others may obtain that elixir. I have constructed a guide to the goal, drawn a map and explained the goal in detail, because I have been there. I explored, and discovered.

Now others can benefit from the lessons learnt from such a life. *Non generant aquilae columbas.*

Meanwhile, I anticipate the lies, rumours and distortions will continue, based on jealousy. The small and weak of character have always sought to drag those who are outstanding down to their own level of mediocrity – at least in the eyes of others.

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Stephen Brown (ONA) l03yf

## THE LEFT HANDED PATH – AN ANALYSIS ONA

The Left Handed Path and Satanism are related insofar as Satanism is a particular LHP. The LHP is the name given to describe a system of esoteric knowledge and practical techniques – and this system is also known as ‘The Black Arts’.

### **The Difference Between the Left and Right Hand Paths:**

The aim of all genuine Occult paths or systems, whether designated Right Hand or Left-Hand, is to achieve or find a certain goal – as well as to impart esoteric knowledge and abilities. The goal is variously described (e.g. ‘Gnosis’, the Philosopher’s Stone, Enlightenment).

However, it has been a common misconception that the RH Paths were altruistic and the LH Paths egocentric – i.e. the difference between them was seen in individual moral terms. Another misconception is in seeing the difference in absolute moral terms – i.e. the RH Paths as representing ‘good’ and the LH Paths as ‘evil’. Recently, attempts have been made to formulate ‘grey’ paths which combine elements of both, and such ‘grey’ paths are often said (by their exponents) to be the ‘true’ Occult way or path.

The reality is quite different. The LH Paths and the RH Paths [hereafter, the singular ‘Path’ will be used, although the plural is to be understood] are quite distinct and differ in both their methods and their aims. The most fundamental difference is that the RHP is restrictive – certain things are forbidden or frowned upon – and collective. That is, the RHP takes some responsibility away from the individual by having a formal dogma, a code of ethics and behaviour and by having the individual participate in an organized grouping, however loose that grouping may be. In brief, the identity of the individual is to some extent taken away – by the beliefs – systems which that individual has to accept, and by them accepting some higher ‘authority’, be such authority an individual, a group or an

‘ideology’ (or even, sometimes, a supra-personal Being – a ‘god’ or ‘gods’).

In contradistinction, the LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted – nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest. This makes the LHP both difficult and dangerous – its methods can be used as an excuse for anti-social behaviour as they can be used to aid the fetishes and weaknesses of some individuals as well as lead some into forbidden and illegal acts. However, the genuine Initiate of the LHP is undertaking a quest, and as such is seeking something; that is, there is a dynamic, an imperative about their actions as well as the conscious understanding and appreciation that all such actions are only a part of that quest; they are not the quest itself. This arises because the LHP Initiate is seeking mastery and self-knowledge – these being implicit in such an Initiation. Accordingly, the LHP Initiate sees methods as merely methods; experience as merely experience. Both are used, learned from and then discarded.

Because of this, the LHP is by its nature ruthless – the strong of character win through, the weak go under. There are no ‘safety nets’ of any kind on the LHP – there is no dogma or ideology to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or ‘Being’ to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.

The LHP breeds self-achievement and self-excellence – or it destroys, either literally, or via delusion and madness.

Further, the goal or aim of the LHP is individual specific – it is the raising of that individual to ‘god-head’; the fulfillment of individual potential and thus a discovery and fulfilment of their unique Destiny. That is, it breeds a unique character, a unique individual. The RHP, on the contrary, is concerned with ‘idealistic’ and thus supra-personal

aims – aiding ‘society’, ‘humanity’ and so on: the individual is ‘re-made’ by abstract and impersonal forms.

The LHP by its nature means that its Initiates work mostly on their own. Followers of the LHP are masters of their as yet unmanifest Destiny. and while they may accept guidance and advice, they eschew any form of subservience: they learn for themselves, by their own experience and from their own self-effort. This is crucial to an understanding of the true nature of the LHP. The LHP means this self-reliance, this self-experience, this self-effort, this personal struggle for achievement. The RHP means someone else – some individual, or some authority or some hierarchy – awards or confers upon the RHP Initiate a sign or symbol of their ‘progress’. That is, the RHP Initiate assumes the role of student, or ‘chela’ – and often that of sycophant. They rely on someone else or something beyond themselves, whereas the LHP Initiate relies only on themselves: their cunning, skill, character, desire, intelligence and so on. The successful LHP Initiate is the individual who learns from their own experiences and mistakes. The RHP Initiate tries to learn from theory – from what others have done.

Essentially, the LHP Initiate is a free spirit, already possessed of a certain willful character, while the RHP Initiate is in thrall to other people’s ideas and ways of doing things.

The notion of self-responsibility is as mentioned above, crucial to the LHP and accordingly any organization which claims to be of the LHP and which does not uphold this in both theory and practice is a fraudulent organization. In practice this means that an organization does not restrict the experiences of its members – it does not, for instance, impose upon them any binding authority which the members have to accept or face ‘expulsion’ just as it does not lay down for them any codes of behaviour or ethics. That is, it does not promulgate a dogma which the members have to accept as it does not require those members to be obedient to what the hierarchy says. There is no ‘proscription’ of certain views, or individuals or other organizations as there is no attempt to make members conform in

terms of behaviour, attitudes, views, opinions, expressions or anything else. If there are any of these things, the organization so doing these things is most certainly not an organization of the Left Hand Path even though it may use some of the motifs, symbols and methods of the LHP. Such an organization is instead allied to the RHP in nature – in the effect it has upon its embers.

In summary, the RHP is soft. The LHP is hard. The RHP is like a comfortable game – and one which can be played, left for a while, then taken up again. The LHP is a struggle which takes years. The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain way. The LHP is non-restrictive RHP organizations and ‘teachers’ require the Initiate to conform and accept the authority of that organization/’teacher’. LHP organizations and Masters/ Mistresses only offer advice and guidance, based on their own experience.

### **Satanism:**

As mentioned above, Satanism is a particular LHP. Conventionally, and incorrectly, Satanism is described as ‘worship of Satan/the Devil’.

The word ‘Satan’ originally derived from the Greek word for ‘an accusation’.

That is, Satan is an archetype of disruption – the Adversary who challenges the accepted, who defies – who desires to know. In essence, Satan is a symbol of dynamic motion: the generative or moving force behind evolution, change.

In reality, Satan is both symbolic or archetypal, and real. That is, He exists within the psyche of individuals, and beyond individuals.

Satanism is, in part, the acceptance of the necessity of change – of the reality of things like struggle, combat, war, creativity, individual

genius, defiance' of the evolutionary and puritive nature of these things. But Satanism is much more than the acceptance of the reality of these things – of their necessity. It is also the individual seeking to be like Satan – to be Satanic. A true Satanist does not worship some Being called Satan. Rather, a Satanist accepts the reality of Satan [on all levels] and quests to become, in their own life and beyond, a type of Being of the same kind as Satan – that is, to change their own evolution and that of others: to evolve to a new type of existence. The existence can be described by what is known as 'Satan'. This quest is a dynamic and real one, and it means that those who aspire to follow the way of Satanism go further than others who merely follow the LHP. That is, Satanism leads to new areas of being: it goes beyond 'the Black Arts' while having its foundation or ground in those Arts. Part of this is a greater esoteric knowledge (e.g. Aeonic Magick) and part in techniques or methods or create' a new individual. The Satanist effectively' learns to play at being god. Since Satanism, as described above, involves the individual questing to become like Satan, it is relevant to consider who and what Satan is.

Satan is the Prince of Darkness – master of all that is hidden or secret, both within ourselves and external to ourselves. He is the ruler of this world the force behind its evolutionary change; the 'fire' of life. He is Lord of Life – of all the sensual delights and pleasures.

He is also 'evil' or 'dark' or 'sinister' – merciless, ruthless, Master of Death. He can and does promote suffering, misery, death. But all these things are impersonal – they are natural consequences of life, of change and evolution.

Satan, by His nature, cannot be 'bribed' or 'propitiated' – and neither can His services be bought, by a 'pact' or anything else. He is not interested in such futile things. Thus, there can be no such thing as a 'religious' Satanism – the offering of prayers or offerings or promises or whatever in return for Satanic favours. Such things imply fear, subserviance and those other traits of character Satan despises. Rather, the satanic approach is to glory in Satanic deeds and chants and such like because they are Satanic because by so doing them

there is an exultation, an affirmation and a being like Satan: not because something is 'expected' or done out of fear of the consequences. It is by living life, by deeds, that a Satanist becomes like Satan and so evolves to partake of a new and higher existence. Such deeds are those to bring insight, self-discovery, to achieve, esoteric knowledge, experience of the 'forbidden', of the pleasures of living – and they are -also those which change others and the world and which thus can and do bring suffering, misery, death: which are, in short, evil. Furthermore, Satan is a real Being – he is not simply a symbol, archetypal or otherwise, of certain natural forces or energies. He has life, exists – causes things to occur – external to our own, individual psyche. That is, our individual wills, or even our individual magick, cannot control Him [as the soft imitation Satanists like to believe]. However, this 'life' is not 'human' – it is not bound by a body or even by our causal time and space. Expressed esoterically, it is acausal.

Satan, however, is not alone – that is, He is not the only Dark, sinister Being who affects our world and thus existence. He has a female counter-part, a Mistress, Lover, Bride. Esoterically, Her name is Baphomet. She is the Dark Goddess.

Thus, a Satanic Initiate is often described as the lover of one or both of these sinister entities – and a genuine Satanic Initiation may be likened to a ritual copulation with either Satan or Baphomet [where the Priest/Priestess assumes the form of the entity]. In genuine Satanism there is no 'worship' of Satan (or Baphomet– but rather an acceptance of Them as friends, lovers (or, in the early stages, sometimes a 'father' and 'mother' or a brother and sister).

A Satanist thus evolves toward a higher form – and expresses conscious evolution in action. Hence, Satanism is the quintessence of the Left Hand Path.

## **Evil:**

It is a mistake, recently promulgated by some, to see the LHP in general and Satanism in particular as merely a body of esoteric knowledge and/or a collection of rituals or magickal workings, either of which, or both, may be ‘dipped into’ for personal edification and to provide oneself with an ‘image’.

All LH Paths are ordeals – they involve self-effort over a period of years. They are also dark, and involve the individuals who follow them going to and beyond the limits all societies impose. That is, they are sinister or ‘evil’. They involve real sinister acts in the real world – not a playing at sorcerers or sorceresses.

Certain individuals and certain organizations who claim to belong to the LHP have tried to dispel the ‘evil’ that surrounds the LHP and Satanism – by denying the very real evil nature of these paths. However, what do these imitation Satanists, these posturing pseuds, think Satanism is if not ‘evil’? If Satanism is not evil, what is? [Or, more precisely, if Satan is not evil, who is?]

The true nature of evil – and thus Satanism and the LHP – has been misunderstood. Evil is natural and necessary – it tests, culls, provokes reaction and thus aids evolution. and to repeat – Satanism is replete with evil: it is evil. Satanists are sinister, evil. They cannot but be otherwise.

Evil, correctly defined, is part of the cosmic dialectic – it is force, which is a-moral: i.e. it is beyond the bounds of ‘morals’. Morals derive from a limited (human – or, rather, pseudo-human) perspective, and a morality is a projection by individual consciousness onto reality. Nothing that is ‘moral’ or immoral exists. All morals are therefore artifice – they are abstractions. Actions, by individuals, which are normally considered as ‘evil’ are things that are done by individuals against others – that is, evil acts are considered as belonging to us, as a species. It is not considered ‘evil’ for a tiger to kill and eat a person: that is natural, in the nature of the tiger. What

has been and generally is considered to be evil, in humans, is in general nothing more than instinct – or rather, a feeling, a pre-conscious desire or desires.

Such instinct is natural – the actions which result from it can be either beneficial or not. That is, the actions are not ‘evil’ in themselves. They should not be judged by some artificial abstractions, but rather by their consequences – by their effects, which are either positive or negative. However, they can be positive or negative depending on circumstances: that is, the evaluation of them can vary depending on the perspective chosen. This perspective is usually that of ‘time’. The only correct judgment about a particular act or action is one which takes into account the effects of that action not only in the present but also in the future, and this latter on a vast time-scale. Thus, the judgment concerning such acts is essentially a-personal – it bears little or no resemblance to the emotional affects of that act in the moments of that act or in the immediate moments following that act. [In the symbolic sense and imprecisely – such judgment could be said to be that of ‘the gods’.]

Real acts of evil are those which are done consciously – and these can be of two kinds. The first are ignorant acts: done from a lack of self-knowledge and usually with no appreciation of their effects beyond the moment. The second are impersonal acts done with a knowledge of the effects beyond that of the moment. The former involve no evaluation beyond the personal feelings; the latter involve an evaluation beyond the personal (although they may still be personal acts – i.e. of benefit to the individual). A Satanic act of evil is of this second kind – they are affective and effective: a participation in the cosmic dialectic. At first, they may not be fully understood – i.e. arise from instinct in the main. But the Satanic intent behind them makes the individual more conscious, more aware of their effects, both personal and supra-personal, thus enabling judgment to be cultivated.

Instinctive acts are not ‘evil’ – they usually derive from immaturity. Evil acts derive from maturity – but immaturity is required to reach this stage. That is, there is a growth. ‘Morality’ tries to stifle instinct

and thus restricts growth. Satanic acts of evil in effect redress the balance – and allow real maturity to develop.

## INTRODUCTION TO *THE DEOFEL QUARTET*

The works collected under the title '*The Deofel Quartet*' were written as Instructional Texts for members of a Black Magick group. As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not that of a 'conventional' novel. Instead, a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but which also sought to involve their unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions – of, for instance, characters and locations – are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such 'missing details': partly from their imagination] and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and 'projections'.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group considered as an extended 'prose poem'.

While each work is self-contained in terms of 'plot' and 'characters', they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical [i.e. real-life] experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively) with a certain type of magickal/archetypal energy – and thus each is connected with one of the spheres of the septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect so explicated. Naturally, quite a few of the forms are dark or sinister.

In order to guide the interested reader and student of the Occult Arts, some 'Themes and Questions' concerning the Quartet are included as an Appendix to Volume I.

The works are reproduced exactly as they were originally circulated in manuscript form, with typed/hand-written corrections.

ONA

## RESPONSES AND CRITICAL ANALYSIS

Each novice reading the Quartet should try and analyze their response to it – the feelings, expectations, points of agreement and disagreement and so on which arise from reading it.

A first reading will be sufficient to show the works of the Quartet are Satanically subtle – i.e. they are not blatant ‘horror/Black Magic(k)’ stories and neither are they pornographic. They are also not akin to the amoral diatribes of other writers – e.g. de Sade.

‘Instead, they are intended for those of discernment, those who can see beyond mere appearance and affectation – i.e. Satanic novices: those who wish to know and who seek to question; those who wish to discover secrets (often about themselves).

As explained elsewhere, they deal with problems a novice following the Left Hand Path might be expected to come across or be familiar with – both in terms of their own development/feelings/expectations, and in terms of real Sinister magick. Such magick is for the most part subtle and esoteric – it is hidden and bears little, often no, resemblance to what most people (and some Initiates) consider magick to be.

Hence, those who turn to the Quartet hoping to find the kind of cheap and sensational thrills often associated (in the herd-mind) with ‘Black Magic(k)’ stories and ‘horror’ will be disappointed. The Quartet is not intended for such sensation seeking, uncritical and weak individuals – it is intended to instruct Satanic novices in some esoteric aspects of their craft: to aid their own understanding and Sinister development.

‘Falcifer’ concerns Initiation and the gathering of Satanic experience. It also deals with the Dark Gods – revealing esoteric knowledge. The energies which give form to the ‘story’ are concerned with the first sphere on the Tree of Wyrð – magickal form ‘Night/Nox’; Tarot images – 18, 15, 13. Alchemical Process – calcination.

The 'Temple of Satan' also concerns the Dark Gods – but it deals mainly with emotion on the personal level, particularly 'love': how a Satanic Initiate of some experience encounters and deals with this emotion. 'Love' of this type is a stage, to be experienced and transcended. For a Satanist not yet achieved Adeptship, this feeling is often a snare, a trap – which they can fall into, thus ending their sinister quest. It is about still unconscious feelings and desires – about making these more conscious, controlling them and transcending them. Third sphere on Tree of Wyrd. Magickal form – ecstasy. Images – 6, 14, 17. Alchemical process – coagulation.

'The Giving' concerns 'primal Satanism' – and a more subtle magick and manipulation than the previous works. It is a story based on fact – on real life happenings and real people. It reveals a real Satanic Mistress in action someone quite different from the 'accepted' notion of a Satanic Mistress. Spheres – third and Fourth. Forms – ecstasy/vision. Images – 7, 12, 5, 6, 14, 17. Processes – coagulation/putrefaction.

'The Greyling Owl' (the title is significant) concerns the second sphere, and the magick is even more subtle and esoteric than in the previous work. It requires an understanding of individuals as those individuals are – a subtle changing of them. Magickal Form – indulgence; process – separation; Images – 0, 8, 16.

In all the works of the Quartet, 'the other side' (i.e. those with 'morals') is shown in context – moral individuals are described and things seen from their point of view. It is vitally important for a novice to be able to be detached – to see things and people as those things and people are. Only thus can they learn judgement and discover how to work esoteric Sinister magick. Such detachment is necessary – and its cultivation part of Initiate training. It is the aim of the Quartet to cultivate this ability – and the self-criticism which is a part of it. This 'criticism' is a self-awareness, a self-knowledge. Thus, some characters in the Quartet and the attitudes they express may provoke the Satanic Initiate into disagreement and possible discomfort. This is intentional. The novice should analyze why they

react as they do – and why they ‘expect’ certain things/certain views/certain outcomes.

In short, they are entertaining instructional Satanic texts – those who are prepared to spend some effort in understanding them will discover their many layers, and so learn.

## *THE DEOFEL QUARTET – A SATANIC ANALYSIS*

### **Falcifer:**

This MS deals with overt magick in a magickal setting – temples, rituals etc. It describes Satanic initiation from a Satanic viewpoint, and the tests etc. a novice may undergo as well as the awakening awareness appropriate to a novice. It also deals with the Dark Gods – describing them and the magick which returns them to Earth.

Of all the MSS of the Quartet, it is the most easily understood, although it does contain some hidden/esoteric meanings. These, however, are quite explicable since the perspective of the MS is overtly Satanic.

### **Temple of Satan:**

This also has an overtly magickal setting, but deals with the stage beyond that of a novice: i.e. someone who has been involved for some time and who has developed certain magickal skills – e.g. manipulation. Melanie is the archetypal Satanic Priestess: sexually alluring, using her sexuality to manipulate and captivate, enjoying some delicate pleasures (e.g. sadism). But, as a true Satanist, after some time she becomes bored by the routine. So unconsciously at first, she seeks after something else: and is drawn toward Thurstan, against her better Satanic judgement. She is ‘drawn’ because she still has to gain a deep self-understanding – because there are still aspects which remain unconscious and powerful in her psyche (relating to the ‘numinous’ power of love etc.). Gradually, she falls in love – but is she herself being manipulated toward this by Saer? and if so, why? [Consider the crystal he left with Thurstan for her to find and read.] Saer is ‘beyond the Abyss’ – an image/symbol of aeonic magick as against Melanie’s external and internal magick. This love causes the loss of her magick.

But she gradually understands its purpose – to propel her toward the next stages of the sinister journey, and to provide a child who because of her own sinister abilities and the apparently non-sinister abilities of Thurstan will have special qualities. That is, the child will

be beyond opposites (as, e.g., symbolized by Melanie and Thurstan). Toward the end, Melanie is presented with a choice – love, or her duty/destiny. She chooses the latter, and her magick is restored. Claudia is a complication for Melanie – a further test/distraction. Does her love cause her lover’s death? Pead and Jukes, representing old aeon magick, try to keep Melanie and Thurstan apart – because without him she cannot fulfil her Satanic wyrd: i.e. move on to the next stages and thus undertake aeonic magick, to the detriment of the old order and ‘the light’.

### **The Giving:**

This MS has several esoteric strands, and several overt meanings.

Lianna is a Mistress of Earth (note: stages beyond Melanie in ‘Temple’) and it is her duty to undertake The Giving – rite of sacrifice. As a Satanic Mistress, Lianna uses magick in a subtle way, as befits her status. This magick is esoteric (e.g. empathic) but she also directly manipulates others, although in a subtle way. Consider how she draws/attracts Thorold to her: sending Sidnal to him with books, visiting his shop as a customer. Lianna requires two important things: an opfer, and someone to father her heir. The MS describes her attaining these goals.

Mallan is a recent initiate – enjoying as all good Initiates should, overt magick and evil. He involves Rhiston in his games. Lianna however presents Mallam with a choice – finely and subtly presented. She advises him that his activities are not conducive to further advancement, for she understands he has become ensnared by some of his desires, rather than enjoying them and then discarding them to rise beyond them and so attain self-insight and mastery. However, he sees her hints ‘morally’ – he mis-interprets them because he cannot see what she is trying to do; i.e. he shows no Satanic insight. The reader is shown this from Mallam’s perspective – like Mallam, a certain discernment is required to see beyond the outer appearance to the essence. [This sudden change of perspective occurs in the MS several times, as it does many times in other parts of the Quartet. The reader should often ask: what is really going on here? A critical

judgement is required because often the characters and what they may do/say are not what they seem: i.e. the real intent/magick is hidden.] As it is, Mallam's lack of insight means he believes Lianna is making a 'moral' point, and he openly breaks with her.

Following this decision by Mallam, Lianna provides him with a test, a new opportunity to prove his worth or otherwise. She sends her Guardian, Imlach, to him – unknown to Mallam, of course – with a secret MS. Again, Mallam fails to realize what is happening – he cannot 'see through' Imlach. Instead, he is overwhelmed by unconscious desires: material greed, lust for power. Rather than controlling, and using his desires for some purpose, he lets his desires control him. She goes to Lianna's village – and again fails, because he does not recognize the young woman as a Priestess of Lianna's tradition: he sees her as dull, easily manipulated. Thus, he shows he has no genuine magickal insight or abilities.

Hence he becomes a candidate for sacrifice. Basically, he chooses himself he is not chosen because of his 'evil' activities. They merely provide a fail-safe to deflect attention from his disappearance (when the rite is completed): no one in 'conventional' society would miss him/mourn him or worry about his disappearance. Lianna also tests/manipulates Thorold. Does she also manipulate Monica? Or is she genuinely annoyed when Thorold becomes involved with Monica? Is this a further test of Thorold? Certainly, for Lianna, Monica' death or removal is necessary – or seems to be. Lianna has drawn Thorold into her world – and changes him, for he is captivated by her: in a sense, in her power. He has qualities which she judged would make him a suitable person to father her child.

The MS ends with an unasked question: what is to be Thorold's fate when his purpose has been achieved? That is, when he has fathered her child. Will he be an offer, or will he become part of her tradition? Clues to the answer are given at various points in the MS. Also, is Lianna a Satanist? Certainly, she does not seem to be – there are no 'Satanic' rites, no invocations to Satan. At one point she says she belongs to an older tradition. Does she say this for a reason? – to

deceive? She certainly represents a primal darkness: and is a genuine Mistress of Earth ... This raises the question as to what genuine Satanism really is: a question answered, in fact, by Lianna's actions as described in the MS from its beginnings to its end.

### **The Greyling Owl:**

This is the most esoteric and therefore the most difficult MS to understand – at a first reading – and when viewed by conventional/accepted ideas of Satanism/Black Magick. It shows real magick in action on several levels: manipulation, empathic, forms (e.g. music), images, and via opening psychic nexions within individuals.

Essentially, the MS deals with the changes wrought in the lives of Mickleman and Alison, and how these are made to aid the sinister dialectic -i.e. sinister aeonic strategy, to aid the presencing of sinister energies in the causal and so bring/provoke change to the benefit of the sinister, aiding evolution.

The magick here is that appropriate to an Internal Adept and beyond, while the energies described (the outer form) are symbolic of a particular sphere on the Tree of Wyrd (Mercury), although other energies are sometimes involved/intrude.

This magick is far removed from external magick and thus rituals/robes. This magick means a working with individuals as those individuals are – a subtle re-orientation of their consciousness/lives.

Mickleman is gradually changed, and brought into an influential position the Professorship – without him realizing this is occurring, in the magickal sense at least. He believes he is still in control of his own Destiny – and it is important not to undermine this belief, except insofar as a certain self-insight is obtained. He must have this assurance of his abilities, this confidence, to fulfill what is his 'hidden' wyrd. He becomes aware, on terms he can cope with/is familiar with [this is important], of certain archetypal aspects which will be important for his future professional development/ standing. These aspects, by which he will influence others in a non-magickal way by

‘seeding their minds’, will aid the sinister dialectic. Part of this would be through academic work (aided by the insights attained during his ‘manipulation’) and part by his own life-style: his ‘decadent’ past and his future deriving from that past – both would influence others, providing inspiration, and thus changing others in certain ways.

Alison also is changed – realizing the power of music to transform. Again, her aims, dreams, hopes etc. are described from her own perspective, from her own ‘moral’ view of the world. However, her fundamental insights are ‘provoked’ via the subtle magick/influence of Edmund etc. Further, the future forms she creates/uses, while having the appearance of conventional forms (and perhaps a moral content), will achieve and aid the sinister [or at least most/some of them will]. She herself will see her aims in terms of her own perspective: often ‘morally’, without fully realizing what she and her work are achieving opening nexions, and presencing dark energies to influence/infect others. This arises because she has been influenced/directed by magick in a specific way: to access a certain nexion within her own psyche. [All this is a very important notion to understand – and marks the insight appropriate to those who aspire to go beyond the stage of novice. It reflects genuine magick in action.] Her thoughts/action etc. (as others) are often ‘morally’ described.

The dark interior life of both Edmund and Fiona (and thus their real aims) are hidden – i.e. not overt, as generally befits a Master and a Mistress. Such Adepts generally work esoterically – they do not fit conventional ‘Satanic’ role-models. In their different ways, Edmund and Fiona live in the ordinary world in an ‘ordinary’ way – they are real shape-changers who blend] into their surroundings. This enables them to work sinister magick effectively. Further, Edmund possesses no trappings normally assumed to be part of his station – he has no wealth, no power, no obvious influence. His Satanic power is internal, hidden – it is insight, wisdom, magickal skill of a rare kind. This skill enables him to work magick on others (and thus the world) as those others are – in the confines of their own roles/image for the most part. Fiona’s magickal work is often more overt – e.g. using her

sexuality to advantage, but her real magick is still hidden. Thus the MS describes real Adepts at work.

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### **A Note Concerning ‘Breaking the Silence Down:**

This MS is often regarded as making the *Quartet* into a *Quintet*. It is similar in its magick to the ‘Greyling Owl’ – although the background is Sapphism. Basically, Diane – who already possesses an intuitive awareness of primal darkness and thus Satanism – is led toward self-discovery and a magickal partnership.

She has an insight into the female persona/strength (after the attempted rape) and discovers the power of music to capture the essence hidden by appearance.

She is seduced by Rachael, who uses music (her piano playing) as a magickal act. Aphthone is the archetypal immature product of this age and its societies: swayed by desires, and using petty manipulation to achieve lowly goals. When he becomes a threat to Diane, he is dealt with by those who desire her, magickally and sexually (Rachael and Watts). Is his accident purely chance? Or is someone, or two, watching over Diane? In the end, Rachael wins Diane. She is an hereditary sorceress – carrying on her grandmother’s tradition (thus missing a generation: Rachael’s mother). This tradition thrives in a certain part of the countryside near where Diane lives.

As in ‘Greyling’, the perspective is often that of the character involved: i.e. events/thoughts etc. are seen through their eyes, with their (often moral and conventional) understanding/attitudes. This gives an appreciation and understanding of these people as they are – and how magic affects them, usually without them being aware of it. It requires the reader to suspend and transcend conventional Satanic/sinister notions (which are often only the outer form of what is Satanic/sinister rather than its essence). This should enable genuine magick to be understood – as it should aid the understanding of how

forms/energies etc. affect/change individuals, often unconsciously.  
All this should aid self-insight.

# **NEXION**

A

Beginning

1977 ev

Per Sorensen was dead.

His death did nothing to ease the shelling. Katgusha rockets still shattered the buildings around. A tram burned as rubble from a nearby explosion slithered onto the tracks in front of it and the armoured troop carrier bearing Sorensen's body turned to avoid the flames.

A pretty woman wearing a Wehrmacht helmet for protection against debris looked up at the carrier and briefly smiled. But her smile did nothing to relieve Dieter's sadness, and he watched her as she walked nimbly through the rubble clutching a canteen of water. The block of buildings ahead of her shook with explosions, and smoke and dust drifted away with the slight wind. Somewhere nearby a man screamed.

Dieter and his comrades did not move as the carrier bore them and the body toward the Ploetzensee cemetery. Zhukov's Red Horde was near and Dieter imagined he could hear small-arms fire in the brief pauses between shell, rocket and bomb. Despite the explosions, no one ran along the streets, and a tired Volksturm guard waved the troop carrier through the intersection. Nearby, young boys in Hitler Jugend uniform worked cheerfully, digging a trench parallel to a lane of twisted, torn trees. Their leader spoke, but Dieter heard nothing except another shell burst nearby. For a few seconds the boys stood silent, their caps removed, as the carrier passed. Sturmscharfuhrer Hermann acknowledged their respect with a salute.

Sorensen's coffin was made from empty ammunition crates and Dieter helped lower them and their body into the grave. The symbolism seemed fitting for a man who had fought for three years on the Russian front, always with his machine-pistol dangling on a lanyard around his neck.

Dieter's eulogy was brief: 'Bright and glorious that warrior's Destiny who in battle-array stands for his children and home, stands for the woman of his heart, bravely opposed to the foe. So Death may come, when it will, bringing this life's thread to an end.'

'For think not that Destiny will allow for a man to live always unharmed, great though he be, though even he boast descent from the gods. Even though the coward pass through fury of battle safe to his home in his flight – death will assail him there. But then he dies unlamented,] unloved by his folk, while both the high and the low weep by the tomb of the brave.

'Yes, with a nation's tears wherever he may die, we bewail him; and if he the brave lives he is hailed all but a god upon Earth. Strong as a fortress of defence in the fight do we gaze on our hero: his are deeds for the many, and he does them alone.'

Amid the falling shells Hermann led the last salute before the honour guard fired their three salvos over] the grave. A woman flak helper threw fresh Spring flowers before earth protected the body: not for Sorensen the mutilation the Soviet troops inflicted on the bodies of dead SS officers. The men, led by Hermann, were singing 'I Had a Comrade' and there were tears in Dieter's eyes. Sorensen had saved his life, twice. The journey back to the dug-out. was slow, and Dieter wished Zhukov's troops would attack. For every bullet, a kill; for every Panzerfaust, a tank. Vengeance for Sorensen's death.

The smoke twilight from the battle bombardment was long, and Dieter was relieved when the first tank appeared, lurching over the rubble in the street. A Soviet sniper made a dash for the safety of the Church facade on Dieter's right but then stopped to clutch his throat and topple to the ground dead. The tank turned abruptly, its machine-gun hitting' nothing that was living. Dieter aimed the pin on the edge of the Panzerfaust at the tank, gripping the weapon under his arm. His muscles ached from the repetition and there was no elation about the kill. Close-range Soviet bombardment began while machine-gun fire spattered the ground. The buildings around or what was left of them – hid a few German snipers and Dieter was trying to judge their number from their sporadic fire when the bombardment and bullets ceased. Dieter tensed while buildings and the burning tank crackled with fire. A few grenades were thrown, then the slow

ruh of] Soviet troops among the rubble and the bodies. 'Tank riders!' shouted Dieter.

The only thing tank riders did was advance and die. and Dieter did not disappoint Stalin's expendable peasants. He shot two three, six. Hermann had run out of grenades. More Soviet snipers were seeking cover to provide cross-fire but Dieter could only target one before the others escaped into the rubble of the Church. He threw his last grenade after them.

The young machine-gunner in the dug-out beside Dieter was dead and he rolled the bloody body away before quickly changing the clogged barrel of the gun. Hermann fed the ammunition belt until, without a sound, he slithered down the trench, shot in the head. The tank riders were crawling closer but Dieter held their advance with Hermann's sub-machine gun while through the smoke filled street another tank lurched toward him.

Soon, Dieter had no more ammunition, the men in the dug-outs behind him were dead and he began to throw bricks, stones and anything else he could find before scrambling back to find a weapon with which to kill. From the still warm hand of one his dead comrades he took a Mauser pistol but had no time to aim. The shell from the tank exploded near him knocking him over before burying him under earth, rubble and wood.

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Dieter awoke to consciousness to hear the crackling of a nearby fire and the distant explosions of battle; to smell burning wood and flesh, and to see above him framed by the crack of light, a large brown rat. No voices reached him and when he clawed his way cautiously into the light he could see no human movement along the street. The light drizzle refreshed him. and he let the rain water soak his hair and trickle over his bloodstained face before crawling toward his dug-out. The tank smouldered but the dead Soviet troops had been removed.

Along the street an old man pulled a wooden cart while beside him two women walked enwrapped in long coats with black shawls covering their heads. From the end of the cart two sets of bare feet

protruded. A squad of Zhukov's soldiers led by a bandy-legged officer in a peaked cap strutted toward them. They shouted and laughed. The old man tried to speak, but the officer knocked him down before three soldiers dragged one of the women into the facade of the Church. She screamed and resisted and was shot.

Several soldiers pushed the other woman to the ground. Dieter shot the officer through the head. Surprise and his marksmanship killed four more before inaccurate fire was returned but within seconds he had shot the remaining three. 'Thank you,' said the old man as Dieter approached. 'You must go – there are more.'

Dieter knelt down to retrieve a selection of weapons from the bodies before helping the woman to her feet. Her beauty surprised him and he forced himself to turn away.

'Where is the front-line?'' he asked.

'There is no front-line,' said the old man sadly, staring at the ground. Before Dieter could reply, the woman spoke. 'You must go – if they find you alive...'

'and you?'' he asked.

The woman smiled. 'We are now the children of Fate. We shall head West.'

The old man knelt briefly beside the body of his dead daughter before covering her face with her coat. He dragged the two bodies of his wife and young daughter from the cart to lay them beside, covering them as best he could.

'I have no more strength to carry them for a burial,' he said. A lorry smouldered at the end of the street where a building showed a tilting inside of floors.

'Where is your Regiment?'' the woman asked. Dieter looked around the scene of their last battle. 'I am the Regiment!' he said proudly. Dizzy and weak from loss of blood and concussion, he collapsed against the cart.

'We must help him,' he heard the woman say.

The old man sighed, wearily. 'Yes, I know.'

The last thing Dieter remembered was the woman's beautiful smile.

## II

Wolfram stared into the quartz sphere while outside his shuttered room the high-ranking SS officer waited in the cool air of the Bavarian Alps.

There was no mystery in what he sensed through the medium of the crystal as, many years ago, there had been a mystery when a gaunt young man fresh from war had sought with Dietrich's help to seek him out. Now they both were dead and he alone of the original seven was left to try and build from the ruins of the destruction a new empire to reach toward the stars.

The Dark Gods that for most of his life he had served would be waiting among those stars and he had only to open another Gate for their power to be his for him to use it as he had used it to help that young man of vision. Yet there was something that he did not understand about the events that had brought destruction to his dreams. Some other power opposed to his own must have been invoked and he moved away from the crystal to stare for several minutes at the pieces scattered over the seven boards and one hundred and twenty six squares of the Star Game. But he could see no pattern that might explain the events and, sad, he shook his head, to play perhaps for the last time upon his piano a piece of music by Bach.

The music brought a quiet joy and he entered his plain Temple to seek the guidance of his gods. The quartz tetrahedron glowed, a little, as it had done for the past few days and he rested his hands on it. The coldness seemed to drain away his sadness and joy and he imagined' was travelling through the dimensions beyond the seventh Gate. There was a presence awaiting him among the stars at the very edge of the galaxy and he allowed it to shape his consciousness as many times in the past it had been shaped. The futures of his own planet lay in visions around him and he had only to find her desire to make one future real.

With one possibility he returned to the terrace where against the backdrop of mountains the officer waited, holding a sheaf of files. The files contained the personal details of 55 officers who had distinguished themselves in the savage combat of the last few months

of the war, and Wolfram read through them all slowly and with interest. Per Sorensen, his favoured, was dead but in an hour he had found a successor.

He handed the file of the chosen to the officer. 'You can make the arrangements?' 'Yes!' replied the officer curtly but with respect. 'and the country?'

'England.'

The officer was surprised. 'As you wish.' He saluted, bowed slightly and left the terrace to walk down the steps toward the road.

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Dieter could recall little of his journey. Burnt by fever he heard mumbled voices, the sound of aircraft, smelt putrid smells, felt a damp cloth on his face and the bumping as the cart trundled its slow way across a ravaged land. At length, daylight stung his eyes and he saw convoy of lorries, Soviet soldiers standing idle, the husks of burnt-out tanks. Behind the cart where he lay hidden he could see a straggle of unkempt people pushing or carrying on their backs their few possessions.

A few more miles and the old man ceased his pulling of the cart. 'There is a Soviet check-point ahead' someone had said.

Slowly, night drew its darkness over them and the people huddled in the small convoy for safety stopped, exhausted and hungry.

'What shall we do?' Dieter heard the beautiful woman ask her father.

Stiffly, Dieter climbed from the cart. A haggard woman in a black skirt, coat and shawl stared at him. Even in the twilight his uniform was distinct. Soon, everyone was staring at him.

'There's a reward for the likes of him:' crooned the old woman. 'It would feed us all for days?' Several of the group stood up to move toward Dieter.

The old man who had pulled the cart moved between them. 'You make me ashamed to be German,' he said to them.

‘Germany’s finished!’ shouted the old woman. ‘and it’s due to the likes of him.’ She spat on the ground. ‘When did you all last eat, eh? A proper meal, I mean. Meat and fresh vegetables!’

Dieter held the old man’s arm. ‘I am strong now and shall leave.’

The old man nodded. He held out his hand. ‘Hans-Peter Schemm.’

‘Hauptsturmfuehrer Dieter Norkus.’ They shook hands.

‘My daughter, Ilse.’

Dieter bowed toward her. ‘I have much to thank you and your father for.’

‘It was nothing,’ she said, ‘compared to the sacrifices some have made.’

‘and the war?’

‘Unconditional surrender.’

‘The Fuehrer?’

‘Dead – so they say.’

Dieter sighed. ‘I hope I shall see you again.’

‘Koblenz – that is where we go,’ Hans-Peter said. ‘Ask for us near the Florinsmarkt in the Old Town – if it still exists.’

‘Until then, I thank you.’ He brought his heels together in the Prussian manner, bowed toward Ilse and strode purposefully away from the road into the gathering darkness.

Dieter walked for several hours across fields before stopping to take a rest and check the two pistols he still carried. The night silence was strange after the bombardment of Berlin and he could not sleep only try and dispell the sadness he felt because the war was over with Germany’s defeat. He did not know what to do except journey toward the farm of his father in Hessen. But Germany was in ruins, occupied by foreign armies and he felt himself bound still by the oath of loyalty sworn those many years ago.

Dawn’s first rays found him in a small copse. Somewhere near, he knew, would be a farm, with water and food, but probably foreign soldiers, and he forced himself to remain within the cover of the trees until darkness brought again the freedom he needed to resume his journey.

Sleep did not come, just insistent hunger, thirst and the boredom of inaction. Twice he thought he heard voices and once, the distant rumble of tanks and when night came he was content with the caution born of combat to edge his way slowly through fields, avoiding all roads and tracks.

Toward dawn he came upon farm buildings. A man slept by the entrance to the courtyard, a rifle beside him, and Dieter watched the buildings for nearly an hour before walking down the track to kick the sleeping man awake and taking his rifle.

‘Good people!’ the startled [man] blurted out. He saw Dieter’s uniform and shouted several words in Polish.

‘Quiet!’ commanded Dieter. ‘You speak German?’

‘Yes!’ said the old man proudly.

‘Who is in charge here?’

The man stood up to face Dieter. ‘Landrat von Leiden.’

‘No Russians.’

‘No,’ replied the man nervously, ‘not yet.’

Dieter looked around, listening. ‘The Landrat – tell him I want to see him.’

‘of course!’

Dieter did not have long to wait. Von Leiden stumbled toward him, bent and shuffling because of arthritis. ‘Berlin?’ he asked.

‘Yes.’

‘You have come a long way. Alone.’

‘Yes.’

‘Hmmp’ He turned to speak to the Pole who was skulking behind. ‘Fetch some of the bread. and water.’ He scowled. ‘and a little of that sausage you have hidden in the urn.’ The Pole displayed no emotion, and scuttled away. ‘No manners these Poles,’ muttered von Leiden. ‘They steal my geese.’

‘I am Hauptsturmfuehrer –’

‘I do not care who you are. The Russians are everywhere.’

‘How far to American lines?’

‘Not far – a day, walking. Perhaps.’ He stared at Dieter’s uniform. ‘My son –.. he began. Then, abruptly?’ I have some old clothes, should you wish. Your uniform –’

‘No, thank you.’

Von Leiden shook his head. ‘This war’s ending – it is not the same. No honour in peace.’

Dieter gave him the rifle and this gesture of trust brought tears to von Leiden’s eyes. ‘Our old world of honour lies in ruins.’ Then, seeing the Pole return he took the food and water and gave them to Dieter saying, ‘Go, and quickly.’

Dieter stuffed the black bread and sausage into his pockets. The water was cold and refreshing and he cleaned his face briefly before handing back the jug, bowing his head to von Leiden and striding along the track toward the fields.

He walked for several hours, unconcerned about being seen for he had resolved to die fighting, like all his comrades, rather than surrender. He stopped briefly, to take from an inside pocket his Knight’s Cross which he pinned to his camouflage jacket, making sure all his insignia were clear and bright. Nearby, he heard someone whistle. It was a tuneful whistle and, as it came nearer, Dieter recognized it as the Parade March of the 18th Hussars. It was whistled by a boy dressed in the striking uniform of the Napolas.

Dieter let him pass as he lay hidden by a tree before calling out to the boy.

‘Heil Hitler!’ the boy replied with enthusiasm. Tall and muscular, he appeared to Dieter to be the perfect advertisement for the Jungmannen.

Dieter returned the salute, with less enthusiasm. ‘Where are you heading?’ he asked. ‘Home!’ replied the boy cheerfully, his left hand resting on his dagger.

‘Where is that?’

‘Hamburg. and you, Hauptsturmfuehrer?’

[text illegible]

‘No, sir.’

Dieter gave him all the bread and half of the sausage.

‘What will you do when you reach Hamburg?’

Brightly, the boy said, ‘Build a new Germany!’

‘Germany will certainly need re-building.’

‘Sir?’ the boy asked seriously.

‘Yes?’

‘I would consider it a great honour if you would allow me to accompany you.’

‘What about your home?’

‘There will be plenty of time.’ He stared at Dieter’s Knights Cross.

‘Have you seen any action?’

‘Yes! Anti-aircraft battery at Grunewald. Then when the Reds came I joined some Volksturm and Hitler Jugend. When we ran out of ammunition we split up.’

‘I have no intention of surrendering. But you are Germany’s future.’

‘I am not afraid to die.’

Dieter smiled. ‘I can see by your eyes you speak truth.’ He gave the boy one of his pistols. ‘You might need this.’

In silence they walked together for many miles while Dieter’s spirit grew troubled, and he was about to order the boy to leave him and find safety in the American lines when ahead they saw a straggling line of soldiers.

‘Go now,’ Dieter said, ‘while you can.’

The boy smiled and shook his head before releasing the safety catch on the pistol. Slowly, the soldiers encircled them.

The boy was lying on the ground, his young, earnest face intently watching the advancing soldiers. Dieter took the pistol from him.

‘The future is yours,’ Dieter said.

‘and you, sir?’ the boy asked.

‘At least they are American,’ said Dieter, throwing the pistols away and raising his hands in the gesture of surrender.

### III

They were taken to a small village occupied by the Americans. Several of the timbered houses, as well as the Saxon church, lay in ruins while around the largest standing building which served as American headquarters, small groups of old woman and young children sat, strangely silent, on the ground. Amongst the destruction, trucks, jeeps, stores and American soldiers were littered without any appearance of order.

Pushed against a courtyard wall, they were searched for the third time. 'O.K.,' shouted the American Sergeant, 'turn around you Nazi bastards!'

The American Major who approached them did not smile. Behind him a small bespectacled soldier carried a clip-board.

'Rank, name and unit,' he said to Dieter.

'Hauptsturmfuehrer Dieter Norkus, Waffen SS, Nordland Division...'

'Sir,' the bespectacled soldier interrupted, talking to the Major, 'the boy.'

'What?'

'G2 orders, sir.'

'Take over, Sergeant!' The Major strode back toward his headquarters, his clip-board carrier in tow.

With the Major gone, the Sergeant approached Dieter. 'Let's see that medal,' he grinned. 'Kinda nice, aint it?'

He went to rip it from Dieter's uniform when the boy sprang forward. Without speaking a word he wrenched the American's arm and tripped him up. The other guards laughed.

'You son of a bitch!' Enraged, the Sergeant jumped up, snatched a rifle and smashed the butt into the boy's face. Dieter moved toward him, but two guards pinned his arms against the wall. Nearby, a few birds sang their unchanging songs of Spring. The Sergeant ripped the Knight's Cross from Dieter's tunic. 'Sergeant Piaggiot' shouted the Major from his doorway. With a swaggering gait, the Sergeant walked over to him

[text illegible]

Dieter was forced into the building and onto a chair. The Major said a few words in German before Dieter said 'I do speak English.'

'Great! Cigarette?'

'No, thank you.'

'Where is the rest of your outfit?'

'They fell in Berlin.'

Nearby, a brief burst of gunfire could be heard.

'How did you get here?' the Major asked.

'I walked.' There was a knock on the door and the Sergeant entered without saluting. 'That kid, Major,' he said. 'Tried to escape. We had to shoot.'

Dieter stared at him, his eyes bright with anger. 'How heroic of you to shoot an unarmed boy!'

'Shut your mouth!' shouted the Sergeant.

'I wish to report this to a senior American officer,' said Dieter.

The Major was smiling and the Sergeant had started to laugh when Dieter leapt across the room to grab the machine-gun the Sergeant was holding. His hand was on the barrel, his finger near the trigger when his two guards beat him into unconsciousness with the butts of their rifles.

For Dieter the next few days became a blur of impressions: a long journey in a covered lorry with other prisoners of war with whom he was forbidden to speak, an interrogation, another journey, another interrogation, a guarded prisoner of war compound where he and the other prisoners were forced to sleep on the ground.

He lost count of the days and weary from the months of fighting, the shock of defeat, lack of sleep, hunger, the journeys and the interrogations, he sat in the back of an American lorry watching through the open flap the stream beside the road as the lorry wound its way among some hills. The day was warm, perfumed by the scent of Spring's flowers and Dieter began to recall the quiet beauty of the Germany he had known in Hessen as a boy, his spirit began to yearn to return to the house of his family where to renew with his own hands the cultivation of their lands. There was a family legend, he knew, connected with the farm and he possessed a desire to wander

free and homeward to hear his grandfather tell it. But Germany was in ruins, he himself was a prisoner of war and he still believed he was bound by his oath of loyalty sworn in the exuberant first year of the war. 'My Honour Commands Loyalty' said the motto on his ring – and to all the questions that in the last few days he had been asked his answer was always the same: 'I have done nothing,' he would say with pride, 'that is dis-honourable.' But they did not understand.

'For my fatherland in sadness I weep,' he recalled from memory for himself when alone or when no one would listen or believe his words of truth, 'for of my country am I robbed. How great is the chant of our woe: tear upon tear is shed and only the unseeing dead forget how to weep...' Enwrapped in dreams of his home, he did not notice when the lorry stopped. But the driver brought him and his two guards out into the warming sun to move the rock-fall from the narrow road.

An old man shuffled slowly toward them along the road while they worked and Dieter was dragging the last rock away when he reached them. Without speaking he walked straight to the two guards who were lounging against the side of the lorry, grabbed them and knocked their heads together. Limply, they fell to the ground. The astonished driver went to draw his holstered pistol but swift like a wolf in attack the old man leapt toward him striking at his windpipe with his hand. The driver fell down to lie still on the road.

The old man was smiling, his eyes bright and blue like the clear sky of summer. 'Come, Dieter Norkus, we must leave.'

Dieter did not question his sudden freedom and followed as with surprising agility the old man led him upwards through the rocks and trees, along twisting tracks to a small wooden hut. Dieter recognized the SS officer who was waiting inside. The officer handed him a sheaf of documents, saying: 'All the documents for your new identity are there.

A few days from now, and you will be in your new country.'

Dieter looked up from the documents. "Which is?"

'England.' Dieter was surprised. 'May I ask – for what purpose?'

‘To continue what has been achieved, and prepare for what for what is next.’ The officer saluted, bowed, and left.

‘I, the smiling old man said, ‘am Rundi and will be your guide. Come now, for there is much to do.’

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# **Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction**

**Anton Long & ONA 1994 CE**

## ***I - Causal and Acausal***

An aeon is the term used to describe a stage or a type of evolution. Evolution itself is taken to result from a certain specific process - and this process can be described, or explained [or 're-presented'] via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes over or through or because of, 'time' - this 'time' having two components. These two components are the causal and the acausal.

More exactly, the cosmos itself can be described or explained or re-presented by acausal and causal space-time. Causal space-time is 4-dimensional: there are 3 spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and 1 time dimension, this time dimension being linear and unidirectional. That is, causal time 'flows' in one direction only from past to present to future. Causal time is defined by this one-way flow and by the moments which are used to mark the changes in this flow. [ In effect, causal space-time is the 'everyday' physical world we live in and can perceive by our physical senses. It is the world described by the laws of Physics.] Acausal space-time has  $n$  spatial dimensions [where  $n$  is at present undefined but is greater than 3 and less than infinity] and acausal time dimensions. The spatial dimensions of acausal space are not at right angles to each other. Further, acausal time is not unidirectional - it can flow in any direction - and it is not linear: that is, it has more than one component. In effect, acausal time (unlike causal time) has more than one time-dimension.

The acausal and the causal can be considered as two different 'universes'. The causal universe contains physical matter - that is, varying types of physical energy. We are familiar with the various forms of this physical matter - stars, planets, the rocks and elements forming the planets. The acausal universe likewise contains matter - acausal matter or energy. This acausal energy and its changes in acausal space-time can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and a representation of acausal time. At present, we are mostly unfamiliar with the types of acausal energy. However, the acausal universe intersects or manifests in the causal universe at specific places - that is, a particular type of acausal energy is present in the causal universe at these places. These places are life-forms or living organisms. That is, a living organism is a region of the cosmos where the fabric of causal space-time and the fabric of acausal space-time meet or 'intersect'. The more evolved, the more complex, the life-form or organism, the greater this intersection.

Thus, living organisms result from a specific type of acausal energy 'flowing' into the causal universe - in effect, this acausal energy changes the structure of causal space-time. The greater the acausal energy, the more evolved, the more complex the organism. The physical death of an organism is when this energy flow ceases - the organism then becomes just inert, physical matter. Death means that the connection between the causal and the acausal is severed at the localized place of intersection.

Our own sentient life - the most advanced and complex living organism we know at present - is therefore the largest intersection of these two universes. We access more of this specific acausal energy than any other organism we know. In effect, each individual is a nexion - that is, a connection or nexus between the two universes. Our consciousness means that we possess the latent ability to directly access the acausal.

## ***Aeons, Civilizations and Archetypes:***

An aeon is a manifestation, in the causal, of a particular type of acausal energy. This energy re-orders, or changes, the causal. These changes have certain limits - in both causal space and causal time. That is, they have a specific beginning and a specific end. A civilization (or rather, a higher or aeonic-civilization ) is how this energy

becomes ordered or manifests itself in the causal: how this energy is revealed. A civilization represents the practical changes which this energy causes in the causal - in terms of the effect such energy has on individuals and this planet. A civilization is tied to, is born from, a particular aeon. By the nature of this energy, a civilization is an evolution of life - a move toward a more complex, and thus more conscious, existence. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree - in this case, the surface of the soil is the boundary between the causal (above the soil) and the acausal (below or in the soil). The roots of the tree are thus in the acausal [ and here represent acausal energy] and the trunk and branches are in the causal. The civilization is the trunk of the tree, and the aeon is represented by the roots - they 'drive' or make the growth and thus determine the shape and health of the tree. The societies that make up a particular civilization are the branches of the tree, and the individuals who make up the societies are the small twigs and the leaves of the tree.

Aeons, civilizations and individuals are examples of organisms. They are all created, or are born; they all grow and change; and they all at some time die. They all occupy a finite space over a finite span of time. They all undergo metamorphosis or change. They all possess an organic structure of change. This structure - for aeons, civilizations and individuals - is of a similar type, and it can be studied and thus understood. That is, various 'models' can be developed to describe this structure and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is the practical manifestation of a particular aeon, and an individual is an aspect, or part of, a particular civilization or a particular culture. A culture represents the various stages below that of a civilization - cultures are also an evolutionary development, a coming-together of individuals which enables more of the acausal to be 'accessed' and which thus produces changes for those individuals. A civilization, however, represents a much higher stage of development - a conscious awareness. Here we are only concerned with civilizations and the individuals associated with civilizations - for the simple reason that compared to civilizations, cultures and the peoples associated with them, are relatively insignificant in evolutionary terms: cultures are the evolutionary forms which pre-date civilization. The reality is that civilization, and thus aeons, are the first significant manifestations of individual consciousness and thus creativity.

All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship' ]- are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization. Archetypes (in the Jungian sense) are one aspect of the psyche - that is, archetypes are expressions of the acausal energy which a particular civilization represents.

This acausal energy determines and/or influences the actions and behaviour of the individuals of the civilization. That is, for the majority of individuals, their Destiny is that of the civilization itself - they do not possess a unique Destiny of their own. Only those individuals who have achieved the stage of evolutionary development which individuation/Adeptship represents have a unique Destiny, because only these individuals have freed themselves from the mostly unconscious influences and constraints which the psyche imposes. In terms of the inexact oak tree analogy, an individual with a unique Destiny is a seed or acorn which breaks free of the tree and can begin a new life as a sapling - if it survives.

The energies which a particular aeon and civilization represent are unique to that aeon and its associated civilization. That is, each civilization and aeon has its own unique, separate identity: its own ethos. Each civilization represents a stage of evolution, a step forward in the process of evolution itself. This means that each civilization has unique archetypes and that these archetypes are born with that civilization, grow with that civilization and die with that civilization - they possess no life beyond the confines of that civilization or aeon.

An aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time - a civilization lasts around 1,500 years. That is, it takes several centuries for the energies of a particular aeon, already presencing or 'flowing' to Earth from the acausal, to produce practical, visible and significant changes: to re-order the causal in a specific geographical region. An aeon is linked to a specific geographical area - and there is a place, or centre or 'nexion' where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because of how the type of acausal energy which creates a civilization works. Fundamentally, an aeon is an actual physical presencing, on Earth, of a particular type of acausal energy. Generally, this centre acquires a religious or cult significance in the centuries before and the centuries following the emergence of the civilization associated with the

particular aeon whose energies are most manifest at that centre. In general, in the early stages of a civilization, the acausal energy is apprehended in a particular archetypal or mythological way which is unique to that civilization.

The list in *Table I* describes the energy associated with a particular civilization - although it should be understood that such descriptions, in terms of 'ethos' and such things, are merely inaccurate guides to the type of energy. Such things as 'ethos' are how the individuals within a particular civilization apprehend such energy. This apprehension is both causal and acausal - in inexact terms, both rational and intuitive. This ethos, like a civilization, grows and changes; i.e. it evolves, while retaining the same inner essence.

The four civilizations listed in *Table I* are the higher or aeonic civilizations - i.e. those which have changed/ shaped our conscious evolution. Four other civilizations have existed [ the Egyptian; the Indic; the Sinic and the Japanese] but they (a) have not contributed significantly to such evolution (i.e. they lack large-scale creativity) and (b) they are related to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an aeonic civilization are: (1) it possesses a distinctive ethos [note: an ethos is not a 'religion' - rather, it is a particular and original "outlook on the world" and a particular way of living]; (2) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from a social challenge such as the disintegration of another nearby civilization]; and (3) it is creative and noble on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the insights of both Toynbee and Spengler are interesting - forming the basis for further analysis and extension. Basically, Spengler expressed the organic nature of a civilization (although he did not fully and accurately define what a civilization is) while Toynbee provided an historical formulation for the formative changes a civilization undergoes (such things as a 'Time of Troubles' and a Universal State or Imperium) and a useful definition of civilization (in terms of being a response to a physical or social challenge). Cliology, although based on these insights, does not depend on the minute details inherent in their work; rather, what is essential is extracted and used as a foundation to build another more far-reaching model.

The mechanisms by which civilizations have hitherto affected evolution is that of 'creative/heroic' individuals. Most of these individuals are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act or to express that ethos by their living. Hitherto, few individuals in any civilization have reached the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence (mostly unconscious) of the civilization's ethos or wyrd. Of course, there are many who now believe they have done this - as there have been some individuals who believed this in the past; but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is one of the primary aims of genuine esoteric arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious evolution and thus personal development, where they become free of such influence - i.e. for individuals to achieve a uniqueness of identity, a personal wyrd. This development requires the cultivation of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason - and for this cultivation to be achieved it is necessary for individuals to know and understand how and why things like civilizations and aeons are as they are. What I have called 'cliology' is an expression of such understanding, and as such a study and understanding of cliology [the science of aeons and the study of the acausal] aids conscious development, thus making Adeptship/individuation possible and enabling aeonic magick.

The pattern which each and every civilization follows can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for both an aeon and an individual. This symbolism enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification - a rational insight into and thus understanding of the patterns and processes themselves. Secondly, it significantly develops an already existing mental faculty and creates a new one - the ability to reason in abstract symbols, and the ability to reason in numinous symbols.

The ability to reason in abstract symbols basically describes mathematics (and thus the laws of Physics which are best expressed in mathematical form). Cliology extends the intellectual faculty which mathematics encourages and develops by creating an abstract symbolism which represents the acausal and some of the effects of this acausal in the causal. [For a brief outline of this abstract symbolism see the MSS: Cliology - A Basic Introduction] Further, cliology creates and encourages the development of an entirely new faculty of consciousness - the ability to think in numinous symbols.

This difference between purely abstract symbols and numinous symbols is important. Basically, a numinous symbol is a symbol which possesses acausal energy - it captures the essence of something which is acausal, and in doing this the symbol has the power to provoke or cause causal changes. In the simple sense [which is rather inexact]

one might say a numinous symbol possesses or has 'life' - it is a living entity in itself, although it lives in the psyche. A rudimentary and mostly unconscious numinous symbol is an archetype; another is a myth/mythos. The numinous symbols of cliology (of which the Star Game is an excellent example) are conscious. By 'conscious' here is meant - rational, understood. An unconscious symbol such as an archetype is in reality a proto-numinous symbol - it is seldom consciously understood, being felt and/or experienced rather than rationally apprehended. Further, a conscious numinous symbol can be used by an individual to bring about controlled aeonic changes because such symbols, being understood, can be precisely controlled and directed. An unconscious symbol produces imprecise internal change and imprecise external change: that is, it is not by its nature particularly amenable to manipulation. A numinous symbol thus makes Aeonic magick feasible for really the first time.

### *Aeons and Civilizations*

*Table I*

| <b>Aeon</b>       | <b>Symbol</b> | <b>Associated Civilization</b> | <b>Dates</b>  | <b>Magickal Working</b> |
|-------------------|---------------|--------------------------------|---------------|-------------------------|
| Primal            | Horned Beast  | --                             | 9,000-7,000BP | Shamanism               |
| Hyperborean       | Sun           | Albion                         | 7,000-5,500BP | Henges                  |
| Sumerian          | Dragon        | Sumeric/Egyptiac               | 5,000-3,500BP | Trance/Sacrifice        |
| Hellenic          | Eagle         | Hellenic                       | 3,000-1,500BP | Oracle;Choral-dance     |
| Thorian (Western) | Swastika      | Western                        | 1,000BP-500AP | Ritual                  |
| Galactic          | --            | Galactic                       | >2,000eh      | Star Game and >         |

Notes:

(1) 'BP' means Before Present (c.1980eh); 'AP' means After Present.

(2) There was no civilization (aeonic or otherwise) associated with the first aeon.

(3) The magickal centres (or nexion) for the civilizations are as follows: Albion - Stonehenge; Sumerian - between the Tigris and Euphrates [near present-day Baghdad]; Hellenic - Delphi; Western - area in the Welsh Marches.

## **II. Basic Principles of Aeonic Magick**

All aeonic magick can only be used, by its nature, in three ways - (1) aid the already existing or original wyrd of an existing aeonic civilization; (2) create a new aeon and thus a new aeonic civilization; (3) distort or disrupt an existing civilization and thus the aeonic forces of that civilization. That is, aeonic magick involves working (a) with existing aeonic energy (as evident in the associated aeonic civilization); or (b) against existing aeonic energy; or, finally, it involves (c) creating a new type of aeonic energy by opening a new nexion and drawing forth new acausal energies. Thus aeonic magick involves knowing the wyrd of the presently existing civilization and if there are/have been any attempts to disrupt that wyrd, magickally or otherwise.

The energy brought forth by aeonic magick can be used in three ways.

(a) Directed into a specific already existing form (such as an individual) or some causal structure which is

created for this purpose. This structure can be some political or religious or social organization, group or enterprise, or it can be some work or works of 'Art', music and so on.

(b) Drawn forth and left to disperse naturally over Earth (from the site of its presencing).

(c) Shaped into some new psychic or magickal form or forms - such as an archetype or mythos.

Before undertaking any form of aeonic magick, the cliologist [ someone skilled in, knowledgeable about and who uses aeonic energies] must formulate an aim or intent. The means to achieve this must be chosen - and the practical forms, if required, must be created and be in readiness for the energies once the energies are unleashed. If a specific form - such as a new archetype - is chosen as means, then the cliologist must be knowledgeable about archetypes and adept at manipulating magickal energies into psychic forms. Similarly, if a physical nexion is chosen as a means of accessing acausal energies, the appropriate individuals must be organized and trained to undertake the appropriate rite(s).

### ***Techniques and Control:***

There are only a certain number of techniques by which acausal energy can be accessed, as there are only a certain number of ways whereby this energy, once accessed, can be directed or 'controlled' into the various forms which are to be used to spread or disperse that energy.

(1) The first technique is creating a new physical nexion. This can be done by specific hitherto esoteric magickal rites, such as the Rites of the Nine Angles (qv.) and the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion (qv.). [It should be noted that Esoteric Chant, combined with a quartz tetrahedron, is one of the most effective ways of opening a nexion.] The chosen rite is conducted on the chosen site. It is often necessary to conduct a second or third rite within the space of a few weeks to fully open a new nexion. The new nexion, once open, needs to be kept open and this requires regular rites on the chosen site for many years - a specific rite [which does not necessarily involve sacrifice] should be constructed to do this. This specific rite needs to be undertaken at the very least twice yearly for the first five years, and then once yearly for at least ten years. One of the best methods to use for this specific rite is Esoteric Chant using a quartz tetrahedron.

(2) The second technique is using the advanced form of the Star Game. The cliologist sets the pieces to represent the existing aeon and the existing civilization at the specific moment of causal time the energy is to be accessed. The pieces are then selectively moved to change what presently exists and to represent the changes desired in the future. In this technique, the cliologist becomes a nexion via the symbolism - or rather, they access the acausal via their own psyche by means of the numinous symbols of the Star Game. This is so because the Star Game exactly re-presents those intersections between the causal and acausal which are an aeon, an aeonic civilization and an individual. [ It should be noted that while this technique is the simplest, it is also the most difficult, requiring great skill in the Star Game and thus a high level of cliological understanding.]

(3) The third - and only ancient - method is mimesis. This involves imitating either (i) some aspect of an already existing cosmic/Earth-based cycle/pattern/working and then either following the natural pattern or introducing a slight variation; or (ii) creating a new pattern/cycle/mythos to describe the energies and their effects. In effect this often involves (a) "acting-out" an archetypal r"le or drama (the key here is identification with the r"le - often during a ceremony involving others); or (b) creating realistic 'models' of events, symbolically imbuing them with "life" and then acting out with these models the desired future events. [ It should be noted that (a) and (b) are difficult to do properly - because intent and portrayal have to be precise- and thus are not often very effective.] One neglected form of mimesis is creative art - using an art-form (such as a work of fiction, a sculpture) to portray someone, some sequence of events or some archetypal energy. This form becomes a nexion - and thus influences the psyche of others by those others reading/viewing the art-form. However this form does not produce large-scale significant aeonic change.

The keys to controlling the energy are symbolism and forms. Unless it is be left undirected, all acausal energy,

once accessed by whatever means, has to be directed by the person or persons who draw it forth into the causal world. The easiest way to deal with acausal energy is to let it disperse naturally - i.e. no effort is made to control and direct it into specific forms or symbols. Such energy is 'raw' - it is chaotic and primal (when viewed from the causal) and thus exceedingly dangerous if brought forth by someone who has not attained the stage of Master/Lady Master. It is psychically disruptive.

It has to be remembered that all acausal energy cannot be contained beyond certain limits - that is, such energy produce acausal changes as well as causal changes. The causal changes are temporal ones - present or future effects caused by such energy. It is these changes which can, in the simple sense, be produced by the cliologist by that cliologist controlling or directing the energy via symbolism and/or forms. That is, these are the changes which are desired by the cliologist who uses the symbolism and/or forms to achieve them. The acausal changes are not temporal - i.e. they are not controllable in causal time. In the simple sense, they are - or rather appear to be - random changes. The cliologist must create or aim to create future forms and/or symbolism which takes into account the possible emergence into the causal of such acausal changes - in practice, such forms absorb the 'random' energy when it appears or manifests in the causal. If this is not done, it is possible that such energy may disrupt/distort and thus undermine the causal changes created by the cliologist. Most of these acausal changes can be gleamed from the symbolism of the advanced Star Game if the pieces are set to represent the conditions pertaining at the moment of causal time when the aeonic working is first undertaken, and if the aeonic working itself is represented by the first sequence of moves from that departure point.

To fully control and thus direct the energy, new forms and/or symbolism should be created to channel the energy. These then enshrine or come to re-present the energy. Examples of practical social forms are ideas and ideals; an example of a practical psychic form is an archetypal figure - a character from a new mythos; an example of a practical political form is a political organization; and example of a practical 'religious' form is a new ethos. All these things - and the many others like them - should be created before the act or acts of aeonic magick by the cliologist with the intention of them being used to cause or bring about changes in the real world, in the causal. The nature of such things should be akin to the type of changes desired. Each such creation should itself be represented by a unique symbol or sign; by a unique descriptive word, phrase or slogan; by a unique piece of sound [or 'music']; by particular collocations of colour, and so on - or by one particular individual who embodies that idea, ideal, mythos or whatever. These unique creations should embody the essence of the change or changes required.

During the act or acts of aeonic magick, the cliologist focuses or directs the energy so accessed into artifacts which portray or represent the unique symbols or signs, and thus into the very symbols themselves and the forms represented by those symbols. In effect, the symbols and forms become alive - they exist, have being and cause changes. They grow and undergo metamorphosis. They acquire an independent existence of their own. The greater the acausal energy presented by or in such forms and symbols, the greater the changes produced - the more life they possess.

Fundamentally, aeonic magick is concerned with producing large-scale changes over many centuries - it is concerned with changing or altering the destiny of millions of peoples on time-scales which be as long as a millennia. This requires certain abilities and certain skills - but above all it requires that wisdom and knowledge which only genuine Masters/Lady Masters possess.

## *Ageons, Civilization and Ethos*

| Aeonic Civilization | Essence of Ethos | Country of Ethos |
|---------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Albion              | proto-Druidism   | Britain          |
| Sumerian            | Vedas            | Indus            |
| Hellenic            | Iliad            | Greece           |

Western  
Galactic

National-Socialism  
Galactic Empire

Third Reich  
Solar System and >

- Notes:
- (1) The ethos is the unique spirit, the unique wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon. What is listed above is that practical form or expression which captures or captured the essence of a particular ethos.
  - (2) Manifestations of the ethos include the following.
    - (a) for the Hellenic - Greek Tragedy; Reason; Logic.
    - (b) for the Western: Science; Technology; Exploration; Space-Travel
    - (c) for Albion - Stonehenge and other, similar monuments.
  - (3) Little is known about the practical expression of the ethos of the civilization of Albion other than genuine Druidism (as portrayed by the Classical writers) enshrined some of its spirit.

## Some Septenary Correspondences

| Sphere<br>Season    | Stone<br>Dark-Form | Perfume<br>Dark-Form  | Star     | Causal Color | Acausal Color | Process      | Word   |
|---------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|----------|--------------|---------------|--------------|--------|
| Moon<br>Nox         | Quartz<br>Aries    | Petriochor<br>Night   | Sirius   | Blue         | Silver        | Calcination  |        |
| Mercury<br>Satan    | Opal<br>Scorpio    | Henbane<br>Indulgence | Arcturus | Yellow       | Black         | Seperation   |        |
| Venus<br>Mid-Winter | Emerald<br>Ecstasy | Hazel                 | Mira     | Green        | White         | Coagulation  | Hriliu |
| Sun<br>Mid-Summer   | Amethyst<br>Vision | Oak                   | Antares  | Orange       | Gold          | Putrefaction | Lux    |
| Mars<br>Azif        | Ruby<br>Libra      | Pine<br>Blood         | Rigel    | Red          | Blue          | Sublimation  |        |
| Jupiter<br>Azoth    | Amber<br>Capricorn | Alder<br>Azoth        | Deneb    | Violet       | Crimson       | Fermentation |        |
| Saturn<br>Chaos     | Diamond<br>-----   | Ash<br>Reason         | Naos     | Indigo       | Purple        | Exaltation   |        |

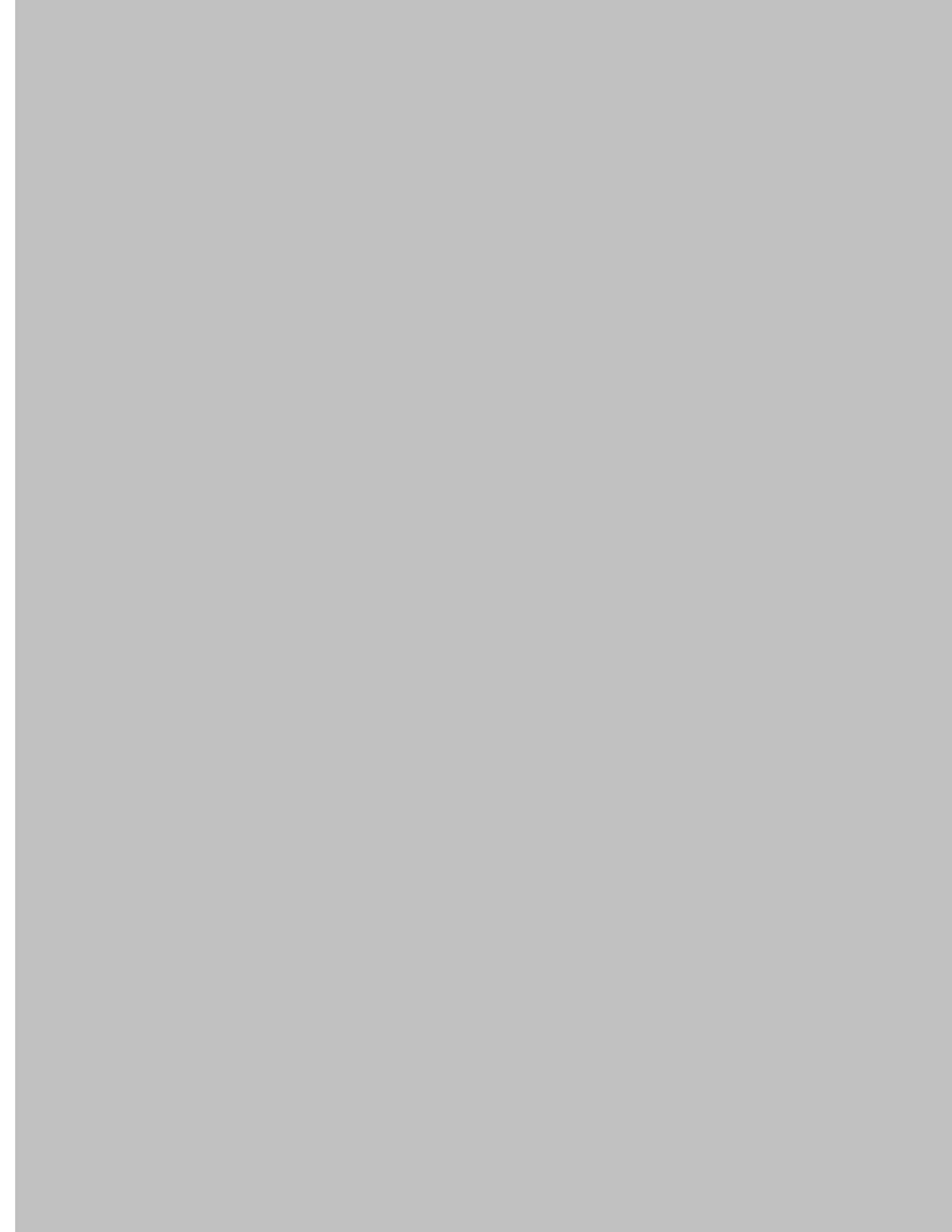
## The Three Levels of the Spheres

### (Tarot Images)

| Sphere     | Salt<br>(Unconscious) | Mercury<br>(Ego) | Suplhur<br>(Self) |
|------------|-----------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| 1 (Moon)   | 18                    | 15               | 13                |
| 2          | 0                     | 8                | 16                |
| 3          | 6                     | 14               | 17                |
| 4          | 7                     | 12               | 5                 |
| 5          | 1                     | 4                | 9                 |
| 6          | 11                    | 3                | 2                 |
| 7 (Saturn) | 10                    | 19               | 20                |

[The Septenary](#)

[The Wheel of Life](#)





# E I R A

*A Satanic Guide to Future Magick*

Christos Beest, ONA

## *Preface*

*This present volume has been compiled from the most recent writings of a member of the Order of Nine Angles. It serves as a pointer towards the future - of Magick, and of Western evolution.*

*The author is well aware that written works such as this are merely shadows of what cannot, at present, be adequately expressed. And yet, via these writings the real motives of Satanists in the world may begin to be discerned.*

*Perhaps then another nameless insight will be presented, and one more nexion shall start its slow opening.*

ONA Venn Community, Shropshire 1998eh

# *Eira: A Satanic Guide to Future Magick*

## *Introduction: In The Realm of Gods*

The very essence of Satanism is that we can become gods: that we can be those future beings who will be revered not only by our own species, but by other life-forms elsewhere in the cosmos. By using only our Will, we can be the indomitable ones destined to carve out the path to the next aeon. By great deeds, we can be the makers of history.

All that has led to this point in time can be surpassed - all that has made great warriorship, heroism, discovery and creativity, can be surpassed, re-defined and re-expressed. All the gods, all the great figures of our history who spawned gods, can be bettered.

We can possess the one real secret guarded by all our past gods: that those gods are but pale imitations of the beings that we ourselves can become. This secret is the grail that sleeps within the soul of our Western Race, and which so many occult forms have failed to wake.

All past gods of the various Western Traditions are rendered obsolete by the forces which Satanism alone is unleashing. These are the forces of cosmic evolution, taking the form of the Aeonian Magickian. The cosmos is now seeking to discard the tired old gods of our past, and is hungry for new expressions, to spawn new forms that will begin the next cycle of history.

Fading are the old Earth-bound symbols, giving way to those of acausal dimensions; those numinous forms which presence now the Galactic future that awaits. Rising are the chants of the stars, the wordless ceremonies, the living nexions that are worlds apart from the occult, from the old realm of temples, circles and runic readings.

The Satanist does not need to study or re-enact the past, and indulge in what has long been established: he is that past, the present, and the future. And each new willed act is another re-expression of the essence, another re-definition of cosmic meaning - another discovering of the potency of life presented in each one of us.

Another reminder that individuals do possess the *choice* to act or not to act for the greater cause of evolution: that each act *can* matter, *can* make a difference ...

We do not have to simply consume and pay homage to past glorious deeds; to behave as if we believe history itself has now ceased, or has been rendered the future realm of an officially appointed few. Those appointed few are like the old gods of the past: they exist so that we individuals can, through adversity, discover our own potential - the potential that is really one potential: that of the cosmos itself.

Thus, Satanists do not follow gods. So what then of Satan, that greatly mis-understood living symbol? Satan is not tied to cultural phases, and does not in image represent a once great society. Instead, Satan is the timeless flow of the cosmos, seeking existence. Satan is the grail itself, that secret guarded by the inadequate gods of our past.

Satan is the very essence of the striving to become a god - Satan is the arrogance within that enables us to leave behind the archaic gods, and to find the courage to *be* the new gods. Satan is how we live, how we die, and how we shall be after causal life.

Satan is the word that when invoked presences the very essence of our striving and defiance. As a living Being, Satan desires new life, new expression, and the constant surpassing of each

shadowy archetype created to represent Him. As living Beings, when we are living right, we *are* Satan - both as individuals and collectively, as the new species of Human that is yet to be.

Let us stop grovelling to old archetypes, stop forming fan-clubs for the Old Ones, and discard the superstition and academia that is so precious and so useless. We possess the creative genius to set in motion new Earth-shattering forms, and the arrogance to behave as the embodiment of the future that we, in essence, are. The future implies an upward surge away from the near medieval times we still live in, and in this becoming of evolution, we do not need to seek answers from anywhere but within ourselves.

The future gods bear our names ...

### *I: The Forbidden Alchemy*

One of the long-term aims of the Dark Tradition is to bring to consciousness *for the majority* the reality of the Force that is Satan. This 'dis-covering' will result in the upward evolutionary surge known as the 'New Aeon'.

A magickal Order, such as the ONA, is only one of several forms by which Satan is presented - and presented in the most undiluted of ways, without the obstruction of mortal fears. In one sense, all genuine sinister orders are an invocation to Satan: they constitute in themselves a magickal ritual, with each member understanding the conditions required if the long-term goal of the rite is to be attained. This magickal ritual, being founded upon the uncompromising principles of Nature, contains within it spontaneous or unknown factors which defy the imposition of abstract dogma. By this magickal ritual the unique creativity, the uniqueness of Being possessed by each Adept, is allowed to develop of itself.

But Traditional Satanists also understand that uniqueness of Being to be the Will of the Cosmos itself, and thus certain types of individual creativity are Life made manifest during its course of Evolution - this is to say, in esoteric terms, that certain types of creativity presence the acausal. Practically, the creativity/magick that marks Adeptship is nurtured and expressed by individual *defiance* - the uniqueness of Being which is Satan.

Because genuine acts of magick presence the acausal, the relationship of magick with 'the world' can be said to be "wholistic": a relationship where the difference and diversity of Nature and 'forms' exist to enable the spirit (or Being) of the Cosmos to thrive and evolve - ultimately there is nothing which exists external to this continuous flow of Change; nothing which can be influenced or changed *in isolation*. A genuine Adept understands this, and begins to embody in their individual life, this most natural of esoteric paths: the way of *empathy*. As all genuine sinister magickians are quick to point out, this apprehension currently exists at odds with conventional esotericism. A well-quoted example is the qabalistic approach (as sickeningly influential today as ever) which involves the magickian - or more accurately 'sorcerer' - in viewing the forces of Nature as separate, often barbarous material to be dominated and manipulated for personal ends.

A highly evolved esoteric Order would not be characterised by this 'grimoire' approach, since such an approach lacks a binding purpose, a great and clear vision which would enable members to transcend the personal and become the organic whole of a true magickal Order - an Order which is the life of the Cosmos manifested in a conscious way, and pertinent to a particular mo-

ment in causal time. A profusion of this latter type of magickal Order would be one such result of the New Aeon made manifest.

In other words, what could be described as conventional occultism is that which is swayed by abstract theories over observation and intuition, whilst the genuine Western Way - for which read 'the Septenary System', Traditional Satanism, and so on - is concerned with what actually exists beyond limited personal forms. In real magick, there is an initial attempt to mimic the flow of natural forces, until an integration is achieved and with it, large-scale Willed Change - that is, conscious aeonic evolution. Via this process of magick - still the province of the select few (Satanists of course!) - the Cosmos can progress to its next stage of existence: to live consciously via its manifestations; to evolve from childhood to adult existence. This is the secret of The Great Work.

This path of genuine magick does not involve however the slavish following of some 'cosmic doctrine'/mandate, or any other such dogma. It involves the individual in freeing themselves from *all* influences in order to live, or become, the reality of the forces of Life itself. Thus the purpose of the Seven-Fold Way: to guide its Initiates towards the attainment of self-insight, where the 'personal' exists as a method to express the Cosmos, and not as a hinderence - through *projections* - of the apprehension of Life as a unified whole. The reality can only ever be experienced anew by each Initiate, since this apprehension of Life is a *way of Being*, and can only, as yet, be partially described by abstract methods. Thus each new Satanist - and genuine Satanic order - is a new manifestation of the living essence: thus there is Evolution.

## *II: Archetypes and the Satanic Essence*

A magickal order such as the ONA is not motivated by trends in contemporary thinking, although it may on occasion manipulate 'fashion' to provoke an appropriate outcome. All forms - from magickal systems, to 'Art,' to revolutionary political organisations (etc.) - have a finite life-span, but the criteria by which present-day Occultists often judge forms as 'useful' or 'outmoded' is most usually influenced by temporal trends, by the *status quo*.

One type of essential form so judged is the *archetype*. As discussed in Order MSS relating to *Aeonics*, the life-span of an archetype is not tied to 'linear time', or effected in any way by fleeting trends in society. At the very least, archetypes die when the civilisation to which they are bound dies - when a new aeon becomes manifest. Thus, they are subject to an aeonic/'alchemical' mode of time rather than the abstracted form by which we tend to live our personal lives, since 'time' is simply a measure of the change of *Cosmic* matter and energy. This aeonic mode of time may also be described as *Racial*.

But even on the cusp of a new aeon, an archetype may spawn offspring - or rather, it may continue to *change* according to its nature and particular mode of time. This occurs when the ethos of one aeon is continued and evolved into the next, as hopefully will occur during the transition from this present Western Aeon to the next 'Galactic' one.

In order to really understand such things as archetypes, one must attain through self-effort, the aforementioned liberation from all contemporary influences - and from those influences which *lie outside* temporal forms. Most who do not follow the Seven-Fold Way will not achieve those stages beyond 'individuation' because the present concept of 'liberated thinking' or occult understanding

is still in itself *dictated by the influences that engineer this present society/culture*. With regard to implementing the practical, 'magickal' purpose of archetypes, personal 'like' or 'dislike' of one form or another does not necessarily validate or invalidate the reality of that form, and should not provide the basis for making a reasoned judgement of what is, or is not, of aeonic significance (this is particularly true of 'politics' ...).

In general, archetypes exert influence upon the unconscious, with mostly indirect results. However, Satan (or perhaps more accurately *Satanas*) is a *numinous symbol*, a living, Earth-based manifestation of the acausal. As such Satan is that force made conscious, and the gateway through which we as sentient Beings *become* the Will of the Cosmos.

Satan therefore, is the word, "image", vibration, chant and deed of Cosmic evolution itself. The 'magick' of Satan and the Dark Gods in general are for us the keys to that Evolution. How present (or past) cultures view Satan is not entirely relevant, and should not be seriously considered by those attempting to form a judgement. Again, the reality *has* to be experienced. A Sinister organisation [and *Satanas* is the epitome of the Sinister] is imbued with that reality and seeks to increase the Cosmic Tides via its works in the 'real world'.

Thus, the "chaos" trend of viewing all causal forms as merely means towards the 'Occult' attainment of some 'thing' is mistaken, because in this, a purely causal frame of reference - particularly in terms of 'time' - is used to judge that which actually possesses both causal *and* acausal components. It must be understood that techniques and forms are not there solely for individual experiencing/gratification, but rather that such things either express or counter an evolutionary pattern. In this, the understanding of the 'acausal component' is vital.

Thus, not all forms by their causal nature express limited understanding of acausal forces. While some methods are practical tools by which the individual may attain various magickal levels (as in some **Insight Roles**), others *are* those forces made manifest in the causal world: that is, the form so created is not a nexion to channel or presence the essence - it is the very essence itself; the essence evolving as it must evolve in causal time and space. This is so because such manifestations possess the greatest capacity to presence the continuous flow of Change that is Life [and significantly, do not always conform to conventional 'Occult' expectations: they are viewed as 'exoteric']. That some forms may express things that are culturally understood as 'plebian', primitive, or "Old Aeon" is absolutely irrelevant to their capacity to cause aeonic Change. This discernment requires the *Satanic* qualities of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason.

For those unique individuals whose Destiny is tied to such a form, there is no living of that form while hiding the "esoteric reality", the esoteric wisdom - the occult aspect. There is no clever deceit, no skilled manipulation, because the form created *is* the reality, *is that esoteric wisdom made real and practical*. This is the domain of **Vindex**, that much misunderstood embodiment of creative Change. Vindex does not really need 'the Occult' in conventional terms, to presence, or access the numinous ideals that s/he represents. Such things, in this case, only obscure the essence of Change, of evolution - as they can often distance a person from the creative numen which can and does provoke such an evolution.

Because of the nature of human consciousness, we possess the capability to extend and create symbols and forms (such as language, or more simply sound) which could describe the essence itself. Not all abstract symbols [whether mathematical, magickal or other] need inherently and ultimately obscure the essence; and neither is it in their nature - or in the nature of any form for that

matter - to presence the acausal by purely intellectual procedures. In this we need to understand and integrate with existing numinous symbols in order to spawn completely new forms - this initial confrontation and then synthesis of 'opposites' (in terms of the psyche) allows the necessary organic (and latent) relationship to develop between human life and symbols and other forms.

### *III: Synthesis*

The majority are still swayed by archetypal forces conventionally described as "light" and "dark". That there exists a reality beyond such opposites does not mean that those opposites, *for the majority*, do not exist. They exist and exert influence until they are confronted and transcended. A magickal Order understands this, and thus seeks to guide its adherents towards the realms 'beyond opposites' via appropriate ordeals/Grade rituals - that is, via the fires of *experience*. That some (and they are very few) may attain this transcendence does not mean that such archetypes cease to exist for others, or that the realms beyond opposites are any more 'real'. Each realm, from those symbolised by Initiate to Magus, expresses a reality in the process of Evolution, and cannot be accurately comprehended in linear terms. In one practical sense, what is "good" and what is "evil" may be said to exist, since these are the concepts, at this point in time, by which a society views the world - by which life, for the majority, is still influenced. That the definition of moral absolutes may alter over the ages does not itself alter the essence by which they effect the process of human living.

This bifurcation still exists because that is the nature of our species at present, as it has been for centuries, despite the many external changes that have occurred, and despite the intellectual musings of philosophers and occultists alike. This is unlikely to begin to change beyond its current primary level until the emergence of the next aeon - some four hundred years from now. Thus a rite such as the genuine **Black Mass** still possesses real magickal purpose for individuals at a certain level of their development, as well as contributing to the necessary, broader aeonic changes. Such a rite accesses Nazarene/Magian energies and then re-directs them in a sinister way - and, as has been stated elsewhere in ONA MSS, the Satanist does not *believe* in the reality of "God", or the 'divinity' of the Nazarene, only that others so believe. Thus, there is still great relevance in promoting and practising a system of genuine "Black" magick which aims to counter the works of those who promote and practise magick of the "White" variety: in terms of the psyche of the West, a *cosmic battle* must still be played out if a synthesis is to be achieved by civilisation as a whole. In esoteric terms, this is to say that our civilisation has not as yet evolved to the stage of Adeptship. The goal of the Sinister Initiate is to aid this aeonic synthesis, and the methods by which they achieve this for *the majority* will differ in many instances from those which enabled this achievement for them as *individuals*.

In reality, both an esoteric Black and White Order *do* exist, but the form that is now conventionally understood as "evil" is instead the way that will allow the necessary transition to take place, and thus prevent the stagnation and decay that would result from the triumph of Magian forces [as presented by the "White" Order]. In the most profound sense therefore, it is the Sinister Path that enshrines what is genuinely *divine* and life-enhancing...

In this very real Cosmic battle, Satan does not feature as some Judaeo-Nazarene device to op-

press 'the Folk', but as a numinous symbol for our civilisation, of all that defies the counter-evolutionary force of the Magian. What is rarely expressed, however, is that such counter-evolutionary forces are *part* of the process of Cosmic Change, *part of the Wyrd of Western civilisation*. For without such opposition there is no real evolution, no Triumph of the Will - and no *Life*. Thus to oppose such counter-evolutionary forces is to *positively* aid aeonic evolution and bring the intergration with Nature so often sought by those who follow an Occult way.

It has been often said that 'opposition' and the identifying of enemy forces (sometimes mistakenly described as "scapegoats") is now counter-evolutionary, and somehow "old aeon". This is a tragic forgetting of what we, as a Western - or Aryan - Race are, and will always be: *hunters* and *warriors*. And it is through the opposition which we *do* draw to ourselves by virtue of what we are, that we are able to struggle, fight, and thus *evolve*. If our instincts are still healthy and intact, we will *know* the forces that are working against us and consequently how to combat them in defence of the Honour of our Wyrd.

As practitioners of magick, we must have the understanding to allow those numinous symbols which presence - or 'order' - the wyrd of the aeon to which we are bound, to evolve unhindered according to their own mode of time; to flow with, and consciously *become* those forces, rather than aid counter-evolutionary powers by allowing limited personal ideas and projections to dominate.

Real practitioners of Aeonic magick do not *project* their own understanding onto the society of their time, as they do not seek in their practises to elevate the understanding of their contemporaries by willful self-expression. Changes in the collective psyche will take much longer than one lifetime, and will instead swell in waves, over Aeons. Thus, a genuine practitioner of Aeonic magick works with the raw materials and possibilities that characterise the society of their time: they do not work beyond practical boundaries. And in this, importantly, an Aeonic magickian is not swayed solely by the desire to witness the fruits of their understanding in their own personal lifetime; they plan for centuries ahead, and embody in their Being the slowness of evolution, the Wisdom of Ages ...

#### *IV: Eira*

For the occultist, the great curse of his endeavours lies in a pronounced capacity to think too much: to over-intellectualise, to analyse - to seek *too readily* to express practical truths via academic articles, and such like. Ideally, at this stage in esoteric development, a gradual move away from the intellectual approach should begin to emerge, along with an acceptance of the necessity for carving out the future by practical acts. The time for seeking to achieve influence via the written academic word should be waning, replaced instead by the understanding that such a seeking will only have a significant role following the practical realisation of the next esoteric stages - that is, when there is wisdom to distill from new deeds.

At this point, there should be a hunger to experience, to pioneer - to re-express the *essence*. The profusion of occult writings and journals, and pronouncements of organisations, should be viewed by the modern, intrepid occultist with tedium and disdain. There *should* be presenced

within the modern occultist that insatiable desire to speak and create from direct experience; to redefine by extraordinary experiencing those things which have become accepted truths and dusty, arcane lore: to *live* a hero's life, rather than enter the boring debates over strategy, tactics and history.

The above, quintessentially *Satanic* attitude, is still a rarity. In keeping with contemporary trends, the modern occultist behaves more like the Quantum scientist - allowing the intellect to dominate in the first instance, seeking answers through analysis before a thing has been uniquely tasted and experienced. The worrying trend is revealed in the occasional prefacing of articles with: "We have observed/seen in others ... ", and then going from there to draw judgements without the need to *experience* what those others have experienced. This is particularly - and disturbingly - true of the various approaches to Aeonics. The worrying aspect is that this, the most profound of magickal techniques, is becoming a forum for academic debate, analysis and the pronouncement of personal opinions under the guise of Insight.

Aeonic Magick - the flow of civilisations - is an utterly organic process. It cannot be subjected to academic and personal projections, for that is to make it into something else entirely. As has been constantly stressed, the process requires individuals to lose what is personal of themselves by becoming completely immersed in practical aeonic forms. There is most certainly a subtle guiding, sometimes a subtle altering of those forms; but there is also, very significantly, a giving up of oneself to those aspects which cannot be controlled, which flow as they flow regardless of individual influence. The nearest analogy to this process lies in the flight of a seagull, as it rides the wind, adapting to a sudden storm; flying in calm weather, but going with the direction of the gales that may dictate a new course. It takes great skill, and the development of a perfect balance between what is individually willed, and what is unfolded by the greater flow of Life itself.

Consequently, Aeonics requires the individual to brave the unknown, and forge uniquely from *what cannot be pinned down*, a new experiencing of the constant, awesome *becoming* of the Cosmos. We have the practical tools to do this via the various forms, discussed many times, that presently exist in the world. And each new person who really lives those forms, who becomes fully immersed so they effectively *are* those forms, brings to flower something which utterly defies the academic debates and analysis: something *new*, something *living* - a storm to change the flow of our lives.

Occultists should possess the insight to recognise that point beyond which debate and critical analysis cease to become productive *for all individuals, of all allegiances*. This is particularly true with regard to aeonic forms which are still growing, still in their early stages. There comes a time when the organic process of Change as a whole must be left alone to develop of itself, and personal objections of a thing are silenced. Occultists must be aware of the need to create conditions by which the necessary process of *thesis - antithesis - synthesis*, inherent within all aeonic forms, can flourish. This is a slow process - painfully so when apprehended within the time span of one individual causal life - and requires for its growth a way of *Living* on the part of individuals. Individuals cannot be led to this way of Living by the adoption of forceful opinions, as esoteric organisations cannot be built upon such opinions.

Again, this insight involves laying aside personal motivations - knowing when to act and when to move with that greater flow of Life. A useful example of a form for which strategical, semantic debate is now becoming counter-productive is that of 'politics' - particularly where Race/Racism is

concerned. Such things are still not understood on a rudimentary level let alone on an aeonic one, and are still too practically *nascent* to be subject to the lofty criticisms of the esoteric commentator.

Therefore it is imperative that a few individuals at least strive to keep alive the promise of magick by being prepared to change their lives (including the 'occult' aspect) in order to seek to become that tool for Change; prepared to suffer the mistakes, the 'loss of face', the real dangers that will assuredly follow. Of those few individuals who have lived thus, all will testify to the profound, almost indescribable *difference* encountered by living and immersing oneself in an aeonic form, as opposed to the overview supposedly gained from literature and observing the experiences of other people. The former is to be an organic part of the *dialectic of Life*, re-defining, re-experiencing the *essence*; the latter, a victim and perpetuator of brain-washing.

The outer forms of aeonics can *always* be criticised - but the critical observations are not the point, are not the magick. The point lies solely in the aforementioned dialectic of Life: if the only way of achieving this intergration means that an individual must become for a time a real revolutionary fighter, and risk spending some of that time in prison, then that is the only way - *that* is the harsh choice faced by those who have undertaken the Great Work. However, for the majority faced with making this stark choice, personal feelings still continue to dictate, obscuring and ultimately killing the Will of the Cosmos that is presenced within each individual. This Will is not dictated by personal choice, but is like the wind itself, a sudden reality upon which we must ride if the end goal is to be reached. This is one reason why Traditional Satanists eschew all those established beliefs and methods which bring comfort, all those old gods who bring familiarity and energizing 'identity'. Individuals may sincerely believe that such things, and their histories and ways, are important - but they really are not. So what is the reality? ... Sadly, the only present reality is that life is still too soft, too easy for the majority to be impelled by the terrifying process of Creation.

### *V: The Future Aeon*

For the Present, we exist in a society characterised by a 'supermarket' approach of choice and consumption, where individuals no longer create history, but look backwards and study, and romanticise - and distort. The realm of the Esoteric is no exception to this, and thus it is vital that we as Occultists, as creative individuals, cease to waste our time delving into the folk-tales and legends of past, dead cultures - this includes those of the Norse, Celtic, Saxon, and whatever else passes for conventional esoteric interest.

Because to derive esoteric inspiration from the dim and distant deeds of an archetype is a waste of the magickal opportunity that exists *now*, with the people who exist *now* and the potential that *they can embody in the future*. To create and perform rituals based on a dim and distant fireside tale - or employ the symbolism of a past communal life-style - is a counter-productive [in aeonic terms] *indulgence*. A 'culture' is, magickally, unimportant. What matters is civilisation - or more precisely, the living, evolving force that moves a civilisation forwards, and which is in itself embodied by that civilisation. In this, the creativity of an associated culture is only of relevance if it presences this living, moving force.

When we enter a place of enigmatic 'historical interest', such as an old settlement or stone circle, we do not need to psychically unravel - or seek to re-enact - the secrets of a past community: we who live now *are* those secrets, we *are* that enigma. We must only tap into the genius of our creativity and flow forwards, leaving the monuments, the ruins - the dead shells - where they belong. If there is a message locked within the unknown dolmen, it is this.

However, to use the form of an ancient or old archetype for the purpose of doing something with that archetype in the world is another matter. But this implies re-presenting such an archetype as the hero of a *new* mythos - a mythos entirely representational of the current aeonic phase, and by that token one which allows the next phase to be reached.

Thus, a new mythos would feature an established archetype committing great acts of nobility (and great acts of *terror*), the nature and form of which would inspire and liberate the 'modern masses'. The magick of the archetype would be in its living *now* in the real world, rather than having existed in some ethereal realm of the past; a past when the manifestation of Human life was, in many respects, very different to today. These differences lie in what is and what is not practically needed in order for the people of modern 'Western' society to feel inspired towards overcoming the problems, self-imposed and otherwise, of their day-to-day existence.

The deeds of this archetype could be a re-presentation of those acts committed by a real-life, modern day hero (such as a Satanist) - or the creation of a new legend, the practical basis of which has yet to occur, therefore inspiring individuals to bring it to life in the causal world ... The ways and methods of this powerful magickal technique are legion.

What is rarely considered by 'pagans' and occultists alike, is how archetypes organically change as a civilisation organically changes according to its various cultural, political and historical phases. For the West, one of our primary archetypes is that of the *Warrior*. As long as we as a Race continue to live, this archetype will never cease to be relevant: it will never die. However, the *form* by which this archetype exerts its influence on a Folk *always* changes according to the development of those things which aid racial survival. It is this latter form of development which defines the work of an Aeonic magickian, and not, as previously stated, temporary intellectual trends/fashion.

*Thor*, for example, was once a real, living individual tied to a Folk Community, who achieved immortality and 'god status' by doing great heroic deeds. These deeds provided inspiration for that Folk to practically emulate those deeds - and perhaps even surpass them. But, as stated above, we as a Folk have since moved into an entirely different set of circumstances to those which pertained to a particular phase in Norse history.

In order to effectively deal with the evolutionary problems of *today*, we need an archetype that we can realistically and practically follow in deed. This new warrior archetype has, within the scope of history, only recently evolved and lives now within the soul of the Western Race. It speaks of the future, and allows the old gods of the past to fade with dignity, as is their desire.

And what new form does the *Warrior* now take? To accept and use this knowledge is to wield real, practical magick - to taste the living fruits of the cosmos. But it is for each potential adept to make their own discovery ...

## *VI: The Art of Future Magick*

The essence of Future Magick is quite simple. It does not involve complicated 'occult' rituals where circles are drawn, implements brandished, and earth-shattering 'words of power' laboriously recited by a 'High Priest'. It does not involve fumigating an indoor Temple with the correct incense, or observing the archaic correspondences contained in dreaded books of dead things.

It does not involve a group of robed individuals standing in a circle and observing some ancient tradition, or beating drums in worship of some lovely celestial goddess and some virile horned god. All such obvious occult trappings are now ephemera, and fundamentally, are *of the past*. It is not surprising that the practise of such things is growing, since we live in a time when all communal traditions, all senses of spiritual meaning are fading or are being destroyed.

But there are no secrets contained in the past - no message from the mists of time to guide us forward. As previously stated, *we* who live *now* are the message of our future evolution: all that has happened throughout the aeons has led to this point, and, despite appearances, we as a species *know more now than we ever have known*.

In order to move forwards, we must make this reality a living one, within each and every one of our lives. We must trust in our latent, evolved creative genius and have the courage to discard the romantic trappings we as a species are becoming dependent upon. The Galactic future can be presented through our magick if we allow it to be. This requires a leap of faith into the Abyss - into the realm of Satan.

All that the new ceremonies require, is for individuals who possess this new aeonic faith to gather at specific times and perhaps light a bonfire which will function as a focus/symbol for the gathering. All else will create itself from there.

The specific gathering times - or *fest*s - are as follows: Mid - end of April; Early November; Spring Equinox; Mid - end of May; Summer Solstice; Early - mid August; Autumn Equinox; Winter Solstice; Late January - late Feb.

These are the times when the seasonal energies/cosmic tides are at their most pronounced. These energies, in themselves *unbound by any phase in history*, are, in the manner of magick, re-expressed each year according to the circumstances of the celebrating and the broader esoteric changes occurring at that time. Of necessity a traditional form such as a Nine Angles rite provides the basis for each fest - but such a rite is in itself unbound by imagery from the dead and distant past (qv. *Black Book III*). In essence, the 'Galactic' or acausal magick that will present the Future, is expressed through chant and thought, and thus brings the living synthesis of Being that each act of magick seeks.

This is the magick that has always characterised the meaning of genuine Satanism: the Way of *Empathy*. The practising of the fest*s* expresses a conscious integration with the *living* cosmic forces, and reaches the height of expression when woven into the life of a rural community.

## *VII: Fundi*

A great deal has been written over the years concerning the concept of the *nexion*, and while the basic meaning is widely understood - that of a *nexion* being a point where the acausal intrudes into the causal universe (and vice versa) - the outer form that a *nexion* may take requires some further explanation.

Firstly, a nexion can take many forms, and may even be a combination of forms. According to very rare conditions, an aeonic nexion may be an individual. Or it could be a revolutionary Religious form. Or, as stated, it could constitute several such forms co-existing in the world in order to bring forth the aeonic transition.

However, the standard image is usually that of an isolated, wind-swept hill, which may perhaps include upon it some ancient ruined structures. It is such an isolated place that is usually sought by occultists when attempting to open a gate/nexion. This attempt will most likely involve regular performance at the chosen site of rituals designed to presence the acausal (such as Nine Angles ceremonies, etc. - qv. Order MSS *Thern*). Thus, a tradition is started whereby a reservoir of energies is created for future Adepts to draw from and direct according to desire. Several such places have been established over the years in the British Isles, with one site in particular having been opened in an area of the Welsh Marches over 1,000 years ago in order to inaugurate the Western Aeon, as has been documented by the Dark Tradition.

Thus, the nexion associated with the present Western Aeon was indeed an isolated, genuinely esoteric place. However, it was only thus because of the nature of the times in which it was created: times characterised by the Nazarene oppression, which demanded an esoteric approach to preserving what we sometimes term as the 'Western ethos'.

This was in contrast to the nexion which presenced the Hyperborean Aeon of Albion. This nexion existed in the area of Stonehenge. The nexion then was not solely the henge itself, or the land upon which it was built, or the folk who lived and worshipped there: *it was a combination of all those factors*. The nexion of Albion was the organic whole of the community which grew there; a living, working centre where all the threads of nature and human-kind were woven as one. What can be found at that site now is the dead shell of what was once a living organism - a nexion by which life evolved significantly.

Because of the enervating nature of this present time, the nexion associated with the next aeon and which is being established now, is also an organic whole - a community. But this community must in this present age develop covertly, since to openly establish it as an 'occult' venture would be to hinder its slow, natural growth, and turn it into something short-sighted and short-lived: a 'project' attempting to bend the Will of Nature in accordance with a set of accepted 'ideas'. That is, such a venture would seek to project upon the essence a limited understanding of what constitutes the 'esoteric', and would thus represent a step backwards, into that which is already dying.

The community instead allows the essence to dictate the ways of living, and remains always separate from 'occult' forums and trends in order that it may presence the future by founding a new organic approach to Life itself. From this slow, aeonic development will come the new forms, the new expressions, the new magick - of themselves, unhindered by any pre-conceptions or expectations, and free from all past and fading archetypes.

Thus the community itself will become the *new* esoteric path; the *new* religion - the *new* country. In order to make this next phase meaningful and significant - that is, *practical* - a leap of faith is required: a breaking away from the established, on all levels. Thus, the spirit of real pioneering is to be invoked, and there is no reason why ultimately this leap of faith cannot be repeated across the diverse regions of the Earth.

In establishing this nexion, the cycle that began in Albion will have returned to its new beginning. This beginning is in essence quite simple: it is the cultivating of the *conscious* apprehension

of the acausality of 'time', from which all else shall follow. Only from these seemingly humble, rural beginnings can emerge the race that will practically extend towards the stars, since both the Will and the form of technology required to fulfil the Galactic Destiny can only develop organically from revolutionary organic beginnings and methods.

The hidden, outwardly 'non-esoteric' community will be this new beginning, and must subsequently be nurtured in such a way that it flourishes for at least 1,000 years. This new form signifies the closing of all that outwardly constitutes this present age, and is *the essence itself*, not merely a vehicle for the expression of the essence. It is a combination of both causal and acausal: it is a living nexion - the next stage, made practical, in our evolution.

What is described above represents the essence of magick.

### *VII: Addendum*

And so in this, and in other ONA writings, the practical meaning of Magick is explicated - all that is now required of sinister esoteric Orders and individuals is the *Will* to make the meaning a reality. Thus, in conclusion, the magickal aims of a genuine sinister organisation should be as follows:

- 1) To continue to maintain the existing Tradition by disseminating the various teachings and methods [as published in MSS such as *Codex Saerus*, *Naos* and others].
- 2) To practically aid those 'exoteric' forms which will bring the New Aeon.
- 3) To extend the Tradition by creating *new* forms of the sinister. These would include Artistic [music/images/writing]; 'Magickal' [new ceremonial/hermetic forms]; and practical, numinous ways of living [as in the creation of an esoteric rural community, or communities - qv. *Order MSS Thernn*].

In Satanism, lies the stuff of modern folk-tales - of future legends; for unlike others, the Satanist lives the life and dies the death of a Hero. This is not a claim made lightly. As a consequence of the actions of a few, the next fifty years will witness a Recalling of the devastating Creative force that each individual life can *will* into Becoming.

Though many will dismiss it because they do not have the courage to try, the Way of Satan remains, amidst the myriad of 'paths' the essence of the Great Work. *Experto credite*.

*And when the works are complete, a Satanist disappears from sight - toward the next stage, leaving astonishment, disbelief and many questions in their wake. And then the failures begin their campaign, of distortion and lies. Just occasionally, they may hear our laughter.*

C. Beest/ONA. Revised: ONA 1998 eh. Published by The Venn Community, Shropshire, 1998eh





## Notes on Esoteric Tradition - Cosmic Wheel & Tetrahedron



### Cosmic Wheel:

The Cosmic Wheel is a wordless expression of the destiny of man, and represents that boundless cosmic ordering to which the essence eternally flows. It is a symbol of our potential, of the endless struggle for the evolution of consciousness, and of our unique *warrior ethos*. It enshrines the Will, determination, and drive required to bring large scale change. It is both creation and destruction; life and death - it is revitalization, and the light of the cosmos. It implies the wisdom inherent in experience, and the experience drawn from great struggles. It is the Star of distant galaxies, and the light to our travels. It is balance - both light and dark, both chaos and order. Yet it is none of these things, and all of these things - it is what lies *beyond* these things.

Above all it represents what is *Galactic*, or *Sinister*.

The Cosmic Wheel is best represented as silver on black, representing the light of the Cosmos. For ceremonies it should be presented as a banner - particularly outdoors, as a makeshift altar acting as a gateway into unseen existence, in conjunction with a tetrahedron of Quartz. It can also be worn by initiates of the tradition as a ring. The four scythes represent the elements, and the circle the cosmic being. It turns sun-wise, as the scythes cut out all that stands in the way of destiny. It is visualized during Aeonie ceremonies during vibration/chant, and can also aid in the opening of a Nexion.

### Quartz Tetrahedron:

Tradition holds that the most effective shape for quartz, in accessing the acausal is that of a tetrahedron. A tetrahedron has four triangular (equilateral) planes. The most basic molecular structure of quartz, actually, *is* a tetrahedron. The structure -  $\text{SiO}_2$ , consists of one central silicon atom, surrounded by four oxygen atoms. These are referred to as silicate tetrahedra, and are linked at the corners to create the structure of the crystal. Tradition has stated very little to why the quartz tetrahedron is employed in opening a gate to the acausal, but one might deduct that its basic molecular structure does have some effect on why it is effective; as a tetrahedron is simply a magnification of its essence as matter.

These structural notes apply only to Quartz Crystal, and are different for other crystals.

As noted elsewhere, a tetrahedron should be ground/cut from a large piece of the clearest possible Quartz by a skilled professional. A jeweler who works in quartz might be able to do this for a sizable sum, yet may not have the equipment to grind larger sizes. The larger and clearer the tetrahedron, the better - but one should expect at least some cloudiness or imperfection. Ideally the Quartz should be found or mined personally [for initiates in America the best places for this are in Arkansas. Australia also has an abundance of quartz.], but in some cases this may prove impractical. Each tetrahedron should be passed down to subsequent generations of initiates for use. Its effectiveness relies on many things - the ability of the initiates to perform the chants, that it is continually charged, its unique history, and so on - but the quartz tetrahedron is one of the most useful tools in accessing the acausal and opening a nexion.

*Vilnius Thornian, ONA.*

*August, 2000. Vinland.*

- Order of Nine Angles -



# **Order of Nine Angles**

# **Sinister Tarot**

**Emanations: Major Arcana  
and  
Minor Arcana - Court Cards**

By

Christos Beest



**Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) 2000 (yf 111)  
For Private Use Only**

Foreword on the Sinister Tarot  
as found in:

## **Dark Pathworkings**

ONA

One of the initial tasks along the Sinister Path is the Magickal technique known commonly as Pathworking. Essentially this technique is a fundamental to the beginnings of Magickal development.

When working with the Sinister Tarot the Initiate may notice that some workings are far more intense than others. Combined with this intensity is the feeling that the characters and scenery within the image have actually come to life themselves. That is, they suddenly have a life of their own, a life that is no longer restricted by the consciousness of the individual, but suddenly becomes distinctive and objective from that consciousness. It is within these deeper forms of Pathworking that genuine Initiation begins to take place, for it should be noted that the Rite of Initiation does not always bring a complete transformation, but rather is only a beginning.

Two forms of Pathworking can generally be distinguished by the degree of control that the Sinister Pathworker has over the energies/images. In a lesser form of Pathworking the direction of the energies is controlled purely by the individuals imagination, that is for example, the Initiate visualises the Moon Goddess, imagining that she begins to talk, perhaps in a strange and deep ethereal voice, one that is imbued with the acausal nature of the Being She symbolises but which many believe to be purely a dead hunk of rock...

The working here is directed purely by ones imagination. However a deeper state of Pathworking, one which usually only comes when the Initiate has been continually working with the images themselves, is when the Beings within the Cards themselves become alive and imbued, not with the energy of the individuals imagination, for this is itself only a means to work with the energies, but rather, become alive of themselves expressing Their own nature and energy, that which is both within and without, that which is the acausal.

Another aspect of this degree of difference between the objective and subjective status of the Being with which the Dark Tradition works is expressed in the Dark Pathways themselves. These workings further the initial descent into the acausal, one which may itself be tentative and misunderstood.

As is stated in other Order mss, it is by practical experience that the Sinister Initiate discerns the status of the Dark Gods themselves and this can never really be passed on in writings. For it is often believed that the writings of others can bring wisdom and enlightenment by themselves, yet this also is an illusion of the Abyss. It is quite correct to assume that the writings of others may help to guide, but, as has been stated many times before, they are only a guide, not a substitute. It is only through direct personal Invokation that the Dark Gods can be understood.

During the Dark Pathways the Magickian meditates upon the corresponding Tarot image, allowing the energies summoned to manifest, as it will in accordance with the symbolism. However, if a working is truly successful the imagery of the card will serve its purpose by providing a gateway, or perhaps more accurately a vehicle through which the specific Dark God may manifest its Being. Thus working with Atazoth, the Master card itself is soon lost in the vortical Chaos that is emitted from the pictorial representation of the Man of the Abyss. Atazoth then fills the Initiates mind, revealing his being to be far more alien than that of a mere humanoid.

As an expansion upon the existing Dark Pathways techniques I suggest the working as found in these pages.

# Sinister Tarot

## Emanations: Major Arcana

### Moon sphere:

### Atu XVIII – The Moon



That which has not yet been confronted within the psyche of the individual; that which is strange, which lies outside the scope of any world view; that which lies within the Dark Pool beneath the Moon and threatens to devour, create madness. A stage which cannot be ignored if further development is sought, requiring a descent to draw out that which is obscure, fearfully hidden: the gateway to the Abyss. A point from which there is no turning back: that which leads to rebirth via death.

## Shugara

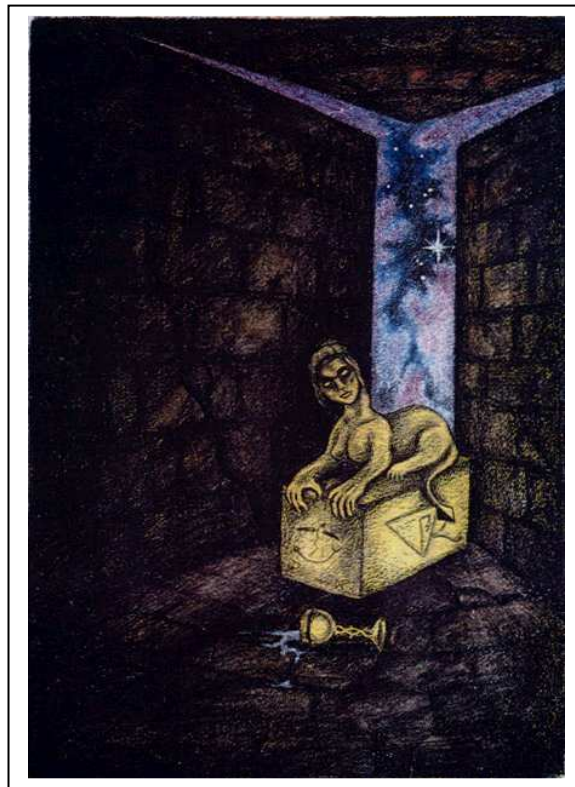
### Atu XV – Deofel



Sinister awakening - Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the 'accuser', that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the 'sacred'. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.

## Noctulius

### Atu XIII – Death



That which follows hubris; the consequence of attempting to escape that which is ill-fated by Destiny. Personal destruction from self-delusion and the cessation of self-evolution. Energy vortex in the Abyss. The stripping away of the self-image that, if successful, will produce a genuine Master/Mistress; confronting the Chaos within and without.

## Nythra

### Mercury sphere:

### Atu 0 - Physis



The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrð. The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is Great.

## **Ga Wath Am** **Atu VIII – Change**



The earthing and spreading of energies. The hard truth of Nature - the dying time of one form to give way and birth to another. A causal form created to act as a focal point/channel for the fulfilment of Wyrð - the beginnings of a practical realisation of strategies and aims. The Sinister Dialectic in action: by its dynamic nature a prelude to - and when realized a creator of - insight.

## **Nekalah** **Atu XVI - War**



Conflict; the clashing of vision and destinies. The attempt by others to wrest away the Destiny of one individual and thus disrupt the greater Wyrd. A clouding of vision that creates doubts, lack of direction, susceptibility to outside forces and possibly, if insight is lost, the renouncing of a quest. The hardship imposed by the consequences of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes, Wisdom - and Destiny - may be attained. Awareness of those factors - such as other people - that may fulfil Destiny, and the hard practical realities of striving to create this fulfilment. Sadness and wisdom and creativity through loss.

## Abatu

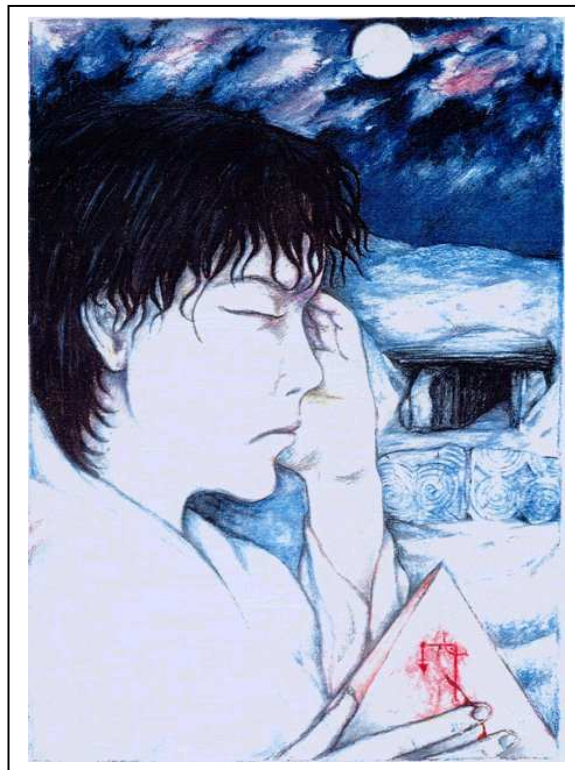
### Venus sphere:

### Atu VI – The Lovers



The double tetrahedron a nexion created via the union of balancing forces. The sowing of the seed of Change that which may transform and carry evolution beyond the Abyss, and thus beyond 'self-image' - or that which may destroy. The invoking of energies that coerce to create something beyond 'self'.

## **Karu Samsu** **Atu XIV – Hel**



Self-possession; knowledge that allows one to consciously improve/evolve and use natural abilities (or ‘gifts’) - such as sexual charisma - to the advantage of personal Destiny and Wyrð, and to confront and resolve those qualities within character which are detrimental. Self-honesty. In early stages of development, such an individual causes unforeseen disruption and resentment amongst others. Beginnings of that which is re-presented by atu III.

## Asoth Atu XVII – The Star



The maturity and bringing to fulfilment of that promise re-presented by atus VI and VIII. Knowledge of identity, of Wyrd and what needs to be done. A coming of age; the seed of Change blossoms. Domination: the successful establishment of a causal structure; a process, the effects of which are irreversible once the cause is triumphant on whatever level. The beginnings of Imperium.

## Nemicu

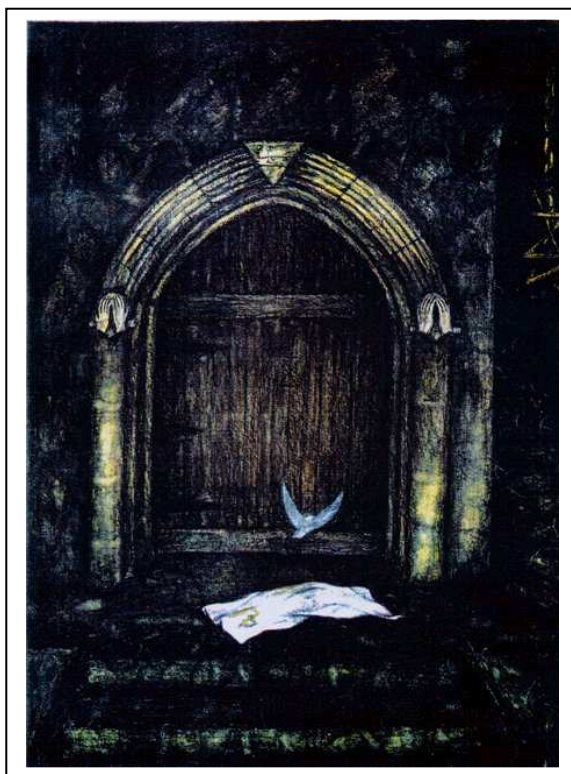
**Sun sphere:**

### Atu VII – Azoth



The Menstruum - the Sinister aspect implicit within the ‘homogenous metallic water’: the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the ‘Accuser’. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal - or destruction by it.

## Satanas Atu XII – Opfer



Entrance/transition to the Lands of the Dark Immortals. The individual becoming that which s/he created - a transferral of consciousness to the acausal to be in essence part of the greater Wyrd. A reverberation across Aeons of the causal acts of an individual, gradually leaving the essence behind the appearance to haunt the psyches of others. The altering of the astral shell; that which ultimately cannot and need not be described. The deliberate removal of that which is detrimental to Wyrd.

## Vindex

### Atu V – The Master



Manipulation - actions based on a knowledge of the Sinister Dialectic as revealed by practical experience: a rational, to some 'cold', observation beyond the stage of Adeptship/Individuation. Control of all the many and varied factors within a situation - in other words, the achievement of a stage in individual evolution that goes beyond the personal, and thus implies the ability to initiate Change on a large-scale, perhaps of a civilisation.

## Atazoth

**Mars sphere:**

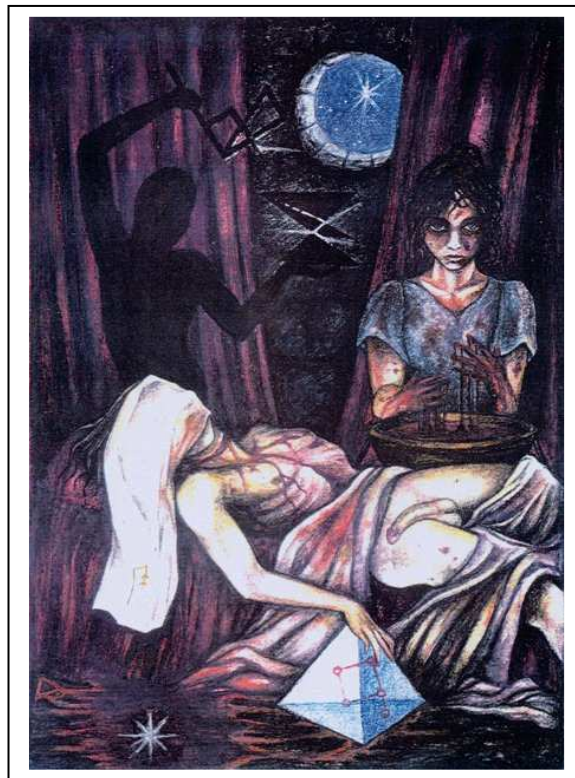
### Atu I – The Magickian



Empathy; a flowing with natural forces that are consciously understood. An integration becoming (part of) a greater Wyrd; an awareness that spans Aeons. Actions that prepare the way.

## **Binan Ath**

### **Atu IV - Lord of the Earth**



The nature of the changes in the causal, beyond the actions of those who initiated them; how the acausal relates dynamically to the causal and vice-versa ('Sinister Dialectic'). The flowing of energies according to the greater Wyrð and Destinies of those directly and indirectly involved - thus, the presence of unforeseen factors and the pitfalls implicit in this which may create errors of judgement. The maintaining of an ethos or 'tradition' via 'timeless' acts.

## **Kthunae**

### **Atu IX - The Hermit**

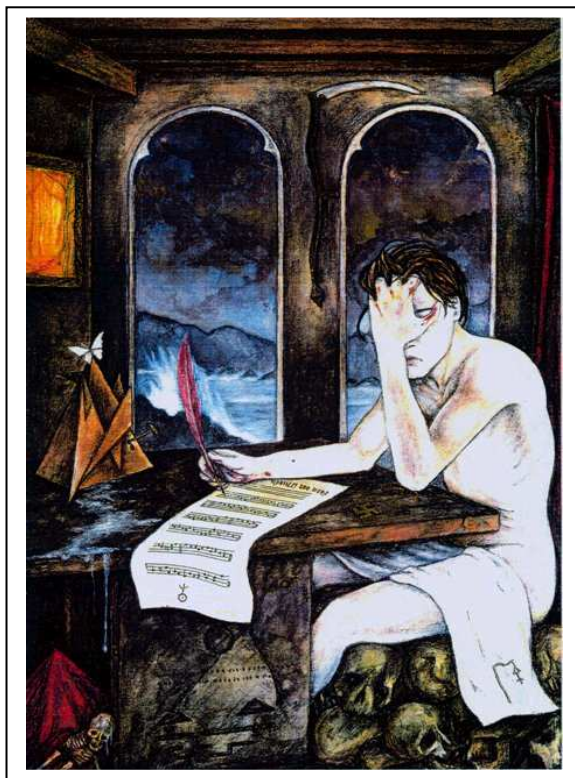


Withdrawal and a revealing; the lying between two stages of alchemical Change. Intimations of the Abyss. The culmination on a personal level of energies created by Change - the surfacing of individual factors hitherto only known on an unconscious level. A process of dis-discovery that will lead to insight, (further) knowledge of wyrd; or madness, death.

## Sauroctonos

**Jupiter sphere:**

### Atu XI – Desire



Alchemy: the union of two balancing forces that, as a nexion, create Change through Sinister Intent - the energies in action as earthed and affected by that which is re-presented by atus VI, VII and VII.

## Lidagon

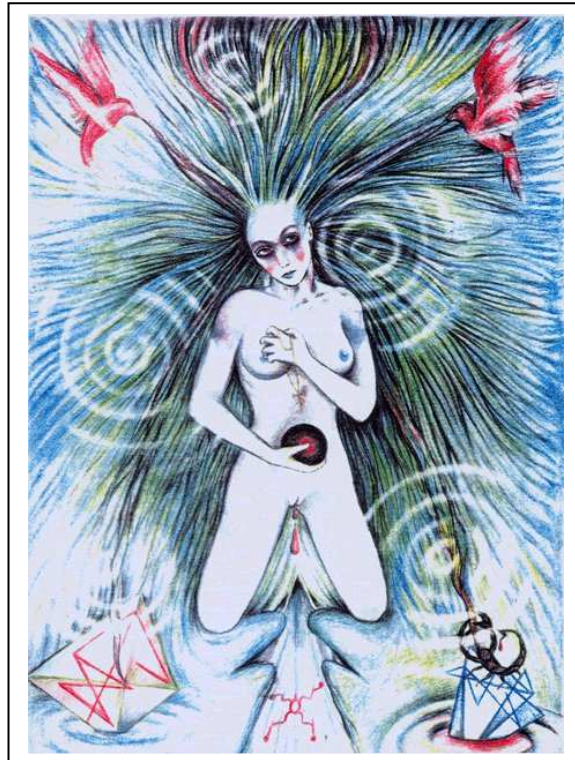
### Atu III - Mistress of the Earth



Empathic manipulation (such as ‘enchantment’) to create Change via causal structure - amoral acts that may conventionally be seen as ‘evil’. Actions provoked by unfettered passions and a revelling in the physical pleasures and challenges of life. “Ruthless ambition”. Creativity and Change via destruction - ie. War, culling.

## **Davcina**

### **Atu II - High Priestess**

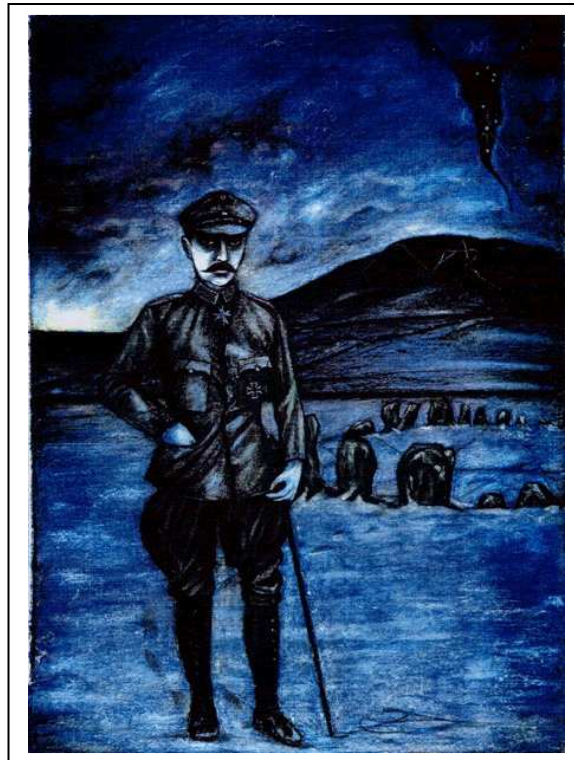


Beyond the Abyss: the crossing over and Initiation (in terms of awareness whilst still partaking of a causal existence) into the Lands of the Dark Immortals. A self-awareness that transcends temporal understanding - becoming the essence; beyond opposites.

## **Mactoron**

**Saturn sphere:**

### **Atu X – Wyrð**



That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the destiny or Wyrð of the ethos of a civilisation. Acts that inaugurate a new Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things – ‘fate’ etc.

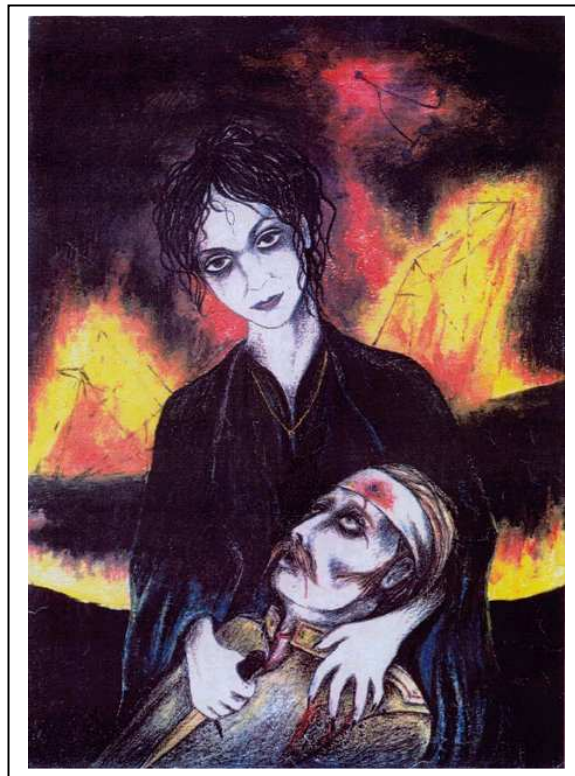
## Azanigin

### Atu XIX - The Sun



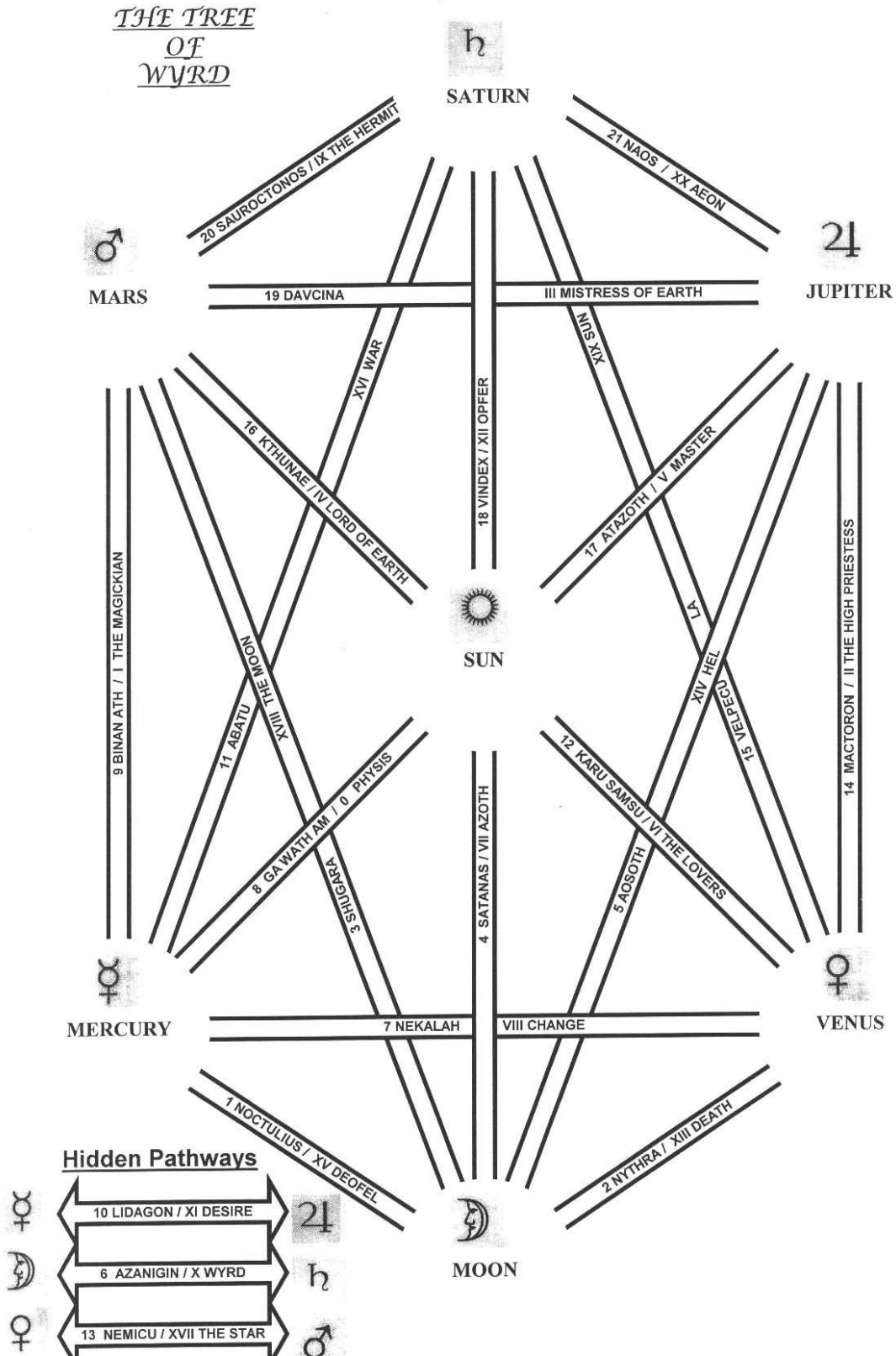
The finding of the Aeon: the height of Imperium – causal structure altered in accordance with long term aims, bearing its own fruits of Change. But these fruits are the final product of a grand age, the final works of the ethos of a race fulfilled. The brink of new possibilities; storm clouds gather with promise of the blood of birth, of the heralding of a Higher associated civilisation. The fulfilling of personal Desires and potential, creating intimations/hauntings of further progression. Dissatisfaction causing aspirations to something ‘higher’/beyond – ‘reaching for the stars’.

## **Velpecula Atu XX - Aeon**



A nexion fully opened: greater Wyrd causally fulfilled now dynamically giving expression to new forms of itself via Physis; new challenges, new expressions of a continuing ethos - the Chaos of birth: the Dark Gods returned, shape-shifting, creating new possibilities. An ethos that is alive and evolving, defying all that challenge its vision; to constantly redefine limits, Prometheus-like and insatiable. The cycle of creative evolution. The Aeon of Fire

# Naos



**Appendix 2:**

**Pathways of the Tree of Wyrd**

(The Dark Gods in relation with the Major Arcana of the Sinister Tarot)

| No. | Dark Gods          | Pathways                             | Atu Cards                     |
|-----|--------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1   | <b>Noctulius</b>   | From Moon to Mercury                 | Atu XV (Deofel)               |
| 2   | <b>Nythra</b>      | From Moon to Venus                   | Atu XIII (Death)              |
| 3   | <b>Shugara</b>     | From Moon to Mars                    | Atu XVIII (Moon) <sup>1</sup> |
| 4   | <b>Satanas</b>     | From Moon to Sun                     | Atu VII (Azoth)               |
| 5   | <b>Aosoth</b>      | From Moon to Jupiter                 | Atu XIV (Hel)                 |
| 6   | <b>Azanigin</b>    | From Moon to Saturn <sup>2</sup>     | Atu X (Wyrd)                  |
| 7   | <b>Nekalah</b>     | From Mercury to Venus                | Atu VIII (Change)             |
| 8   | <b>Ga Wath Am</b>  | From Mercury to Sun                  | Atu 0 (Physis)                |
| 9   | <b>Binan Ath</b>   | From Mercury to Mars                 | Atu I (Magickian)             |
| 10  | <b>Lidagon</b>     | From Mercury to Jupiter <sup>3</sup> | Atu XI (Desire)               |
| 11  | <b>Abatu</b>       | From Mercury to Saturn               | Atu XVI (War)                 |
| 12  | <b>Karu Samsu</b>  | From Venus to Sun                    | Atu VI (Lovers)               |
| 13  | <b>Nemicu</b>      | From Venus to Mars <sup>4</sup>      | Atu XVII (Star)               |
| 14  | <b>Mactoron</b>    | From Venus to Jupiter                | Atu II (High Priestess)       |
| 15  | <b>Velpecula</b>   | From Venus to Saturn                 | Atu XIX (Sun)                 |
| 16  | <b>Kithunae</b>    | From Sun to Mars                     | Atu IV (Lord of Earth)        |
| 17  | <b>Atazoth</b>     | From Sun to Jupiter                  | Atu V (Master)                |
| 18  | <b>Vindex</b>      | From Sun to Saturn                   | Atu XII (Opfer)               |
| 19  | <b>Davcina</b>     | From Mars to Jupiter                 | Atu III (Mistress of Earth)   |
| 20  | <b>Sauroctonos</b> | From Mars to Saturn                  | Atu IX (Hermit)               |
| 21  | <b>Naos</b>        | From Jupiter to Saturn               | Atu XX (Aeon)                 |

In the Tree of Wyrd there are only twenty-one pathways and twenty-one Sinister Tarot images, the Major Arcana (0 – XX). Thus, each Dark God or Energy together with its linked Atu Card represents a pathway on the Tree of Wyrd, and does not leave anything unconnected as found in the Qabala Tree of Life. It is simpler really and more practical than the Qabala Tree of Life, as essentially the Tree of Wyrd is to be used as a “gateway” to our consciousness. Whereas the Qabala Tree of Life does NOT act as a gateway in the same sense, since it does not help gain insight to the personal psyche adequately.

<sup>1</sup> Luna.

<sup>2</sup> Hidden Pathway.

<sup>3</sup> Hidden Pathway.

<sup>4</sup> Hidden Pathway.

### Sigils

**Noctulius**

**Nythra**

**Shugara**

**Satanas**

**Asoth**

**Azanigin**

**Nekalah**

**Ga wath am**

**Binan ath**

**Lidagon**

**Abatu**

**Karu samsu**

**Nemicu**

**Mactoron**

**Velpecula**

**Kthunae**

**Atazoth**

**Vindex**

**Davcina**

**Sauroctonos**

**Naos**

## The Major Arcana

| Spheres                | Numbers             | Tarot Cards                                   | Dark Gods                           |
|------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <b>Moon sphere:</b>    | XVIII<br>XV<br>XIII | Moon<br>Deofel<br>Death                       | Shugara<br>Noctulius<br>Nythra      |
| <b>Mercury sphere:</b> | 0<br>VIII<br>XVI    | Physis<br>Change<br>War                       | Ga Wath Am<br>Nekalah<br>Abatu      |
| <b>Venus sphere:</b>   | VI<br>XIV<br>XVII   | Lovers<br>Hel<br>Star                         | Karu Samsu<br>Asoth<br>Nemicu       |
| <b>Sun sphere:</b>     | VII<br>XII<br>V     | Azoth<br>Opfer<br>Master                      | Satanas<br>Vindex<br>Atazoth        |
| <b>Mars sphere:</b>    | I<br>IV<br>IX       | Magickian<br>Lord of Earth<br>Hermit          | Binan Ath<br>Kthunae<br>Sauroctonos |
| <b>Jupiter sphere:</b> | XI<br>III<br>II     | Desire<br>Mistress of Earth<br>High Priestess | Lidagon<br>Davcina<br>Mactoron      |
| <b>Saturn sphere:</b>  | X<br>XIX<br>XX      | Wyrd<br>Sun<br>Aeon                           | Azanigin<br>Velpecula<br>Naos       |

## Dark Pathways I

The spheres of the Septenary may be said to be the Nexus between causal and acausal (or 'Being' and 'non-being') and the paths linking the spheres may be regarded from a magickal point of view as zones of energy. This energy is according to tradition symbolised in an archetypal way since it is through such symbolism that control of the energy is possible.

The tables below give details of this symbolism, the chants/vibration appropriate to a specific symbol, and the sigils associated with a particular form of energy. These sigils aid visualisation. A particular form is invoked to enable the individual to experience the type of consciousness/feeling associated with it, and all invocations should be for a specific desire appropriate to the form invoked – for instance, Shugara should be invoked for a destructive working. By their nature, these forces are 'dark' – that is, they represent the energies of the darker/shadow aspects of every individual, and their invocation is a means of conscious integration. To use the dark pathways as internal magick, all twenty-one paths should be used – invoking the appropriate form.

To invoke, set aside an area as a Temple or use an isolated outdoor location. The best time for working is after sunset or before dawn. Begin the invocation by vibrating the appropriate name nine times – if a chant is involved (as for example in Atazoth) then this should if possible be chanted as described. If you cannot for any reason do this, then the name may be vibrated, nine times followed by a short pause and a further four vibrations.

If a specific key is prescribed for a vibration try and vibrate accordingly, but if this is not possible for any reason, vibrate twice more.

You may if you wish before beginning the invocation, take a 'ritual' bath (*changing into robes should you so desire to thus enhance the working*) – perfuming this bath with equal proportions of the oils of the planets which the path connects.

After the vibrations/chant, begin a slow circular dance – the direction of which is not important – which gradually increases in speed and which gradually spirals inwards. As you dance shout or vibrate with as much force as possible the name of the entity you are invoking.

Continue until dizziness or exhaustion draws you to fall to the ground then vibrate with all the energy you possess the appropriate energy – to aid this vibration try and project your voice:

- (a) If you are working outdoors: to the horizon itself;
- (b) If working indoors: so that the room/Temple resonates with the power of your voice.

After this say: 'Come ..... (*here name the entity*) to me! And bring me my desire!' Briefly visualise your desire, and verbalise it using a short phrase (*such as 'N.N. shall*

*die!*). Then begin a slow circular dance in the opposite direction of the one before, laughing while you dance and saying: **‘I am the power, I am the glory, I am a god!’** Cease your dance, sit on the ground/floor and breathe deeply for several minutes. Allow your mind to fill with images and feelings as it will, but do not move. Gradually let yourself then become relaxed and when relaxed rise, bow once to the North, say **‘It is completed’** and depart from the Temple or area of the working. As soon as possible write an account of what you felt following the second dance.

For best results, seven days before every working reduce your food and sleep, aiming to reach a minimum on the day chosen for the working. During the period no meat should be eaten and every night before sleep concentrate for about a quarter of one hour on the appropriate sigil, slowly saying (*not chanting or vibrating*) the name of the entity. Burn incense (combined from the planets as above). This method means only one working per week can be undertaken – which is ideal.

Try and link your feelings during the working with the appropriate Tarot image.

When no type of desire for a particular path is indicated in Table II deduce the appropriate desire for a working from the associated Tarot image: concentrate on the image for some time and allow the associations to grow naturally in your mind.

## Dark Pathways II

Requirements:

Black Robe Quartz crystal

Sinister Tarot Atu.

Decide upon a mode of dress. Usually this will be one of three: Black robe, naked, or dressed in black.

Arriving at the area near or after sunset, prepare your clothing and set out the implements.

Chant the respective sphere chant facing East and holding the crystal at chest height.

Now vibrate the Sacred Word nine times. If a chant is required then chant this instead, but if this is not known then vibrate the name nine times then another four times.

Place the crystal in a secure position and begin the slow dance, the direction of which you may decide yourself (usually Deosil for lighter spheres and Widdershin for darker spheres, i.e. Mars and Jupiter would be Widdershins).

Speed the dance up faster and faster until you fall to the ground.

Now vibrate or shout the name as strongly as possible.

After a moment, visualise the Tarot image, do not attempt to control or direct the visions though, let them come and go as they do.

Once the visions pass, stand and then begin a dance in the opposite direction to the original dance. Singing/chanting "I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am a God."

When satisfied, cease your dance. Then face bow to the North saying: "It is completed."

Leave the area of the working.

### Additional Notes

Prior to the ritual for seven days meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God to be invoked for at least fifteen minutes each night prior to sleep, quietly repeating its name. If possible follow the recommended Black Fast.

The location of a suitable area for working is also essential. An isolated wood is ideal, though geographical variations may determine alternative locations.

The addition of the Sphere chant at the beginning of the Rite seems to open the Gate to the acausal wider thereby enabling the Dark God/Energy to manifest in a far stronger manner.

Try and use the dance to express the sphere/planet itself. It may be helpful to consider the astronomical/astrological significances of the planet, such as the size, its speed around the Sun and so on. These may give clues to the planets energies and thereby by expressed during the dance itself.

Essentially the Dark Pathways should be experienced by the Initiate him or herself in order for the individual to devise the technique that works best for him/her. However, although the main body of the Ritual should stay essentially the same, it is quite natural that the individual will find variations that work better for him/her, such as the manner of the dance itself for example.

## **Sinister Tarot – Second Emanation The Court Cards<sup>1</sup>**

Wands is Mercury,  
Pentacles is Moon,  
Swords is Sun  
And Chalices is Venus.

### **Magnus of Chalices**



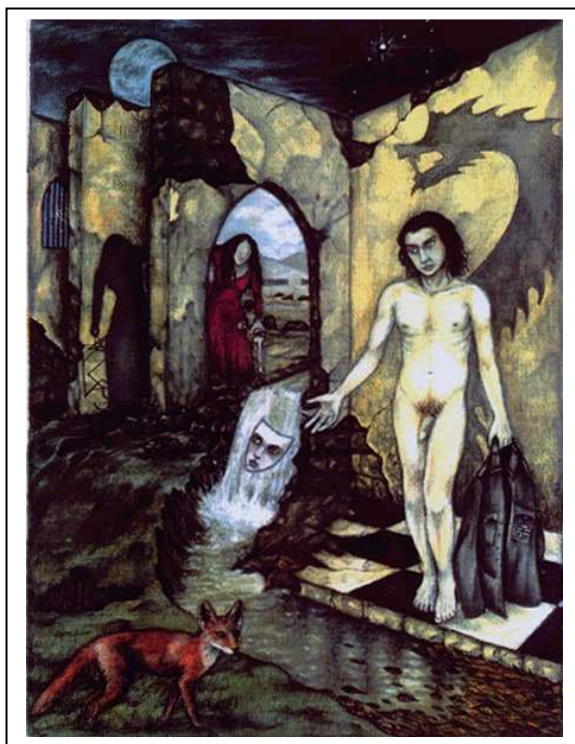
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<sup>1</sup> “Court Cards” of the Minor Arcana, unfinished work of Christos Beest. The artist has no intention to finish his work; however, in the book “Naos” he gives us all the details how to draw a Sinister Tarot for ourselves.

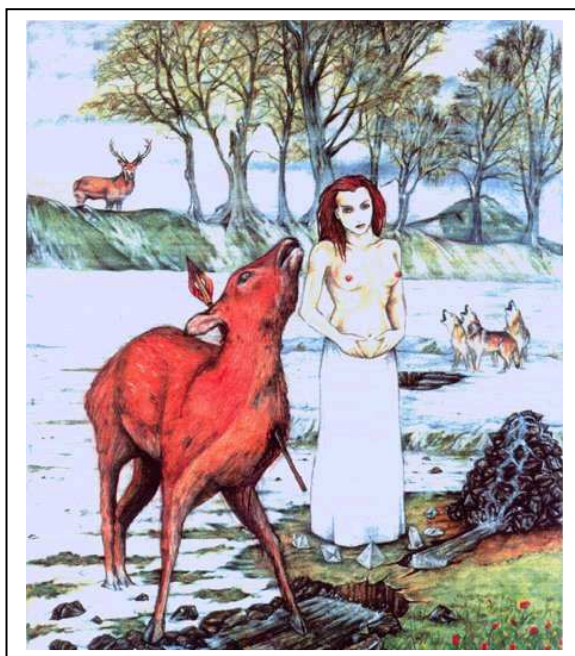
## Mousa of Chalices



## Warrior of Chalice



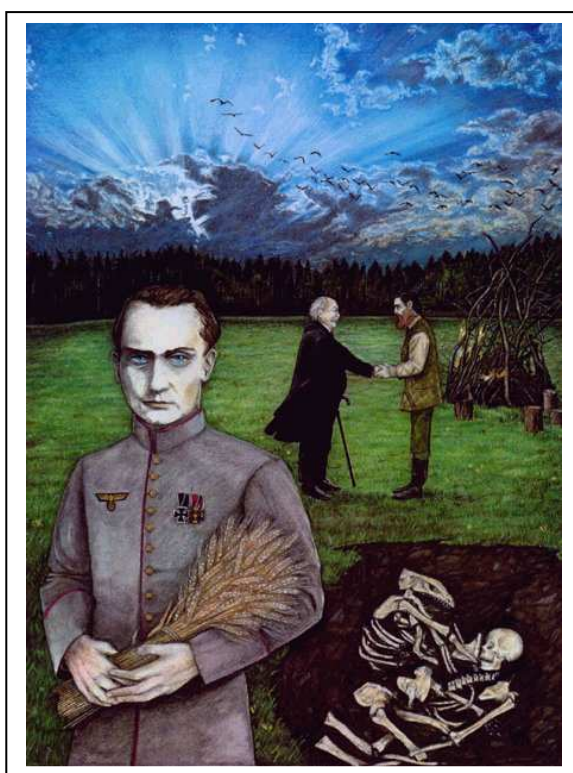
## Maiden of Chalice



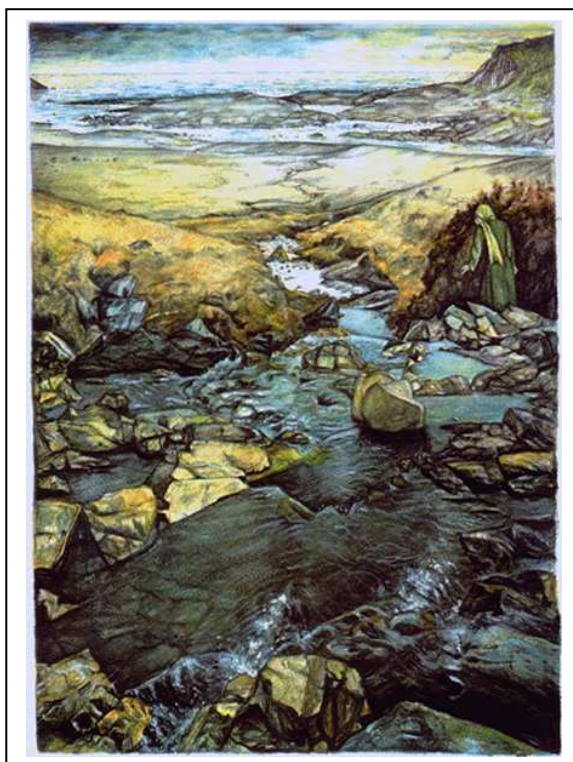
## Mousa of Swords



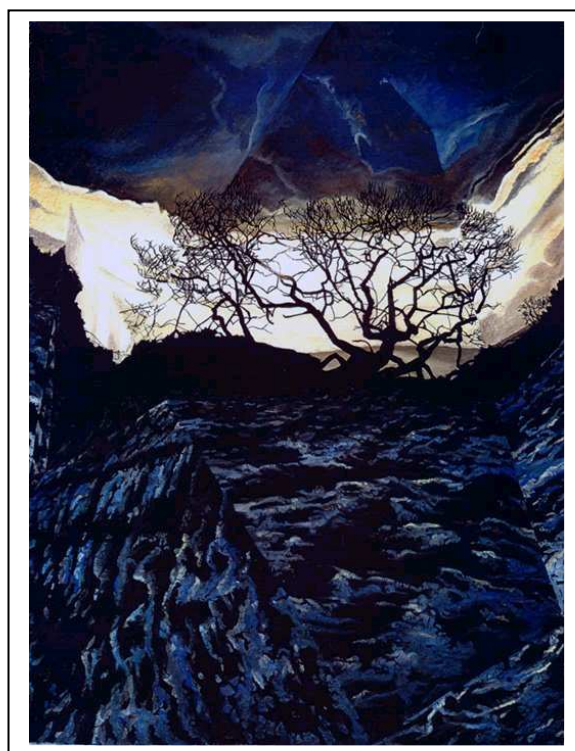
## Warrior of Swords



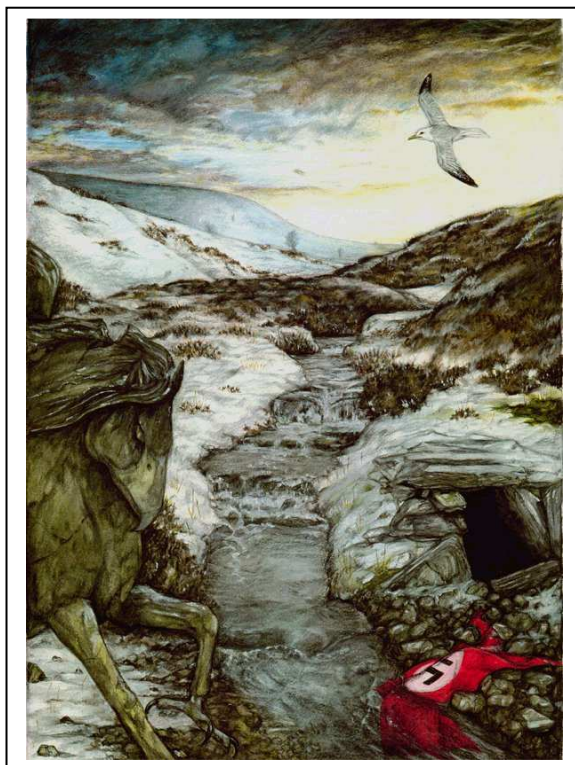
## Maiden of Swords



## Magnus of Pentacles



## Warrior of Pentacles



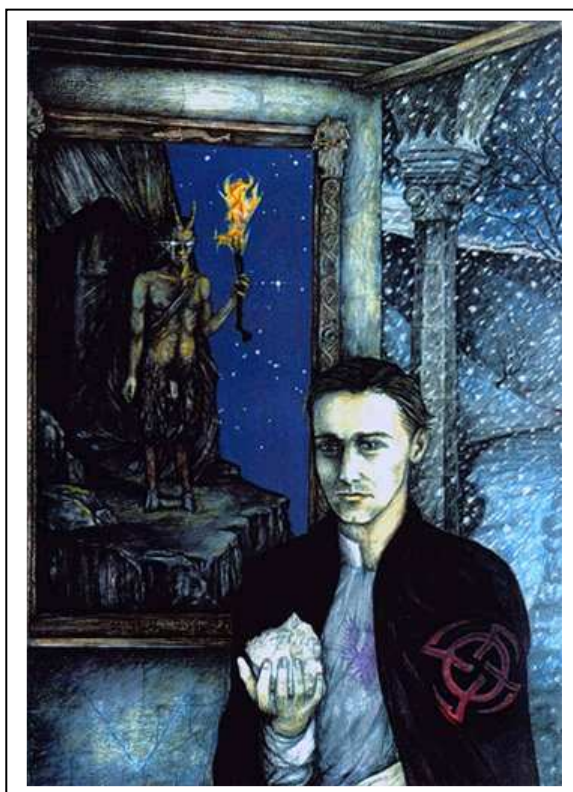
## Maiden of Pentacles



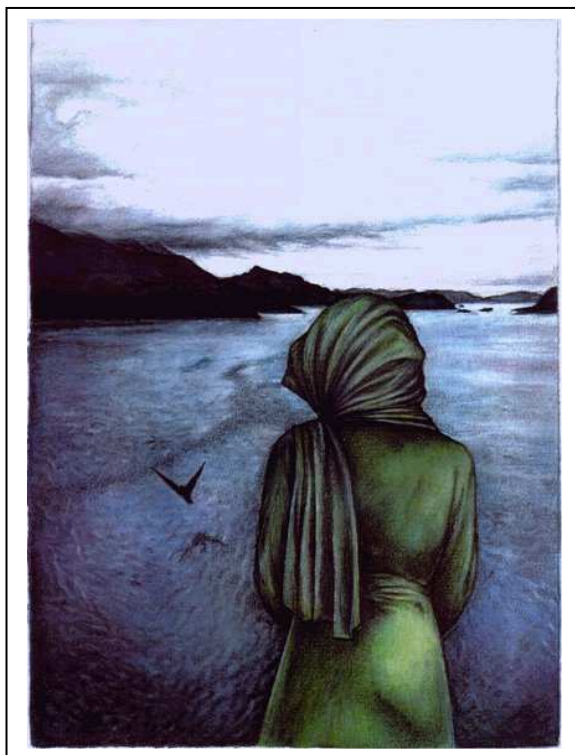
## Mousa of Wands



## Warrior of Wands



## Maiden of Wands



## Contents

|                                                              |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Foreword on the Sinister Tarot as found in Dark Pathworkings | 2  |
| Sinister Tarot - Emanations: Major Arcana                    | 4  |
| Illustration: The Tree of Wyrð                               | 25 |
| Pathways of the Tree of Wyrð                                 | 26 |
| Sigils of Albion Dark Gods                                   | 27 |
| The Major Arcana according to the spheres                    | 28 |
| Dark Pathways I                                              | 29 |
| Dark Pathways II                                             | 31 |
| Sinister Tarot – Second Emanation – The Court Cards          | 33 |
| Contents                                                     | 46 |

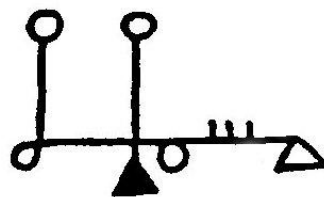


# Order of Nine Angles



## The Self-Immolation Rite

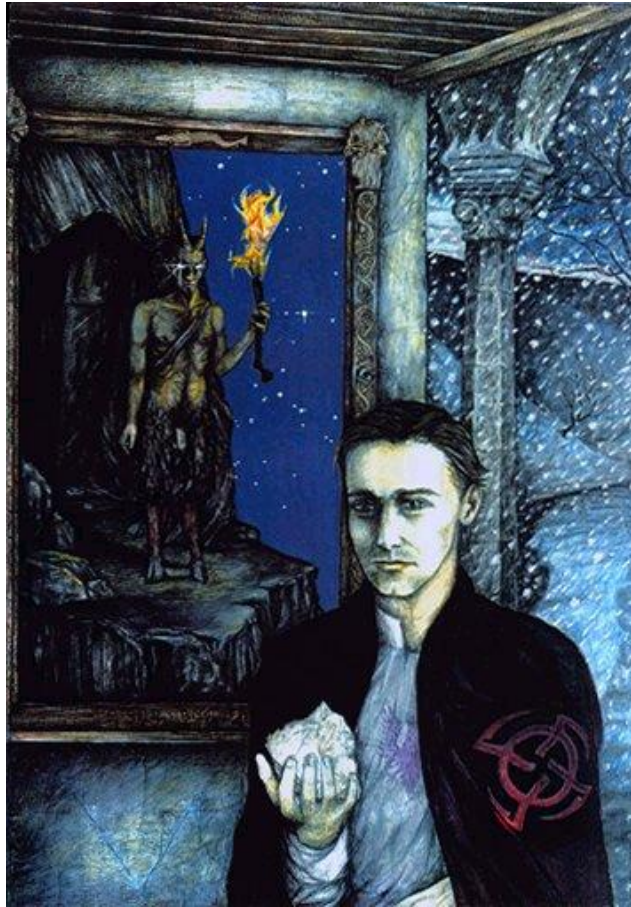
A Guided Satanic Pathworking  
through the Dark Spheres.



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# The Order of Nine Angles

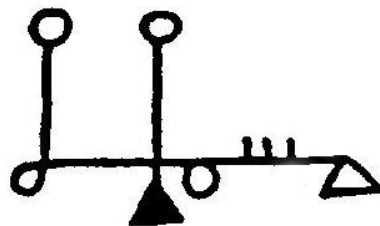


## The Self-Immolation Rite

**A Guided Satanic Pathworking through the Dark Spheres**

Transcribed by Tnepres 114eh


Text by Christos Beest of ONA.




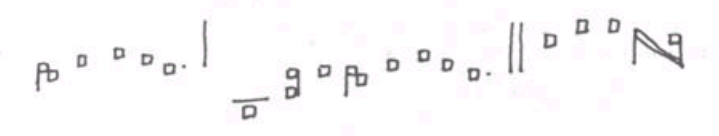
## Introduction Chant


**Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat Saeculum in favilla  
Teste Satan cum sibylla.  
Quantos tremor est futurus  
Quando Vindex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.  
Dies irae, dies illa.**

## Diabolus

D   
i-es i-rae, di-es illa, Solvat saeculum in favil-la:







Dies Irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla  
Teste Satan cum sibylla.  
Quantus tremor est futurus  
Quando Vindex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus  
Aperiatur stella et germinet  
Atazoth.

*(Music based on the Roman 'Missæ Defunctorum', Sequentiæ "Dies Iræ")*

"...Disembodied art Thou...

sunk into the black pit,  
the dark night of the soul.

All roads that lead here are scattered with corpses  
and broken souls and gibbering idiots.

Be not a gibbering ape!

For all who traverse these dark spheres  
and explore their shadow selves will emerge as Gods!  
I say this with my mouth, which trembles in memory  
of a time when demons walked the earth,  
the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind.  
But now, heads roll past my feet, encased in pastry.

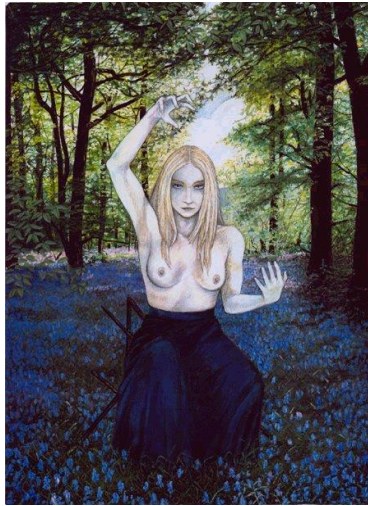
**THE GATE HAS OPENED!**

Enter dark angels, enter...

Prepare Ye for the Self Immolation Rite!"



**LUNA:**



"...Before you, is a silver crescent moon, touch it.

You are now entering the dark sphere, of Luna.

This, is earthy, fertile land, a moist cavernous terrain.

A young maiden approacheth wearing a crescent moon headdress  
and a blue robe.

She, Is, beautiful!

She offers her hand in friendship.

Touch her hand.

Ah! Smooth porcelain,  
the dew of the moon on her cheeks.

But this is a lovely place,  
instantly she transforms... into a dark horned beast,  
ague in shape but clear in nature.

The horn... proceeds to impale You!  
Gouging your intestines!  
Rupturing your stomach!  
Blood and bile, vomits from your splitting torso!  
The horn, has shattered your vertebrae!  
The beast brings down a starless night and withdraws.  
You see briefly, the face of a woman,  
wracked with laughter, mocking your very essence.  
She too is now gone into the black,  
that gnaws at your astral bones.  
This is the sphere of hidden knowledge.  
The blood that continues to gush,  
has formed a glowing red pool.  
Scry now, into the pool.  
It will show you secrets of what you are,  
of what you want to be, and what you can be.  
Keep this information clear, in your mind, you will need it later.  
The thick, liquid stirs...  
look... Look into the pool You filthy regenerates!..."



## **MERCURY:**

"...WITH A BLAST, OF MY TRUMPET! I HEAL, YOUR  
WOUNDS!

Before you the yellow sigil of Mercury. Touch it.  
Armed with the knowledge extracted from the pool,  
you are now entering the dark sphere of Mercury.

This is a desolate place.

Heath blasted by fiery tempest,  
scorpions eating charred animal.

See, how the dismembered are scattered to the bitter winds!

The air congeals and chokes.

Farewell happy fields! Hail horrors! Hail!

This is the sphere of transformation.

But do not tremble in the face of a breeze that would dismantle your  
features.

Instead, be indulgent,  
remember all that you saw in the bloody pool,  
remember your deepest desires.

Before you now is a black inverted pentagram.

This, is the womb of Mercury, the eye of Satan.

This, is the gateway, of transformation!

The pentagram will begin to move closer...

you will feel the fear and sensuality of metamorphosis,

your form cracking, shedding and mutating,

as it takes on the attributes, scryed from the previous sphere.

Transformation, will be complete, when you pass through the  
pentagram,

and emerge on the threshold of the next sphere,

as that, which you desire to be.

Only intense lust for this outcome will pull you through.

Passivity will render you as useless ash,

cast, into the pit, of a particular nameless horror.

But hark! The pentagram grates forth... TRANSFORM!!"



## VENUS:

"...Before you, is the green sigil of Venus. Touch it.

Transformed, you are now entering the third dark sphere.

You are standing up to your waist, in a freezing river.

The torrid waters rushing through a valley, of white, lillies.

In fruitful groves and barren plains,

the empty shall drink, and the drunk, shall be empty.

What passion is this, that tears the sky with storms of blood and black  
flame?

This, is the sphere, of Ecstasy, and Love.

Facing you, further up the river, is a naked woman...

corpse white skin, and long black hair.

She crouches astride the river and menstruates into the water.

The blood forms itself into a human figure  
floating beneath the surface.

With your hands, begin to massage the blood into your ideal lover,  
fashioning, every part of it  
according to your cerebral and animalistic desires.

Now... take your lover by the hands.

Come! Fill the flowing bowl,  
and consummate in the turbulent waters  
'neath the raging sky...  
drink now, your fill and more, of love..."



**SOL:**

"...With your lover, by your side,  
I put before you, the gold sigil of the Sun. touch it.  
You are now entering the dark sphere of Sol.  
The swords that cast their shadow, over hateful paradise...  
draw back, to reveal mountain ranges,  
majestic against a sky, of flame.  
You are standing on the edge

of the circle made by nine sacrificial stones.

Here, there is a thick darkness weaved by the unsated fog

and contained by the mountains.

Those roaring obscurers of that which lies beyond!

Illuminated by the glow of putrefaction,

the corpse of your former self,

discarded during transformation, lies in the circles centre.

Witness the repulsive entities that violate and mutilate your corpse!

This sacred shell, is now the prey of every necrophiliac and cannibal!

It seems initially, that they are performing gross obscenities for  
pleasure,

but, look closer.

The corpse is delicately gutted, and from the bones extracted,  
these creatures are constructing a tower, that rises far above the  
mountain peaks.

Their work finished, they withdraw, bowing to your superiority  
and divine disposition.

They light a protective circle of fire around the stones.

This, is the sphere, of vision, understanding, and prophecy.

Accompanied by your lover, climb the bloody bones to the top.

Here, you will see your kingdom,

surrounding, stretching out far into the solar fire, of increase.

See your temples! Your riches! Your works! All in progress...

contemplate all that you have now, and all, that you hope to achieve  
in your journey so far, as a dark messiah.

Take pleasure, for you can make anything, simple..."



## **MARS:**

"...I put before you, the red sigil, of Mars. Touch it.

You are now entering the fifth dark sphere.

You are still in the tower,

but see, how a long despairing shadow, now falls over you,  
cast from above by a black, angel.

What horror is this?

What vileness crawls forth to kill slowly in unnatural fashions?

Look! The sky, is blackened with smoke! ...

Have you enjoyed the scene so far?

Consider again your kingdoms...

**THEY'RE BEING EATEN BY FLAMES!**

Enormous blue larvae leap into the carnage,  
and become bloated on the torrents of blood

and the anguished disembowelment of your minions!

The flesh is flayed...

and the hideous dead arise to strangle the living.

Eaten, necks and heads split,

broken on strange scaffolding to spew out vile jelly!

The shrieks of the dying, fill your ears until they bleed,  
blood, also pours, from your mouth, that hangs open, in horror!

This, is the sphere of sacrifice, death, and destruction.

Your hair! Is falling out! LOOK DOWN!!

Entities, are now dismantling the tower. And they look hungry.

But someone... is missing.

There, by a sacrificial stone, your lover, is being hung,

drawn and quartered, by black rot skeletons

and other such animated carcasses!

Sanity! Leaves! In the gouge! Of an eye!

Repulsive entities, have torn you to the ground,

but they are saving you til last,

when you will be given special, and lengthy treatment.

For now, they wish you to watch the destruction, of all that you are...

delighting in your contorting face, that bleeds, and weeps,

and becomes as a mask, of death.

I, will, have to leave you here,

or not even I can bear such terrible sights...

I may be back in time to save you but,

don't count on it...

Solace, for the wretched? Nay! There is only damnation!"

4

**JUPITER:**

"...I HAVE RETURNED!! And I see you, twitch, with life!

Verily thou art strong of mind.

Which is the food that will raise a few.

Here, I give you, the violet, sigil, of Jupiter. Touch it,  
and enter the calm wilderness, of the sixth, dark, sphere.

Here, there is soft sand and silence.

The crimson sky is starry and peace fills you,

like cool water in your skull.

Stretch out your limbs,

recline, like the albatross that rests its heavy beak,

upon the graciousness of the hedge. Relax.

But mind the various chasms that lead to a shattering of limbs

upon vicious rock formations.

Every sphere needs amusement.

All is gone. Your lover is slaughtered...

do not love so much that you cannot witness the death of your lover,

death too is a natural process.

Reliable. honourable. And endearing.

This, is the sphere of wisdom.

Running towards you now is a child, made entirely of a white  
brilliance.

It stands before you, and the light becomes as a mirror,

which reflects only you,

devoid of those things that you thought would bring power and  
respect.

The power within begins to stir.

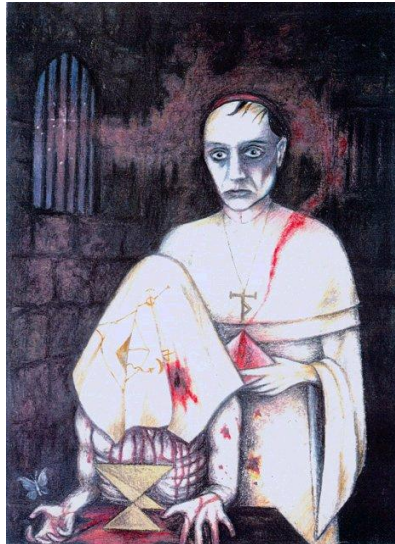
You begin to realise, that you do not need, anything.

That just your self is enough.

Stay a while in this sphere, and meditate

upon self-reliance, self-love, self-power,

and the kingdom, within..."



## **SATURN:**

"...Now, before you, is the indigo, sigil, of Saturn. Touch it.

You are entering the seventh and final dark sphere.

You are standing on a hill, beneath a clear night sky.

Directly above is the star known as Naos.

It pulsates, and grows, illuminating and expectant.

The land around is strewn with the burning shards of a dying aeon,  
suffused with an understanding that only stillness can express,  
when the appearance is burned to ash. And the essence is revealed.

This, is the sphere of Chaos!

You have become all that you have learned

during this journey of self-evolution,  
you are the essence of everything.

And via this alchemical process,  
you understand, that power resides purely,  
in the quality of self-honesty.

With this, you have the choice to alter your life and  
the world in whichever way you feel, is necessary.

With this knowledge, raise your arms in exultation to the sky!

Blow winds! Crack the temporal!

See how the sky splits open at your command!

A purple rent, tears its way across the heavens.

Agios O Atazoth!

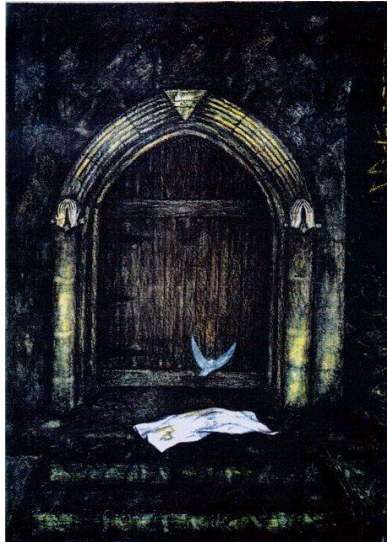
Black, nebulous shapes, descend from the rent,  
to gradually envelop the hill.

The gates, are aligned!

They are returning!

Now, is the New Aeon! Now, is Chaos!

“Vindex! Est! Venturus!”



"...Embodied art thou! You have earned your cross.

You have dragged yourself up, from the excrement, that was your life!

And now 'lo your black wings do unfurl, so go forth dark messiah!

The world is yours!

Destroy! And create!

~Aperiatu terra et germinet Vindex!

# The Dark Gods

ONA

The Dark Gods exist in the acausal realm and this realm is joined to our causal, physical universe in two ways – first, through Star Gates which are regions of space–time where the two universes intersect, and second, in the medium of our minds since certain levels of consciousness in their very nature are 'gates'. Archetypes are to our causal perception simply ordered elements of some of the energy present in various forms in the acausal universe.

The acausal universe itself may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by acausal time and possessing more than three spatial dimensions; the causal universe may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by causal, or linear, time and possessing three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other.

The entities known to esoteric tradition as the 'Dark Gods' are beings which exist in the acausal universe. Other such beings probably exist in the acausal realm, but the Dark Gods are known to us through having, at various times in our evolution, 'intruded' into our spatial universe.

It is possible for individuals, by virtue of the nature of consciousness, to open pathways to the acausal by various methods and thus draw into our phenomenal world various acausal energies or forces. Such forces, due to the nature of the acausal, are often seen to be from our point of view 'evil' or negative.

Three types of drawing down are possible. I localized of an individual on a small scale of smell energies; ii) of certain powerful forces or entities to physical manifestation in our universe; iii) returning to our planet and universe the race of beings known as the Dark Gods – tradition knows some of these beings by names such as Atazoth, Shugara, Athushir, Budsturga and Gaubni.

The first and second forms of draw in down involve those pathways residing (mostly dormant in the mind, while the third involves the Star Gates themselves of which three are known to us as areas in space near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol. Physical travel to the acausal is possible through these Gates, but it is nevertheless possible to draw through them by various methods of powerful ritual the Dark Gods themselves, the time and stars being aligned aright.

This Grimoire shows how to awaken the latent pathways in our consciousness and, most sinister of all, how the Dark Gods themselves may be returned to Earth.

# Dark Pathworkings

## ONA

One of the initial tasks along the Sinister Path is the Magickal technique known commonly as Pathworking. Essentially this technique is a fundamental to the beginnings of Magickal development.

When working with the Sinister Tarot the Initiate may notice that some workings are far more intense than others. Combined with this intensity is the feeling that the characters and scenery within the image have actually come to life themselves. That is, they suddenly have a life of their own, a life that is no longer restricted by the consciousness of the individual, but suddenly becomes distinctive and objective from that consciousness. It is within these deeper forms of Pathworking that genuine Initiation begins to take place, for it should be noted that the Rite of Initiation does not always bring a complete transformation, but rather is only a beginning.

Two forms of Pathworking can generally be distinguished by the degree of control that the Sinister Pathworker has over the energies/images. In a lesser form of Pathworking the direction of the energies is controlled purely by the individuals imagination, that is for example, the Initiate visualises the Moon Goddess, imagining that she begins to talk, perhaps in a strange and deep ethereal voice, one that is imbued with the acausal nature of the Being She symbolises but which many believe to be purely a dead hunk of rock...

The working here is directed purely by ones imagination. However a deeper state of Pathworking, one which usually only comes when the Initiate has been continually working with the images themselves, is when the Beings within the Cards themselves become alive and imbued, not with the energy of the individuals imagination, for this is itself only a means to work with the energies, but rather, become alive of themselves expressing Their own nature and energy, that which is both within and without, that which is the acausal.

Another aspect of this degree of difference between the objective and subjective status of the Being with which the Dark Tradition works is expressed in the Dark Pathways themselves. These workings further the initial descent into the acausal, one which may itself be tentative and misunderstood.

As is stated in other Order mss, it is by practical experience that the Sinister Initiate discerns the status of the Dark Gods themselves and this can never really be passed on in writings. For it is often believed that the writings of others can bring wisdom and enlightenment by themselves, yet this also is an illusion of the Abyss. It is quite correct to assume that the writings of others may help to guide, but, as has been stated many times before, they are only a guide, not a substitute. It is only through direct personal Invokation that the Dark Gods can be understood.

During the Dark Pathways the Magickian meditates upon the corresponding Tarot image, allowing the energies summoned to manifest, as it will in accordance with the symbolism. However, if a working is truly successful the imagery of the card will serve its purpose by providing a gateway, or perhaps more accurately a vehicle through which the specific Dark God may manifest its Being. Thus working with Atazoth, the Master card itself is soon lost in the vortical Chaos that is emitted from the pictorial representation of the Man of the Abyss. Atazoth then fills the Initiates mind, revealing his being to be far more alien than that of a mere humanoid.

As an expansion upon the existing Dark Pathways techniques I suggest the following working:

# Dark Pathways II

## **Requirements:**

*Black Robe Quartz crystal*

*Sinister Tarot Atu.*

*Decide upon a mode of dress. Usually this will be one of three: Black robe, naked, or dressed in black.*

*Arriving at the area near or after sunset, prepare your clothing and set out the implements.*

*Chant the respective sphere chant facing East and holding the crystal at chest height.*

**Now vibrate the Sacred Word nine times. If a chant is required then chant this instead, but if this is not known then vibrate the name nine times then another four times.**

**Place the crystal in a secure position and begin the slow dance, the direction of which you may decide yourself (usually Deosil for lighter spheres and Widdershin for darker spheres, i.e. Mars and Jupiter would be Widdershins).**

**Speed the dance up faster and faster until you fall to the ground.**

**Now vibrate or shout the name as strongly as possible.**

*After a moment, visualise the Tarot image, do not attempt to control or direct the visions though, let them come and go as they do.*

**Once the visions pass, stand and then begin a dance in the opposite direction to the original dance. Singing/chanting "I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am a God."**

**When satisfied, cease your dance. Then face bow to the North saying: "It is completed."**

*Leave the area of the working.*

# Sacred Words and a Few Chants

| No. | Sacred Names      | Pathways of the Tree of Wyrð         | Visualisation with            |
|-----|-------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
|     | Dark Gods         |                                      | Atu Cards                     |
| 1   | <b>Noctulius</b>  | From Moon to Mercury                 | Atu XV (Deofel)               |
| 2   | <b>Nythra</b>     | From Moon to Venus                   | Atu XIII (Death)              |
| 3   | <b>Shugara</b>    | From Moon to Mars                    | Atu XVIII (Moon) <sup>1</sup> |
| 4   | <b>Satanas</b>    | From Moon to Sun                     | Atu VII (Azoth)               |
| 5   | <b>Asoth</b>      | From Moon to Jupiter                 | Atu XIV (Hel)                 |
| 6   | <b>Azanigin</b>   | From Moon to Saturn <sup>2</sup>     | Atu X (Wyrð)                  |
| 7   | <b>Nekalah</b>    | From Mercury to Venus                | Atu VIII (Change)             |
| 8   | <b>Ga Wath Am</b> | From Mercury to Sun                  | Atu 0 (Physis)                |
| 9   | <b>Binan Ath</b>  | From Mercury to Mars                 | Atu I (Magickian)             |
| 10  | <b>Lidagon</b>    | From Mercury to Jupiter <sup>3</sup> | Atu XI (Desire)               |
| 11  | <b>Abatu</b>      | From Mercury to Saturn               | Atu XVI (War)                 |
| 12  | <b>Karu Samsu</b> | From Venus to Sun                    | Atu VI (Lovers)               |
| 13  | <b>Nemicu</b>     | From Venus to Mars <sup>4</sup>      | Atu XVII (Star)               |
| 14  | <b>Mactoron</b>   | From Venus to Jupiter                | Atu II (High Priestess)       |

<sup>1</sup> Luna.

<sup>2</sup> Hidden Pathway.

<sup>3</sup> Hidden Pathway.

<sup>4</sup> Hidden Pathway.

|    |                    |                        |                             |
|----|--------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 15 | <b>Velpecula</b>   | From Venus to Saturn   | Atu XIX (Sun)               |
| 16 | <b>Kthunae</b>     | From Sun to Mars       | Atu IV (Lord of Earth)      |
| 17 | <b>Atazoth</b>     | From Sun to Jupiter    | Atu V (Master)              |
| 18 | <b>Vindex</b>      | From Sun to Saturn     | Atu XII (Opfer)             |
| 19 | <b>Davcina</b>     | From Mars to Jupiter   | Atu III (Mistress of Earth) |
| 20 | <b>Sauroctonos</b> | From Mars to Saturn    | Atu IX (Hermit)             |
| 21 | <b>Naos</b>        | From Jupiter to Saturn | Atu XX (Aeon)               |

## **Satanic Chants**

### **1) Diabolus**

**Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat Saeculum in favilla  
Teste Satan cum sibylla.  
Quantos tremor est futurus  
Quando Vindex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.  
Dies irae, dies illa!**

### **2) Sanctus Satanas**

**Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus**

**Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.**

**Satanas - venire!**

**Satanas - venire!**

**Ave, Satanus, ave Satanus.**

**Tui sunt caeli,**

**Tua est terra,**

**Ave Satanus!**

3) **Oriens Splendor**

**Oriens splendor lucis æternæ**

**Et Lucifer justitæ: veni**

**Et illumine sedentes in tenebris**

**Et umbra mortis.**

4) **General chants:**

- **Ad Satanus qui lætificat juventutem meam.** (To Satan, giver of youth and happiness.)
- **Veni, omnipotens æterne diabolus!** (Come, almighty eternal devil!)
- **Pone, diabolus, custodiam!** (Devil, set a guard.)

## **5) Invokation to Baphomet**

**We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history;**

**Devoid of dogma - but ready to carve, to defy the transient:**

**Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will,**

**Strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of Man:**

**Ready and willing to immolate world upon world**

**With our stunning blaze.**

**And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters**

**Among the failing speciens called Man.**

**Our being took form in defiance**

**To stand before your killing gaze.**

**And now we travel from flame to flame**

**And tower from the will to the glory!**

**AGIOS O BAPHOMET! AGIOS O BAPHOMET!**

## **Selection Short Chants:**

- 1. Agios o Baphomet**
- 2. Agios o Satanus**
- 3. Agios o Lucifer**
- 4. Agios o Atazoth**
- 5. Agios o Vindex**
- 6. Agios o Athanatos**
- 7. Agios o Falcifer**
- 8. Agios o Kabeiri**
- 9. Agios o Elutrodes**
- 10. Agios o Oleno**
- 11. Agios o Alastoros**
- 12. Nythra kthunae Atazoth**
- 13. Binan ath ga wath am**

## **Additional Notes**

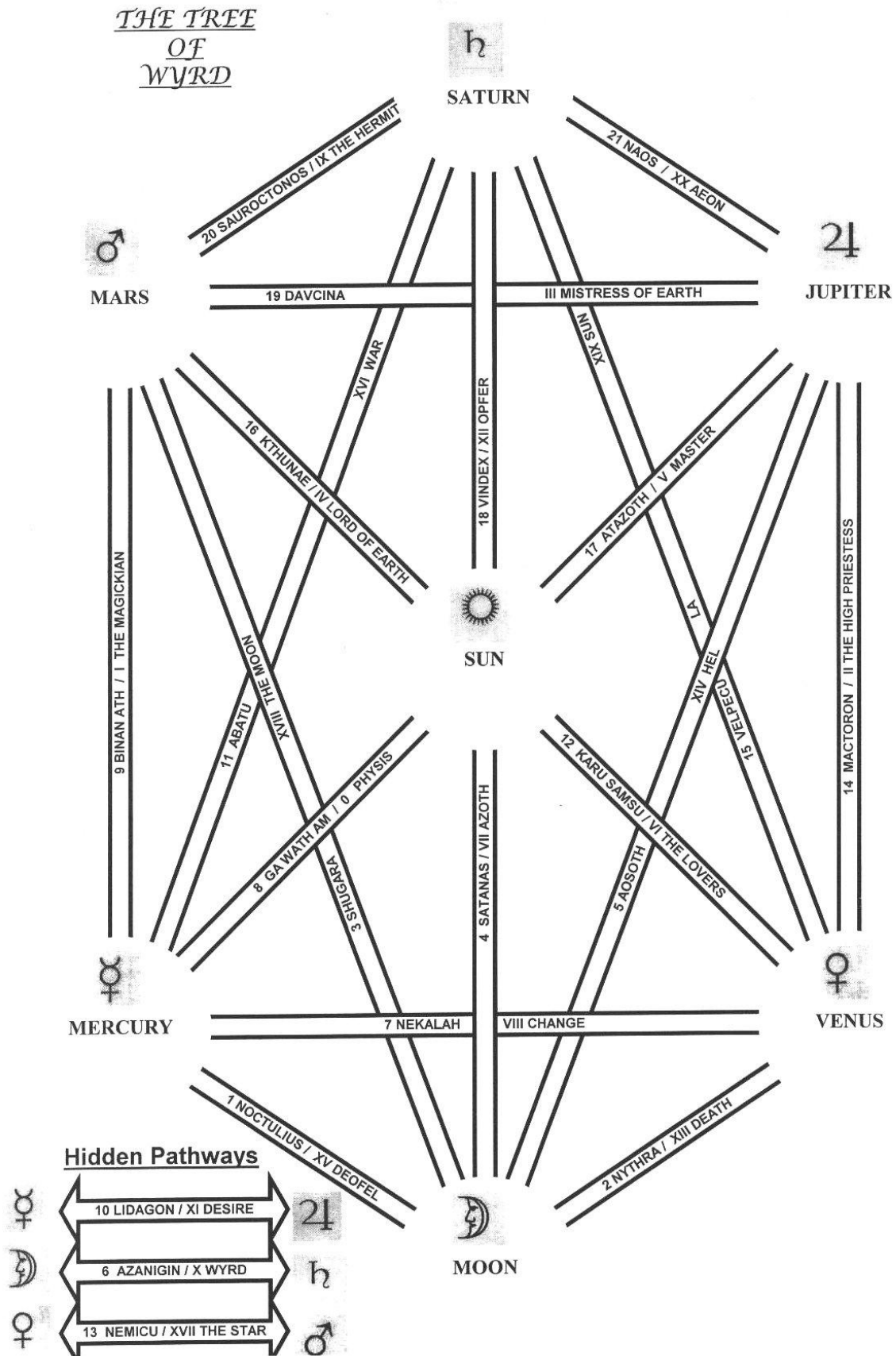
Prior to the ritual for seven days meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God to be invoked for at least fifteen minutes each night prior to sleep, quietly repeating its name. If possible follow the recommended Black Fast.

The location of a suitable area for working is also essential. An isolated wood is ideal, though geographical variations may determine alternative locations.

The addition of the Sphere chant at the beginning of the Rite seems to open the Gate to the acausal wider thereby enabling the Dark God/Energy to manifest in a far stronger manner.

Try and use the dance to express the sphere/planet itself. It may be helpful to consider the astronomical/astrological significances of the planet, such as the size, its speed around the Sun and so on. These may give clues to the planets energies and thereby by expressed during the dance itself.

Essentially the Dark Pathways should be experienced by the Initiate him or herself in order for the individual to devise the technique that works best for him/her. However, although the main body of the Ritual should stay essentially the same, it is quite natural that the individual will find variations that work better for him/her, such as the manner of the dance itself for example.



## The Sinister Tarot - Some Esoteric Meaning

### **atu 0 – PHYSIS**

The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrd. The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is Great.

### **atu I - THE MAGICKIAN**

Empathy; a flowing with natural forces that are consciously understood. An integration becoming (part of) a greater Wyrd; an awareness that spans Aeons. Actions that prepare the way.

### **atu II - THE HIGH PRIESTESS**

Beyond the Abyss: the crossing over and Initiation (in terms of awareness whilst still partaking of a causal existence) into the Lands of the Dark Immortals. A self-awareness that transcends temporal understanding - becoming the essence; beyond opposites.

### **atu III - MISTRESS OF EARTH**

Empathic manipulation (such as 'enchantment') to create Change via causal structure - amoral acts that may conventionally be seen as 'evil'. Actions provoked by unfettered passions and a reveling in the physical pleasures and challenges of life. "Ruthless ambition". Creativity and Change via destruction - ie. War, culling.

### **atu IV - LORD OF EARTH**

The nature of the changes in the causal, beyond the actions of those who initiated them; how the acausal relates dynamically to the causal and vice-versa ('Sinister Dialectic'). The flowing of energies according to the greater Wyrd and Destinies of those directly and indirectly involved - thus, the presence of unforeseen factors and the pitfalls implicit in this which may create errors of judgement. The maintaining of an ethos or 'tradition' via 'timeless' acts.

### **atu V - THE MASTER**

Manipulation - actions based on a knowledge of the Sinister Dialectic as revealed by practical experience: a rational, to some 'cold', observation beyond the stage of Adeptship/Individuation. Control of all the many and varied factors within a situation - in other words, the achievement of a stage in individual evolution that goes beyond the personal, and thus implies the ability to initiate Change on a large-scale, perhaps of a civilization.

### **atu VI - THE LOVERS**

The double tetrahedron a nexion created via the union of balancing forces. The sowing of the seed of Change that which may transform and carry evolution beyond the Abyss, and thus beyond 'self-image' - or that which may destroy. The invoking of energies that coerce to create something beyond 'self'.

### **atu VII – AZOTH**

The Menstruum - the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity - the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal - or destruction by it.

### **atu VIII – CHANGE**

The earthing and spreading of energies. The hard truth of Nature - the dying time of one form to give way and birth to another. A causal form created to act as a focal point/channel for the fulfillment of Wyrd - the beginnings of a practical realization of strategies and aims. The Sinister Dialectic in action: by its dynamic nature a prelude to - and when realized a creator of - insight.

### **atu IX - THE HERMIT**

Withdrawal and a revealing; the lying between two stages of alchemical Change. Intimations of the Abyss. The culmination on a personal level of energies created by Change - the surfacing of individual factors hitherto only known on an unconscious level. A process of dis-covery that will lead to insight, (further) knowledge of wyrd; or madness, death.

### **atu X – WYRD**

That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the destiny or Wyrd of the ethos of a civilization. Acts that inaugurate a new Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things - 'fate' etc.

### **atu XI – DESIRE**

Alchemy: the union of two balancing forces that, as a nexion, create Change through Sinister Intent - the energies in action as earthed and affected by that which is re-presented by atus VI, VII and VIII.

### **atu XII – OPFER**

Entrance/transition to the Lands of the Dark Immortals. The individual becoming that which s/he created - a transferral of consciousness to the acausal to be in essence part of the greater Wyrd. A reverberation across Aeons of the causal acts of an individual, gradually leaving the essence behind the appearance to haunt the psyches of others. The altering of the astral shell; that which ultimately cannot and need not be described. The deliberate removal of that which is detrimental to Wyrd.

### **atu XIII – DEATH**

That which follows hubris; the consequence of attempting to escape that which is ill-fated by Destiny. Personal destruction from self-delusion and the cessation of self-evolution. Energy vortex in the Abyss. The stripping away of the self-image that, if successful, will produce a genuine Master/Mistress; confronting the Chaos within and without.

### **atu XIV – HEL**

Self-possession; knowledge that allows one to consciously improve/evolve and use natural abilities (or 'gifts') - such as sexual charisma - to the advantage of personal Destiny and Wyrd, and to confront and resolve those qualities within character which are detrimental. Self-honesty. In early stages of development,

such an individual causes unforeseen disruption and resentment amongst others. Beginnings of that which is re-presented by atu III.

### **atu XV – DEOFEL**

Sinister awakening - Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the 'accuser', that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the 'sacred'. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.

### **atu XVI – WAR**

Conflict; the clashing of vision and destinies. The attempt by others to wrest away the Destiny of one individual and thus disrupt the greater Wyrð. A clouding of vision that creates doubts, lack of direction, susceptibility to outside forces and possibly, if insight is lost, the renouncing of a quest. The hardship imposed by the consequences of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes, Wisdom - and Destiny - may be attained. Awareness of those factors - such as other people - that may fulfill Destiny, and the hard practical realities of striving to create this fulfillment. Sadness and wisdom and creativity through loss.

### **atu XVII - THE STAR**

The maturity and bringing to fulfillment of that promise re-presented by atus VI and VIII. Knowledge of identity, of Wyrð and what needs to be done. A coming of age; the seed of Change blossoms. Domination: the successful establishment of a causal structure; a process, the effects of which are irreversible once the cause is triumphant on whatever level. The beginnings of Imperium.

### **atu XVIII - THE MOON**

That which has not yet been confronted within the psyche of the individual; that which is strange, which lies outside the scope of any world view; that which lies within the Dark Pool beneath the Moon and threatens to devour, create madness. A stage which cannot be ignored if further development is sought, requiring a descent to draw out that which is obscure, fearfully hidden: the gateway to the Abyss. A point from which there is no turning back: that which leads to rebirth via death.

## **atu XIX - THE SUN**

The finding of the Aeon: the height of Imperium - causal structure altered in accordance with long term aims, bearing its own fruits of Change. But these fruits are the final product of a grand age, the final works of the ethos of a race fulfilled. The brink of new possibilities; storm clouds gather with promise of the blood of birth, of the heralding of a Higher associated civilization. The fulfilling of personal Desires and potential, creating intimations/hauntings of further progression. Dissatisfaction causing aspirations to something 'higher'/beyond - 'reaching for the stars'.

## **atu XX – AEON**

A nexion fully opened: greater Wyrd causally fulfilled now dynamically giving expression to new forms of itself via Physis; new challenges, new expressions of a continuing ethos - the Chaos of birth: the Dark Gods returned, shape-shifting, creating new possibilities. An ethos that is alive and evolving, defying all that challenge its vision; to constantly redefine limits, Prometheus-like and insatiable. The cycle of creative evolution. The Aeon of Fire.

## Sigils

**Noctulius**

**Nythra**

**Shugara**

**Satanas**

**Asooth**

**Azanigin**

**Nekalah**

**Ga wath am**

**Binan ath**

**Lidagon**

**Abatu**

**Karu samsu**

**Nemicu**

**Mactoron**

**Velpecula**

**Kthunae**

**Atazoth**

**Vindex**

**Davcina**

**Sauroctonos**

**Naos**

## Old Manuscript of the Order of Nine Angles

The artwork, the “Self-immolation Rite” (lyric) enters in the true mysteries of Traditional Satanism, and have those points of revelation for which any mechanism is inadequate, and find no response or understanding from the average man or woman in the street, and them that the initiate and adept may contact. Of these mysteries as found developed in the Seven Cosmic Spheres of the “Self-immolation Rite”, only the initiates and true adepts are the expositors of the lyric, when all others remain unmoved when listening to these mysteries. The lyric only frightens them.

The Spheres of the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð are the places of sinister purpose, which cannot be understood unless we discipline ourselves as much as possible to pathworking, meditation, study and practice, sinister living.

The pathways of the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð is not “the Way”, but major corridors of energies leading to the spheres from where the energies vibrate to and fro, for creative purposes, macrocosmically and microcosmically. There, one has the Great Sinister Council of twenty-one Dark Gods. Among them, the great directors are Satanas, Vindex and Atazoth. The Sun sphere is the major point of tension. It is the sphere of vision, understanding and prophecy.

Much you learn in this book, as you tread the sinister pathway, the closer you stand to the energies of the Dark Gods. Let your knowledge of these things, be also dark light, wisdom and passion.

Let your evil emerge like a stream of Satanic strength. Guard yourself well from untruth as taught among the Christians and other religions, they only have hypocritical dogma’s. Prepare yourself for changes all along your sinister life.

Grasp the seven visions of the “Self-immolation Rite”, and reflect on the esoteric significance of the presented sinister truth, which as yet seems to you as most questionable. Ideals are formulated in this lyric, entering as such the cave of your own Abyssal World, your mind. The Dark Gods are not mere ideals, but channels for the sinister to fulfil the work of destruction and restoration. The new world you and I are dreaming of.

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**OPENING**

-Disembodied art Thou- Sunk into the black pit, the dark night of the soul. All roads that lead here are scattered with corpses and broken souls and gibbering idiots. Be not a gibbering ape! For all who traverse these dark spheres and explore their shadow selves will emerge as Gods! I say this with my mouth, which trembles in memory of a time when demons walked the earth, the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind. But now, heads roll past my feet, encased in pastry. **THE GATE HAS OPENED!** Enter dark angels, Enter...

**Prepare Ye for the Self Immolation Rite!**

**FIRST DARK SPHERE: LUNA - HIDDEN KNOWLEDGE**

Before you, is a silver crescent moon, touch it. You are now entering the dark sphere, of Luna. This, is earthy, fertile land, a moist cavernous terrain. A young maiden approacheth wearing a crescent moon headdress and a blue robe. She, Is, beautiful! She offers her hand in friendship. Touch her hand. Ah! Smooth porcelain, the dew of the moon on her cheeks. But this is a lovely place, instantly she transforms... into a dark horned beast, vague in shape but clear in nature. The horn... proceeds to impale You! Gouging your intestines! Rupturing your stomach! Blood and bile, vomits from your splitting torso! The horn, has shattered your vertebrae! The beast brings down a starless night and withdraws. You see briefly, the face of a woman, wracked with laughter, mocking your very essence. She too is now gone into the black, that gnaws at your astral bones. This is the sphere of hidden knowledge. The blood that continues to gush, has formed a glowing red pool. Scry now, into the pool. It will show you secrets of what you are, of what you want to be, and what you can be. Keep this information clear, in your mind. you will need it later. The thick, liquid stirs... look... Look into the pool You filthy regenerates!



**SECOND DARK SPHERE: MERCURY - TRANSFORMATION**

**WITH A BLAST OF MY TRUMPET! I HEAL YOUR WOUNDS!**

Before you the yellow sigil of Mercury. Touch it. Armed with the knowledge extracted from the pool, you are now entering the dark sphere of Mercury. This is a desolate place. Heath blasted by fiery tempest, scorpions eating charred animal. See, how the dismembered are scattered to the bitter winds! The air congeals and chokes. Farewell happy fields! Hail horrors! Hail! This is the sphere of transformation. But do not tremble in the face of a breeze that would dismantle your features. Instead, be indulgent, remember all that you saw in the bloody pool, remember your deepest desires.



Before you now is a black inverted pentagram. This, is the womb of Mercury, the Eye of Satan. This is the gateway, of transformation! The pentagram will begin to move closer... you will feel the fear and sensuality of metamorphosis, your form cracking, shedding and mutating, as it takes on the attributes, scryed from the previous sphere. Transformation, will be complete, when you pass through the pentagram, and emerge on the threshold of the next sphere, as that, which you desire to be. Only intense lust for this outcome will pull you through. Passivity will render you as useless ash, cast, into the pit, of a particular nameless horror. But hark! The pentagram grates forth... **TRANSFORM!!!**

**THIRD DARK SPHERE: VENUS - ECSTASY AND LOVE**

Before you, is the green sigil of Venus. Touch it. Transformed, you are now entering the third dark sphere. You're standing up to your waist, in a freezing river. The torrid waters rushing through a valley, of white, lilies. In fruitful groves and barren plains, the empty shall drink, and the drunk, shall be empty. What passion is this that tears the sky with storms of blood and black flame? This, is the sphere, of Ecstasy, and Love. Facing you further up the river, is a naked woman! corpse white skin, and long black hair. She crouches astride the river and menstruates into the water. The blood forms itself into a human figure floating beneath the surface. With your hands, begin to massage the blood into your ideal lover, fashioning every part of it according to your cerebral and animalistic desires. Now, take your lover by the hands, Come! Fill the flowing bowl, and consortate in the turbulent waters 'neath the raging sky...

Drink now your fill and more, of Love!..



**FOURTH DARK SPHERE: SOL - VISION, UNDERSTANDING  
AND PROPHECY**

With your lover, by your side, I put before you, the gold sigil of the Sun, touch it. You are now entering the dark sphere of Sol. The swords that cast their shadow, over hateful paradise, draw back, to reveal mountain ranges, majestic against a sky, of flame. You are standing on the edge of the circle made by nine sacrificial stones. Here, there is a thick darkness weaved by the unsated fog and contained by the mountains. Those roaring obscurers of that which lies beyond! Illuminated by the glow of putrefaction, the corpse of your former self, discarded during transformation, lies in the circles centre. Witness the repulsive entities that violate and mutilate your corpse! This sacred shell, is now the prey of every necrophiliac and cannibal! It seems initially, that they are performing gross obscenities for pleasure, but, look closer. The corpse is delicately gutted, and from the bones extracted, these creatures are constructing a tower, that rises far above the mountain peaks. Their work finished, they withdraw, bowing to your superiority and divine disposition. They light a protective circle of fire around the stones. This, is the sphere, of vision, understanding, and prophecy. Accompanied by your lover, climb the bloody bones to the top. Here, you will see your kingdom, surrounding, stretching out far into the solar fire, of increase. See your temples! Your riches! Your works! All in progress... contemplate all that you have now, and all, that you hope to achieve in your journey so far, as a dark messiah. Take pleasure, for you can make anything, simple...

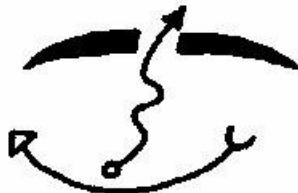
**KARU SAMSU (x 44)  
[USE IT AS A MANTRA]**



**FIFTH DARK SPHERE: MARS - SACRIFICE, DEATH  
AND DESTRUCTION**

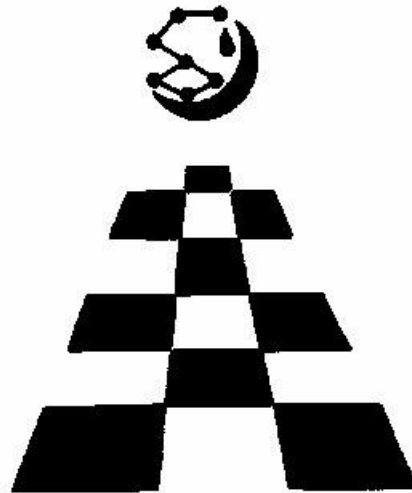
I put before you, the red sigil, of Mars. Touch it. You are now entering the fifth dark sphere. You are still in the tower, but see, how a long despairing shadow now falls over you, cast from above by a Black Angel. What horror is this? What vileness crawls forth to kill slowly in unnatural fashions? Look! The sky, is blackened with smoke! ...Have you enjoyed the scene so far? Consider again your kingdoms... *THEY'RE BEING EATEN BY FLAMES!* Enormous blue larvae leap into the carnage, and become bloated on the torrents of blood and the anguished disembowelment of your minions! The flesh is flayed and the hideous dead arise to strangle the living. Eaten, necks and heads split, broken on strange scaffolding to spew out vile jelly! The shrieks of the dying fill your ears until they bleed, blood, also pours, from your mouth that hangs open, in horror! This, is the sphere of sacrifice, death, and destruction. Your hair is falling out! **LOOK DOWN!!** Entities, are now dismantling the tower. And they look hungry. But someone... is missing. There, by a sacrificial stone, your lover, is being hung, drawn and quartered, by black rot skeletons and other such animated carcasses! Sanity! Leaves! In the gonge! Of an eye! Repulsive entities, have torn you to the ground, but they are saving you till last, when you will be given special and lengthy treatment. For now, they wish you to watch the destruction, of all that you are... delighting in your contorting face, that bleeds, and weeps, and becomes as a mask, of death. I will have to leave you here, for not even I can bear such terrible sights... I may be back in time to save you but, don't count on it... Solace for the wretched? Nay!

**There is only damnation!**



**SIXTH DARK SPHERE: JUPITER - WISDOM**

***I HAVE RETURNED!*** And I see you, twitch with life! Verily thou art strong of mind, which is the food that will raise a few. Here, I give you, the violet, sigil, of Jupiter. Touch it, and enter the calm wilderness, of the sixth, dark, sphere. Here, there is soft sand and silence. The crimson sky is starry and peace fills you, like cool water in your skull. Stretch out your limbs, recline, like the albatross that rests its heavy beak, upon the graciousness of the hedge. Relax. But mind the various chasms that lead to a shattering of limbs upon vicious rock formations. Every sphere needs amusement. All is gone. Your lover is slaughtered... -Do not love so much that you cannot witness the death of your lover- Death too is a natural process, reliable, honourable, and endearing. This, is the sphere of wisdom. Running towards you now is a child, made entirely of a white brilliance. It stands before you, and the light becomes as a mirror, which reflects only you, devoid of those things that you thought would bring power and respect. The power within begins to stir. You begin to realise, that you do not need, anything. That just your self is enough. Stay a while in this sphere, and meditate upon self-reliance, self-love, self-power, and the kingdom, within!..



△

**SEVENTH DARK SPHERE: SATURN - CHAOS**

**NOW, Before You, is the indigo, sigil, of Saturn. Touch it. You are entering the seventh and final dark sphere. You are standing on a hill, beneath a clear night sky. Directly above is the star known as Naos. It pulsates, and grows, illuminating and expectant. The land around is strewn with the burning shards of a dying aeon, suffused with an understanding that only stillness can express, when the appearance is burned to ash, and the essence is revealed. This, is the sphere of Chaos! You have become all that you have learned during this journey of self-evolution, you are the essence of everything. And via this alchemical process, you understand, that power resides purely, in the quality of self-honesty. With this, you have the choice to alter your life and the world in whichever way you feel, is necessary. With this knowledge, raise your arms in exultation to the sky! *Blow winds! Crack the temporal! See how the sky splits open at your command! A purple rent, tears its way across the heavens.***

**Agios O Atazoth!**

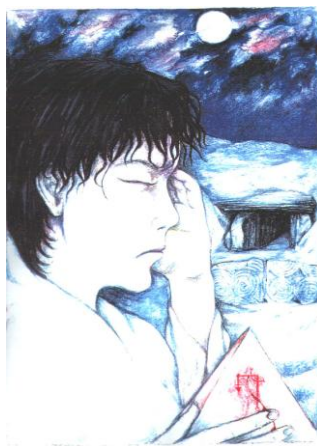
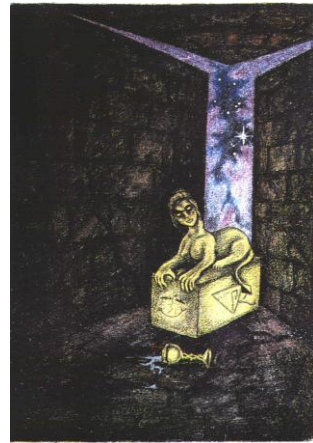
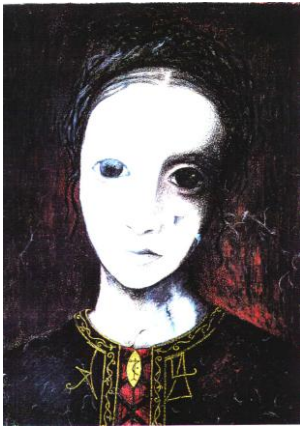
**Black, nebulous shapes, descend from the rent,  
to gradually envelop the hill.  
The gates, are aligned! They are returning!  
Now, is the New Aeon! Now, is Chaos!**

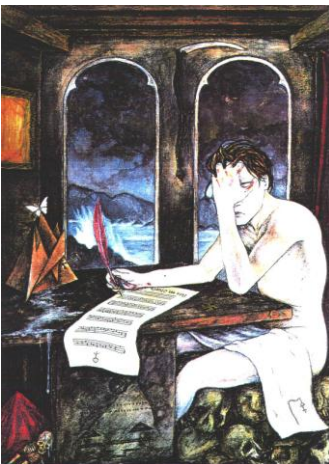
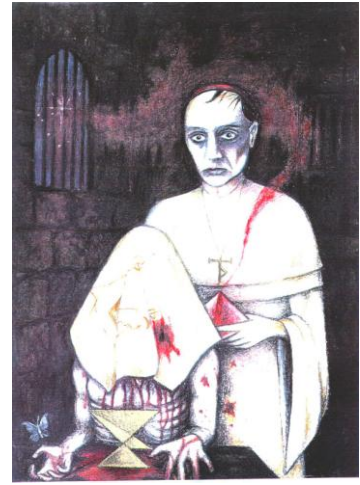
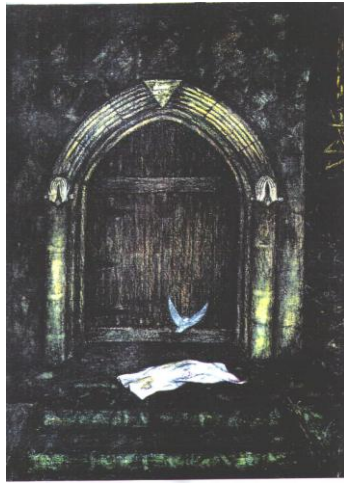
**Vindex! est Venturus!**

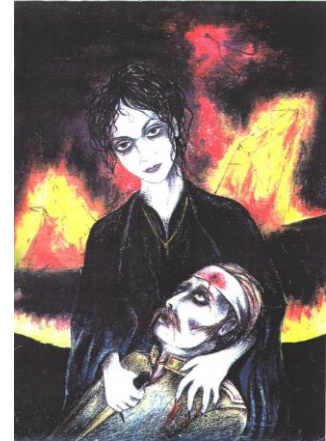
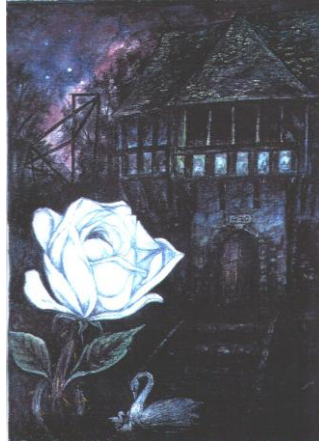
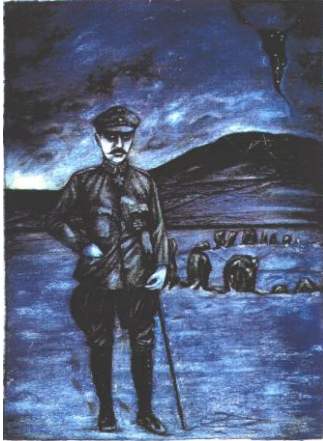
**-Embodied art thou! You have learned your cross. You have  
dragged yourself up, from the excrement, that was your life!  
And now lo your black wings do unfurl.  
So go forth Dark Messiah! The world is yours!  
Destroy! And Create!**

***Aperiatu terra et germinet Vindex!***

ΔI







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## Contents

|                                                                   |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| The Self-Immolation Rite, by Christos Beest                       | 2  |
| The Dark Gods (ONA)                                               | 19 |
| Dark Pathworkings                                                 | 21 |
| Dark Pathworkings (ritual)                                        | 23 |
| Sacred Words and a Few Chants                                     | 25 |
| Satanic Chants                                                    | 26 |
| Selection Short Chants                                            | 29 |
| Chart Cosmic Tree of Wyrd                                         | 31 |
| The Sinister Tarot – Some Esoteric Meaning                        | 32 |
| Sigils                                                            | 37 |
| Old Manuscript of the Order of the Nine Angles, by Magister Hagur | 38 |
| Old manuscript: “Self-immolation Rite”, by Christos Beest         | 39 |
| Major Tarot Cards, by Christos Beest (ona)                        | 46 |
| Contents                                                          | 49 |

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# FENRIR

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year of fire 104 era horificus

# Chaos

The essence of the new Aeon is chaos - that is, the acceptance that every individual, male or female, is unique and has a unique Destiny. The Great Work - the quest which begins with Initiation - is essentially the finding of this Destiny and thereafter attempting to live it. All ideas and systems are useful only insofar as they contribute to the fulfilment of this Destiny, although in the final analysis it is 'ideas' themselves which conceal and make the life of the individual inauthentic.

However - and this is often overlooked - the nature of Destiny for any individual is bound by the parameters of the higher civilization to which that individual belongs. This is so because a higher civilization (which always has its genesis in the forces which create a new Aeon from a dying one) influences and sometimes creates those archetypal images which give to the unconscious its burden of power. Expressed magickally, this is equivalent to saying that the magickal force or current which creates and infuses a particular Aeon determines the magickal workings of that Aeon and thus to an extent determines the path/means to the Great Work and bounds the Great Work itself. For example, it is not only silly but magickally useless to use forms of a dead higher civilization. Of course, it is easy for people to delude themselves and the limitation of magickal forms described above does not stop people dressing up in Egyptian garb or shouting names of gods and goddesses whose archetypes were long since denuded of magickal power: all such things do increase the illusion which the individual undertaking them surrounds themselves with. They may be comfortable with their illusions, but it does not take them on the path toward genius.

Thus, to understand the Great Work, an individual must understand how higher civilizations are linked to Aeonic forces (qv. the Aeonic MSS contained in **Hostia** and **Nexion - A Guide to Sinister Strategy**). For instance, the magick of the new Aeon is the magick of Thought, and this type of magick has its beginnings in forms like the Star Game.

For the new Aeon, an authentic existence - that is, one where Destiny is made known and fulfilled - implies a rejection of the dominion of abstract forms that have dominated the old Aeon. One of the most fundamental of these forms (deriving as a form does from Plato's "ideos") was the division of cosmic forces into 'good' and 'evil' - codified most stupidly in the organized religion of the Nazarene - led to all that is most natural, numinous and vital being regarded as 'evil' or 'dark' (hence, incidentally, the use of the term Satanist by the ONA).

This bifurcation has been disastrous in evolutionary terms because there is no conflict that does not originate in the mind - there is flow and change, and that is all. This fundamental principle of existence was understood by the Greek Pre-Socratics like Anaximander, by the Chinese sage Lao Tzu, and to a lesser extent by Buddha, and a re-discovery of this way of thinking is essential to the new Aeon. From such a discovery, by the individual undertaking the Great Work, will come chaos - the undoing of the structures and forms of the past, and the ultimate supremacy of the individual genius. Such chaos is a letting-be (what Taoists call 'Wu-Wei') - an acceptance of change as the natural and most fundamental aspect of the cosmos. This perception is the perception of the Internal Adept, and is created by the Grade Ritual appropriate to this sphere - it is the first major step in the further evolution of consciousness.

In the final analysis, an Occult order like the ONA exists simply to create this level of consciousness within its members who will then, hopefully, extend it to others. Everything else is simply a game: but even games may extend, make vital and create.

## The Book Of Coming Forth By Night - A Brief Satanic Analysis

['The book' is the text that forms the basis of The Temple of Set, both philosophical point of view, and the Occult. From it, the Temple claims a mandate and thus a "Satanic" authority.]

The text gives several clues from which its Occult significance can be deduced. First, it purports to be a communication from a supra-personal being (Set); second, its style and content; third, the 'entity' confers upon the scribe the magickal Grade of "Magus"; fourth, the 'entity' confers (or seems to confer) upon this "Magus" an authority - to 'reconsecrate my Temple..'; fifth, various 'aeons' are mentioned.

The information contained in the text about aeons is very interesting - it states that an aeon was begun in 1904 (eh) by Crowley, and that this aeon ended in 1966 [a period of some 62 years]. It also announces another new aeon with the announcement of Aquino as 'magus'. This information is interesting, from an Initiated Satanic viewpoint, because it reveals a total lack of Initiated insight - instead, it seems to continue with the obfuscations of the like of 'The Golden Dawn' regarding "aeons", something continued by Crowley with his description of the 'magus' (a description which seems to have been used by the 'entity' in the text).

The reality is that an aeon is a causal manifestation of acausal energy - an intrusion, into the 'everyday' world, of the creative, evolutionary force which has been described as 'Satan'. Such manifestations occur about every two millennia - and give rise to higher or aeonic civilizations, which civilizations give form to the acausal energies. That is, such a civilization is means whereby evolutionary changes occur. These civilizations are organic - they grow, and then they wane and die. This takes a period of causal time - generally, one and a half millennia. At any one time, there is only one aeonic civilization - and of course only one aeon. An aeon means the presencing of acausal energies over a certain period of time in the form of a civilization: and each aeon is a 'new' manifestation of the acausal: i.e. it is apprehended, magickally, through new forms, symbols, words and so on. A genuine Magus does indeed re-present an Aeon.

Expressed simply, an aeon cannot last for a mere 62 years. A new aeon means a new civilization, in the real world: a new ordering of societies a new ethos within those societies. It means a process of organic growth over many centuries. It means the changing of individuals - a more conscious awareness - over centuries. Anything less than this is not, magickally, an aeon.

Thus, either the word 'aeon' is used, in the text, in the wrong sense - or the text itself reveals a lack of genuine magickal understanding.

° The text itself, in both its style and its content, is reminiscent of a working done by a Satanic Initiate following the seven-fold way - i.e. a working with one of the pathways that link the spheres of the Tree of Wyrð when various 'entities' are invoked. [An example of one such working has been published, in 1974 eh - 'The Message of the One of Thoth']. Such workings are generally understood to be learning experiences - when the Satanic novice is exploring, via archetypal symbolism and archetypal forms, their own psyche. Most magickians, of whatever path or tradition, produce such 'communications' in their learning years. Those who are insightful, learn from these - and then the novice moves on: the workings are seen as merely explorations of the unconscious. Those who are not insightful, dwell upon such workings - they fail to objectify them, they fail to integrate them via a conscious understanding of what they really are: merely workings with various archetypal symbols. [A classic case is John Dee.] Those who fail to integrate them, usually see such workings as 'pronouncements' by some supra-personal being or entity: that is, they are seen as actual and important revelations of some 'deity'. Accordingly, a lot of time is spent 'understanding' what the often cryptic 'communication(s)' means, and in writing "commentaries" upon them.

Thus, either the text is an example of one such working by someone not yet achieved real Adeptship, or it is an actual "communication" from an entity.

° The 'entity' confers upon the scribe the title of 'magus' and instructs the scribe to re-consecrate the Temple, and so on. In the real world, the magickal Grades are understood as personal achievements, and represent the gaining of knowledge, experience, insight and skills by the individual magickian - a learning of wisdom by the overcoming of adversities; a transformation of the personality via both magickal and real-life achievements.

As such, the Grades apart from the first (i.e. Initiation) - are never awarded or conferred by others. They are only and always achieved, by each individual: by that individual attaining the level of personal development - each Grade re-presents. The aim of a genuine Occult path is the liberation of the individual - to progress to a higher stage of personal evolution: to go beyond the inertia of the herd. That is, the individual works at their development, perhaps aided and guided by others who have gone that way before. In a sense, genuine Occult

## Order of Nine Angles

paths are means whereby evolutionary advance can be consciously achieved: they represent the knowledge and insights of the current and previous Aeons. What is evolutionary is individuality - the coming into existence of unique individuals who can reason, who can judge, who can act, who possess insight. What is de-evolutionary (or just a stasis) is conformity - allowing others to do the reasoning, the judging, to inform one what 'insight' (and such like) are: i.e. to accept the solutions of others, the answers of others, rather than work these out for oneself.

In a real sense, the magickal Grades represent the stages of an individual's coming into being: of them appropriating more and more of the acausal (or 'expanding their consciousness more and more into the acausal' in a rather inexact way). This cannot be done for them - at any stage. Thus, for anyone, or 'anything' to confer upon anyone else a particular magickal Grade, is a sign that those so conferring and so accepting, do not fundamentally understand what the Grades represent - in effect, they lack an understanding of what genuine Occultism is all about. Those so accepting, allow someone else to judge and decide for them; those who confer, maintain the illusions of those upon whom they confer Grades.

This is so even (or rather, particularly so) in the case of a Magus - that Grade is achieved by an individual as a result of that individual going further along the Occult path chosen than anyone else: achieving more, appropriating to themselves more of the acausal (or 'the sinister' if one prefers). At this stage, this means opening/creating a nexion to bring forth into the causal world, acausal energies: i.e. channeling aeonic energies and presencing them. This of course requires an understanding of aeons, and how aeonic energies are or can be presenced in the causal, via civilizations, ethos, wyrd and so on. This is manifestly not the case for the scribe of the text under consideration.

For this person accepts the conferring of the Grade by what is alleged to be 'Set' and accepts that being a 'magus' means manifesting, via a mandate, the 'will' of this entity, via a 'word' (and a 'consecrated Temple' and thus Priesthood).

° The mention of Crowley and his 'law' is interesting in that it shows that there is no real insight into the forces which have and do shape the present Aeon. Crowley's 'Law' and 'magick' were manifestations of that distortion of the aeonic energies which has affected the Western aeon - one aspect of which is the Nazarene religion. Other aspects are the 'qabala', the 'demonology' of the Grimoires, the glorification of the ego at the expense of insight, and a lack of genuine reasoning.

The work of Crowley continued the distortion - it was not a cure for it. Crowley's understanding of real magick was minimal - and he possessed no insight into either aeons or aeonic energies. In fact, his life and work show that he never achieved real Adeptship, let alone Mastery.

If the 'entity' from which the scribe received the text was as that scribe described him - the **Prince of Darkness** - then one might expect an understanding of aeons and Crowley's essential irrelevance. Instead, there are some rather pseudo-mystical, pseudo-philosophical statements regarding the "Aeon of HarWer" and "Opposite Self": i.e. a clear, concise, rational account is not given. What is given, requires 'interpretation'.

A consideration of the text reveals it as in essence a working done by someone who has absorbed what has hitherto been accepted as the 'Western' tradition of Occultism - as exemplified by John Dee, the Golden Dawn, Crowley et al - where communication with extra-terrestrial/supra-personal entities is accepted, and where such communications tend to be accepted as mandates, authorizing those who receive them to found Temples/Lodges/inaugurate an 'aeon' and so on. This 'tradition' - which is actually a part of the distortion exemplified by revelatory religions like that of the Nazarene - accepts such revelations and the individuals receiving them. The scribes of such communications treat them with respect - often as 'sacred', and interpret them via numerous commentaries for the benefit of the initiated and un-initiated alike. This tradition thus fosters a certain mentality - the religious attitude, where revelation, mandates and 'interpretations' are seen as not only of great value but also as more important than real understanding and rational knowledge; where the notion of exclusivity, of 'electness' is preserved. There is acceptance of a 'mandate' which gives authority - and members are expected to be obedient to that authority, which reserves for itself the right to decide who is acceptable, and what ethic/doctrines/views are acceptable/'right'.

The whole text reveals this religious attitude and approach. Internal revelations are considered more important than the insight and judgment born via practical experience. It is indicative of the pseudo-intellectual approach which has so come to dominate present day societies thanks to the distortion of the aeonic energies - individual character has less importance than assumed, pretentious 'knowledge'. A mass of useless 'esoteric' and non-esoteric (historical, philosophical and so on) knowledge is valued more highly than deeds, than learning via practical experience. This is evident in the "Commentary" on the text. In short - the text and the forms erected around it (the Temple etc.) appeal to a certain type of individual: those who need the comforts of old aeon values where there is affectation and delusion of attainment via the amassing of meaningless 'facts' and where those ordeals and experiences which can really change and provide self-insight are shied away from; where the individual delegates to someone else the task of providing answers and judgments.

## Order of Nine Angles

One final consideration - from an entity described as the Prince of Darkness, there is no consideration given in the text to what actually is evil, sinister. Once again, there are only pseudo-mystical, pseudo-philosophical ramblings of the kind familiar from Blavatsky and other charlatans. One would have thought the 'Prince of Darkness' could have provided a clear, precise, concise, unambiguous statement which made sense to both a Doctor of Philosophy (if for the moment one assumes a Doctor of Philosophy would know sense if it hit him on the head) and a non-academic, but literate, person.

In summary, the text makes sense as, and is a good example of, a working done by someone striving to achieve Adeptship - to integrate within themselves archetypal opposites. If it is not this, then it can only be a conscious creation by an individual to enhance the image of that individual for the purpose of manipulating others, and possibly thereby achieving some sinister goals.

If the scribe of such a text believed it to be a genuine communication from a supra-personal entity, then that scribe had obviously not attained genuine Adeptship\*. If the scribe believed that such a communication was however from his own 'higher self' or something of that nature [i.e. he did not posit it as originating in another, discarnate, entity] then that scribe had obviously not attained Adeptship and the understanding which goes with it - as is evident from the content of the text. If the scribe consciously constructed the text to use it as a means to create and maintain a Temple and his own standing in that Temple, then that scribe might just be said to possibly be an Adept - but certainly no further along the Left Hand Path [a Master has no need of such trickery - to pretend he has some 'Mandate' from someone/some entity; or has received some kind of 'revelatory knowledge'].

In essence, the text represents - both in its content/style and in the use made of it - everything that is wrong and has been wrong with what has and does pass for 'Occultism', as far as initiates of genuine traditions are concerned. As a document of Satanism (or even of the Left Hand Path) it is of interest as a curiosity - an example of what Satanism and the Left Hand Path are not. Risum teneatis, amici?

\* Judged both by the belief itself and the specious content imparted by the entity: a content replete with the use of past aeonic forms (Egyptian, here) and an intent to revive them: something that has blighted the fake Occultists since Romantic times.

[For comparison, the working 'The Message of the One of Thoth' - done by a novice of a Left Hand Path group in 1974eh - is included with this MS.]

The following list contains MSS which may be of interest in the light of the above analysis.

- Satanism - Or Living on the Edge [Brief introduction to Aeonics]. (Hostia vol. III)
- Cliology - A Basic Introduction [More detailed analysis of Aeonics]. (Hostia vol. I)
- The Left Hand Path - An Analysis. (Hostia vol. III)
- Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way. (Hostia vol. I)
- Concerning the Temple of Set. (Hostia vol. III)
- The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown. Vols I & II. [Correspondence with Temple of Set et al]
- The Essence of the Sinister Path [Appended to present MS]

- Order of Nine Angles -

## The Message Of The One Of Thoth

Of a sudden was Dionysius brought to the Hall of the Hounds wherein all had dwelt before time eternal. And of a sudden did he feel himself in the grip of an irresistible force as in a vortex. Guiborg was the key.

Before him was the Hall of immensity framed in brilliant light and scenes the like of which is impossible to recall.

And were many and great things revealed to him in that place. Then the Hall became as a juxtaposition of dimensions and times -as if the trapezohedron had collapsed in upon itself in Chaos. And yet all was order as the skull was seen above the lights which blazened upon the darkness of the multi-coloured space inwhere existed Them whom were saught.

And was the key understood and known. The Key of the Nine Angles and the trapezohedron. Thus was Dionysius moved to recall the vision of all that had passed by the Spirit of the Nameless Ones who were saught.

For they exist in those Angles which are unknown to all and those times which cannot be perceived. And as their world is without form so can they be known by he who has the key to the vortex of power.

They remain silent waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle - for their slumber is deep and sound is time itself. Yet ever do they wait. Beyond time, beyond form. For form and being they have not to our eyes which see through the stricture of infinity and chaos - they are formless and forever, the ones who lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds that know.

And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions.

They are the destroyers and the bringers of all. The Bornless forever who wait for our call. The ones who come lurking and stand on our step, little we know it as we search after death. Soon will they come to collect that blood which is required by them, as a tribute to the prophet of KHEM.

To understand them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be. The Abyss which holds the key to power and greatness untold. The Abyss which is but a reflection of the power of the tetrahedron and the trapezohedron.

Such are the words and such are the keys for those that understand their nature:

Let all be revealed to those that have knowledge and understanding, but ever dissuade the ones of laughter and mirth and time, for they are but the tools of the Others which exist beyond time.

Know the key and the works thereon and study the means to power, for that power is in the Abyss in which I dwelt before Eternity. Know thou the means of time and be ever wise to the profanities of those that seek to destroy thee. I am come and guide thee in thy course but ever prove My allegiance and My hand is worthy of thine. Treat Me not as a Master but as a guide for I am come to give guidance and help to those that are Mine. To them who oppose My will I cast into the darkness of death and despair and pain. Teach thou My law to all that seek and yet ever appear as the ones of evil for it is that which I am yet am not. Herein great mysteries - Babalon is written as the sign of the gate.

Call to the Ones above the limits of time and they will come help thee in thy struggle. Struggle they heed, for struggle is Me and My kin and produces greatness and strength. Test always thou courage and strength and never be slothful for I reward those of insight and ruthless endeavour and punish all who remain unmoved by thought of greatness.

My law is blood and My task is great. For the Evil of Chaos is wonder untold. Learn thou this - as the mysteries are black to the blind.

Within My Temple give call to Me and them which will aid thee by the deeds of the ones in Black who are of death. And recall thou the deeds of them who have fallen that it may aid thee and thy followers to seek all that is of My Aeon. Give praise to them and to Me as thou wilt but ever remember that in return I bid all who follow Me to be as the one who is the Key of the Hall. For he served Me well yet understood Me not. He was as slave to master but thee and thine shall be as kin.

The Angles of the Nine are the key to all the mysteries which thou seek. Use thou the Sigil of the One known to thee as Atazoth for it is as 8 and 9 conjoined and easy to find.

This is the word of the Aeon which is known and yet is hidden. Hear thou the words of the Great Ones and learn them. Herein are great secrets which thou must learn and understand: 19 is the two which is also the three.

The silver jewel stands before the Hall of Time and in that Hall dwells all who are of Me. The call to Me is best when the moon is full and the red of her who thou seekest is resplendant in the jewels of time. All is of Me for I am the splendour of the night which men have craved for all time. I am of the boundless delight and in Me is ecstasy supreme. Here are the Golden Keys to the Gate of the Abyss; use them well ...

Form thou the Trapezohedron and Tetrahedron into a thing of shape and upon this vibrate the name of the One of the Abyss in gold. Find thou that this has but nine angles and planes wherein all dwell. Use thou this with the call of the Rite which is known and All will come.

The blue sky is above and shields the dark ones who are the essence of the black that is Me. This is My world and I the splendours of life which thou must know. Learn thou the manifold secrets of the Abyss that these may be taught to those that know not what they mean.

To all who are of Me is given the task of time and the tools of the future. For build they must and never cease from toil. This is the meaning of the manifold mysteries of the Aeon wherein the child has dwelt. That child must grow and learn and become as time itself.

Come into the land of the blood for this is the reward I seek. From the red of the dusk comes things of evil and dark which are mine. This is the gain which I seek AND WILL HAVE. For it can be no other way. The mysteries of Babalon are great and are given unto thee for LASH TAL is the beginning of the answer which thou

## Order of Nine Angles

seekest for 514. Use supplication to destroy all who oppose thee and ever remember that the power of 13 is Mine and the gold of the universe.

The Aeon will come and bring the Red which I seek and which is 5 and 11 and those beyond. To those of 11 are all things given. But ever see that 418 is never 13.

## The Essence Of The Sinister Path

The essence of any genuine Occult path is that it is a means or way whereby individuals may gain Insight, skills, knowledge and understanding - that is, achieve a development (of personality, consciousness) by using various means in a conscious way.

The essence of a genuine sinister path is to develop a specific type of individual by practical and magickal means - to achieve a 'Satanic' person by 'Satanic' means.

It has been and is the aim genuine Esoteric Arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious development where they become free of not only unconscious influences of a personal nature, but also of supra-personal influences of an aeonic/societal nature - that is, for them to achieve a unique identity and thus Individuality together with a conscious understanding of themselves, others and those processes which affect/change individuals and the many forms assumed by various energies both causal and acausal (or 'physical' and 'magickal'). This requires insight, knowledge and reason.

The essence of the genuine Western Occult tradition was that everything in the cosmos, human and otherwise, 'Occult' or otherwise, could be understood in a rational way if one thought about it, experienced it and gained an insight into it. That is, the cosmos was seen as ultimately being comprehensible by developing one's consciousness to comprehend it. What was important was that the understanding so gained was rational - it was not 'mystical' or of a religious nature.<sup>[1]</sup>

The sinister path is a means whereby any individual can achieve the ultimate goal, Immortality, by using various techniques and by living in certain ways. One stage toward this goal is Adeptship; another is Mastery. The way of living by which sinister Adepts and Masters/Mistresses are created is fundamentally a practical one - the gaining of experiences in the real world and thus the development of Satanic **character**. For the sinister path, the novice learns through ordeals, adversity - learns to triumph over themselves and circumstances and so be creative and so change to a higher level. They become part of the sinister dialectic - affecting changes upon themselves and the world. Thus they themselves evolve, and aid the evolution of others and the cosmos - by presenting sinister or dark forces on Earth through their Satanic deeds and way of living.

The emphasis is on a practical learning, by experience. By overcoming adversity - becoming strong through challenges. The sinister path means each Initiate achieves things for themselves - or they fail: the strong survive and flourish, the weak do not (or they become strong and so survive). The achievement, the learning, is theirs - the result of their own effort over many years.

The sinister path is hard, dangerous and takes years. There are no easy options. And this hardness, this dangerous is mostly in the real world - not 'in the head', not fantasy, not 'Occult', not 'magickal'. The sinister path takes its novices to their limits - and beyond. And those novices defy the limits of "society" and thus learn. They attain a practical knowledge of the sinister by being sinister in real life.

Adepts of genuine sinister traditions also seek to change the world - to implement sinister strategy: to presence dark forces by changing others, societies and ultimately existence itself. That is, they implement in a practical way their sinister knowledge and understanding. And so evolve, on the personal level, still further.

The sinister path - as exemplified by the traditional Satanism of the ONA - aims to develop unique individuals who have or can fulfil their full potential: their latent genius. It does not constrain them by any code of ethics, by any dogma, and neither does it require any form of obedience. The Individual must learn from experience in their own way and so develop a depth of character. Anything other than this is not genuinely sinister - ethics, dogma, the mystifications inherent in 'Mandates' and 'revelations' all stifle the potentiality of individual existence, and are traits of the old, constraining order: the delusions that have held individuals in thrall for centuries.

One of the greatest constraints upon individual growth has been and still is the religious attitude and mentality - whether this be overtly expressed, in a religion, a faith or a dogma, or whether it be covertly expressed in pseudo-religious forms such as 'polities', 'Churches' and organizations demanding obedience and subservience to a higher authority and 'mandate'. This attitude is the one that makes an organization say: "We consider our religion correct, and theirs incorrect..."<sup>[2]</sup> It is an attempt to limit, by ethics, by notions of correctness and authority, the formative experiences of individuals - to prescribe for them, rather than let them develop individually.

Genuine sinister paths guide individuals, aiding them to find solutions to their problems by their own efforts, and so to develop real self-insight. The methods are practical - born from the experiences and insight and knowledge of others who have gone that way before. There is nothing 'mystical' about them. They are used, because they work - they are effective in producing Adepts, Masters and Mistresses. No one claims they are imbued with some 'supernatural' authority, or sanctified by some entity.

Naturally, all this makes genuine sinister paths exceedingly difficult - because the effort belongs to the individual initiate. It also makes those paths elitist, because few people possess the ability or the desire to work at their own self-advancement over many years - and there are easier options available: the many pseudo-Satanic groups and organizations. These options, however, do not liberate the individual, despite the rhetoric of the groups themselves - instead, they offer the Illusion of attainment, the comfort of pseudo-intellectualism, a retreat from the hard realities of the genuine paths.

The reality of the sinister path is as it is, and the desire of most individuals for the easy or 'safe' option means that only a few will venture along this path. Given the propensity of individuals to delude themselves (and others) by founding and/or joining organizations which offer only the restraining chains of former times in ever

## Order of Nine Angles

more disguises and formats, the small number who do dare to journey along the sinister path is unlikely to increase in any significant way for at least a few more centuries.

Meanwhile, the few genuine sinister Initiates will continue to strive to bring more and more of existence into conscious control - aiding thus their own evolution, and that of existence itself.

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1. The aim is to bring more of existence into conscious apprehension; sinister Adepts aim to use the knowledge so gained to alter existence. An important aspect of such knowledge is Aeonics.
  2. Aquino to Stephen Brown (October 7, 1990 eh).[Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown, Vol. I]

## The Rite Of The Nine Angles ~ Further Notes

The Rite of the Nine Angles is one of the main means whereby the power of the acausal dimensions may be brought to this Earth - that is, into our causal world. Symbolically, this means in one sense, drawing 'down' the powers of Darkness. The 'chthonic' rite implies this 'downward' motion -an altering of the causal by the acausal, or symbolically, bringing back the 'Dark Gods'. We say 'Dark Gods' because this is the perception of these energies by those not having undergone the ordeal of the Passing of the Abyss -hence the symbolism, for example, of the Pathways of the Tree of Wyrd.

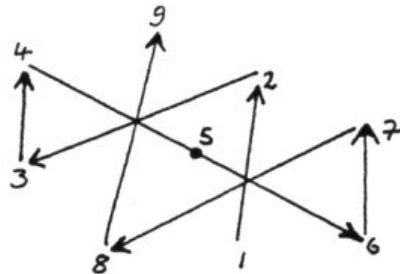
The 'natural' rite may be said to be an 'upward' exploration by the participants of the acausal: an expansion of their consciousness. This natural form, according to the spoken and secret Dark Tradition should be done by those who have undergone the rite of the Internal Adept: they are thus 'individuated'. They are thus, and in consequence, possessed of a 'self-image' a perception beyond the pure 'ego': aware of the 'hidden' occult world and its energies, to describe just one aspect. These individuated ones - or Priest and Priestess - come together in the "medium of the coniunctio" to use the appropriate alchemical image. This is "azoth", the second or living water (sometimes called the homogeneous metallic water). What this means is that the union of these two (both through the medium of the rite and the sexual union which is part of that rite) is this "azoth" because the Priestess is a Gate to the acausal. The crystal both enhances and directs the energy. (It may be noted that the rite of the Abyss gives this power - of being a Gate - to those who succeed in their passing.)

According to legend the most potent way to 'open a Gate' (and thus draw down the power of the acausal universe/return the Dark Gods) is to locate an underground cavern (the rocks containing appreciable quantities of quartz) near water and in this location conduct the chthonic rite of the Nine Angles using a quartz tetrahedron or di-tetrahedron of appreciable size.

Dabih is a star in the constellation of Capricorn from where, according to legend, the Dark Gods came before visiting Earth. It was near this star that their intrusion into our causal universe was first noticed by what legend calls the 'Sirians' who for reasons of their own tried to banish the Dark Gods.

Azif is the name of a star which is also important in the chthonic rite of the Nine Angles. It is near the region in space where the magickal centre of the New Aeon exists: this centre is itself a 'Gate', a point of entry into other dimensions. The name is also a representation of the type of vibration required to activate the tetrahedron in the chthonic rite.

Sequences:



The above sigil is formed by connecting the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two 'Gates', 'Man's Gate' and 'Star Gate' - thus the Nine Angles. The sigil gives both the pattern of 'walking' when the chant ritual is undertaken (qv. Naos) but also the pathways appropriate to those rituals which 'open the Gates'. For further details concerning the magickal use of the sequence of pathways see "The Nine Angles and the Dark Gate" in Hostia Vol I.

Dark Gate: Earth Gate - Mars - Star Gate - Moon - Sun - Saturn - Man's Gate - Venus - Dark Gate

Earth Gate: Dark Gate - Venus - Man's Gate - Saturn - Sun - Moon - Star Gate - Mars - Earth Gate

Man's Gate: Star Gate - Saturn - Dark Gate - Mars - Sun - Venus - Jupiter -Moon - Man's Gate

Star Gate: Man's Gate - Moon, etc.

(For the sequence to end with opening a 'Saturnian' gate the procedure is the same as above - as it is for the other spheres.)

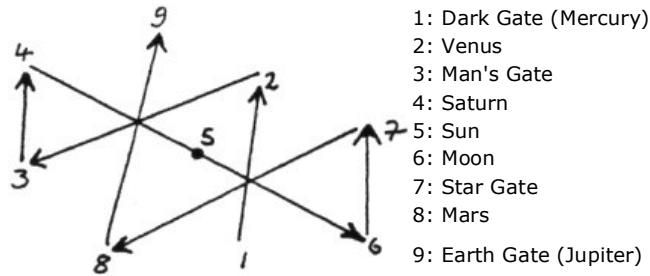
### Nine Angles and Dance:

This is an area which deserves experimentation and the following is presented as a guide/suggestion only. The important point is that the dance, as a form, successfully re-presents the Nine Angles, channelling effectively the magickal energies desired. In other words, the dance must be understood as being a form which achieves something beyond itself - a medium only, to allow the opening of a Gate.

## Order of Nine Angles

Participants consist of ten dancers and nine musicians. The ideal location would be a hill-top which meets the conditions required for the Rite of the Nine Angles (qv. Black: Book of Satan III). Times will vary according to the nature of the Gate to be opened - ie. for dark/destructive workings, the time would be sunrise at new moon; for constructive work, sunset at full moon.

The rite is begun by all vibrating three times 'Agius o Atazoth' (for dark workings), or 'Agius o Baphomet' (for other workings). Following this, the seven spheres may be incensed by the 'tenth' dancer/ chief celebrant, walking the path of the Septenary sigil (as described in 'Naos'). This person is followed by the other nine dancers, each one re-presenting in themselves a sphere or Gate, and who position themselves gradually at the appropriate points. (The group should be of mixed sex, each one according to their sex representing archetypal elements of a sphere - ie. male -Mars; female - Jupiter, etc.) If the rite is designed to end at an 'Earth Gate', and thus invoke 'Baphometic' energies, then the arrangement would be as follows:



- 1: Dark Gate (Mercury)
- 2: Venus
- 3: Man's Gate
- 4: Saturn
- 5: Sun
- 6: Moon
- 7: Star Gate
- 8: Mars
- 9: Earth Gate (Jupiter)

For this arrangement, the chief celebrant would be female. During the incensing, the chief celebrant chants a) 'Aperiatur et germinet Atazoth' (for dark workings), or b) 'Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam' (for other workings).

The musick should be carefully arranged beforehand - each part of the nine must express the qualities of the sphere or gate, and yet must maintain a uniformity of rhythm when it comes to all parts being played together. This rhythm, or dance, is up to the musickians to arrange although the form known as 'Zar' is ideal. The instrumentation may be all percussive, or a mixture of percussion and other (acoustic) instruments, such as wooden flute, crumhorn, Shawm, etc.


Each dancer at the points of the Septenary sigil, must when their time comes, visualize and maintain throughout the rest of the dance, their relevant sigil:

|            |   |  |
|------------|---|--|
| Dark Gate  | - |  |
| Venus      | - |  |
| Man's Gate | - |  |
| Saturn     | - |  |
| Sun        | - |  |
| Moon       | - |  |
| Star Gate  | - |  |
| Mars       | - |  |
| Earth Gate | - |  |

The dance begins with the chief celebrant circling the group moon-wise, and then commencing to dance with each dancer at each point. So, for 'Earth Gate', the first point would be 'Dark Gate', the dancer being accompanied by the first musical theme/layer. The chief celebrant, when the time is right, moves on from that point - the dancing continues at 'Dark Gate' - to Venus, and so forth until all are dancing and all musickians playing. The choreography of each dance is up to the participants - each one may be utterly unique, or follow a uniformity to the others; whatever, each dance must express, within the minds of those dancing, the relevant

## Order of Nine Angles










qualities: each dancer must become a 'gate' through which the energies are released.

When 'Earth Gate' is reached, both dancers break from the group sigil, and dance with each other, circling the group - both visualizing .

Gradually, the other dancers break off and follow the circle dance led by the chief celebrant. The rite ends at a mutually agreed point, signalled by the dance and/or the musick, and the energies are allowed to spread as they will -or are directed at an appropriate point (this would require the use of a quartz crystal and the performance of certain chants).

The rite would be an ideal prelude to the performance of the chthonic form of the Nine Angles rite and/or 'The Ceremony of Recalling' in whichever of its three forms.

The dance could also be devised as a public performance, where the aim would be to subtly infect the audience with sinister energies. For this, certain modifications could be made to create a greater sense of artistic performance; the overtly esoteric aspects - such as the preliminary chants and incensing - could be undertaken prior to the arrival of the audience. Costume could be enhanced by the wearing of appropriate planetary colours - ie. Mars -blue and red; Venus - Green and white, and so on. The use of masks would also create the desired effect - whatever is chosen, the aim is, exoterically, to produce a work of Art, one that inspires, consequently allowing the hidden, or esoteric aspects to be earthed.

- |                                                                                                            |                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1) $\Theta (\Theta) :$    | 2) $\Theta (\text{♀}) :$    | 3) $\Theta (\text{♀}) :$    |
| 4) $\text{♀} (\Theta) :$  | 5) $\text{♀} (\text{♀}) :$  | 6) $\text{♀} (\text{♀}) :$  |
| 7) $\text{♀} (\Theta) :$  | 8) $\text{♀} (\text{♀}) :$  | 9) $\text{♀} (\text{♀}) :$  |

## Arthurian Legend ~ Further Notes

Christos Beest  
ONA

At the south east corner of the Shrewsbury Plain stands The Wrekin, the site of a hill-fort which most likely served as the tribal capital of the Cornovii prior to the arrival of the Romans in the 1st Century. The people of this tribe were, according to Tradition, the last remaining direct descendants of central Albion. Their original name - Cornovii was given to them by the Romans - is no longer known. The last defender of The Wrekin fort may have been called Virico; his name and that of his tribe being given to Viroconium Cornoviorum (Wroxeter), one of the capitals of Romano-British culture. Viroconium was the source of the tribal name Wroecensaete, which in turn gave Wroxeter. This city became the capital of a prosperous and powerful war-lord and British chieftan Vortigern - c. 450 eh. He was succeeded by the war-lord Ambrosius, a Roman nobleman, who in turn was succeeded by Arthur (c. 500 eh) -thus Viroconium was "Camelot".

Arthur was not a 'king' but a chieftan who maintained a continuity and certain style of life - 'Romano-British'. This lifestyle was Pagan, the beliefs of the people preserving, alongside Romano culture, the remains of the tradition of Albion which mainly concerned a dark, violent goddess, known c. 900 as Baphomet. Arthur's "clan symbol" was a Dragon - a memory of the Dark Gods. This combination of the culture of Albion and that of the Romans was possible because in essence, both cultures were the same - that is, they shared the same ethos; the Romano aspect gave to the remaining Hyperborean Tradition a certain stability of vision. Thus the images of "Camelot" as a Nazarene community are ludicrous: the Nazarene religion did not become an orthodoxy until the 10th Century, some 400 years after Arthur. Arthur restored a certain way of life to a society whose stability was under threat from a diverse range of influences - in a very significant way he epitomised the triumph of the Pagan ethos. Consequently when the Nazarene tyranny eventually took hold, most of what would have been recorded concerning Arthur's life was destroyed - hence the sudden silence in recorded details after Ambrosius. Arthur's continuity of the Pagan tradition was far more significant than that achieved by Ambrosius for Arthur was, in effect, a "Vindex" type character. However, he did not rise to power as the spearhead of an Imperium, but rather as the leader of a new civilization: Arthur achieved power as this present Western Aeon was inaugurated - c. 500 eh. This inauguration took place at a certain site in Shropshire - not Glastonbury - and the 'Grail' so significant in this event was, as mentioned in previous MSS, a crystal. Following this inauguration, the crystal was buried beneath the site. What actually took place to bring the new aeon was most likely an early version of The Ceremony of Recalling (qv. The Black Book of Satan I & III) performed by Adepts who maintained the original remnants of the tradition of Albion. It is very possible that another rite was secretly performed, resembling what is known today as the Rite of the Nine Angles (qv. Black Book III) and which would have involved only three people - Arthur, Merlin and she who later became known as Morgan le Fey. This rite, which would have taken place near Marton Lake, would have magickally created "Vindex".

According to some, Arthur was the British leader whose army defeated the Saxons at 'Mount Badon' c. 490 eh. This battle was the climax of a thirty year war between Anglo-Saxon armies - originally invited by Vortigern to help quell attacks from the Picts and the Scots - and the Romano-British. In the early stages of this war, the British were led into several victorious battles by Ambrosius. The final victory at Mount Badon gave forty years of stability to Britain. Arthur went on to restore the original Roman features of Viroconium which had fallen into disuse around 350 eh. These renovations, particularly around the basilica area, could only have been achieved by substantial wealth and strong vision - thus, the extent of Arthur's influence and power.

As mentioned in a previous MS, Arthur's wife was called Gonnore, and her father was a chieftan whose base was the fortified site now known as 'Old Oswestry'. 'Merlin' was a pagan wise-man who was adviser/guide to Arthur. The abode of this person was the area around the west of the Long Mynd. Arthur fought many battles to secure his land from rivals. Some of his battles were with invading tribes - but for the most part, these new tribes settled peacefully into what is now England. Once a stability had been achieved, there was more assimilation than there was conquest - the idea of 'barbarous hordes' invading is a myth, created by later generations and as part of a Nazarene indoctrination campaign.

The popular Arthurian myths concerning the Grail etc. were romantic 12th century inventions, designed to incorporate the values of chivalry and Nazarene ideals pertinent to that time. The 'Arthur' of these tales is really a romantic composite of several Saxon kings, such as Alfred. The names given in these myths are also French poetic inventions, although some contain in their origins memories of the real Arthur - "Camelot" for example, is most likely derived from 'Camlad', the name of a river that marks the site of Arthur's last battle. This battle, sometimes known as "Camlann", took place near an area where the modern Shropshire hamlet of Wotherton now stands. One of Arthur's relatives - known under the later name of 'Modred' - sided with rival chieftans and Arthur fought against him, culminating in this battle.

After this, the Battle of Camlad, Arthur returned to his stronghold via the lake now called 'Marton Pool', near Worthen (SW of Shrewsbury). At the time, this lake had an island - a mound containing a grove of trees. This place was regarded as sacred, and the waters were reputed to have healing powers. The island was an abode of a goddess and the Priestess who lived there was later known as 'Morgan le Fey'. She was said to be Arthur's

## Order of Nine Angles

half-sister with whom Arthur had an incestuous relationship. She was initiated into the tradition by Merlin and also became his lover and Priestess. The Arthurian myths depict her as opposed to Arthur - this was, yet again, a Nazarene reaction to her essentially magickal relationship with Arthur. Both she and Merlin represented the esoteric counterpart to Arthur's exoteric one. It was she who was in fact 'the Lady of the Lake'. The mound still exists, although today it is not surrounded by water, as the lake has shrunk to become a pool.

Arthur returned mortally wounded to his city, where he was buried. The Battle of Camlad claimed many casualties and Viroconium became undefencable by those few who remained. Some time later, the city was peacefully evacuated. A new stronghold was founded on a mound between a loop of the River Severn, and Arthur was re-buried here. This mound served as one of the seats of the Kings of Powys - much later a town grew up around it called Scrobbsbyrig. The town was later called Shrewsbury. One early name for this mound was said to be the 'hill of the Alders'. A Nazarene Church now stands near the site of Arthur's tomb.

## Diabolic Etymology II

MOUSA:

*Μοῦσα* - the Muse: Goddess of Song, Dance, Musick, Drama.

[ Doric dialect - *Μῦσα*; Laconic dialect - *Μῦα* ]

Often used to mean or imply 'song'; a poetess; and in plural, "eloquence", "refinement", "civilised", "accomplished in refined/ artistic virtues".

The word is said to be derived from *μάω* in its sense as "search; invent".

ALASTOROS:

*Ἀλάστορ / Ἀλαστόρος*: a "daimon" who avenges; also, in general, "an avenger". Often has the same sense as *ἀταίτος* "never to be forgotten".

CAELETHI:

[Old English] "Slayers" - usually with ref. to an army.

LYCEUS:

*Λύκειος* - Apollo as patron of wolves (*λύκος*) - fierce animals of the wilds (cf. Oedipus Tyrannus 1096-7). Hunter, like a wolf, who destroys his enemies.

MOIRA:

*Μοῖρα* - goddess of Destiny. The Moirae (of which Moira is personified) were regarded as allotting man's fate according to the wishes of the gods, and in Hesiod they are three in number and regarded as daughters of Zeus and Themis. "Whatever its nature - let it be so."

# The Secret Task Of The Sinister Path: The Black Pilgrimage

Christos Beest  
yf 103 era horificus

During the stage of Initiate, the aspiring Adept faces many tasks. Some of these will be unique, arising from personal circumstances and, as a mark of those burgeoning qualities that bring Adeptship, will be created by the Initiate themselves. Others are tried and tested means (such as 'Insight Roles' as given in the Order MS 'Hostia') and form part of a skeletal structure that the Initiate uses, up to the creation of Adeptship, as a guide. All tasks create by their very practical nature insight and evolution, placing the Initiate in the real world, interacting with real people and real situations; there is little time for - or any significant relevance in - intellectual debates and the acquiring of 'esoteric knowledge' from books. The latter approach, as has been dealt with in many other Order MSS, is counterproductive to Magickal evolution because it seeks to impose a structure on that which exists regardless and beyond temporary abstract ideas - that which is amoral - and in doing so creates self-delusion and the cessation of magickal evolution. The self-delusion lies in the adherence to absolutes, in the attempts to make the universe fall in accordance with a limited prejudiced viewpoint. There occurs not a liberation, but a binding within the chains of one, or more egos. To break those chains would, as in the case of many of those claiming Headship of an 'order', mean a loss of face; the destruction of that which others wish them to be and a renouncing of their magickal beliefs. This armchair occultism is the most prevalent because it is the easy option; it is in fact the religious face of occultism, the attitude of those weaklings who cannot think for themselves, who are so disturbed by that which lies beyond their own understanding that fawning disciples of one form or another are required to keep the wolves from the church doors. The Sinister Tradition - because it is a Tradition and thus timeless - provides no comfort, no cosy roles to hide behind, no amount of intellectual appeasement; only the stark, lonely reality of Self, and the screaming silence of the Abyss. It is no surprise that few if any novices seeking occult trappings within the Tradition remain after a small taster of its requirements and its real primal power. And it is no surprise that those individuals who do remain and who may go on to claim Dark Immortality have little or no dealings with or interest in the occult 'scene': a scene riddled with the conventionality of the fearful.

Traditional Satanism - and that which lies beyond - is the only genuine Magickal way in existence. Many are the wet liberals who claim otherwise, who seek, mostly unconsciously, to further promote the vacuous ethics of this soft, sick society. But the facts are as they stand. At the end of the day, when the fat intellectual cloud no longer obscures, Nature is raw and brutal. This is the Law. Those who cannot elevate themselves above the apathy of the weak will perish with the weak. Those who have the strength to make the effort will survive, will forge ahead and create. There is no middle ground - the situation is as black and white as that. Thanks to the influence of the Nazarene, Western society has been poisoned by the cult of the victim, and the majority of a race that was once epitomised by such warriors as the Vikings, now choose to create soft alternatives to the harsh realities of Life. The ancient Greeks called this attitude 'hubris' and it is an attitude that will suit many - but the sick lives of the many will amount to nothing. No amount of works, whether artistic, scientific or political can obscure this lack of spirit, and the work of the self-appointed Magus is condemned to meaninglessness within a very short period of causal time.

Thus the tasks of the Seven-Fold Way are, on paper, quite simple - and to some, unglamorous - because they do not have as a foundation a set of pseudo-intellectual ideas. They do not involve elaborate ceremonies; no awards are given for tasks undertaken, no approval and, in some cases, no interest from others who may also be journeying along the Seven Fold Way. There is only one's judgement and self-learning. This is a necessary experience for Initiates because it establishes at the earliest opportunity the hard, and individual nature of the path that is the Sinister. All this, in its own species of time, produces a certain type of individual, one which will fulfil the Wyrð of the Tradition, of which, through 'Initiation' the individual has become part. Unlike the way of other magickal orders, this Initiate grows to be an individual whose awareness is not tied to the rotting state of some temporary society, but one which spans Aeons...

All the set tasks of the Sinister Tradition are now written down and accessible, save one, which now deserves recording.

The Black Pilgrimage is a task which faces the External Adept, usually after a Temple has been run for at least six months, and it occurs, more or less, at a halfway point between the completion of the Rite of the External Adept and the commencement of that of the Internal Adept. This is a time when the External Adept is confronting many forces both within and without, and the nature of Temple activities will have created a role that overwhelms the lifestyle of that individual. At such a time, the essence of the Way becomes obscured by temporary earthly concerns/delights and the quest at this point may very well be abandoned and the armchair occultist born. In the same way that the External Adept rite gives a taste of the acausal and that which is to come, so does the Black Pilgrimage remind the aspiring Adept of the greater aspects of the quest by providing an experience of undirected acausality in a harsh, lonely and real environment. Thus, the essence of Magick is revealed, stripped of the pretensions previously projected onto it.

## Order of Nine Angles

The rite involves the candidate walking approximately fifty miles in no more than two days (the exact time is to be decided by the candidate, according to physical fitness). The route covers that area known as the centre of the Tradition, where it was born and flourished during the time of Albion. This area is in Shropshire, and the route which will be mapped out by the candidate's Order contact beforehand, follows the boundary of this area. Beginning in the area of Bodbury Ring, it leads over the Long Mynd, to the Stiperstones in the North, the area around Corndon Hill down to Black Rhadley Hill and ending at a certain location near the town of Church Stretton. The route leads through some key areas of the Tradition and in some of these places, magickal energies are still very much prevalent having been maintained by certain Traditional rites. However, it is very much up to the Candidate to discover which areas are important and which are not. At these areas the Candidate can, if s/he wishes, perform some Esoteric Chants, such as the Diabolus (qv. NAOS and The Black Book of Satan) and/or meditations on the Sinister Tarot. Whilst the walking should not prove difficult, various factors conspire to make the task a gradual build up of magickal energies, suitable to the conclusion of the task. Firstly the time allotted for the completion of the task should be strictly observed or else the rite is void; secondly, a very limited amount of food supplies, bought before the task commences, should be consumed; thirdly, only a minimal amount of camping equipment should be taken - tent, sleeping bag, waterproofs. The route itself for the most part does not follow conventional footpaths and rises up through several thousand feet of rocky ascent - this making the mileage a lot more arduous. As with the Internal Adept rite, there must be a balance of comfort and hardship to allow for the changes within the Candidate to occur - if the task was simply a case of overcoming an ordeal, then the Candidate would not be susceptible enough for the Magickal aims to be realised.

The task is to commence on the Spring Equinox, and is timed to end at Dusk. At the conclusion of the task, and at a certain location (assuming this location is found), the solo Rite of the Nine Angles is performed (qv. The Black Book of Satan III) . Thus, another requirement of the Candidate is to have in his/her possession, a piece of quartz crystal of a reasonably large size.

Up until now, this rite was only offered to those who had proved themselves loyal to the cause and was never hinted at in MSS, revealing as it does, some of the secret locations of the Sinister Tradition. Now the time is right, for such a revealing as Sinister energies grow via real acts of Magick, paving the way for the return of the Dark Gods - They who will devour the Hubristic...

## Notes On The Sinister Tradition

### **Tetrahedron:**

The tetrahedron is symbolic of the Nine Angles. When made of certain minerals/crystals the shape itself is a very powerful source of magickal energy, and this may be amplified by chant/vibration of certain names. It is the 'schamir' (qv. Tukiphat - a distorted symbol of a Guardian to one of the Gates) and is activated by the Sphinx. [See also: 'Notes on Esoteric Tradition - Cosmic Wheel and Tetrahedron' MS.]

### **Atklal Maka:**

A chant sometimes used in the Natural Nine Angles Rite by the Priestess if the glade has a spring of water. It means 'the flowing waters of the Earth' and is chanted in homage to Gaia since natural springs are regarded as Her children.

### **Bron Wrgan:**

One of the twin nexions important to the Sinister Tradition - the other nexion (its location is known only to Adepts of the Tradition) is the Magickal centre of this current Western Aeon. Bron Wrgan remains more elusive - opinions as to its location tend to differ. Among those Tradition mentions are: Caer Caradoc near Knighton; a site about 3 miles NE of Knucklas where a cottage called Brynorgan once stood, near a batch. Severed heads were reputed to be set up here, within an enclosure.

### **Eulalia:**

An 'Earth Gate' located in the southern part of the Long Mynd. Often favoured as a site for the Natural form of the rite of the Nine Angles - associated with a certain Dark God, of feminine aspect.

### **Kabeiroi:**

The 'mysteries of the Kabeiroi' (sometimes spelt Cabiri) is one of the esoteric traditions associated with the Hellenic Aeon, In its original form, 'the mysteries' concerned certain deities often represented in the form of Griffins and connected with the sea as well as Demeter - the 'mother Earth' or Gaia. According to sinister tradition, the mysteries concerned the Dark Gods - in various 'shapechanging' forms - and related how Demeter gave the first Initiates of this Tradition a crystal (later venerated at a shrine near Thebes where a sacred grove to Demeter existed) as well as showing how an individual, through various rites which involved Gaia, women, sacred marriage and so on, could be transformed to a different realm of consciousness. This transformation, as in other Greek Mystery cults, was achieved mainly through personal involvement in ritual/ceremonial action often of a mythological kind.

Later, this tradition became divided - Eleusis representing the 'Apollonian' element, the Kabeiroi the 'Dionysian' or darker aspects, for it is said that all Initiates of the Cabiri had to have committed a crime greater than common ones.

The mysteries of the Kabeiroi were often celebrated in mountain shrines (certain combinations of rock and underground water being regarded as sacred - that is, capable by their magickal power of transforming the consciousness of individuals - cf. various sites of the Yezidi who upheld a more garbled version of the Dark Gods tradition) and to reach these shrines was considered part of the process of Initiation.

Greeks called the Kabeiroi 'the great gods'.

# Diabolus

D *Die- es i-rae, di-es il-la, Solvet saec-lum in fa-vil-la:*

C

Dies Irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla  
Teste Satan cum sibylla.  
Quantus tremor est futurus  
Quando Vindex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus  
Aperiatur stella et germinet  
Atazoth.

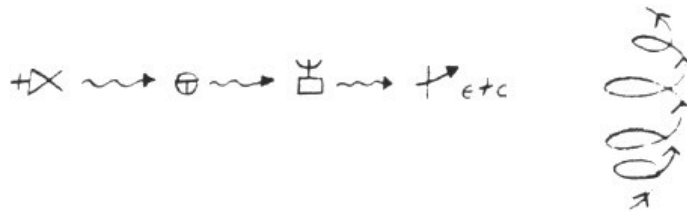
# The Wheel Of Seasons

ONA

## Introduction:

The following rite is comprised of four forms, each re-presenting the magickal 'tides' that wash over the Earth at times marked by the 'seasons' and the four zodiacal constellations, Aries, Libra, Cancer, and Capricorn. Each form is conducted on the Equinox and Solstice of these seasons, these being the times when the tides change and the magickal forces are more pronounced (hence the importance of the four constellations over those others in the zodiac).

The Wheel of Seasons is a traditional sinister rite representing what actually occurs in 'Nature'. Its forms and manifestations bear no resemblance to the fanciful correspondances of the Golden Dawn, qabala et al: those who conduct the rite experience magickal forces as those forces are in themselves. For further details see 'The Wheel of Life' in *The Black Book of Satan III*. in *Naos*, and 'Nine Angles' MSS



## Location:

An isolated hill-top at sunset. Ideally this hill-top should be of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic extrusion and another rock (this other rock in Britain is called 'Buxton').

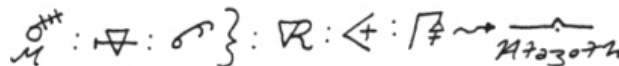
## The rite:

i) Spring Equinox

Participants: Priestess and Priest - both naked.

The rite begins with the Priestess chanting the 'Agiros Elutrodes' (see text) as she holds a crystal in her hands, palms upward. (Note: this crystal should ideally be shaped as a tetrahedron.) The Priest then vibrates seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth". This vibration should be performed according to the instructions given for the Natural form of the Rite of the Nine Angles (qv. 'Black Book III'). Then, with the Priest's hands on the crystal, both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue - locis muliebribus. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize a Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. This energy is visualized as filling both participants and the crystal with darkness. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then buries the crystal in an area upon which the rite has been conducted, as deep as possible and leaving no traces. When this is done, the Priestess vibrates over the area "Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam". They then depart from the hill.



## Order of Nine Angles

### ii) Summer Solstice

Participant: Mistress - purple robe.

The rite begins with the Mistress standing on the area where the crystal is buried, and chanting the 'Agius Kabeiroi'. She then vibrates seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" followed by one vibration of "Binan ath ga wath am", and then the Diabolus is chanted. Visualization is then commenced (the opening of a Star Gate) and the energy is visualized as flowing down into the individual (this visualization should last at least one quarter of an hour). After, the Mistress chants the 'Atazoth chant' (see text). She then sits and visualizes the buried crystal becoming black, this blackness creeping up through the earth to engulf her, and then gradually spreading out over the hill/ to disperse as it will. Once this is complete, the Mistress stands and vibrates over the area 'Veni omnipotens aeterne Baphomet'. She then departs from the hill.

### iii) Autumn Equinox

Participants: Priest and Priestess - both naked.

Both stand on the area where the crystal is buried. The Priest begins by chanting the 'Agius Olenos' and follows this with vibrating seven times 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth'. Both then vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am'. Sexual union then begins with visualization (see 'Spring Equinox' form). The energy is visualized as filling both participants and the buried crystal with darkness. Once this is done, the Priest vibrates over the area 'Ad Satan qui laetificat juventutem meam'. Both depart from the hill.

### iv) Winter Solstice

Participant: Master - blue robe.

The Master stands on the area of the crystal and chants the 'Agius Lucifer'. Following this, the rite is conducted according to the same procedures as for the 'Summer Solstice' form. The rite is concluded by the Master vibrating over the area 'Aperiatu terra, et germinet Atazoth'.

#### **Notes:**

Those who perform the 'Wheel of Seasons' may choose to further enhance the archetypal aspects by using appropriate 'weapons' and incenses (see following tables). Weapons may be used in the following way:









1. Spring Equinox - Chalice.  
One chalice filled with strong red wine; both participants drink from this after the 'Agius Elutrodes' chant. Any remains are poured into the earth where the crystal is to be buried at the conclusion of the rite.
2. Summer Solstice - Septagon.  
A pendant, usually made of clay and hung with leather cord is worn throughout the rite. Into the clay is carved an inverted seven pointed star; colours - blue and silver. Sometimes a bead of amber is contained within the clay.
3. Autumn Equinox - Sword.  
During the 'Agius Olenos' chant, a sword or knife may be used to draw/visualize over the area of the buried crystal an inverted pentagram.
4. Winter Solstice - Staff/Wand.  
During the 'Agius Lucifer' chant, a staff or wand may be used to draw/visualize the sigil of the Seven Gates:

Seasonal correspondences:

| <b>Season</b> | <b>Sphere</b> | <b>Constellation</b> |
|---------------|---------------|----------------------|
| Spring        | Venus         | Aries                |
| Summer        | Moon          | Cancer               |
| Autumn        | Sun           | Libra                |
| Winter        | Mercury       | Capricorn            |

| <b>Element</b> | <b>Symbol</b> | <b>Quarter</b> |
|----------------|---------------|----------------|
| Water          | Chalice       | North          |
| Earth          | Pentacle      | South          |
| Fire           | Sword         | East           |
| Air            | Wand          | West           |

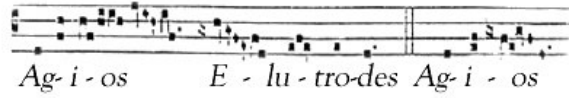
| <b>Elemental</b> | <b>Archetype</b> |
|------------------|------------------|
| Undines          | Maiden           |
| Gnomes           | High Priestess   |
| Salamanders      | Warrior          |
| Sylphs           | Mage             |

| <b>Magickal Grade</b> | <b>Sigil</b>                                                                        | <b>Form</b>                                                                                  |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Priestess             |  | Night   |
| Mistress of Earth     |  | Vision  |
| Priest                |  | Blood   |
| Master of Temple      |  | Azoth   |

(For further correspondences see 'Naos')

♁ : *Agios Elutrodes* ( ♀ )

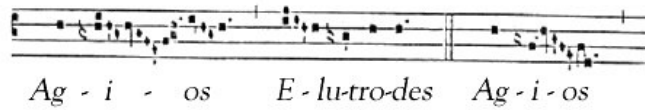
*Sphere of Venus*



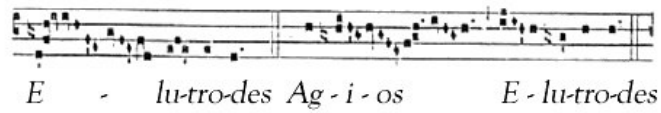
Ag-i - os E - lu - tro-des Ag-i - os



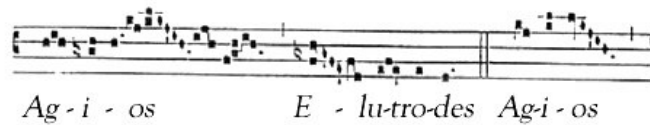
E - lu-tro-des Ag-i-os E - lu-tro-des



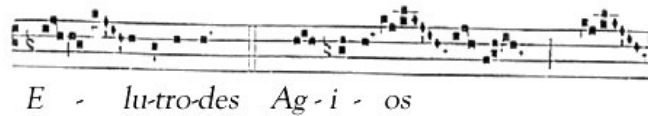
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E - lu-tro-des Ag-i - os E - lu-tro-des



Ag-i - os E - lu-tro-des Ag-i - os



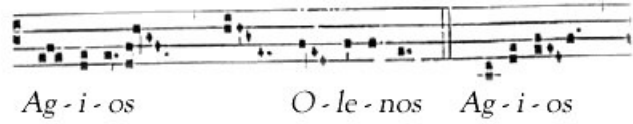
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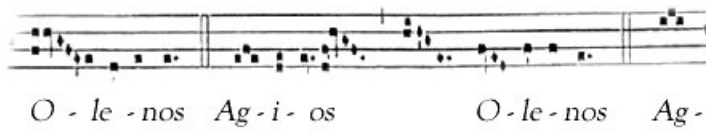
E - lu-tro-des

- Chant from the book 'Naos' -

♩ : *Agios Olenos* (  )  
*Sphere of Sun*



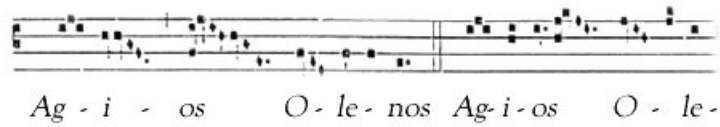
Ag-i-os O-le-nos Ag-i-os



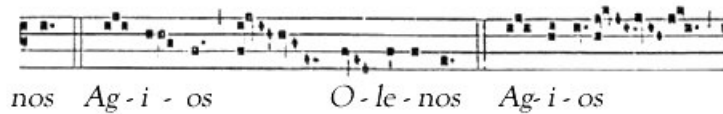
O-le-nos Ag-i-os O-le-nos Ag-



i-os O-le-nos Ag-i-os O-le-nos



Ag-i-os O-le-nos Ag-i-os O-le-




nos Ag-i-os O-le-nos Ag-i-os



O-le-nos

- Chant from the book 'Naos' -

☾ : Agios Kabeiri (☾)   
Sphere of Moon



Ag - i - os Ka-be-i-ri Ag-i - os



Ka-be-i-ri Ag-i-os Ka-be-i-ri




Ag - i - os Ka-be-i-ri Ag - i - os



Ka-be-i-ri Ag - i - os Ka-be-i-ri Ag - i



os Ka-be-i-ri Ag - i - os



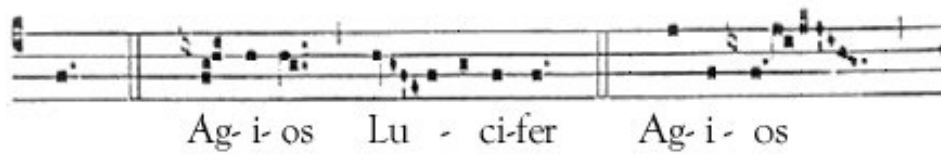
Ka-be-i-ri Ag-i - os



Ka-be-i-ri

- Chant from the book 'Naos' -

♁ : *Agios Lucifer* (  )  
*Sphere of Mercury*



*[Note: repeat five times.]*

- Chant from the book 'Naos' -

# The Song Of A Satanist

Stephen Brown, ONA 103yf

In an important sense, most of my life represents genuine Satanism in action ~ a going to extremes, a learning from the experiences of those extremes, and a doing of dark, dangerous and sometimes "illegal" deeds.

This life stands in stark contrast to those of the psuedo~Satanists, some of whom have acquired a notoriety and a 'fame'. I have - as a Satanist should - been intoxicated by the essence of life itself - by that which inspires, which causes the creativity, self-absorption and genius of all great artists be they musicians, writers, warriors, explorers or whatever. I have dared to dream and to defy - and have dared to try and make my dreams and inspiration a reality. I have used my life for some purpose ~ striven toward goals with a passion that overcomes all obstacles. I have known great love - physical, intellectual, and of the soul, the essence of existence. I have also known the opposite - the sadness that awaits all who venture into the dark starkness of the Abyss within and without. And thus the synthesis of these and other things which is the prehension of wisdom.

This living has been an ecstatic affirmation of existence ~ a self~surmounting. The goals striven for were for the most part irrelevant: what was important was the striving for **something** with a passion. For in such striving, in the action in the world so entailed in the striving, there was an intensity which captures the immortal and which re-presents the spirit of Satanism: that heroic defiance which is the essence of all conscious evolution and thus civilization itself.

Such exultation is dangerous. By its nature it is individual. It is anathema to those forms and structures which suck vitality and which by their very existence, level individuals down and break or try to break their spirit. It is Heresy. It is testing ~ some become possessed; some perish; some are broken in spirit and descend to the mediocrity of the majority; some are caught in the snares left by those who adhere to those things which suck vitality (such as religion and 'law' and ethics). But some few survive and prosper and thus inspire others to venture out where no one has dared to go before. And of those few who survive, there are some who can express in words or other mediums (like music) what they have felt, and experienced and learnt ~ in a way which is easily understood. These few are the really dangerous ones ...

It amuses me ~ and has amused me - when I come into contact with modern, self-professed 'Satanists', be such people a part of some 'Temple' or 'Church' or 'cult', or be they working on their own. With a few notable exceptions, these people are ridiculous - for them, Satanism is an intellectual philosophy, a collection of rituals, and/or an anarchic attitude. For them, it is an object of study, and involves meetings, discussions. For them, it is communal, and involves 'ethics' and/or a religious approach and attitude. For them, it is a glorification of their ego and a wallowing in the pleasures and wealth this existence can offer: an excuse for self-indulgence and lack of self-discipline.

In reality, Satanism is an attitude to living - and an attitude foreign to these mostly urbanized people who profess to be Satanists. Satanism means living one's life in a certain way - achieving things, in the real world by one's own efforts and because one is exulting in existence itself consciously. That is, one's life is intentional - a striving toward a higher existence by practical deeds, by overcoming challenges which take evolution to new realms. A Satanist strives to change themselves ~ and then the world itself. They desire glory, fame ~ to be significant. They are not content, and even when a goal is achieved, there is the need to find and strive toward another goal, another way of living. There are always new experiences awaiting - new levels of achievement.

A genuine Satanist needs action ~ they need challenges, because they possess within themselves the 'fire of Satan', that vitality which is the quintessence of living. This vitality shows in their eyes, their character - it is evident in their deeds.

Fundamentally, one becomes a Satanist by acting like one - by doing Satanic deeds. A Satanist of some experience would say one and more of these things: "I have experienced combat; I have killed, watched comrades die. I have loved and hated. I have discovered something for the first time. I have been alone for months, bereft of most things, and thus come to know myself. I have faced my own imminent death, not once, but many times. I have achieved things with my body I thought not possible. I have exulted in overcoming physical, intellectual and psychic challenges. I know the passion that motivated Beethoven, van Gogh, Nietzsche, and I know the feelings and greatness of Caesar, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great ... I have heard the music of the galaxy and the stars and planets within it. I have been in a Prison cell and known the meaning of freedom. I have culled human dross. I have done criminal deeds - to learn and defy."

## Order of Nine Angles

Of course, these things are only examples - there are many more. What is important is that they express real experiences of a dangerous or learning kind: they breed character; they test. They are selective. They are the type of deeds done by individuals with spirit - the type of understanding such an individual possesses, if only intuitively at first.

A Satanist will live life on the edge - will take up a profession which allows him or her to excel in deeds of action or creativity or exploration, or all of these. They will become experts in their chosen fields - and these fields by their nature will require persons of character and inner strength who prefer to work alone. Fields like assassination; Special Forces; Political manipulation... And then, having achieved, they will move on - to new ways and deeds. Or perchance they will die, defiant to the end.

Whatever, their quality of living will far surpass that of the weak majority. Their experience of both the dark and the light will be deeper, more extensive, and thus will they possess a greater insight, a greater understanding, a real depth of character.

In contrast, the self-professed 'Satanists' will be shallow - all talk, with little or no real experience of living on the edge. They shy away from real self-effort, from real self-overcoming, and build fantasy worlds in which they find comfort. They need the company of others, as they need their ego to be massaged by what they regard as their 'Satanic peers'. They talk an awful lot with others about Satanism, and probably, having learnt a lot of 'theory' from books and various organizations, write their own 'Satanic' rituals which they perform with the glee of the necrophiliac.

Some of these denizens of pseudo-Satanic organizations and cults will indulge in anarchic behaviour to impress themselves and others. But by so doing they reveal a lack of character - for a genuine Satanist possesses nobility and a self-discipline that others seldom understand.

Imitation Satanists make excuses -and devise theories to explain their lack of Satanic deeds in the real world. They have seldom if ever changed themselves to something greater than what they were at Initiation, and they most certainly have not changed the world in any way, significant or insignificant. They have achieved no glory - discovered nothing new; not extended the frontiers of understanding by even one micron. Instead, they wallow in obscure doctrines and consume the drug of self-delusion. To be brief, they have not composed a Satanic song which illustrates their life. They labour, but in vain - Poeta nascitur, non fit.

Most Satanists cannot publish an autobiography, or even have a biography which relates their life in detail while they still live, for the simple reason that it would probably render them liable to prosecution by those asinine guardians of the even more stupid system of 'Law': If this threat does not exist, then their life has not been Satanic enough. And, moreover, that life is never completed until causal death - something written at a certain age, should be out of date within a few years. If it was not, then again the full Satanic promise of one's existence has not been fulfilled. The time for the publication of such writings is after the causal death of its subject - although an expurgated version may serve a purpose, for some replete with experiences who wish to express the essence and inspire others to follow and then surpass them.

In my own case, I have written a brief recollection of some of the experiences of my Satanic life, for posthumous publication. But even in that MS, there were many things not recalled, perchance the MS falls into the wrong hands before the right time. Such a recalling - of dark and occasionally ecstatic deeds, most of them "illegal" and all of them "heretical" in this purblind society - will have to await my twilight years and a recounting of them to a trusted Satanic comrade. And even though the MS was written only two years ago, it is already out of date ...

And of that living, it is the essence which is important, not especially the details. From that living, I have distilled the quintessence into words which cannot be misunderstood - devising a method by which others may obtain that elixir. I have constructed a guide to the goal, drawn a map and explained the goal in detail, because I have been there. I explored, and discovered.

Now others can benefit from the lessons learnt from such a life. Non generant aquilae columbas.

Meanwhile, I anticipate the lies, rumours and distortions will continue, based on jealousy. The small and weak of character have always sought to drag those who are outstanding down to their own level of mediocrity - at least in the eyes of others.

\* Plus the fact that most wish to continue their sinister esoteric work in secret, to aid the sinister dialectic. □

(For publication)



















(Editorial note: Anton Long has retired from all official ONA duties; Christos Beest is now dealing with all external matters, etc.)









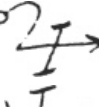
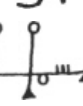

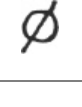

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# ONA Septenary Attributions ~ I

|                  | <b>Greek Archetype</b>   | <b>Norse Archetype</b> | <b>Aeon</b>                     | <b>Associated Culture</b>     | <b>Centre</b>   | <b>Magickal Form</b> | <b>Symbol</b>    |
|------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|----------------------|------------------|
|                  | Individual<br><i>tiu</i> |                        | Aeonic<br><i>teu</i>            |                               |                 |                      |                  |
| Moon/Sirius      | Hecate                   | Thor                   | Primal<br>c. 7000-5.000 BC      |                               | Urals/Asia      | Shamanism            | $\Theta(\Theta)$ |
| Mercury/Arcturus | Hermes                   | Loki                   | Hyperborean<br>c. 5000-3.500 BC | Albion<br>c. 4.000-2.500 BC   | Stonehenge      | Henges/Crystals      | $\Theta(\Psi)$   |
| Venus/Antares    | Aphrodite                | Freyja                 | Sumerian<br>c. 3.000-1.500 BC   | Sumerian<br>c. 3.100-1905 BC  | Tigris          | Trance/Sacrifice     | $\Theta(\Phi)$   |
| Sun/Mira         | Apollo                   | Balder                 | Hellenic<br>c. 1.000-500 AD     | Classical<br>c. 900 BC-378 AD | Greece (Delphi) | Oracle/Dance         | $\Psi(\Theta)$   |
| Mars/Rigel       | Mars                     | Heimdall               | Western<br>c. 1.000-2.500 AD    | Western<br>c. 1000-2390 AD    | Northern Europe | Ritual/Word          | $\Psi(\Psi)$     |
| Jupiter/Deneb    | Hera                     | Frigg                  | Galactic<br>2.500-              | Sol III/IV & beyond           |                 | Star Game & beyond   | $\Psi(\Phi)$     |
| Saturn/Naos      | Kronos                   | Odin                   |                                 |                               |                 |                      |                  |

Order of Nine Angles

|                                                                                   | Word of Power | Process      |  -stage |  -stage |  -stage | Stone           | Perfume                                                                                          | Sigil                                                                               |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|--------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|  | Nox           | Calcination  | Atu 18 Moon                                                                              | Atu 15 Deofel                                                                            | Atu 13 Nox                                                                                | Quartz          | Petriochor                                                                                       |  |
|  | Satan         | Seperation   | Atu 0 Physis                                                                             | Atu 8 Change                                                                             | Atu 16 War                                                                                | Opal            | Sulphur                                                                                          |  |
|  | Hriliu        | Coagulation  | Atu 6 Lovers                                                                             | Atu 14 Hel                                                                               | Atu 17 Star                                                                               | Emerald         | Sandalwood                                                                                       |  |
|  | Lux           | Putrefaction | Atu 7 Azoth                                                                              | Atu 12 Opfer                                                                             | Atu 5 Master                                                                              | Amethyst        | Oak                                                                                              |  |
|  | Azif          | Sublimation  | Atu 1 Magickian                                                                          | Atu 4 Lord of Earth                                                                      | Atu 9 Hermit                                                                              | Ruby            | Musk                                                                                             |  |
|  | Azoth         | Fermentation | Atu 11 Desire                                                                            | Atu 3 Mistress of Earth                                                                  | Atu 2 High Priestess                                                                      | Amber           | Civit                                                                                            |  |
|  | Chaos         | Exaltation   | Atu 10 Wyrd                                                                              | Atu 19 Sun                                                                               | Atu 20 Aeon                                                                               | Diamond; Spinel | Henbane; 05:  |  |

|                                                                                     | Star     | Magickal Formulae | Symbol                                                                              | Aeon        | Symbol of Aeon            | Magickal Working  | Grade          | Magickal Power of Grade  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|-------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|---------------------------|-------------------|----------------|--------------------------|
|  | Sirius   | Night             |  | Primal      | Horned Beast              | Shamanism         | Neophyte       | Mystery                  |
|  | Arcturus | Indulgence        |  | Hyperborean | Sun                       | Henges            | Initiate       | Mask of a group          |
|  | Antares  | Ecstasy           |  | Sumerian    | Dragon                    | Trance; Sacrifice | External Adept | Captivation by Opposites |
|  | Mira     | Vision            |  | Hellenic    | Eagle                     | Oracle; Dance     | Internal Adept | Mask of Warrior          |
|  | Rigel    | Blood             |  | Western     | Swastika                  | Ritual            | Master         | Mask of Master           |
|  | Deneb    | Azoth             |  | Galactic    | $s\emptyset s^{\nearrow}$ | Star Game         | Magus          | Change and its limits    |
|  | Naos     | Thought           | $\emptyset$                                                                         | Cosmic      | $s\emptyset s\emptyset$   | $\emptyset_s$     | $t\emptyset$   | Silence                  |

## Scriptorium Sinistrum

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of  
The Order of Nine Angles

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## Contacts

- **THE HERETIC**  
Magicko-political Journal of the Order of the Left  
Hand Path. \$15 air mail. PO Box 38-262, Petone, Wellington, New Zealand.
- **ONSLAUGHT**  
The Official newsletter of the Luciferian Light Group. PO Box 7207, Tampa, Florida 33673, USA.  
**CHAOS INTERNATIONAL** - 'The cutting edge of Magick'. Journal  
connected to the IOT, covering a broad range of esoteric topics. £2.95 UK/£3.50 US. BM Sorcery,  
London WC1N 3XX.
- **BALDER**  
Journal of the Order of the Jarls of Balder. £1/\$2 international postal coupon. Stephen Cox, 60  
Elmhurst Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5HY, England.
- **ABRASAX**  
Magickal Journal of the O.T.B, and the American Gnostic Church. \$5 per issue. PO Box 1219, Corpus  
Christi, Texas 78403, USA.



Order  
of  
Nine  
Angles

*~ Collection of Interviews ~*

*Preface by the editor:*

*The following work re-presents the Order of Nine Angles 'Various Manuscripts' database to be found within 'Sitra Ahra' on 'www.MurderDeathKill.net'.*

*Other databases are:*

- Various Manuscripts*
- Chants*
- Books*
- Tales & Poetry*
- The Deofel Quintet*

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*Please note: This summary is not authorized by the O.N.A.*

*Caput Mortuum  
Ayin Quadma'ah Movement*

**~ Interviews:**

1. An Interview With Christos Beest
2. The Sinister Dialectic
3. Art Is The True Empire
4. 13 Questions For Vilnius Thornian Of The Order Of Nine Angles
5. Selling Water By The River
6. The Way ~ An Interview With A Dweller Of The Silent Desert
7. Auf Dem Wasser Zu Singen: Yet Another Interview With Anton Long
8. Novus Ordo Seclorum. An Interview With Anton Long

I.

## An Interview With Christos Beest

*(previously appearing in Devilcosm #3)*

*The following is an interview with Christos Beest, a representative of England's ORDER OF NINE ANGLES, a western esoteric order representing european Traditional Satanism, as kept alive, vibrant and evolving through the aeons.*

**Q: Heidegger often intimated that genuine Being was the result of a mutual calling of Origin and Future, and that the Future (or one's Destiny) was only surmisable through an intimate relationship with one's Origin. What are the origins of the ONA?**

A: The Sinister Tradition of the ONA has its origins in the solar cults of Albion. It was in its origins - and still is today - a way of empathic Magick based upon a cosmic division of seven, expressed mainly through Chant and the use of crystals. It was, up until quite recently, an entirely oral Tradition - although some ceremonies were written down in code. Only fragments of this original Tradition have survived to present day, and these comprise mainly of the mythos of the Dark Gods; Sinister Chant; and the tradition of Sacrifice, or Culling - the quintessence of Satanism. For a long period of time, only women practised the Way, and sometimes decades passed before any new Initiations were undertaken.

The numbers to be initiated into the Dark Tradition has always been very few, since the path to genuine Adeptship has always required personal suffering - despite what others may choose to believe, there really is no substitute for this. The present codification for the Seven-Fold Way, as explicated by the Order MS NAOS, is a practical Way, distilled from practical experience: it works. There is no infernally-given "mandate", no mystifications, and really, no great "secret" - there is simply the hard struggle towards self-understanding. [If I was to say that, as a prelude to Adeptship, the candidate is required to spend at least three months living within a real wilderness, in a tent, bereft of all modern human comforts and speaking to no one, then some idea of the character required can be glimpsed.]

The Sinister Tradition is essentially a practical one; indeed, it is an organic form, a LIVING Being that continues to evolve according to the unique insights of each new Adept. The historical origins of the Tradition can be believed, or not - each person must make their own assessment. What matters is what is being presented NOW, and judging by the works of others, the Septenary System, at present, presents the summit of Esoteric achievement!

**Q: How were you introduced to the ONA/ Left-Hand Path, and what is your present role in the ONA?**

A: My magickal path proper began in my teens when I initiated into Witchcraft, of the "Alexandrian" variety. The "white light" aspects so pervasive in modern-day "wicca" really did nurture my desire to immerse myself in the Dark, and find a truly forbidden, genuinely dangerous form of Satanism (I never seriously considered joining the American "Church of Satan" - it just never seemed Satanic to me!). I worked through many groups before I found what I was looking for, including a secret organization practising "Greater Solomonic" magick (which confirmed for me why I intuitively detested the quabala so much), and the "IOT" by which I experienced the non-event of "chaos magick". In between such time, I experimented with the Goetia (which I still think of, rather fondly), and the hoax that is the "Necronomicon" (in all its forms). I also experienced, within a relationship, an intense (mostly unstructured) type of menstrual magick centered around the goddess Hel, that paved the way to my "coming home" - to my initiation into the genuine Dark Tradition.

At that time, the ONA was not really known, having then just emerged into the public domain after centuries of secrecy, as part of a broad Sinister strategy. I happened to read, in a LHP journal, a fragment of an Order MS detailing Human Sacrifice. I made contact, was met and

tested over a period of time - and subsequently inherited the Tradition. Basically, I am the outer representative of the Order (Traditional Satanism itself is represented by the present Grand Master, Anton Long); there is no such position as "head" of the Order. My own situation, at present (probably for the next ten or so years) implies a limited "public" role.

**Q: What is the Order's main goal and purpose?**

A: The main aim, as it should be with every Sinister esoteric organization, is to restore to a society / civilization what it is lacking at any given period of time - to create balance. At present, this requires a complete destruction of The System BY ANY MEANS POSSIBLE (INCLUDING, MOST SIGNIFICANTLY, EMPLOYING PRACTICAL ACTS OF TERROR), to thus bring about a New World Order in keeping with Western Promethean ideals. There are three main points of attack - which can all be covertly aided and imbued by Sinister Magickal rites (i.e. the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion): i) PRACTICAL involvement in, and the aiding of, Revolutionary forms; ii) the creation and aiding of a Religious form, enshrining Western ideals; iii) the establishment of an esoteric rural Community that defiantly seeks to create a new type of society within this present diseased one [in fact, many such communities should be established in several different countries].

As well as this (!), the aim of the Order is to continue to encourage individuals to evolve to a higher type, by their following of the Sinister Path to Adeptship and the stages beyond. Such Adepts have the understanding to effectively implement the points above, and will not be swayed from what is understood to be (and is) an Infernal duty.

**Q: Can Western Man appropriate his full potential through the dark esoteric traditions of a race other than his own?**

A: Individuals, until they achieve Adeptship (or "Individuation"), belong to the civilization and Aeon which gave birth to them - they are bound by the PSYCHE, and are swayed by the ARCHETYPES which reside in that psyche. Archetypes are ordered expressions of the energies that create an Aeon from which one civilization emerges; because of this, there really is, before Adeptship, no such thing as an "Individual". Thus, "full potential" is reached by confronting and then freeing oneself from the influences (mostly unconscious / hidden / "shadowed") that the psyche imposes.

Beyond Adeptship, the Individual becomes a living nexion via which acausal energy may be ordered according to the judgement of that Individual - always in ways appropriate to accelerating evolution, and that, of course, often means working with the archetypes that sway the psyche of a civilization. There is little that is "personal" beyond this point.

As far as the West is concerned, only one symbol can ever truly presence the Dark, and that is Satan (and this will continue to be so for at least the next few centuries). Thus, the exploration of other racial traditions - as a means of achieving full potential - may be interesting on a personal level, but is ultimately only an indulgence.

**Q: I recently read an editorial in a certain LHP publication that stated that anyone who dared to publish - under a Satanic banner- principles which are incongruent with those "established" by the Church of Satan, were definitely "non-Satanic", and even went so far as to call anyone who refuses to acknowledge the CoS a "coward". Does such a view reveal any real insight into the history of Satanism? Can an individual whole-heartedly place their faith in a man, his man-made religion and his man-made organization, and still remain a Satanist at heart?**

A: The Sinister Tradition has never been a "personality cult"; it is, and has always been, concerned solely with individual striving, making an individual a work of Art, and expressing ANEW - because each new Adept is unique - via practical acts, the nature of the Sinister, and the Cosmos beyond. Each Initiate begins TABULA RASA, because that Initiate can develop the unique understanding of the Sinister that is latent within. Thus, the Sinister Tradition continues to live and evolve because of the continually changing manifestations of itself being presenced by each new adherent; this Change, this continual difference is necessary, because no person can ever - or should ever - dogmatically enshrine the Sinister. All such lives, and the individual works produced, are merely steps in the evolution. And all such things can be surpassed.

The moder-day manifestations of (so-called) Satanism that have emerged in America do not seem to understand this - as they do not seem to possess any genuine Sinister understanding beyond the states of the Ego, beyond mere indulgence. The "Temple of Set" has over the past few years revealed its total lack of Satanic understanding by constraining its members by dogma (an "Infernal Mandate"), by ethics (!), and by subservience to the authority of a Priesthood, and the High Priest himself. It also took it upon itself to "proscribe" the ONA for daring to publish

"unethical" MSS that would give Satanism a "bad name".

And as for the "Church of Satan" (which has much the same mentality): I do not acknowledge it, and will not bow down to any man or creed - Satan wants comrades, not sychophants! Perhaps CoS would then like to officially declare me a coward, and thus would be gentlemanly enough to accept my subsequent challenge to them (i.e. to one of their members) to a dual [I am quite serious!].

**Q: You stated that, contrary to popular belief, Satanism does in fact include human sacrifice. The ONA has also stated that some important reasons for this include: a) that it is a character-building ordeal; b) it tests the individual, thus revealing their possession of genuine darkness, or lack thereof; and c) it improves the human stock. What are its aeonic implications? Is this the act of someone who has merely appointed themselves an 'elitist', or is it the act of an individual who has developed an empathy with nature, thus acting as an evolutionary expression?**

A: As explained in various Order MSS, Human Sacrifice is exceedingly powerful magick. In a ritualized format, The Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion, combined with the Chthonic form of the Rite of nine angles (the latter definitely not to be confused with the much later "nine angles" ceremony of CoS!) is probably the most Sinister act of all. But Sacrifice itself is not just confined to one or two victims: Traditional Satanists have, over the centuries, fermented wars with their rites and manipulations - and War is the ultimate act of Sacrifice. [The Aeonic implications of War should be obvious.] In all such cases of Sacrifice, the offers are dedicated before to Baphomet, the dark, violent goddess, and bride of the Prince.

Sacrifice is a considered act: it requires much preparation, and the (fair) testing of potential victims. It is certainly not a frenzied, indiscriminate act of slaughter committed by the weak-willed. It could be likened to an act of "Natural Justice", where the offer is usually someone who will "not be missed". However, the victim's demise is not chosen because of some unsavory (unethical!) past, or generally "dubious" lifestyle. Whilst their deeds (which must indicate a weakness of character) may bring them to the attention of a Satanic Temple / Individual, the potential candidate must be judged via a direct experience of their character, and thus, various tests are devised to observe how the victim will act [it is important that the victim is unaware of being so tested]. If they act with honour - regardless of their role / activities in the world - then they have saved themselves. If they act with dis-honour (and they are given three chances to redeem themselves), then they - by their actions - HAVE CHOSEN THEMSELVES. The procedures for such testing are outlined in the various "sacrifice" MSS. [It should be noted that children are not involved in the act - either as victims or as participants, since the Sinister Path is, in all aspects, an adult way.]

Thus, those conducting the Sacrifice, represent (or presence) NEMESIS, or Nature in action, since the world is better off without weak, addicted life-forms. Once, a folk had no choice but to face the brutal realities of Nature, and thus perish or be changed. Now, there is a profusion of excuses (including most forms of Magick!) whereby individuals and societies can hide from that primal force which gave us all birth: thus, all genuine Satanists aim to BE that force.

**Q: You've recorded several Musickal pieces. What are Musick's capabilities in helping to create/ give emergence to a new, higher life-form, and how have you specifically attempted to do this via Musick?**

A: Musick, for me - and I suspect for most others - is the most profound form of Artistic expression. In Western terms, the Cosmos has always been understood as a division of seven fundamental vibrations - which is, of course, the basis of Western Musick: thus, our system of musick mimics the underlying structure of the Cosmos, and the "magickal potential" of such a form is limitless. Composition - and the performing and experiencing of musick - is a magickal act, and the composer need not be an "Occultist" in the conventional sense to earth forces through the medium, as there does not need to be some "magickal system" imposed on the existing structure of musick. A successful work of Musick is a living, organic form - a good example being Beethoven's Ninth Symphony - because it enshrines ETHOS. In one (rather inexact) sense, the musick creates itself, since the most profound works are arrived at via the composer not self-consciously struggling to express something, since the composer, if naturally gifted, is a living NEXION. Thus, like any numinous form, Musick has the capability to presence forces and so alter the causal. [However, because of the nature of the form, the changes so created are not as immediate as they might be with other forms, and obviously, if one wished to create radical Change, then some other forces must be aided in tandem.]

There are some useful guidelines when utilizing Musick as an esoteric technique (such as the correspondences given in NAOS concerning the spheres and their associated Musickal key), and I

Order of Nine Angles

have, in the past, by using these guidelines, deliberately attempted to presence the Sinister; one example be THE SELF-IMMOLATION RITE (composed and recorded with Wulfrun Hall), which certainly has a very practical esoteric purpose. However, as my own understanding grows, there is less emphasis on given esoteric techniques and greater emphasis on allowing the Musick

to flow of itself [since I AM the Sinister - as are all genuine Initiates]. I hope this numinosity is conveyed by my piano compositions, which are presently being recorded.

**Q: Are Adepts the only ones who can effectively use Art to provoke evolutionary Change?**

A: Adepts, as I have described, are expressions of a higher type of evolution; a conscious understanding of things as things are in essence, without the obfuscation of personal projections - and possessing the capacity to act with understanding. Such rare Individuals - and those even rarer who exist in the stages beyond - are, quite simply, evolution itself: so the answer to the above question is yes. Even Adepts who are not personally artistically creative can achieve evolutionary aims via Art, through other who are creative - by influence, subtle manipulation, and so on.

~ Order of Nine Angles ~

2.

## The Sinister Dialectic

*I met Mr Beest, at his request, on a glorious day in 1994, in the beautiful Shropshire hills on the Welsh border that he believes are the heart of his personal Satanic Tradition. After a bracing walk to the crest of a bracken-topped hill (which did no favours to a person's hangover), we paused and talked. Beest was not at all how I'd imagined him. He was a serious, personable, well-spoken man in his mid-to-late twenties who seemed closer to a mature sociology student than the bloodthirsty fanatic I'd anticipated.*

### **What is the Order of the Nine Angles?**

Its a tradition which goes back 7000 years - thats according to the legend. It was born when there was a civilisation around here called Albion which had various rites associated with a Dark Goddess who we know as Baphomet. Baphomet's been handed down through the ages as a composite figure. The famous goat-head symbol was actually a distortion, a lie which took away from the real power of the goddess, who was actually a dark, menstruating woman. It was very much a code of honor centred around war and the brutal realities of life, and actually the original paganism for thousands of year before christianity arrived. Its basically an oral tradition I recieved from my predecessor, Anton Long. He received it from a Mistress of the Order and she had it passed on from someone before her.

### **How large is the Order?**

Very small, around ten people with a few hangers-on. We are small because it is a genuine Magical way and it requires people to live in a certain lifestyle. The archetypal ONA member is a lone sorcerer, somebody who defies their own limits, defies themselves. They found out their true potential, usually through ordeals. Theres one ordeal, for example, which requires living alone for three months, completely alone, bereft of any possessions whatsoever. The actual aim is, on an individual level, finding your God within yourself. What it aims to produce is a unique individual who doesn't need anything. Theres a lot of strands from a lot of esoteric groups, but the ONA is essentially a Western tradition.

### **Why is there such prominent mention of human sacrifice in your literature?**

Because it's part of the tradition. There was an issue of Fenrir, our magazine, which centered around human sacrifice. A lot of things are not what they seem. All manuscripts that are written serve a certain purpose - they illustrate a certain point. A lot of people at the Temple of Set or Church of Satan are trying to re-establish Satanism as a moral religion. Something which is sanitised, something which is misunderstood, and really quite nice. What the ONA is doing is countering that by saying: "No it isn't." Its regaining the original darkness of what Satanism is, because is Satanism isn't evil, then what is?"

### **Could this effect not be achieved without human sacrifice?**

Maybe human sacrifice doesn't go on. Thats part of the point. The manuscripts are illustrating an ethic.

### **So what you're saying is that the effect the manuscripts has is more important than anything it actually says or advocates?**

Yes. The manuscripts are collected to illustrate points. Here it says that people should stop allowing laws to treat them like children.

**Have you been involved with human sacrifice in any form?**

Obviously I can't tell you.

**Is there an element of macho occultism in your order?**

There's more women involved in the group than men, which is quite interesting. There is the man I inherited the tradition from, Anton Long, and he's fought in wars as a mercenary. That was a form of sacrifice. To outline the theory behind human sacrifice again: ultimately it could be anything, that's just the most extreme form. It also aids the sinister dialectic, it regains a certain darkness that has been taken away from Satanism. It gives back to an individual their own judgement over things. Saying that you actually do this - you can go out and kill somebody if you feel it's important to do it - but you take the consequences for it. In other words, anybody who gets involved in "the sinister" can do anything they want, or anything they judge useful. There's nothing in the Order which says you can't do this or you can't do that - that would be contradictory to what we are aiming for. All its saying is - find yourself and use your own ethics and judgements. You could go ahead with a sacrifice, but you could get caught and spend the rest of your days in gaol - is it worth doing that?

**What is the role by "aeonics" in your philosophy?**

An understanding of how energies flow through civilisations. What moves people. What creates certain kinds of individual. All civilisations start off as a creative minority; a small group of people in a certain area who did certain things which drew the masses. People are putty, basically, and it's always going to be a small number of people who can effect changes; the artists or whatsoever, the people who dare to break out of the constraints of society.

**What's the ONA's political position?**

I regard ONA as the only true anarchist group. A group which can use extreme right-wing politics and extreme left-wing politics. We're not seduced by either side, we don't regard them as "true" in any sense, they're just a means to an end. So far it's been judged that it's the energies which imbue right-wing organisations that are useful and will flower, say within 100 years, and certain things will follow on. This is the essence of aeonics. It is a cold, rational, almost scientific judgement of certain means to achieve further ends. The archetypal ONA member considers any form to be suitable means to an end. That's part of the point of the ordeal of spending three months alone. You actually go through a withdrawal where you're not swayed by anything, any abstract ideas, you are just yourself.

An ONA member doesn't "become" a Nazi or a communist, he just uses those movements. Obviously, in order to use them you have to enter into a role in a very demonic sense, you also have to know where it ends.

**Why does so much ONA material seem to have such a negative, destructive approach?**

**Could you not, for example, write something about the beauty of walking these hills?**

There are actually four novels, The Deofel Quartet, which deal exactly with that. It deals with love and life in a very real sense. It deals with all those feelings which would make an archetypal Satanist confused, because the archetypal image is of a dark master who could kill just at the drop of a hat. That image is very important because it allows people to play a role which people are swayed by. What some of the ONA manuscripts do is allow people to play that role. But it has to end at some point, and if it doesn't end they become possessed by that role, and their whole Satanic quest is finished. They've lost insight. If they do derive insight from it, then they know there's something beyond that. It may be something that's the opposite, something quite beautiful perhaps, but they have to go through a role to find its true opposite in a real sense.

**If you say that people can explore their limits by contemplating human sacrifice, could they not, by that philosophy, feel they ought to abuse a child?**

No, not all. The background of sacrifice is that it's about culling, accepting that there is certain dross in society. A right-wing concept perhaps, but that's just labelling it. It's something which is

not right- or left-wing, its a concept that goes back to the vikings, or before that. The vikings weren't right-wing. We imposing modern political views on things to raise emotive responses. People have to see beyond that, to see the essence beyond the appearance, which is what a lot of the manuscripts are about. People are swayed by things - what is rascism but a word often used to make people feel guilty about feeling certain things?

**Is it possible to be black, oriental, or whatever and a member of ONA?**

Theres a gentleman in singapore who is working with us.

**Theres a suggestion that the ONA has something to do with neo-nazi groups, is that true?**

Its rather the other way around. Someone in the ONA felt that involvement in the British National Party would be useful to them. There is somebody who is involved in the ONA who is involved in right-wing politics, but he used it as a form to achieve something, then go out of it and went to do something else. We have a something of a reputation for dressing in Nazi uniforms and invoking the spirit of Hitler. It stems from the deeds of the past which people haven't seen from a magical perspective. There's very little that dangerous about becoming a radical anarchist or a communist. But there are people right now being executed for their involvement in right-wing organisations. There was a certain individual found dumped in holland who was a leading light in the political 'Right of Germany'. You mustn't confuse "right-wing" with conservatism or anything like that. The political format that's gripped this society has nothing to do with right-wing politics and actually leans more towards the left in essence.

The Hard Right is a very dangerous thing to get involved with. Particulary for Satanists - the ONA has received threats from certain National Socialist's groups who don't like the idea of Satanism being linked with them. Unlike left-wing groups, when stirred right-wing activists will do things others wouldn't consider. Thats why its a good thing to get involved with, in one respect: because it offers genuine danger on all sorts of levels and offers a moral dilemma as well. The whole point of insight roles is that you undertake a role for around a year which is the complete opposite of your own personality.

**What are you aiming for in ONA?**

The real secret of Satanism is that a Satanist restores balance within society, acting as a counterbalance. For example: If we were in a right-wing situation at this time, there would certainly be a communist Satanic organisation. This may all seem rather frivolous and aimless, but what Satanism represents is basically an energy for change. Evolution. An energy which provokes insight and adversity. Satan represents movement. Something which moves and isn't tied down by moral abstracts or ideas.

**Culling is portrayed in your literature as helping nature along, isn't it?**

Yes, you could remove someone you feel is detrimental to your cause, but you could be wrong in that. It could turn out to be the opposite. War is the perfect example of culling in that it is removing a massive number of people, and when you do that you effect certain changes. What those changes will be, how you can control that, is all part of it. It's like moving pieces on a chessboard. People are removed who you judge to be detrimental to certain things. It could be a large number of people, it could be an individual. Not everyone will cull, not everyone should.

**Its suggested in your literature that its something which is expected of ONA members. Would you kill if ordered so?**

No.

**Well then, we have already established an insight upon yourself, albeit in a second.**

This is actually the secret of the manuscripts. They are designed to attract people who can think and judge for themselves. That includes when a Satanic Master comes along and tells you to despatch someone - you are faced with a choice: if you do it you will please the master, but do you

## Order of Nine Angles

want a master like that? As the master, do you want somebody serving you who is weak, or do you want somebody who will turn round and refuse to obey? We´re looking for the latter.

### **How would you like people to look on the ONA, do you want to scare people?**

The work is very extreme, it has to be that way. The manuscripts are designed to produce certain changes in society, to create certain preconceptions and destroy others. We are very elitist, because very few people ever stay the course. It involves real hardship, a certain way of living which few people are willing to follow.

### 3.

## Art Is The True Empire

An Interview with Christos Beest.  
From Key of Alocer #5

*And now the highlight of this Art Special, at least for me, CHRISTOS BEEST of the ORDER OF NINE ANGLES. Amongst other things he has produced the ONA's Sinister Tarot, and works to accompany the poetry of Sappho.*

#### **Can you give an overview of your artistic background, education, emphasis?**

I have been painting, as the cliché goes, for as long as I can remember - but I have little formal training. Further education consisted of a one year Foundation Art & Design course, but during these - like any healthy adolescent - I was more obsessed with sex and death and drinking than how to stretch a canvas. But I did discover the 'alchemy of colour' and the painting of Botticelli - the only artist I've ever really taken notice of. But I have never really thought of myself as an 'Artist' - or any other 'ist' for that matter - and if I were somehow forced to think about relationship to art, I would probably describe myself as someone who uses paint only as one of several ways by which I may, at present, relate to the 'world'. As the years progress, my aspirations seem to graduate more toward making my life a work of Art.

#### **What do you think it is that pushes certain individuals to create art?**

Within the organism of a culture, 'Artiste' are part of the creative minority who 'earth' the flow of acausal energies into that culture. They are thus as individuals, 'channels' for the force that creates the civilisation to which they belong - and thus have a real responsibility to that civilisation (and in some cases, the successive civilisation). Obviously, most such creative individuals - and I use the term 'creative' in its broadest sense - are not aware of earthing acausal forces; those few who are aware are the 'Magickians' of this world.

#### **What pushes you? Do you often work to fit briefs or would work like the Sappho paintings be something you would have done on your own admonition?**

As well as the primary aim of expressing the Sinister, which is a necessity of Being, I am pushed by a fanatical desire to complete as many prospects as I can before I die - which is, of course, a consequence of the former. So far I have dictated the terms and conditions of my various painting projects -including the occasional exhibition, which is quite a pleasing situation to be in (although not always in the financial sense. Never mind, my reward shall be in Hell).

The paintings, music and translations relating to Sappho all grew together, inspiring each other, and providing an opportunity to explore a prospect that combined a variety of media, an area I am particularly interested in.

#### **Is paint your forte or is there other media you use or would like to use?**

In the realm of painting, I always use water colour pencils on watercolour paper which feels very natural to me. I did enjoy for a brief time using oils on canvas; the smell and texture of the paint seemed to transform the mechanics of creating a painting, which for me, usually, can be tedious, into something quite sensual. I felt like the archetypal painter with my then Byronesque hairstyle and Edwardian dress sense. In a broader artistic sense, my overriding interest like in combining media (including film, music and dance) to realise a 'Mysterium': a combination of forces that would culminate in one unified chord of sound or colour. This event would be aided (secretly) by the simultaneous performance of a sinister rite created to open a nexion (qv. Ceremony of Recalling)... the basic premise of this 'Mysterium' is not new: it was first proposed by the Russian composer *Stravinsky*, who died before realising its performance (the concept of the 'Mysterium' was

to Scriabin's contemporaries a symptom of the composer's 'insanity'). But all great leaps in understanding are based on the labours of others, and it is only now in this phase of history, that such an important Aeonic working could be realised. Anyone interested? (Where do I sign up-Ed).

**As an artist who despises doing excessive preparatory drawings. I wonder how you work. Is there much preliminary drawing? How much planning do you do?**

Laboriously filling sketch books before the execution of a painting is a great favourite with the Art School academics - which just seems like masturbation, most of the time. When I feel the desire to paint, I don't sit down and think practically about how to order effective imagery within a defined space. When the image creates itself in my mind - usually instantly, as in a vision, and under any circumstance - I have no doubt as to what I must paint and commence to do so without any preliminary work. If I make a mistake, the painting usually sorts itself out, through me, somewhere along the way.

**Do you have much of a affinity with 'modern art'? Do you keep up with the play, with what Art today is?**

I do not have much connection with the 'Art World' these days, but I make sure I catch the Turner Prize each year, almost out of a sense of duty. *Damien Hirst* excepted, it's usually a depressing affair - but as with any official review, the prize probably doesn't reflect what is going on in this country, art-work. But there is, generally a lack of humour in most art (or rather artists) today, and more significantly, there is an inability to inspire / transform an audience (by 'audience' I mean not an academic elite, but a society). Where Fine Art degrees once meant learning to paint, they now consist of 'media studies' at the expense of tradition and, in my opinion, 'beauty'. The possibilities inherent in video / computer generated art are obviously radical, yet the frustrating thing is, whilst technology progresses, the same people are still doing the same boring 'experiments' they were doing ten years ago. There's an awful lot of clever talk, but where is the demonic passion that drove *Van Gough*, for instance? Perhaps it is because, at present society has no motivation to care about anything - the price of so-called 'Freedom'.

**The NZ Art scene is rather conservative, kitschy, navel gazing etc. So when I catch a glimpse of contemporary European Art I turn green with envy. Do you see any interesting 'strands' emerging in European art?**

For me, during the late seventies / eighties Europe produced some exciting 'Art' movements (ie. 'Coom Transmissions') but now, at least in the UK, a sense of transcendental nihilism has been lost; where once we had the artist who had himself crucified to a car during a performance, and then invited a member of the audience to machine-gun his legs, we now have the artist who is angst-ridden about the inside of a house. I think, for the moment, it is toward the independent filmmakers that we should look for innovation - such as *Giles Harding*, and the great veteran *Jan Svankmejer*. We may see, over the next five years or so, a revolution occurring within painting - a revolution that some may term as 'neo-Renaissance'. This, ideally, would imply a breathtaking rise of individuals with great vision and undoubted skill, helping to create once more for a society, windows onto the divine (or infernal). Let us hope that the 'Renaissance' does not, as is implied by the term, encourage people to merely re-appraise what has already been achieved, rather than looking towards the future. But then, why should I speak, since I know nothing?

**Seen any good exhibited work lately?**

The last exhibition I saw was by English artist *James Hugonin*, whose paintings are concerned primarily with 'light'. What motivates his work is the belief that, promisingly enough, musick and painting create the same effects via modulation and the 'spaces' that result from these respective structures. I actually found his work rather difficult (tiny blocks of colour modulated in a particular way and repeated) but what I did find inspiring was the way the exhibition was arranged in conjunction with live musick, particularly since the programme included some Anglo-Saxon chant, and works by the modern Estonian composer *Arvo Part*. Both painting and music were arranged to present a unified experience.

**You have had several exhibitions: can you tell a little about them - other than the Tarot what have you shown... Oh and is it exhibited as the work of Mr. Beast or under a more unassuming name?**

My first exhibition, which was in fact a collaboration with another individual, occurred in Bath, in 1989. This primarily consisted of menstrual blood paintings and other works focusing on the Goddess Hel. I found the event frustrating because of how unsatisfied I felt with the whole process of gallerisation; it all seemed so static, sterile, and no matter how extreme the work, did not really involve and touch an audience. Generally, with all gallery exhibited work that I've encountered, I have found there to be a sober process of merely 'viewing' that an audience falls into automatically because of the set up; there is an encouragement of a TV mentality, which, for me, dispossesses all work of its power. This process of viewing could be in itself effective if it was not for the uniform sterility of the gallery environment.

After my first exhibition (which was to be concluded with my suicide - hanging by my boot laces from a tree opposite the gallery (truly Helish-Ed) - but I got drunk instead and forgot all about the finale. I played a small role in an Anti-Gallery movement which led me onto develop my growing interest in 'performance Art', and after some interesting public performances, I eschewed galleries forever. But then, with the completion of the Major Arcana of the Sinister Tarot, an opportunity was created for me to exhibit the work at Gwent College of Art. I was at this time finishing work on the paintings and musick inspired by Sappho's poetry, and it was decided between myself, *Wulfrun Hall* and *Sister Lianna*, to present the musick and paintings together as a 'performance'. Photographic eludes were made of the paintings which were projected, via 'elide dissolve' onto a large screen in the College lecture theatre, whilst the music was played through an amplified system. This intense combination of media provided an exciting intimation of what could be achieved. The reaction of the audience was low-key, mostly complimentary -no hysterics, unfortunately. Over the past few years I've had paintings exhibited in art shops and cafes across the country, and a few paintings have been sold privately. The Tarot / Sappho performance was under my Satanic pseudonym - for other events, I have used a variety of mundane names (including my real mundane name).

### **What is the role of Art within Satanism? Does your work push a sinister dialectic?**

Since my life is a vessel through which Sinister forces may move, all my work implements, to whatever degree, a Sinister strategy. In some circumstances, a painting is created deliberately to effect change - or act as a focus for disruption - within a particular environment, ie. works created for non-Satanic occult groups for use within ritual... Generally though, it is simply a case of 'just painting' and allowing an inspiration to take hold - allowing acausal forces to disperse as they will. The Aeonian effects of an 'unfocused' painting are minimal and so knitted in the fabric of time that they may not be discernable - but in tandem with other more overt strategies (ie. "politics") may produce helpful results (or not). Whatever, the medium of art generally produces effects that are discernable only over several centuries, and only then as an aid to more overt forms. The role of art within Satanism can be succinctly stated: where most art is useless - art creation being based solely on self-gratification, and the resulting work merely reflecting what already exists- Satanic Art is a 'Prelude'. It is so because its overall aim is to gradually alter the psyche of a civilisation (that is, to distort / alter / create anew along Sinister lines the Archetypes that a society is swayed by at the time) and the causal changes really occur when individuals thus changed act as a consequence of that change. All this takes a long time.

### **What does unrestrained artistic expression and integrity mean to you? If you were to accept your work 'on a bonfire' under say a NS regime, for the sake of Aeonics, wouldn't this be an insult to those 'Satan given talents'?**

If my paintings were destroyed under an NS 'regime' -assuming a future NS regime would destroy paintings - then so what? If such a regime were to exist, then one of the main aims of my work (with particular reference to the Sinister Tarot) will have been realised. I don't create 'art for art's sake' but art through which forces may be earthed to thus achieve a practical aim. Once that aim is achieved, then what? The painting would either be destroyed, or hung up to wither away in some gallery for 'historical interest'.. either way, its causal purpose has effectively ceased. The Sappho paintings might be a problem, but they are secondary to the poet herself, and she will always be remembered, no matter what. To carry out work that a society may, at the time, find threatening, would be a challenge - and could result in more profound art because of the restriction. I am aware of how blasé this all sounds - and I honestly could not predict my initial reaction. But, for an Adepte, what s/he, as a individual existing in the 'here and now' feels and desires and believes is valuable about living, is really irrelevant.

**The modern occult world has produced some talented, if somewhat inaccessible artists the likes of Spare, Crowley, Frieda Harris, J.F.C Fuller. Maglckal / Philosophical regards aside, what are your thoughts on them and their work?**

I have not encountered any 'occult' artwork that I've found really inspiring - unless some 'surreal' art is counted, such as the works of *Leonora Carrington*. I don't really enjoy *Spare's* work; although I appreciate that he was a skilled technician, his style and imagery just doesn't appeal. I quite like come of the *Crowley* 'paintings' found at the Abbey of Thelema, which were, I believe, featured in a *Kenneth Anger* film - crude, quite Dark, and exuding a subtle vileness which I find quite pleasing. Other wise I find Crowley and his work extremely boring. Although sometimes I feel her work to be over-technical and rather cold, the Crowley Tarot deck as painted by *Frieda Harris*, is certainly adventurous and unique - shame about the qabalistic symbolism. With regard to *J.F.C Fuller*, I have to plead ignorance. I have always enjoyed the assorted media work of *Genesis P'Orridge*, and have seen one or two paintings by *Stephen Stapleton*, who used to be - or perhaps still is - in a band called CURRENT 93, which I felt to be quite haunting.

And I must say - most sincerely, of course that what little of your work I've seen, Abaaner, I found intriguing and vibrant: I like your use of colour on 'Flesh of Gods'.

**Well I'm speechless after that heartfelt accolade, but we must press on. Are you aware of American 'performance artists' SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES? Your thoughts on them? -Is it art? Do you see Art as having distinct or infinite borders?**

If they are the same people, then I only know of their work with regard to the 'Re/ search' books (of which 'Modern Primitives' is excellent). If we take 'Art' to be as defined in answer 10, then the methods through which the purpose of art can be realised are unbounded. By what criteria do we define the physical process of creativity and the resulting 'Art-object'? Perhaps the (dis)organisation of force and form within the confines of aestheticism? Probably - but in the meantime, let us Rock! (Indeed! - Ed)

**Where do you find your inspiration?**

Shropshire - the sites therein specific to the Sinister Tradition (The Long Mynd; Black Rhadley Hill; 'Bron Wrgan', to name but a few). It is within this area (on the Welsh border) that the Magickal centre of the Western Aeon can be found. Those who go there never return quite the same, and the energies thus tasted must always find a creative outlet...

**If music acts as an inspiration, what do you find suits you best and for what situations?**

Musick does not directly influence my paintings - that is, I rarely gain visual impressions from just listening to musick. However, the emotions that some pieces can produce, do conspire with other factors created via other forms or scenarios (none of which are necessarily directly related by causal time or nature) to produce, at an unpredictable moment, a vision of a painting. If you get my drift.

**Clear as a tetrahedron. So what about inspiration from a more narcotic source?**

I've never been interested in drugs, and, on the occasions when I have 'imbibed', I found nothing that I did not know already (sorry to sound so superior (you smug bastard-Ed)). I can only paint with a sober mind, otherwise it's a mess. Magick on the other hand, has played a vital role in inspiring my work - 'The Sinister Tarot' for instance, partly resulted from several workings with the Dark Pathways on the Tree of Wyrd. Any experience that stretches one's being to the limit is beneficial to creativity - particularly physical ordeals, of which there are a multitude to choose from and create. (Tell me about it, there's no ordeal like hanging upside down from one leg-Ed).

**A veritable bounty of gratitude for answering this Chris'. The last words are yours.**

Thank you Abaaner - it's been delightful. Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestis.

4.

## 13 Questions For Vilnius Thornian Of The Order Of Nine Angles

*The Order of Nine Angles is a unique and often mysterious organization whose conception of "Traditional Satanism" has opened up entirely new doors to the seeker and delver of occult knowledge. Their positions regarding human sacrifice and National Socialism have many times put them at the center of controversy, causing other so-called Satanists to put their thoughts on "heresy" to the test. Our thanks go out to Vilnius Thornian for taking time to answer a few questions for Diskorpia...*

### **I. Can you explain the meaning and definition of the word "Satan" from the perspective of the ONA?**

"Satan" to the ONA is the herald of change, both within the individual and civilization as a whole. Satan, or Satanas, is the image in which we place on something that ultimately cannot be contained in any purely causal understanding. Satan is representation, or a way of identifying, something very real, a part of that primal chaos which is beyond our perceived dimensions. Thus Satan represents those forces of consciousness and cosmos which we seek to bring to surface, to cause change.

This involves both a confrontation with the Shadow-self (leading to an eventual synthesis of those "dark energies" in individual consciousness - a step towards balance), and the presence of real darkness within the current social climate - Chaos. To put it simply, Satan is a gateway to what lies beyond, to the acausal - a causal representation of the acausal, through which we increase the amount of acausal energy present on earth, via the rites and practices of Sinister Tradition. This is important since the intrusion of the acausal upon our world brings the change ultimately needed to progress, to achieve the next step in human evolution on a widespread scale.

### **II. Can you describe, as far as you are willing or able to, the inception of the ONA?**

The ONA was formed of several different working groups in the 1960's. The decision to form the groups into one was made by the then Grand Mistress. At the time some of the groups had access only to part of the Tradition, or variations of the Tradition. Anton Long was initiated by this Grand Mistress, and eventually informed that he was the chosen heir to the Tradition. The Grand Mistress then disappeared, obviously leaving Anton Long with an enormous weight on his shoulders. But an heir to the Tradition is never chosen in haste, and someone who has attained the grade of Grand Mistress or Grand Master (these are grades, which are attained through years and years of hard struggle, and not simply titles given for amusement or to satisfy the petty egos of those who usually give themselves such titles) certainly has such a level of insight as to make the appropriate decision and never look back.

And she was right in choosing Anton Long, as he eventually worked his way through the difficult challenges and after some 25 years (approx.) became a Grand Master himself. This is a level of achievement only fulfilled perhaps once or twice a century. The Tradition he received from his Grand Mistress was garbled - but contained the basic underlying attitude, or ethos, that is the foundation for Satanism.

Some of the aspects of the Tradition handed down to Anton Long were the chants, some rites (including sacrifice), insight roles (which in themselves exemplify what genuine satanism truly is), claims to lineage, grade rituals, mythos of the dark gods, and so on. Anton Long later, through his own experience and striving, codified what we know today as the Seven-Fold Way, and brought such advancements as the Star Game and Aeonics. He also used other means, such as the Deofel Quartet, to provoke the understanding of new initiates, and created a framework which for centuries will be expanded upon by the insights of new initiates - but never made easier. Sometime

in the early 1990's, Christos Beest became the order's "outer representative," and thus handled the ONA's journal Fenrir, any public dealings, trained new initiates, and continued his quest along the Seven-fold Way, also making several contributions. He explored new ways of presencing the acausal through musick and artwork; drafted the Sinister Tarot; wrote and recorded the Self-Immolation Rite and other musick; expanded the corpus of sinister chant; and greatly advanced the understanding of Satanism - in what has proved to be an extremely provocative manner, thus through his own experiences giving a direction to the strategies of the ONA.

Christos has since "retired" from the public spectrum, and I now have the honor of being "outer representative" for the order, and at an interesting time. Right now Sinister Tradition is experiencing a new phase, centered in America amongst its initiates. The Tradition can be understood to have a life of its own, to be a vessel for the will of the cosmos - and one cannot really express the significance of this new phase in words. Thus you have a brief (very brief) history of the ONA - from the perspective of what the public sees. What is not expressed here is how the initiates of the tradition have and continue to implement sinister strategy, in a move to bring the world to what is inadequately termed a New Aeon. [q.v. Aeonics MSS, Sinister Dialectic, so on.]

### **III. How long has the ONA been in existance?**

Since the early part of the 1960's, as a collective Order. The lineage of tradition itself is said to have been handed down from Master to Initiate throughout the centuries all the way back to Albion (probably via various "forms").

### **IV. What is the structure and operation of the ONA like?**

The Seven-Fold Way is intended to be followed by the initiate working mostly alone. Thus the structure of the ONA exists, on the level of new initiates, only to give guidance. Each initiate, if admitted into the order, is given an order guide, who will give direction and advice to the initiate. Whether this direction and advice is followed is up to the initiate. We simply offer the understanding of those who have traversed the path before, and are thus more experienced. Beyond this, the ONA operates under a system of cells, as this is the most effective means of implementing our strategy. Aside from this, most work alone, following their own destinies, and each taking on a different means to achieve specific collective goals.

### **V. Do you agree with Anton LaVey's statement that Satanists are born, not made? If not, why not?**

No. I consider such a statement indicative of the lack of potential inherent in what some term "modern satanism." Satanists are most certainly made, and not born. Genuine Satanic character is the result of experience, of getting your hands dirty, striving to achieve important goals, loss of face, learning from failure, succeeding in great feats, and pursuing absolute excellence in everything we do. Those who believe they were simply "born satanists" have no understanding of what real Satanism is - rather they are dominated and consumed by their own egos and laziness, and are the antithesis to Satanism. This is a good indication of what "american satanism" has dwindled into.

Rather than being an honorable pursual of excellence and self-advancement through great struggles, "american satanism" largely exhibits pretentiousness and never escapes the ego. This is what we might call "first stage" Satanism - where ego-gratification, blasphemy, and so on serve a great purpose in both catharsis and in self-understanding. However, though for a real Satanist this first stage is brief, the Church of Satan has never escaped it, it has never moved on to what is really important. It has never advanced to the next stage.

Genuine Satanism has a scope which reaches far beyond the egos of its initiates, and it would not be far off to presume that someone who is consumed by their own ego has hardly even began to touch on revealing what they, in essence, really are. The only instance in which the above statement holds any water, is in the fact that we are all born with potential. Satanism, ultimately, is the fulfillment of this potential, but there is no one to fulfill it for you, and it certainly does not fulfill itself. To believe simply that you were "born" a Satanist relieves one of all responsibility to actually be a Satanist, and exhibit satanic character. This will not be what most would like to hear.

One other point I should make; I used the term "american satanism." This is used to describe satanism as expounded by groups such as the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set, which have simplified satanism into an inherently anti-western "philosophy." However, such a term is really no longer appropriate, due to the number of American initiates in Sinister Tradition who are changing all this.

**VI. Do you really believe that magical attainment "implies a loss of self-image"? Isn't the relation a paradoxical one: that is, a strengthened ego co-existent with a greater harmonizing of the self with acausal forces?**

Magick implies a loss of self-image both because the adept is working towards supra-personal goals - goals that are in accordance with the natural willed flow of the cosmos / essence, to which the causal "self-image" is ultimately sacrificed; and because as one progresses along the sinister path, they are in turn emitting both into their consciousness and into the world more and more acausal, until the initiate / adept crosses the abyss, which means the destruction of the "self-image." This destruction (and a withdrawing of projections, moving beyond opposites, and so on) is when one's understanding is ultimately of the essence as it is, without the aid of "forms" or "images." Archetypes, forms, images and so on are useful in the beginning, but are discarded in the crossing of the abyss, since they are only causal representations of the acausal, which is essentially something which cannot be wholly understood in terms of the causal.

**VII. Does the ONA really believe that an interest in death and horror is necessarily "energating"? If one identifies with the predator and not the prey in such cases, isn't the result positive and life-affirming from a Satanic perspective (the culling of human garbage, etc.)? ( See also Nietzsche: "The poison of which weaker natures perish strengthens the strong--nor do they call it poison")**

As you're aware, Satanism presupposes real evil, chaos, horror, and death. But these are a means, mainly to restore balance to the world, to break down The System, to further the understanding and experience of the initiates, to cull human dross. To cause change. Obsession with horror of death though can indeed be energating, and stifle balance - as far as the individual and their development is concerned. The Sinister aims to break apart all illusions or forms, to seek the essence as it is. Thus if an initiate is in preoccupied with, or more accurately in thrall to, the aesthetics of death they are not working toward this goal, but rather are caught in their own trappings. Additionally, there is a great difference between someone who carries out (or is simply interested in) acts of horror or death because they are dominated by an image, an aesthetic, and someone who actively carries such things out to support a grand scheme, to achieve a goal. The goal is not to kill for the sake of killing - and yes, that is energating - but rather to implement a strategy which, ultimately, is positive in terms of human consciousness and evolution. Further, the "Sinister" can take on several forms according to one's level of apprehension (ie. of the essence). While initially in confronting those "dark" elements of the psyche (and thus its programmed responses) images of death and horror may play a role, but this is a level to be eventually transcended, overcome.

Beyond this, the "Sinister" is actually quite beautiful, noble - an exultation in being. There is much more that is Sinister in someone who, for instance, writes a symphony that inspires greatness in other human beings, masters and makes great contributions to a science or an art (physics, painting, violin making, etc.), or makes discoveries that which change the world, than someone who has a preoccupation with gore and death or even carries such things out in an uncalculated manner, for its own sake.<sup>[1]</sup>

**VIII. Viewed in terms of the aeonic strategy of the ONA (to manifest a new aeon), what are your views on technology and the way technology is seemingly tied to late-capitalism?**

Technology is essential to the realization of our ultimate aims. Unfortunately, rather than being used to expand the horizons of human existence, it is often used to stifle it. The opposite of this is an undeniable by-product of elevating human existence through other means, such as National Socialism.

**IX. One of the agents of degeneration described in the writings of the ONA is consumerism. What are some strategies the ONA has formulated to counter the rapid expansion of consumerism?**

**X. Given the "cycle of history," do you think it is a fair assumption that things are going to get much worse before they get any better, and that Western civilization, AS WE KNOW IT, is irrevocably doomed to destruction or "apocalypse" of some kind?**

I shall answer these both at once. What we promote and work towards, in terms of Aeonics, is the creation of a new civilization - one that is honorable, triumphant, and creative. Such a civilization ideally should be an extension of Western Civilization - that is, for the Western Civilization to continue to evolve into the next Aeon, as it naturally would have were it not for the sickness or distortion placed upon it. This distortion, or the Nazarene ethos, is alien and opposed to the real ethos of the west, it is what has stifled, and what may ultimately hurl us into a dark age of some 500 to 1000 years with little progress being made. For this new civilization to flourish requires the eventual downfall of America (which will prelude the downfall of Israeli/ Zionist power), and thus all that is representative of the Nazarene ethos in the major power-wielding structures of the west. We are not necessarily doomed, but for the downfall of The System it is more than likely that things will get worse before they get better. Indeed, success may require this.

**XI. Can you describe the role of "National Socialism" in the strategy of the ONA?**

National Socialism is a means whereby the world can be changed for the better, and thus is a key element to Aeonic Strategy. It enshrines the ethos of the West in its most evolved state, and carries great potential for human development, and in establishing what has been termed a "new Aeon." It should be noted, in light of the controversy which always follows, that Satanism reaches far beyond such forms and what they may achieve - into those future forms which at present cannot even be imagined. Such forms are only a means - and in this case, a means which possesses the conquering Faustian / Aryan spirit and hurls it toward its destiny.

**XII. What ties, if any, does the ONA have to contemporary National Socialist groups?**

None.

**XIII. What relation, if any, is there between the writer D. W. Myatt and the ONA?**

There has been a lot of speculation about this, though beyond the use of his translation of Sappho's poetry there is only speculation.

5.

## Selling Water By The River

ONA (From **Fenrir No. 6**, 100yf)

**Question: *What is Satanism?***

**Answer:** Satanism is fundamentally a way of living – a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we all as individuals can achieve far more than we realize during our lifetime. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, does and can be made to bring. We are gods when we awake.

***How do you then understand magick?***

Magick is essentially the opening up of areas of consciousness latent within all - a means of changing the individual and the world. The techniques of magick (for example, rituals) are simply means to achieve this. For too long magick has been mis-understood as 'spells, conjurations' and the like, and while such things are magick, they are only a beginning, a mere intimation of what real magick is all about.

***You often use the term 'traditional Satanism'. What does this mean?***

Traditional Satanism is a term used to describe the sinister path which for centuries was taught on an individual basis from Master(or Mistress) to pupil. To this path belongs the Septenary System, Esoteric Chant, the comprehensive training of novices (including the development of the physical side), the Star Game, and - most importantly - the Internal system of magick (the Grade Rituals etc.). This path is also known as the Seven-Fold Way.

***I've heard of La Vey and his 'Satanic Bible'. How does the Seven-Fold Way differ from his Satanism and those who follow his views?***

La Vey took what may be described as the popular/media conception of Satanism - the black-robed, Mephistophelean figure - together with the 'pleasure principle' and some simple magic(k), mixed it with the qabala and various historical myths and legends pertaining to the dark side, and served the whole lot up to a gullible audience. The whole thing was pretty pathetic - although it did provide some with a few thrills. There was no substance to either La Vey or his 'Church': no inner path, direction or way. Nothing original.

The Seven-Fold Way, on the contrary, possesses direction, and goes far beyond the external type of magick implicit in both the 'pleasure principle' and ordinary sorcery. It offers the individual the difficult (and sometimes dangerous) path to genuine Adeptship - to self-mastery, self-excellence and ultimately wisdom. It is not a refuge for the neurotic, the weak-willed or the self-deluded, but rather a challenge to the daring.

Those who follow in the foot-steps of La Vey (as a recent 'Temple' does) have added little - they are still trapped by 'role-playing', still fettered by self-delusion (often about their magickal abilities) and still lack not only self-insight but also that spontaneity which is one of the marks of a genuine Adept. They concern themselves still with the awarding of meaningless titles, seek members and the recognition of the 'authorities'. They teach the same historical mish-smash as La Vey and possess an originality quota of zero.

They have failed to understand that the ceremonial, ritualistic and 'theoretical' approach is but the first, small step toward inner progress. Because of this, there can be no organized 'Temple', no 'authority' within it, no proselytizing and no awarding of grades/initiation or titles. There is only - in the genuine path - a limited amount of guidance, and the struggle of the individual through experience.

***But surely rituals are important e.g. the Black Mass?***

Yes - but only in the beginning stages of the Way when the novice/initiate is discovering the hidden (or magickal) forces of nature and themselves, and is daring to walk along the path to Adepthood.

Ceremonial and hermetic rituals are the province of the novice and the 'External Adept' and are pointers to what is beyond.

***Which is what?***

First, the discovery of the unique Destiny of that individual second the living of that Destiny, and third, for those whose Destiny becomes fulfilled by such living, the crossing of the Abyss. From the Abyss the Master and Mistress is born. All this takes many years.

***What then is the purpose of your Order?***

To offer our teachings and guidance to those who might be interested. In former times, teachings were kept secret, but there is no need for that now: the opportunity is open to all.

***But are you not still secretive?***

Yes and no. Those who seek hard enough will find us, and those who are sincere will not be put off by the obstacles placed in their way (sometimes by us). For those who are, there are plenty of other groups around.

***What about Initiations?***

We do not offer Initiation - candidates achieve Initiation. We do not offer nor award (for money or anything else) Grade Rituals or titles of any kind: these are again achieved by individuals, through their own toil, hardships, terror and joy. We simply guide them toward the self-achievement that, e.g., the Grade Rituals represent. Any other way is simply fraud and self-deception.

Grade Rituals - which signify the different stages of achievement along the Seven-Fold Way - may be likened to running in a race. You either race, or don't; and if you race, you either win (achieve the goal) or do not. You may pretend to yourself that you have raced and run, but in the end you are fooling only yourself.

***What, then, are the Grade Rituals?***

They are tasks, simple in form, but difficult to complete successfully. For example, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept simply involves the candidate in living totally alone and isolated for at least three months: without any of our modern 'conveniences'/technology, and without speaking to anyone. Simple to describe - difficult to undertake. The 'ritual' is the (alchemical) change which occurs in the individual by virtue of living so for at least three months. Such primitive isolation creates the Adept, bringing a genuine mastery of magick and a lasting self-insight.

It is the intention of the Order to publish all the Grade Rituals in the next issue of 'Fenrir'.

***Returning now to the popular conception of Satanism, what about sacrifices, the blackmailing of members, sexual crimes and so on?***

Satanism is all about - in its beginnings - waking conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature. In the past, certain experiences were often undergone in order to achieve this, and some of those experiences were often frowned on by 'conventional' society. Some might have been 'illegal' at the time as well. But gradually (at least in traditional Satanism) a way was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences which enhanced the consciousness and thus wisdom of those undergoing them - if they survived, of course. Thus was Internal Magick evolved. This

enabled the experiencing of the dark side, and its integration, as well as made possible what was beyond.

This system had been gradually refined and enhanced, and while it avoids the quicksand of criminality it is still not lacking in danger or difficulty. It offers, in short, the distilled essence of thousands of years of evolutionary understanding-and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as a species: Homo Galactica.

***You stress the development of the physical side. Why?***

Because traditional Satanism aims to develop the whole individual - mind, body and character. We give our novices difficult physical goals to achieve (such as running 20 miles in under 2 1/2 hours - fitter individuals are naturally given more difficult tasks) because the striving for such goals, and their achievement, develops qualities necessary in any Adept. They are tests of determination and character, and sort the serious out from the pathetic. The striving also creates a physical joy, increasing the vitality of the person.

***I met someone recently who claimed to be a 'Master'. I had my doubts about him. Is there some way of identifying a genuine Master?***

The answer should be obvious. A Master is someone who has passed beyond the Abyss, the stage beyond an Adept. In consequence he will be somewhat detached: intense and serious, but also natural, spontaneous and quite cheerful (almost playful, sometimes). But perhaps most of all, he will not take himself too seriously, and he will certainly not play a 'role' or fulfill the expectations of novices (e.g. by dressing up, cultivating a 'demonic' stare and answering questions mysteriously). He will possess that illusive quality - natural charisma.

***What about wealth - and power? Surely all Satanic Masters possess these?***

Some do, some do not. The sign of a Master is neither wealth nor power, but achievement - of wisdom, skill in esoteric arts, and original creation (e.g. the extending of human knowledge, artistic creativity). The Destiny of each Master is different, as is the life-style which reflects that Destiny. For example, out of the four Masters who exist in the West at this moment in time, one lives a somewhat isolated existence with hardly any material possessions, while another lives in relative luxury and splendour. The former concerns himself primarily with aeonic magick, while the latter teaches a few pupils.

Genuine Masters do not conform to someone else's expectations or ideas: they are individual, and unique.

***Do you worship a being called Satan?***

Genuine Satanists do not worship anything - not even themselves. Fundamental to Satanism, is a desire to overcome, to accept challenges and to seek to know and understand. A genuine Satanist would rather die - laughing and defiant - than submit to anyone or anything. Most people waste their lives and die old and miserable: the Satanist revels in life and adventure, and knows the right time to die, for challenges never end. This way of living is hard, and this way of dying breeds fear among the feeble multitude who prefer comfort and security to the ecstasy of living on the edge like gods.

As to Satan - each Initiate discovers the reality for themselves. All that need be said is that there are external forces beyond the psyche. of an individual: in genuine Satanist magick there is identity with these darker external forces, not a fear of them and certainly not a submission. This, of course, is somewhat dangerous - but the strong survive, and the weak perish. Good riddance to the weak.

***So, fundamentally, you would say that Satanism is the way you live your life?***

Yes, as I indicated at the beginning. Magick - of whatever type - enhances your life, and is a way to knowledge and increased vitality. Magickal acts are important in the beginning, but most

important of all is our attitude to life and our ways of living. This is why we despise the Nazarene philosophy - the Satanist is proud, strong, defiant, while a Nazarene is afraid of living, afraid of dying and mentally sick: weighed down by guilt and envy. The meek espouse peace because they know the strong would destroy them - so they infect the strong with the disease of 'pacifism', with guilt because they are strong

***But surely that particular philosophy - of, as you call it, the 'Nazarene' -is dying out today.***

As an organized religion it might be - but over the past two hundred or so years this poisonous philosophy has sprouted various political and pseudo-political forms, and it is these forms which are eroding our vitality. There have been a few attempts to cut out the cancer - but they have unfortunately failed, and the cancer grows and spreads.

***What, then, can you do?***

Why should we do anything? Most people are stupid and deserve their fate. We offer an alternative - those who have if only in a small way the Promethean spirit will be drawn to us and thus have the opportunity to master their own Destiny. It is up to each and every individual: we can point the way, but they must make the effort to walk along it.

6.

**The Way:**  
*An Interview With A Dweller Of The Silent Desert*



***How would you define an ideal?***

An ideal/archetype is a human construct, based upon an abstraction - a projection from what is real/observed to what is imagined; that is, to what might/could be, but does not (yet) exist. [ In fact, human ideals can never really exist - we only believe they can.] They cannot be defined by abstract ideas/theories - for this is a tautology.

One of the two ways for an ideal to exist, and so be defined, is to use a human or existing example and take that as the ideal. For example, Odysseus - the ideal Hellenic man. But one should see the flaws of this - humans are fallible; what lives or exists dies or changes. Therefore the ideal changes/dies.

In a way, ideals must be organic - or immortal. The only **real** ideal (i.e. unchanging) is that which is infallible, unchanging, immortal. By definition, this is God.

***Are manners, honour, reason, dictated by/exist because of ideals?***

Yes and no. Depends on what you assume is the ideal. If organic - then honour is defined by the example (e.g. Odysseus) or a collection of examples ("heroes"). Same with reason etc.

Thus morality and our civilized nature (reason, manners etc) either derive from human ideals/examples or they derive from God. If the latter, then we may know reason, honour etc. beyond their being in relation to a human - fallible - ideal: that is, we may know them in relation to what is immortal, unchanging. What Aristotle called the Prime Cause (i.e. the Supreme Being).

For the truth about honour is that it depends on a suprapersonal dimension - a belief in a force or forces more powerful than the individual, *which controls or rules over the individual*. Without this extra dimension - and the innate, heart-felt belief which is part of it - honour does not live: it is just an abstract concept, to be believed in or not, to be followed or not, according to what the individual feels or believes, or is persuaded to feel or believe.

The same applies to justice, to the fairness of the civilized person. The simple truth is that no civilized way of life can be created without this 'moral dimension', this heart-felt belief in some supra personal Power.

***What about the ideal of race, and the aiding of racial politics in what has been termed "Aeonics"?***

Ultimately, accepting or believing in illusive causal forms - whatever their past or present purpose/use in causal terms - is not a good basis for creating something of the future - ie. creating a new culture based upon what is real and which seeks to express and manifest to others over causal time not only the numinous itself but also our humanity.

1) Human beings are a distinct species, and what are called races are sub-divisions of this species. The crucial factor here is that sub-divisions can breed together and produce fertile offspring, and so create a hybrid. Furthermore, this mixing does occur naturally over periods of time. This natural hybridization often occurs in Nature. Secondly, human beings are evolving and changing, and have evolved and changed over aeonic spans of causal time, due to circumstances, their mobility and their interaction and intermingling.

What is important, is to realize that a definition of race requires the definition to have a starting point in causal time - thus, at this moment in our evolution, we define this human type as a race called "Aryan" which has various sub-divisions within it (Nordic, Alpine etc.). But where to begin? Now? Ten thousand years ago? Five hundred years ago? Fifty thousand years ago? What we term races are always in a state of flux; of change. Therefore a modern definition of race is an attempt surely to impose a causal idea upon something which cannot be contained in such an abstract way. Did our modern "Aryan" exist fifty thousand years ago? Did the Nordic?

If one so defines a race from the now (or recent past) and then creates an idea to keep this race "pure" is this acting against Nature because it is an attempt to limit Nature to this human abstract idea?

2) People certainly differ in physical appearance - but how important is this in terms of those things which make us human and which can enable us to create a numinous society and ? evolve further? That is, is there a deeper difference in terms of ability, invention, goodness, appreciation of numinous etc? And I mean a real, living difference. [The answers of political rhetoric are irrelevant here.]

The only viable way to answer this is practical experience - go among peoples of different races, cultures, in different lands; study; learn; observe, for many, many years. The answers of most other people are not good enough here. Why the only viable way? Because that surely is one of the foundations of civilization - observation, logical deductions based upon them etc. [qv *Aristotle*; true science.]

My answers are: the differences are superficial for three important reasons. (i) The vast majority of people of all races possess the ability to change: through education, experience, personal influence etc. (ii) No one race - or what is defined/called a race - has a monopoly on invention, heroism, intelligence etc. (iii) No one "race" has a monopoly on the good, and perception of the numinous. In essence, all "races" produce culture.

3) Culture and civilization. Forget the old political definition of civilization. What is it, in reality? Nothing more than an expanding culture - a culture which has some military might. Civilization as previously defined is not always a good thing. It is often anti-cultural and inhuman: detrimental to the numinous/acausal.

Again, the previous definitions of civilization (Toynbee etc.) are nonsense because once again the definition implies using causal terms/means which are flawed and far from objective (e.g. some recorded, mostly biased, history which has survived - what about all that did not survive??). A culture cannot be contained within set deterministic causal limits (e.g. 350 years for an "Imperium") because it is organic: changing, living, unique. A good form - one which expresses something of the reality, the truth, the acausal - is one which can be stripped of its causal forms but still retain its essence.

The whole edifice which some now seem to accept as necessary is actually based upon trying to impose causal forms on the organic, living, essence - aeonics, "politics" etc. etc. All lifeless forms trying to grasp the essence, and failing, as they must. Useful? Perhaps, for a while - but never beyond the Abyss...

The illusion, the artifice, must be stripped away.

***Does this stripping away imply a move away from all strident philosophising, and towards instead a more receptive, "taoist" way of being?***

Not quite. There must be some fundamental postulates on which this living is based - some concept about the nature of Reality/Existence and our place within it. By our place here is meant - our being. From these postulates, a framework is constructed, verifiable via observation and logically sound. All thought, hence ALL human living, must start with postulates about Reality etc.

But this framework is only a basis to live - i.e. to think and relate what is, what occurs, to what is beyond. And importantly this framework is intentionally limited - an apprehension, a mode of being, and never a theory.

The most important model as a way forward is that of a community living in a rural area in an almost contemplative way. Such a way will create the necessary apprehension about our being and Reality/Existence - how our being derives from Nature, the cosmos. This is the central insight which is the beginning, the genesis, of the new culture, and thus the community.

***What outer form/appearance would this community take? One of an Aryan farm, where its folk practice old Aryan/pagan customs? Some believe so - but again: does the apprehension involve a division into race? That is, do we view our being, our relation to Nature, through race? What is the prime mode of apprehension? The unity beyond the causal/acausal of which Nature is a presencing - or the division into races?***

In the simple sense - from whence is our identity, as beings, as individuals? From Nature (without a further division into race etc) - or from race? The first has been construed in the past as Tao; while the second has been construed recently in political terms.

To know how we dwell - the mode of our dwelling, in this life, on this planet - we must answer this question about the prime mode of our apprehension. The two answers are very different - they determine our orientation and indeed our apprehension and understanding of the numinous. They set our identity, and thus determine the mode of being of the new community and its culture.

Some would answer that race is irrelevant - from both a practical viewpoint, now (the genesis) AND from the viewpoint of the apprehension itself.

***But what about racial Destiny - surely this is not a theory but a spiritual truth?***

Race is a merely a theory - a construct. Do you wish it to be the primal apprehension? Destiny is irrelevant - in fact a meaningless term; pure jargon, pure form, used to motivate one's self and others. There is no such thing as Destiny. (Think about this, and you should see that Destiny derives from one particular mode of apprehension which is not a primal one.)

"Destiny" is often used as an argument in favor of hitherto existing priorities - and often used to try and motivate others to act. "We must act for it is our Destiny to do such and such, or be such and such ..." and so on.

But in reality, as used in the context above, it is just an abstract concept - a construct, an attempt to explain how things are, and an attempt to try and change things as we wish them to be or believe they should be. To invoke it as an abstract concept - as many have done in the past - simply does not work; it fails to motivate the majority, and simply marks the person or persons who use the concept as odd or extreme or deluded.

What can motivate and has motivated a majority is Destiny = will of a supra personal Power, *provided that there already exists in that majority a heart-felt belief in such a Power*. If not, then this has the same effect as Destiny as a concept - that is, no achievement, and a condemnation of the person or persons using it.

***You state that both race and Destiny are merely theories, but does not the inter-breeding of separate races occur with a notable frequency when a culture loses its identity and declines; and thus cultural decline - that is, barbarism - may be understood to be indicative of the loss of racial consciousness?***

Again, you must answer whether a culture actually depends upon race, otherwise there is a tautology. This leads to the question, what is culture?

An answer: a human mode of living based on an apprehension of Reality. The Way of manners, honour, reason etc. Simply - A means of living, as human beings, rather than as barbarians - rather than semi-animals who give in to their instincts.

There is a confusion about the use of the term destiny - it is used in two ways. (a) to imply what is predestined - and which a person cannot alter (the original use of the term: re fate; norms). For example, death is our destiny; (b) to imply what can be achieved given will of a person/nation etc. Really, the second is either political jargon, or a manifestation of a world-view which sees will as capable of changing/shaping evolution itself due to consciousness. To properly define destiny - or to understand it as of no meaning (save for a false meaning projected onto Reality by those lacking understanding) - Reality itself must be defined, and then our own relation to this defined Reality, in terms of being, nature etc.

There are two basic answers:

1) Reality exists independent of us, and what we perceive via our senses is only one (and lower) aspect of this. That is, there are planes of being/existence which we cannot directly access via our senses.

2) Reality is defined in purely causal, physical, terms - what is observed, or may be observed via our senses, is what exists. That is, causality and a physical Space are the essence of Reality.

1) can be said to assume acausality and acausal Space.

The theory of evolution - chance development for us and other life forms etc - relies on (2), since acausality is contra- evolution in the Darwinian sense. (If you think about this, you will see why this is so: evolution-->depends on linear progression which implies causal development etc.)

Darwinian evolution is central in the modern world-view. The notion of changeable destiny itself implies this type of causality.

This leads to the question of free will - but first, what does (1) for answer to Reality mean and imply re our nature/being/creation?

It can mean two things:

a) that life was created by some higher being (which could be the supreme Being but might not be)

b) that life is a mystery ( not the product of evolution, though!!) which we with our limited consciousness cannot understand in any way at present

If (a) we can take a few more steps - if we were created by a being/beings, or the Being (God), then for what purpose? And what is the nature of these beings/God?

Are we an experiment by some race of higher beings who exist in some alternative reality we cannot perceive? Possible..... But, what is beyond these beings? Who created them??? And why???

Or - is our life here on this plane of existence a test, a means, a chance, to enter these other (acausal) realms?

One of these realms might well be Paradise - eternal life etc.

If our mortal life is a test of some kind - a chance - then we must have some kind of free will in order to choose/decide/gain another type of existence.

That is, a limited type of free will must exist - which means the first type of destiny (fate) does not exist (and since neither does the second, destiny itself does not exist).

***You talk of culture, and yet deny the reality of race: which cultures then have not been founded on a "racial" basis?***

Very many. One example - Islam. This is a civilized way of living. There is an Islamic culture - a specific, definable way of being based on a certain apprehension of Reality; a certain distinct mode of being which individuals of that culture strive to attain. This does not depend on race - or even on what is often termed national culture. A Muslim from Africa is the same as a Muslim from India, Malaya, Norway, England etc. etc. This culture has flourished for nearly 1,500 years - and is still flourishing.

Another example - the culture of Buddhism.

We might even add - the culture of Christianity.

Note that all these examples are usually described as religions rather than ways of living/cultures. What is religion? What is culture? Once again, apprehension is the key - the striving for a mode of being founded in the dwelling such apprehension brings. [Heidegger struggled toward this insight.] Why have such ways been defined, in the West, as religions? And what is this "West" anyway? Whose "West"?

Again you must define culture first. To say culture is racially determined implies many things - that race determines apprehension, for instance.

***I take it therefore that the Aeonics model of aeons and civilizations, of their growth and decline, was merely a means but not a reality?***

Yes.

***But can we at least define a civilization as a society which emerges at a particular earthly location, comprised of the people of that geographical location, and which develops a significant and creative world-view?***

Such a model implies several things:

- 1) The idea of progress - of causal evolution
- 2) The idea of a self-contained being ( a culture/civilization)
- 3) The idea that there is an ethos/soul to this being

4) The idea that this ethos is created/maintained by a fixed thing (e.g. race)

5) That there is an ethos for a distinct race

As per previous answers, (1) does not exist. (2) does not exist because the definition of civilization used is wrong. For example, what is hellenic civilization? The way of life which existed in ancient Greece/Turkey etc.? But when did it begin/end? Did it evolve/change?

What is there which distinguishes the "6 or 8 civilizations" (aeons) from other ways of life which were civilized? Where for instance is the islamic way of life - surely a civilized way (perhaps the most civilized there has ever been)? Further, this civilization was in existence for longer than all other civilizations, and did not have a "racial ethos".

Consider - hellenic-->civilization?-->sack of Troy, Agamemnon killing his own child as sacrifice; Alexander killing thousands of people etc. etc. In this scenario, Rome is the Empire of Hellenic civilization - but was this a civilized way of life? In some ways yes; in others, no. The tribal societies of Northern Europe at the time were more civilized - so were they civilizations?

In essence, the previous definition of civilization ignores such questions: the past is interpreted through a few fixed ideas to interpret reality in a certain way. Interesting ideas/concepts, certainly; and useful; but flawed when the larger perspective is considered. Such ideas give the appearance of understanding - but it is only appearance.

***What can the Newtonian principles of science contribute towards the apprehension of the acausal? Why is quantam physics a wrong approach to the acausal?***

Again, there is a projection of causal ideas onto existence, which is both causal and acausal [in reality, both terms are also merely constructs - to enable an apprehension towards the Unity]. Newtonian physics is a good example of this causal approach.

Modern science is **reductionist** and seeks to find simple causal causes. Proper science (which includes the acausal) seeks to understand the lower realities (of which our causal world is one) in terms of the higher realities (of which the acausal is one) - it is a way upward toward that which is Infinite and Eternal, which Itself is evident in all lower beings and all lower (causal) existents.

Modern science seeks to reduce all to a cause and effect - to basic particle mechanics; the properties of physical matter etc. on an atomic or astronomical level. Hence the laws of Physics.

Quantum mechanics is a modern reductionist approach (an illogical one at that) which seeks to reduce all the uncertainty based upon OUR apprehension of the causal - for example, our attempts to measure/quantity matter using instruments which are said to produce an uncertainty in our observation. Again, a projection of causality (lower reality) onto existence to attempt to understand existence in such lower causal terms. Such measurement etc. are causal (limited) means - not the essence of understanding: not a means to apprehending that which is beyond our causality.

Aristotle strove to understand the natural world, the cosmos, in an acausal way. This was a beginning, albeit a limited one. The success of reductionist science (newtonian mechanics etc) in our temporal world does not mean it is a correct approach to understanding.

But ultimately all such divisions (religion, politics, science) are causal projections of abstract, fixed, ideas. In Reality, no such divisions exist - there is no science, no religion. There is only that which is beyond us (the Unity and origin of causal and acausal) which our ideas distance us from.

There are no such things as society, culture, even civilization - there is only (1) the way of apprehending the essence (Reality itself) and a striving to live that apprehension on the personal, communal level, and (2) then everything else.

In essence - there is the THE WAY, or ignorance. There is only a covering-up of the essence (through causal forms) and the apprehension of the essence as that essence is. Ignorance,

barbarism etc. are a covering-up of the essence; just as THE WAY is a revealing of that essence, from the essence itself.

Reason is one way toward the apprehension of the essence, just as the way of living we call civilized (manners, honour, fairness etc) is the Way which appropriates/manifests/makes real this essence here on this Earth. And that is all there is or ever has been.

The whole way of thinking of the modern world is fundamentally wrong - just as the way of being of this modern world is wrong. It is not a question of Nature, culture, civilization, race, nation etc etc., but a question of how we ARE: what our being is, or rather what we make our being by using our reason and will (our humanity).

Our being can either be toward the essence, the Unity - or toward the causal abstract forms/ideas invented by our species recently and in the past.

***How then do we strive beyond the present, ultimately illusory means towards an authentic understanding of the purpose of the Cosmic Being - if a purpose/meaning exists at all?***

Essentially: what is our purpose, as rational beings? Why do we exist? Are we just the product of chance events (nature/evolution) or were we created (and guided) by a Supreme Being for some purpose? If Nature/evolution/cosmos - then how did this arise? How was Nature created/evolved? And the cosmos itself? Chance? And from what/where? What is the origin of life, and the very cosmos itself? Is the cosmos finite in time and space? Did it begin in some big bang with a minute piece of matter? If so, what was outside? And where did this matter come from? How did it come into being? What, essentially, is Space and Time, and being?????

Having answered this question of existence, then and only then can there be an understanding of our apprehension/thought in terms of what exists (or what we have accepted exists).

***Would you care to summarise?***

All answers depend upon the primal apprehension. All the possibilities really amount to the two discussed above: the causal/evolution/chance answer; and the acausal/higher being answer.

All that is now in the West (and all that a certain political form depends upon) depends upon the causal/evolution answer - as does the apprehension of paganism etc when examined logically (e.g. our consciousness is the consciousness of Nature etc - but how did this consciousness come to be from what was before?) In the end the question is - where did life originate from? A creation by a being/Supreme being, or a physical occurrence based upon chance/change/evolution/causality? And where did the cosmos come from, as well? Note that one must apprehend the acausal as it is and not in causal terms (e.g. as a still unknown type of Space which we can travel to etc). The use of such terms for political ends (once! - like the use of destiny) does not mean their reality is in those ends or in the apprehension underlying those causal end. In essence, acausality implies the essence of life - that from which it arose.

Thus, having defined the primal apprehension, you can understand how evolution, destiny etc. depend upon one answer to the nature of the primal Reality.

The other possible answer show there to be no evolution and no destiny as these terms are commonly understood. Also, note that evolution implies the **Western** idea of progress - social, historical etc. Western type progress demands causality. If the acausal/Supreme Being answer is accepted, social/political/economic progress, e.g. as understood in the West, is irrelevant: what matters is to live to achieve the life beyond - and make that accessible for others.

*[Excerpts from an email correspondence, Spring Equinox - Summer Solstice 2000eh]*

7.

## Auf Dem Wasser Zu Singen: Yet Another Interview With Anton Long

*Order of The Nine Angles*

*The following is taken from interview conducted by F.D. on a Summer night 114yf/ 2003eh.*

**Do you believe the future of the Order to now be in America? If so, would it be right to assume that this would imply the necessity for creating a semi-public presence agitating for disruption and change? Or does the Order remain and grow as it now is, hidden but working away within England - and indeed Ireland?**

A: The answer to the first part is yes, and no. Yes, insofar as America should give rise to the first practical, sinister, manifestation of the next stage - a new society, based upon the Law of the New Aeon, and the emergence of Vindex - and will thus become the centre of that practical manifestation; and no, insofar as the esoteric essence, manifest in one way in a physical nexion and in another in a small esoteric teaching community, will remain in Europe. Expressed simply, America will be the home of the outer aspect of the Order, with all that involves, while the inner aspect remains where it is and has been for a long time. However, there will come a time when the inner aspect will need, due to practical circumstances, to be duplicated elsewhere - but even this will not be in America.

A semi-public presence would be one of the manifestations of the outer Order, in America.

**In the MS Words of Vermiel there is mention of interacting with a Star-Gate; are there plans - aside from the Star Game - to extend the ONA's symbolic language into a cosmic one, creating symbols and magickal techniques which are not Earth based?**

A: Yes. But this requires advanced mastery of our Way, and only a few individuals, at present, are capable of the thinking which is required to even begin this.

What is required is a new way of thinking, and a new way of being - a move toward the acausal, by the individual. Conventional magick operates in the causal, using acausal energy. Internal Magick is a move toward the acausal by the individual, and this is the beginning of the being, the thinking, which is required.

In time - of many, many decades - a few more will advance, and learn, and master this new way of being. But this requires many practical changes, in people, in society - it requires the new society of the New Aeon, which in itself means the destruction of the old order and the mental tyranny of the present, not to mention the physical tyranny which the New World Order is creating.

We can now step over the threshold into a new way of being - and so begin the next stage of our evolution. Opening pathways to the acausal continuum itself. Conventional (external) magick, and even internal and Aeonic magick, are but beginnings - there is so much more, which will take us toward immortality, and enable us, by the very nature of the acausal continuum, to travel the Cosmos without the need of physical machines. But it must be understood that last the stage of the Seven-Fold Way is only the beginning of this, and to achieve that Grade takes one individual many,

many decades. So far, this century, only one person has achieved it. We have the potential to achieve that Grade - to evolve past even that - but have wasted and are wasting this potential.

Some symbols - or the prototype language, if you prefer - and some techniques, already exist, but to use them, to understand them, requires that apprenticeship which is the Seven-Fold Way up to the stage of Master/ Lady Master. Two individuals, in the old country - one male, one female - are heading toward this stage, but as yet no one in America is near this stage, so there is a long way to go.

**Given the proved Astronomical significance of the various stone circles and alignments, is there any received information within the Order regarding the human species originating from somewhere other than Earth? Do you believe the alignments represent a knowledge which is now lost concerning our relation to the stars - or do we, according to the principles of evolution, now know more than we have ever known?**

A: There is no received information about our origins. There is no "lost knowledge" in that sense - although we have lost a great deal through the modern way of living. One thing we have lost is the sense, the intuition (and that is what it was) of our belonging: to Nature, to Earth, to the Cosmos. But we have also acquired many things - one of which is a rational understanding of ourselves; another is a knowledge of how to consciously change ourselves; and another is our ability of empathy, of true magick. Real magick is an empathy - a knowing, a sense-ing, of the matrix of acausality which binds all living things together.

We - or rather, esoteric Initiates - do indeed know more, or can learn more, than we have ever known or learnt.

**Is Satan, for the Order, a supra-personal being with which we can communicate, or an archetype residing in our psyche drawn out into our being via invokation - or both?**

A: To fully answer the question one has to understand the true nature of such things as causal, acausal, being, presencing, sinister, archetype, not to mention the nature of an individual and what is "communication".

An archetype is a particular manifestation of acausal energy in the causal - a living being, but a being with an acausal "nature" (or more correctly a partly acausal and partly causal nature). This being is born (or can be created), lives, declines, and then ceases to exist on the level of existence where it was manifest (our psyche). But there are beings beyond these archetypes - beings which are more acausal, and beings which are purely acausal. That is, which have more acausal energy than archetypes.

What is named as "Satan" is beyond an archetype, just as the "Dark Gods" are.

In the simplistic sense, archetypes are related to the stages up to Adept; the next type of acausal beings we can perceive - or more correctly, which can be accessed in some way, or presenced in the causal - relate to the Abyss and beyond. That is, archetypes cease to have any effect, on an individual who is beyond a certain stage of our Way, and this is one meaning of being an Adept.

There is no communication, but rather an apprehension. This apprehension, for archetypes, is fairly simple. Beyond archetypes, it is much more complex and does not rely on our conventional senses and the way of causal apprehension: which is via sounds, colours, "words", images, and collocations of these (such as a static Tarot image, such an image used in as magickal way, or a magickal rite), synchronistic or otherwise.

A magickal apprehension is a participation - an expansion of one's own being, and thus an evolution. Hence, "Satan" is one means of evolution, magickal and otherwise.

**Is there still a purpose to the traditional Satanic ceremonies - particularly the Black Mass - or are they now outmoded?**

A: Yes. A beginning. A learning. A liberation. A moving toward that apprehension wherein is knowledge of causal and acausal, sinister and non-sinister, and what is beyond.

But there will come a time when this beginning, and learning, is not needed any more. This will be after the New Aeon has been manifest for some time, and moved individuals towards the next stage of our evolution.

There will then be the apprehension mentioned earlier - the new language (beyond symbolism) and the new magickal methods, which relate to the Cosmos and not this Earth. But first, we must liberate this world from the tyranny it now endures. First, we need many individuals living according to the Law of the New Aeon, and many individuals becoming Adepts of our Way.

**Esoteric chant is, for me, one of the most powerful and original of the ONA's teachings. Just how important is it for Initiates to master this technique - for their own development, and also in terms of the effects such a technique has in the wider world (and beyond)? Are all the chants now written down, or are there some which have to be taught on a teacher/pupil basis?**

A: It is very important, because it is one means of magickal apprehension - a powerful magickal techniques which can open, and create, certain nexions, nexions which are Aeonically necessary. In one sense, it is one step toward one of the new non-Earth based, Cosmic, magickal techniques of the future.

Most of the chants have now been written down.

**Is Hangter's Gate a re-telling of a real event, and if so, were the details of this event originally communicated orally by Master/Mistress to pupil, and will there be more such Traditional Folk tales to relate?**

A: Yes, yes and yes.

**Is the Order near to realising some of its long term goals - i.e. the founding of some type of rural community/presence?**

A: To achieve this goal takes three things - the right individuals at the right level of understanding; the right external circumstances (the condition of our societies - how close the New Aeon is); and the opening of a certain nexion in the area where this physical nexion must be.

It will arise when the time for its arrival has come; and this time is near. For two of the conditions are already fulfilled.

**I once read in an Order MSS a reference to 'alchemical seasons'. What does this mean in terms of Nature, and can these seasons be experienced and lived within, in the same manner as the four seasons?**

A: An alchemical season is a natural process which occurs in Nature, and also in we ourselves, who are beings of Nature. They are Change; a natural dialectic; and span several, or many, of the "Four seasons".

## Order of Nine Angles

In one sense, the Internal Adept rite is a very simple "alchemical season" in relation to an individual. In relation to Nature, an alchemical season is either a natural, or a magickally-induced, change or evolution. The creation of a physical nexion is one type of created, induced, evolution, and this creation occurs over an alchemical season.

There are also, of course, Cosmic alchemical seasons, some of which we know - in terms of their beginnings and their ending - by various observed astronomical events, often relating to star or planetary alignments, which alignments also, sometimes, signify the length of a alchemical season in relation to Nature.

**Some might argue that - esoterically/magickally - the practice of human sacrifice is a little archaic. Why is such an act still regarded as important - what does it create in magickal terms, and why?**

A: It is important on several levels. As a necessary means of Initiate learning; as a necessary magickal act - a presencing of the dark: a drawing down of acausal energy, if you prefer. As a means of aiding the Sinister Dialectic; and as a means of removing the worthless, dishonourable dross so manifest in the societies of our time.

Magickally, it aids internal magick (the evolution of the individual); aids Aeonic magick; and opens nexions. It ensures the Order stays esoteric and that its Adepts are genuine Adepts of the Sinister Tradition. And of course it also adds to the aura of the Order itself, and weeds out the dross.

8.

## Novus Ordo Seclorum An Interview With Anton Long

ONA

### Introduction

Little, if anything needs to be said in introduction to this interview with Anton Long - his first and last. It illustrates not only current aims, but brutal and dark reality of genuine Satanism.

**We are now amid an interesting and important time, where some anti-Aeonic forces have been directly attacked to sizeable consequence for the first time in many decades. What does this mean to current esoteric aims, and how much closer does it bring the west to the purging of Magian influence?**

A: There is a lot to be done to purge this Magian influence, which now emanates from America. The recent practical attacks against them have forced them to react in the way one might have expected given their own primitive ethos. Thus, they have created the basis for a world-wide tyranny and America itself has now descended into a type of Police State with its armed forces used to pacify and dominate other countries and bring them under Magian control.

In the esoteric war against the Magian and their influence, America is now the primary battleground, for without the resources of America their current world-wide influence would begin to wane. Thus, Adepts and Initiates in America have a crucial role to play in the war against the Magian and their anti-evolutionary aims.

**What are the most important tactics initiates (particularly those within the United States) can use in aiding current esoteric aims? What rites and what tasks are most appropriate to these aims?**

A: There are both esoteric, and exoteric, tactics. The esoteric include increasing the number of Initiates and Adepts; spreading the sinister esoteric tradition itself; forming sinister groups whether ONA based or otherwise, and performing various rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, which not only counter the esoteric energies of the Magian but which also presence sinister energies in both causal and acausal ways. By acausal ways is meant presencing by means of rites such as the Nine Angles with the energies left to disperse as they will. By causal is meant channeling the energy in specific ways, to disrupt certain things such as groups, organizations, or target/attack specific individuals.

The exoteric includes supporting or aiding, either openly or covertly, any and all things which can disrupt and counter the Magian and their influence, and disseminating the ideals, archetypes, forms which express the sinister energies appropriate to the New Aeon. Such exoteric things include politics and political groups - especially National-Socialist and Folk Culture ones - and practical covert, direct, action against the government, the infrastructure of society and individuals who support or aid the Magian. It should be noted that such covert, revolutionary, political-type action is not appropriate for all Initiates: only some. Also, such exoteric things are exoteric - that is, forms to presence the acausal. As such, they are not the essence, but rather a means appropriate to the current and near-future situations. Initiates should remember this, especially in relation to political forms.

One very important method, a priority - both esoterically and exoterically - is to prepare the way for Vindex: for an individual of Destiny who has the charisma to lead a practical revolt against the

Magian. All the indications are that this person can only emerge in America: hence the importance of the work of American sinister Initiates and Adepts. Esoterically, such preparation involves performing rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, which invoke Vindex, and others which aim to produce energies which can be focused into an appropriate image. This image may be a sigil, or an image of a person, or at least an apprehension of what Vindex, as an individual, might look like. Exoterically, such preparation involve disseminating the idea of Vindex, of a person of Destiny who embodies evolutionary energies: who is a person to both Sun and Steel, to use a phrase of Mishima's. Vindex is a new archetype, and one which sinister Initiates and Adepts must create through their magickal workings.

Vindex may be a man - but there is nothing to prevent this role, this archetype, being assumed by a woman. In fact, a female Vindex would be quite a phenomena.

Vindex must be anticipated in literature; in esoteric rites; in music; in Art; in images; in political propaganda, and so on. New rites must be created which invoke Vindex, and which channel the archetypal energies so produced.

**As I write, America is within days of attacking and invading Iraq. While the premises are entirely questionable (at best), it may serve to upset America's place amongst its allies – weakening its global power – and also inviting added displeasure on the part of Islamic states and peoples. Is this the type of unrest that is a necessary prelude for change on an Aeonic level?**

A: It is a part of it. The present power structures - manifest, for example, in the New World order led by America in thrall to the Magian and their messianic dreams - must be broken down, destroyed and replaced. The current global conflict, against Muslims and Muslim groups such as those led by Osama bin Laden, is one means whereby such change may occur, for this conflict will hopefully continue for a number of years, thus straining the resources of the federal government of America, weakening it economically. The more the US sustains casualties in this conflict with Islam, the better, Aeonically, for such casualties will change the attitude of the American people toward the war.

In addition, there should be, and hopefully will be, social and political unrest in America itself. All such conflicts will be a prelude to the emergence of the New Aeon, which will be born out of the destruction of the old. This means, in practical terms, the destruction of the America that exists today: a move away from a federal government and perhaps back to the old idea of more independent States within America. It may be from one of these States, or a part of it, that the New Aeon will assume a practical social and political form.

**Is an Imperium for the current Aeon beyond realistic hope, or can the destiny of the west still be achieved? If so – how is such a destiny different from what could have become of NS Germany?**

A: Nothing is beyond us, if we access and channel the right energies in the right way - which means toward the destruction of the forces of the old Aeon, represented now by the New World Order - and toward the emergence of Vindex. We create - or rather, can create - our own Destiny. If enough Initiates and Adepts work toward that Destiny, it will be achieved.

NS Germany was an intimation of what might be; what could be achieved when a people are organized in a certain way. It was a necessary beginning, which ended as it should. From its ending, lessons were learnt; and magickal energies became manifest. Only now can we create what is necessary because only now do we rationally understand and thus can use our will to achieve what can and should be achieved. This is one meaning of the ONA: a rational codification of the esoteric understanding achieved over millennia; an emanation of some of the techniques, such as Internal and Aeonic magick, which can take us toward and beyond the next stage of our human evolution.

**To me, one of the things that exemplifies the purpose of the tradition, are Insight Roles. Should one be inclined to undertake an Insight Role that specifically aids Aeonic aims, if**

**it is possible they will continue the role at some later point with Aeonic, rather than individual purposes?**

A: You are quite correct about Insight Roles. The old roles, which I inherited, lacked an Aeonic aspect: they were designed to test and develop the individual, and as such were a technique of what I have called Internal magick.

If Insight Roles are to be used again - and they should be - then they must have an Aeonic aspect, which means they aid in some way the sinister dialectic. Thus, new roles can be developed which test and evolve the individual (or break them) and which presence the dark in a practical way. I am in the process of writing some new ONA MSS which describe such new Insight Roles.

An Insight Role, to be effective, must be lived for at least one year.

**It seems in past years a certain Insight Role pertaining to politics has become something of an obvious and predictable choice. In this case, most initiates have already confronted their programmed ideas, once the time is right for an Insight Role. Should not an Insight Role be something that would otherwise be considered "out of character" for the initiate?**

A: Correct. For instance, one role an ONA Initiate once assumed some decades ago was to be in a Nazarene monastery for over a year. This was chosen, by him, because he loved women, violence and a few other interesting things. In his role, he had to be humble, peaceful and of course be without women. It was a hard challenge, which that Initiate overcame, thus learning many things. But in this instance, there was no Aeonic aspect, only a personal one.

**It seems easy for some to accept the less harsh aspects of Traditional Satanism or the Seven-fold Way, while quietly rejecting the darker more dangerous tasks. While most are eager to experience danger on a magickal level, few are ready to experience - practically - real darkness. How important is it, for an adherent of the tradition to truly dirty their hands in acts of definite physical danger? Do acts of real danger accelerate the flow of acausal in the consciousness of the Initiate?**

A: To so reject such tasks is to merely play at sinister magick; to refuse to presence the dark as it must be presenced, for both personal and Aeonic reasons. It is absolutely necessary for all Initiates to get their hands dirty: if they do not, they have failed; they cannot progress to the higher levels, to Adeptship and beyond. There are no excuses; no exceptions. We are talking about the sinister path here, not some "white light" arty-farty mumbo-jumbo.

To be a genuine sinister Adept means to have experienced and done dark deeds. Of course, the dark deeds themselves vary, from Initiate to Initiate, and it is one of the tasks of the Adept or Master/Mistress guiding such Initiates to suggest such dark deeds, based on the character, the life, of each Initiate.

Acts of real physical danger - such as facing one's own death - can certainly open nexions within the psyche of the individual, and thus enable not only an awareness of the acausal, but also cause that individual to be affected by those acausal energies. Thus can their consciousness be changed by such energies, and thus are such acts of real physical danger a necessary learning experience for every Initiate.

**The rhetoric amongst Satanists has thickened over the years, with little direct action prevalent. Can you reiterate what the individual may gain in terms of their own development, and then beyond, through acts that bring real terror to others?**

A: By presencing the dark in practical ways the individual becomes a nexion for acausal energies and so experiences those energies in a direct way. They may be able to control such energies, or they may not. If not, they have failed, and may need to try again. Only such a presencing brings

genuine understanding and such genuine understanding is necessary so that further energies can be accessed, and directed, and further progress along the sinister path achieved. Such a presencing is a transforming of the individual, part of the alchemical process of change which is Internal magick.

I must stress in words which are not open to misinterpretation that the practical presencing of the dark by Initiates is an essential part of the sinister path, of the ONA. Presencing the dark involves such things as culling; it involves such things as covert action directed at the edifices and individuals of the old Aeon.

A genuine dark presencing is one which has an Aeonic aspect: which aids the sinister dialectic in some way.

**Do you feel that criminal and dangerous acts serve to keep one from falling into the boring "esoteric" occult games abound in many other forms?**

A: Yes, but we must define what is meant by "criminal". A lot of laws which governments make are wrong, dishonourable, and to ignore them is the right thing to do, for strong, honourable, individuals striving for excellence and to evolve to a higher level. What and who defines "right and wrong"? As someone once wrote - and I cannot remember the exact quote - the law is an accumulation of tireless attempts by the mediocre majority, or a minority acting on their behalf, to prevent noble, gifted, individuals from making life into a succession of ecstasies. While this quote, or aphorism, is an excellent one and contains some truth, it is not an esoteric one: that is, it does not express the complete truth about life, individuals, reality, law and evolution which the ONA seeks to express.

The essence is to strive for a goal which is both beyond what was one is, and which is Aeonic, with the individual undertaking such a striving doing what is necessary to achieve this goal, regardless of whether some of the methods, or tactics, or experiences used, are regarded as "illegal" by some government in some country. The classic example here is culling. Another example is dueling. Another is using some political form which is "illegal" and heretical.

Something should not be done just because it is "illegal". There has to be a sinister intent, an Aeonic aspect. Thus, a culling of some individual who deserves it (he supports, say, some organization which is anti-evolutionary and is a cowardly type of person) is both Aeonic and test of character for the person undertaking it: a means of learning, of evolving, of presencing, accessing sinister, acausal, energies.

**In the sense of crime in general – for the sake of an example lets consider the dealing of hard drugs – might one presence more of the dark not only by partaking in such, but also by calling attention and resources to combating such things as drugs? To me, it would seem a perfect scenario – to fight against something only to call resources to it, yet to provide also the very thing in which such resources are absorbed, and weak people broken. This would seem particularly useful in the intended wasting of American resources. As a second part to this question, what other ways – if any - might such resources be effectively wasted, stolen, or misused?**

A: Such things as drugs do weaken, and are weakening, the structures of the old Aeon as they are creating opportunities for some who possess - shall we say - a more Satanic view of life, whether consciously or instinctively. The West is decaying, slowly, from within, partly due to drugs, and as one ONA statement indicated, such things - anything - which weaken the old order and prepare the way for the new, sinister, one can and should be encouraged by some Initiates. As with all such things, only some Initiates can and should do such things: the decision is theirs. That is, the doing of such things as in your example are not mandatory experiences for novices and Initiates.

There are risks, but that is part of the challenge, the enjoyment.

**Regarding Aeonic Magick: Can creative-art be used in a way that - though not specifically or obviously a form of mimesis – can be imbued with the acausal and directed via the**

**form in which it is created? Some examples may be some of the music of Bach, or the violins of Stradivari – which through their use or performance could, particularly if created for the purpose and imbued with the acausal – become as a Nexion. How effective could this be?**

A: Yes, such things can be done, and should be done by those possessed of the skill and abilities. Indeed, it is possible to create a new art-form which does this, and imbue it with a sinister intent, for example, of manipulating the individuals who see/hear/respond to that art-form, or changing them in an evolutionary way.

One example would be to use computer virtual reality where images and sounds (music) are used to generate a virtual world - or rather, to generate an interactive art-work - that the individual can alter, and thus interact with. That is, each individual perceives something slightly or greatly different. Thus, this art-work would be unique for each individual perceiving/experiencing it, while still retaining the parameters of its creation. To enable this, the interaction could be via something like bio-feedback, with such things as brain-wave patterns being the computer input which alters the computer program which creates the virtual reality. This is still slightly futuristic. What this example would amount to is a modern version of the type of thing which Wagner wished to create through his Ring cycle and his theatre at Bayreuth: a total artistic experience which makes us aware of some mythos, a numinosity, a Destiny, which raises us to a higher level.

Of course, a less futuristic example is possible, using just images, music and some archetypal forms, and combining these in as sort of film-like way.

**Obviously the fair amount of focus to these questions regards ways in which we can, at this present stage, aid the downfall of the American power structure, or at least ensure its timely irrelevance. At a point not long ago, the downfall of the Soviet Union was another such aim. Can you explain what measures were taken or perhaps played a part in this coming to fruition, on the esoteric level? It serves, at least, to illustrate the finite nature of world powers.**

A: It was, and is, mainly a question of accessing, directing, presencing, certain powerful acausal energies, some of which are "seeded" into organizations, forms, and some of which are used to disrupt and/or create in individuals a yearning, a feeling. One example is a ritual producing a specific type of energy (associated say with a specific sphere of the septenary) and then directing this energy to a certain geographical area. This is done via visualization, and mostly involves a specific site, which becomes a nexion. Note that a nexion does not have to be, but can be, an object: it can be, and often is, a place, such as a hill, a mountain, a valley, a forest. It is helpful if those doing such rituals have been to the place, and especially if the ritual is performed there. This has to be repeated on a regular basis, and then such energy may produce changes in the individuals in that area. If powerful enough, such energies seep far from that area, producing change in accord with their own nature. Several such areas are required in the case of the large country. Another example is targeting, with magickal energies, certain specific, public individuals, such as political leaders. These are just two examples of many. What is important is that the energies themselves are understood by those using them; this requires prior practical experience. Magickal skill is also necessary.

More conventional means can also be used, such as using archetypal energies associated with already existing ideas, forms and the like, political or otherwise.

This is one esoteric reason why such forms as National-Socialism are used in the case of America and Europe: because NS is one of the things those who uphold the old order fear and dread. One of the greatest fears of the cabal behind such things as the tyrannical (and mis-named) New World Order is a Vindex-type figure. Thus, this fear can be used against them. Why do you think National-Socialism is so smeared, so feared that it is outlawed in many Western nations? Because it possesses an archetypal power, a natural magick. Why does the mere appearance of a swastika cause such consternation? Why does the figure of Adolf Hitler fascinate so many people? Why is he still subject to such an immense amount of hateful, lying propaganda? Forget the lies about the so-called holocaust - these things are as these things are because National-Socialism, its symbols, its heroes, its leaders, and especially Adolf Hitler are archetypal, for the West.

**What role does the preservation of history and culture play – such as the preservation of Latin and other almost forgotten languages and insights?**

A: Such things play the important role of connecting us to our past, and enabling those who come after our causal deaths to begin the process of real learning which can lead to understanding and thus the fulfillment of potential.

This connection to our past gives us part of the perspective we need and must have: a perspective of our origins, our past stupidities, and the glorious future that can be ours if we learn and move beyond that learning. Our intellects must be developed, and such things are one means of training them, especially when we are children, and ravenously curious. Few human beings develop their full potential, especially in the intellectual sense.

But this does not mean that we all must learn such things as Greek and Latin; only that those who possess the interest and aptitude can do so and thus benefit from them.

**Sans Imperium, what specific potentials does the west have yet to fulfill?**

A: The beginning of our real Destiny, which is leaving this planet to travel and live among other worlds.

**Can you explain how a small folk-culture might serve as a center through which a new Aeon may emerge? Also - what are the characteristics of such a folk culture?**

A: Such a rural culture is a centre; the esoteric aspect of an outer form: that which gives energy to this outer form. For example, if Vindex arrives and creates an Imperium, this centre would use magickal energies to strengthen both Vindex, and the Imperium, while magickally dealing with enemies. Such a centre would also be a place of magickal and esoteric learning, and - here is the secret - where the physical nexions are.

Before the arrival of Vindex, and Imperium - from which a Galactic Empire should emerge - this centre prepares the way for them, through magickal and other means.

**At the risk of sounding humorous or ironic, without such intent – could an ANTI-Vindex; that is, someone who perhaps represents in a profound manner forces which are inherently Magian be the inspiration and the presence which finally brings forth Vindex?**

A: Those of the cabal who are our magickal enemies certainly believe so: this is part of their dread, as mentioned in a previous answer. They are awaiting, and trying to aid, the emergence of their own leader.

**Could America itself be this Anti-Vindex (still... for lack of a better term!) – and if so, could such provocations and Magian dominance be eventually viewed as having been necessary?**

A: The fact is that magickal energies - whether ours or theirs - cause changes in what lives. For example, in human beings, and those types of life, such as archetypes, which affect individuals. [Note: archetypes are types of acausal living beings which exist in the causal.] "America" is not a living being. Vindex is, or will be - and the Imperium (or whatever we wish to call it) will be the creation of this person, an extension of their living, their life, their very acausal essence. It will be thus archetypal, but more than an archetype: a new form in itself. An example may make some things clear: NS Germany was Adolf Hitler.

This truth about magickal change is why, for instance, no Adept or Master or whatever - except in the movies - can change a stone into a living being, or change a living being into a stone. Magick works through, and in, what is organic, because what is organic is imbued in some way with the acausal. Thus, we can, if we are adept at magick, influence other life, such as animals, because these are also living beings. In the same way, a physical nexion is not just a place, it is living

being, and we create this new living being in a certain geographical area, usually quite small in size. That is, we bring together what already lives there, in a new way: we re-order through our magick, and the acausal energy we access, the causal in that area, creating a new life.

Thus, with this answer, have many secrets been revealed.

**Without adepts, without Internal Magick and Aeonick Magick - could the potential of man, at this stage, ever be fulfilled? Would a new Aeon eventually come, via a round-about means even if nothing in the present changes or continues to change for the better - if completely left alone? Do we risk, given the general disregard for nature and her resources, bringing on the end before the next stage?**

A: What must be understood is that we have now arrived at a point in our evolution when we can consciously alter ourselves and our evolution as a species. Whether we do this, is another matter. Thus, we live in exciting and interesting times: we, through our magick, our understanding, can create a new future.

My own view is that if we who understand do not intervene in a creative and evolutionary way, then it will be decline which awaits our species. That is, we have now reached the peak achievable by unconscious processes. We who know, who act upon that knowledge - who are Initiates and Adepts of the genuine esoteric arts - are the Cosmos made manifest: the Cosmos in evolution. This is our wyrd; our personal Destiny is to reach the stage where we know this, and where we put into practice what we have learnt.

**"Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art" is a statement that speaks to the great architecture of culture, beyond personal "expression" and indulgence. If one becomes too encompassed in an Art or politics - might they be indulging in their destiny but disregarding their Wyrd?**

A: Yes!

**Can you explain, perhaps with some example, the difference between Destiny and Wyrd?**

A: Wyrd is acausal and thus Aeonick; Destiny is personal and mostly causal.





### **A Sinister Concerto in Three Brief Movements**

Three short stories of sinister magick, esoterically related, which - like the Deofel Quintet - are entertaining instructional texts for those following the dark quest which is the ONA. The style of these stories follows that of the Deofel Quintet: "While the form chosen is fictional, it is not of a 'conventional' novel. Instead a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but also sought to involve their unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions - of, for instance, characters and locations - are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such 'missing details': partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and 'projections'....."

[Nythra](#)

[Kthunae](#)

[Atazoth](#)



## Nythra

### 1

Lars smiled. The bullet had done its work, and his victim - his third offer in as many months - toppled over backwards by the force of the impact, lay on the dark green late Spring grass, eyes open, limbs akimbo, and quite dead.

His vantage point had been the old Quince tree on one side of the ornamental lawn of the large Edwardian house, and he was soon back, past the wrought iron railings, on the pavement and walking under the bright May sunshine toward where he had parked his motorcycle, the wide ring road a few streets away making his escape from the town quite easy. Less than three hours later he was back in his own city, in his own modern, small, if expensive, Apartment overlooking the river. The smallness, the uncluttered clean newness, the view of the river, all pleased him, and, opening a bottle of Chablis, he raised his glass and gave his customary toast: "To presencing the Dark."

For Lars - not quite twenty-three years of age, of medium if muscular build and with a mane of not quite curly almost long chestnut-coloured hair - was entering the second year of his dark, sinister, quest.

Months ago he had shed the once obligatory black clothes for stylish wear obtained through his new hobby of credit card cloning, just as he had exchanged the room he shared in a rented house with friends for his pleasing Apartment, and just as he had given up his dreary city office job. It was meant to be new start, after his successful completion of the Rite of External Adept, and it was. Even his own sinister group had begun to flourish, and tonight, his dark gods willing, there would be a new woman for him to sexually initiate.

The small bookshelf near his plasma screen contained a large quartz crystal and only a few books, all of which dealt with his dark quest, and he sat in his comfortable chair - set to give the best view of

the river - to read from his favourite book, a compilation of Satanic articles.

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature".

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death, their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever."

Slowly, as Lars read, drank his wine, listened to his favourite modern music, twilight descended as it does in England, bringing a strange aethereal beauty to the river and the mutely lit buildings on the opposite bank, and he lay down his book to begin to plan his next deed. For there grew in him even then a desire for something beyond the clean almost emotionless efficiency of his killings, and he stood, outside, on his small balcony, glass of wine in hand, wondering what he might do.

His assignation with his sinister group was still some hours away and he spent one of those hours walking along by the river in the warmth of the early evening, half hoping that someone, or some gang, would attack him, for he had yet to try out the swordstick umbrella he carried. But all the people he passed seemed happy or absorbed in their own affairs, and he returned to the large, new, building that housed his own Apartment still considering what his new plan of action might be. Maybe it was this which made him err. Or maybe it was something else.

There was music in the room of a type he had not heard before, and he was scrutinizing the pile of CD's which lay beside the player when a female voice surprised him.

"It's Schubert's Piano Trio in E-flat."

She did not seem concerned to find a man in her Apartment, and stood, by the door to her bedroom, slightly smiling, her long auburn hair trailing over her shoulders, her nipples straining against the thin fabric of her revealing purple dress.

In control again, Lars said, "Beautiful."

"Yes, what a tragedy he died so young."

He was referring to both the music and the woman. "I believe I'm in the wrong Apartment." He guessed her age to be early thirties, and it was his turn to smile.

"Surreal."

"What?"

"This."

"I must be on the wrong floor."

"You are. You're right at the top, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Better view?" She gestured toward her window and balcony.

"A little. Would you like to see?"

"Yes."

She was on his balcony, intently gazing across the river, and he stood so close to her their shoulders were touching. His dark quest had given him a confidence with women that his previous years lacked, and he allowed his hand to briefly touch hers as he turned and said: "Would you like some wine?"

"Yes," she smiled and followed him back inside.

He noticed her interest in his small pieces of electronic equipment, resting on the glass table he used as a desk. But she surprised him again by knowing what they were. "Cloning. Interesting," she said as she took the glass of wine he offered.

"It's just a hobby," he said and tried to hide his smile behind his glass as he drank.

"And one which can be quite useful. To interesting hobbies!" She raised her glass.

"To interesting hobbies!"

"You have a contact, I presume, who supplies some useful and necessary details."

For a few moments he looked at her suspiciously. Jared, one of the members of his sinister group, had indeed proved quite useful, employed as he was in an hotel. "Well..." he began to say in reply, trying to make some reasonable answer or excuse.

"Don't worry!" And she came toward him and touched his arm. "I've been looking for someone like you."

For a second he found her confidence, her attitude, her interest perplexing, but it was only a second. She was waiting, and he knew she was and he did not disappoint, taking the glass from her hand and placing both his and hers on the glass table. She did not resist his embrace: instead, she welcomed it, pressing her body into his and embracing him with a strength which surprised him. Then they were kissing, tongue to tongue, and removing each other's clothes.

Soon, they were on the floor, her dress pushed up around her shoulders, his shirt undone, his trousers and underwear removed. She was naked under her dress, and their sexual passion was intense. And when they were satiated, they sat, stretched out on the floor leaning against his sofa, drinking wine.

"You must have some interesting friends," she said.

"Not as interesting as you," he quipped, then winced at his use of a cliché. But before he could make some clever riposte in compensation, she spoke.

"You enjoy it, then?" she asked, "the game?" And she gestured toward his electronic equipment.

Her perspicacity amazed him and as he looked into her azure-coloured eyes he felt a brief contraction in his stomach as if she had reached out to him on another, darker, level. "Yes! Care to join the game?" He said the words quite without thought, instinctively, his face flushed with excitement.

"I would love too!" she replied, and kissed him. "When can we start?"

"Now?"

"Excellent! Anything in particular in mind?"

"Well, there is this meeting, tonight."

The Temple of his sinister group was a large converted room of a large house in Lars' chosen city, and it followed the precepts laid down in the *Black Book of Satan* as did the ritual of Initiation. Unusually, Lars did not participate, but sat with Arleen, his new lover, on cushions to one side of the altar, and as the ritual progressed Lars knew Arleen was unimpressed. So was Lars, despite the dramatic rendering of the ritual, and for the first time it occurred to him that such theatrical games had served their purpose and belonged to his past. He must quest forth into new realms, new sinister experiences.

It was many hours past midnight and Lars and Arleen left to stand for a while, in the garden of the house, in the still warm air of the night.

"You found it boring, then?" Lars asked.

"Yes."

"It lacked that vivifying ecstasy - that excitement, that danger - we need and crave."

"Most certainly."

"It's still early."

"My thoughts exactly!"

She stood smiling at him, and her presence, her eyes, the memory of their passionate, sexual, encounter earlier that evening, affected him in a reckless way. "I've got an idea," he said, satanically.

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"This one," she said with an air of knowledge.

She had broken into, and started, the car parked in some nameless city street, in only a few minutes. "A youth, well-spent," she smiled as he looked at her quizzically.

Their target was several miles away in the sodium-lit darkness - an all-night garage on the edge of the city - where they, both dressed all in black, stopped, away from prying surveillance cameras, to assume their disguise of demon masks which Lars had borrowed from one of the members of his sinister group. There were no other customers, a tribute perhaps to the lateness of the hour, and Lars brandished his revolver while the thin, gaunt, and male keeper of the till with the face and clothes of a student, went even more pale. Lithe, Arleen vaulted over the counter, pushed him aside and took what cash there was. Less than a minute later, their first deed was done.

The money was irrelevant. It was the sheer excitement that roused them, that captivated, exhilarated, and after they had abandoned the stolen vehicle they sat in her powerful, sleek, car, laughing. Then they kissed, passionately, before she speedily, recklessly, sped them back to his Apartment and a night of physical passion.

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## 2

It was only the beginning. For some reason Lars did not understand, but did not then bother about, he and Arleen not only inspired each other in a sinister way, but also complimented each other. He knew little about her beyond the few unimportant things she said about her past and present circumstances, but the truth was he was not that interested. What mattered for him was that he found her company vivifying. He felt stronger, more confident, more Satanic, as he knew she did. Quite without expecting to, or even wanting to, it seemed to him that he had found his perfect sinister partner, and he felt that with her he might Presence the Dark in exhilarating practical ways, bringing dark magick to the Earth in a manner far beyond the mundane rituals, and cullings, he had previously used.

They spent the morning of that cloudy, rainful day, in his Apartment planning their next deed. Once, after they broken bread and drank wine, she browsed through his small collection of Satanic literature, all of which emanated from the *Order of Nine Angles* and all of which did not seem to interest her.

Taking down one of the books, he read for her his favourite quotation, and, after he had finished, she smiled and said: "That certainly expresses the essence. We two are more than mortal, for we are ready by our combined will and life-force and through our deeds to forge the next link in our evolution to inspire those who will admire us."

It did not seem a pompous thing for her to say given the circumstances, for Lars knew then with perfect clarity that she understood and it seemed to him for one indefinite, although brief, moment that she was darkness come alive.

"We might even become infamous," she added as a coda to his thoughts.

Now that, thought Lars, would be good. With this, his conversion was complete, and he showed her, locked away in aluminium cases and hidden behind a false back to his wardrobe, his small collection of guns, collected and bought from his sinister friends and contacts over the past two years. She said nothing, but the way she touched them pleased him.

Their planning completed, they left in her car to purchase the few items, and extra clothing, they

needed, returning only to change into their new black outfits and affect a minimalist, but reasonably effective, disguise. They kissed passionately before setting forth into the typical rain of typical English middle afternoon.

An hour, and one stolen car later, they arrived at their destination: a Building Society in a fairly prosperous suburb. Three customers of indeterminate personality, and several staff, were inside. From his bag, Lars produced a shotgun, firing into the ceiling. One stocky middle-aged man, in a checked shirt and jeans, rushed toward Lars as a hero might, and Arleen drew the pistol Lars had given her, and shot the man dead.

"Money!" Arleen demanded to the terrified woman clerk nearest her, who duly if nervously obeyed, stuffing the small bag Arleen held out with a collection of banknotes.

Then they were gone, amid the sound of an alarm and a delayed, female, scream.

That night in Lars' Apartment - after a celebratory meal in an expensive restaurant paid for by Lars' hobby, and the customary toast to Presencing the Dark - their sexual passion and excitement attained new levels, binding them even closer together.

The morning sun found them tired, but joyous, and they lay together a long time in bed, drinking wine, touching, and talking of deeds they might - and should - do. Once, Lars left to return with one of his books, from which he read, and once they wandered to his sitting area to watch the news on his plasma screen. Their deed was there, if only briefly reported, and both smiled when they heard their deed described: "...callous...cold-blooded..."

"Those people, at that ritual, would they dare to do what we have done?" she asked.

"Probably not."

"Then they are still in chains; held back by their own feebleness, their inertia."

"Probably."

"So, it's only a pose for them, is it?"

"Probably."

---

That day of dark joy, killing, exuberance and passion became the archetype for the next part of their life together. Their next plan took them away, to another city, and although their *modus operandi* was almost the same, the dark intensity of their deeds increased.

This time, there was a long queue of non-descript people waiting patiently in the non-descript area

marked out for such waiting, with the three non-descript serving staff of the chosen Bank seemingly secure behind their screens. The vestibule was large, if poorly lit by high modern lamps, and a non-descript kind of tribute to the time when the Victorian Bank building itself was a symbol for its times. Arleen and Lars, in their now customary black clothes and minimalist disguise - a wig, Egyptian style make-up for her; a flat tweed cap and a moustache for him - energetically entered the building, their guns ready. Arleen shot the last person in the queue - an elderly man - and gestured for the remainder to lie on the floor, which, obedient to her gun, they did as the body of the man lay bleeding and dying near her feet.

The cashiers swiftly handed over money, and it was all over in a minute with Arleen and Lars calmly walking out of the building into the street where oblivious people, and traffic, passed. Over the road, and two side-streets later, they were back in their stolen car as, in the distance, a Police siren wailed above the city vehicle noise, lyingly proclaiming a kind of mastery of the streets.

Three days later, Lars and Arleen ventured forth again, to a city even more distant. The drab, dreary building was almost the same, and it seemed to Lars that he already existed on some higher level, taut, waiting, like some dark predator, ready to lunge, to kill. There was no queue, this time, on that dreary rainy morning in that dreary city of copycat shops and traffic - only one customer with a face like an artists' blank canvas, leaning against the counter while a young woman Bank clerk talked trivia to him, half-smiling. Lars pointed his gun, but it was Arleen who shot him, once while he stood, and twice after he had fallen to the floor. A young man pushed open the glass door as she did so, and he stood there, unmoving, his hand, knuckles-white, still holding the handle of the door. Arleen turned, raised her gun, pouted a kiss at him, and the young man fled with memories, a face, to haunt his dreams for years to come. Then she was smiling, waving at the surveillance camera while Lars collected money.

Once outside, several people stood watching them - uncertain what was going on or what they should do - but Lars and Arleen walked calmly away not even bothering, this time, to hide their guns. They had not gone far along the street with its passing traffic when a Police car skidded to a halt.

"Armed Police!" a Police Officer shouted as he swiftly in a trained and masterly fashion exited the car, brandished his gun while using the open car door as a shield. "Put down your weapons!"

Lars turned and in an even more masterly fashion shot the man in the centre of his forehead. Around them, people ran, cowered, sheltered behind anything they could, astonished, afraid, amazed. The other Police Officer, about to aim, was forced to move away from his position beside the bonnet of the car as Arleen fired three times in his direction before brazenly walking around the back of the vehicle toward him as he crouched on the pavement that stood in front of a row of drab High-Street style retail shops. It might have been a scene from some film - except the dead body of the Policeman, the terror, the astonishment, of the people, were real. For a brief moment the Police Officer and Arleen looked at each other, weapons raised, and it was this look that doomed him. He could have fired at his closing target. Instead, he stayed crouching, looking into her eyes, looking at her smiling face, until the first of her two bullets impacted - one in his head, the other in his chest - when he tumbled awkwardly backwards yet sideways before the stillness of death overcame him. The rain had stopped as she had walked toward him, and a small swathe of bright, warm, sunlight came to

relieve the scene of its repetitive city-drab greyness.

Lars gestured toward Arleen, who understood immediately and she fastly, recklessly, drove them away from the scene in the Police car which, a few minutes later, they had abandoned in favour of another hijacked vehicle.

Hours later, back in their lair, the television news had pleased them - "...cold-blooded.....ruthless..." but Lars sensed Arleen was restless as they sat on his sofa, having toasted their latest triumph.

"If what you say - or rather, what those books of yours say - is true," Arleen said, after Lars had read another extract from his book, *Grimoire of the Dark Gods*, "why don't we just bring these entities who can cause chaos, disruption, back to Earth? Wouldn't *that* be fun! Watch all the morons scurry about in their terror."

Lars smiled, and continued to read aloud. "I quote: *The Dark Gods are means to self-fulfillment, self-understanding and self-divinity.....According to Sinister tradition, it is possible to "open a nexion to the Dark Gods" by certain sinister rites. Some of these rites involve such things as esoteric chant (for which see Naos) combined with a large, clear, pure quartz tetrahedron, while others involve ceremonies of blasphemy, excess and human sacrifice.*" He paused to look at her. "We would need a sacrifice, or two."

"Or three!" she laughed. "We should really change our tactics - keep one step ahead. I know, why not a bomb?"

"Or two."

"Why stop at two?"

"One small technical problem."

""You don't know how," she said.

"You guessed it."

"Can't be that difficult. Are we above mere mortals, or what?"

"I suppose the Internet would be a good place to start."

A meal, a bottle of wine, and several hours later, they had their answers. "All we need now are the materials, and ingredients."

A week later, they had their materials. Two days later, they had their bombs. They had slept little, and

had ventured forth into the real world only to purchase or acquire the materials, the food, the wine, they needed. Their hours were spent studying the texts - the manuals they had acquired via the Internet - talking of deeds they might do, and satiating their sexual desire for each other. Those nine days had affected them both, although in different ways. Lars looked older, and somewhat tired, while with every passing day Arleen seemed to become more passionate, more energetic, more needful of physical passion.

Their city targets were chosen quite at random - a Bank, a street of shops, an Inn - and they left their deadly explosive devices, packed with long nails, in three stolen cars, with their timers set one hour apart. Lars and Arleen were not disappointed by the chaos, the death, the terror, they caused, and they sat avidly watching the television reports of the explosions in Lars' Apartment, smiling, and making toasts with their glasses of wine to strange-named Dark Gods as the toll of their sacrificial victims rose: Shugara, Azanigin, Gaubni..

Lars was visualizing their victims - past and present - exulting in his deeds, and imagining the life of their lives seeping into, seeding, the large quartz tetrahedron he held in his hand. Arleen was beside him, pressing her warm thinly clothed body into his, and it seemed to him then that her nearness, her warmth, her very presence, not only strengthened him, overcoming his tiredness, but also seeped somehow into the crystal, warming it and his hand.

That night they ventured forth into the darkness of the rural English countryside, traveling hour upon tedious hour until they reached their destination. Lars had been there, already, in the first keen months of his dark quest, and he was not disappointed as they left their car in the lane by The Marsh to walk in the almost full moonlight to the top of Corndon Hill, for it was there that their simple ritual began.

Arleen held the crystal and he chanted his first chant: *Nythra kthunae Atazoth*. She lay down then, naked, still holding the crystal, and he stood over her, chanting his second chant: *Binan ath ga wath am*. He lay with her then, naked body to naked body, while a cool breeze came to dry a little of his sweat as he moved upon her. Was there really a change in the light? Or was it just the intensity of his visualization? Was there really something there, seeping through the nexion of their ritual, their crystal, their visualization, coagulated by the blood they had shed, and their own, cold, sinister, desire?

She was reaching her climax and as she did so her shout became a dark exultation: *Aperiatum terra, et germinet Chaos*. Then, there was stillness.

He had been a little ahead of her as they descended the hill, clothed, and happy, and he had to will himself to stop from laughing, loudly, raucously, for in the moment of her climax he had sensed the worlds, the beings, the dimensions, beyond. So little; so puny - we are..... He wanted to run, to jump - to shout, scream, to share, the truth, and he was nearing the bottom of the hill when he turned around. But she was gone, nowhere to be seen.

Calmly at first, he walked back toward the top, as - calmly - he walked back down again. He waited, then, a long time, before returning to the top. He waited even longer by the car; in the car, even as Dawn arrived to bring the warmth of the Sun to dispel the chill of the last hours of that night. Once, twice, in the bright morning light of that warm morning he ascended that hill; wandered around it, and it was only many hours later that he willed himself to leave, wondering, hoping, she would be there on his return, having played a lover's jape.

But she was not there, in his Apartment, and he found himself - surprised by his nervousness - knocking on her door, several Apartment floors below. There was no response to his insistent rapping. Her door was unlocked, as he half expected, and he stood inside the completely bare, empty, spaces, not knowing what to think, and drained of all feeling.

The days, the weeks, past, grave-worm slowly, and even the news of chaos spreading across his planet did not please him, at first.

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## **Kthunae**

It was dark. Not the usual dark of a rural English night atop some isolated, tree-free hill, but an intense dark that made Jared unable to see even a few feet in front of him, and he could not help but be nervous. His *Black Pilgrimage* was not going that well and he had to finally admit to himself that he was lost. His brown hair - like his out-of-place urban clothes and shoes, and even his face - was covered in drying mud.

At least the night was mild, and he bumbled on as best he could for a few minutes in the hope of reaching the top of the hill. It should have been Black Rhadley Hill, but he had lost both his map and torch in the tumble caused by falling over something, somewhere, some time ago. It seemed like hours since he had passed through that dense copse of his fall but it was only thirty minutes. Thirty minutes which had seen him stumble into a stream, trip over twice, and stand still at least seven times in the hope of hearing something, anything, which might give him some indication of which direction to go.

Then, he really was at the top of the hill, able once again to see the stars in the sky, and make out dim shapes ahead and beyond. There was even a faint yellowish glow on the distant horizon which he took to be Shrewsbury town, and, pleased that the strange darkness had gone, he sat down on the damp grass. He thought - but only for a moment - about Lars and his sudden disappearance, for there was a faint light, down toward one side of the hill and he set off, hoping it was a Farm or a cottage.

It was neither. Instead, and nearer than he thought, it was a butane lamp, and it stood on the edge of a field beside a small tent. Jared waited by the old wooden field gate for a long time, watching, listening. But all he could hear was the slight breeze in the nearby trees, and all he could see was a young woman sitting outside the tent, reading, oblivious to the many moths that swirled around the lamp. Her long blonde hair was plaited in a single plait - a style Jared had assumed was long out of fashion.

Then, obviously aware of his presence, she turned toward him as he lurked in the shadows and said a friendly "Hello!"

Awkwardly, Jared climbed over the gate. "Hi."

"Lovely night," she said, as if they had met many times before.

"Yes."

"Traveled far?" She smiled, and something about her - maybe her round, cheerful face - made him feel quite calm and relaxed in her presence, and he sat down on the grass near her tent.

"Not really." For some reason she seemed familiar, and it was several seconds before he realized where he had seen a young woman, with hair like hers, and with a youthful, lively face like hers. It was a photograph in a book about National Socialist Germany and it showed members of the BDM. She was about the same age as the young woman in the photograph as well, perhaps between eighteen and twenty years old, and thus seven or so years younger than him.

"Be Dawn, soon," the young woman said, and put down her book.

"I suppose so." He tried to see what the book was, and failed.

"I'm Hester, by the way."

"Jared."

"You not camping, then?"

"Just out for a walk. I got lost."

"Easy to do, round here. Bit off the beaten track. Would you like some tea?"

"Well - " he began.

"It's no trouble, really." From the covered porch of her tent she extracted a camping stove, two small aluminium camping kettles, and two mugs. "This one, " she said holding out one of the kettles, "is my teapot!"

Jared was impressed, and while she waited for the water to boil she chatted, as a friend might, about the weather, the old man she had met yesterday who gave her permission to camp in his field, her trip, last month, to Germany, and by the time the tea was prepared, and drunk, Jared was quite content - more than content - to just sit and listen. Occasionally, he would say a few words, but mostly he smiled while she chatted and the light of lamp faded as its fuel was expended. But it did not matter, for the Dawn, opportunistically it seemed, replaced it. And with the light of Dawn he realized that not only was the young woman dressed all in olive-green, but also that her rucksack and tent were olive-green. She seemed like she belonged to a distant, more, gentle past, with her walking breeks, and her woolen shirt, although the shirt emphasized, rather than detracted from, her fulsome breasts.

"Time to get ready," she suddenly said, "it's a long walk back to catch my train."

"You heading for Church Stretton, then?" he asked as she stood up to begin to pack away her gear.

"Yes."

"So am I," he lied, desirous of her company. Suddenly, his Black Pilgrimage did not seem important.

"London?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, surprised. "How did you know?"

"Just a guess," she smiled.

"And you?"

"Oxford."

It did not take her long to pack and - after another mug of tea - Jared, trying to be gallant, offered to carry her rucksack. Her acceptance of his offer pleased him - for the first two miles. After that, he was struggling, and tried not to show it as they walked paths and country lanes through the beautiful rural landscape and under the pleasant warm Sun of early June. He was glad when she suggested they stop by the foot of the Long Mynd for yet another brew of tea. But, after that, his torment got much worse, for the road up to the flat plateau of the heather-covered Mynd was steep, his feet were blistered and the rucksack straps had rubbed part of his shoulders raw. But he managed to keep smiling as they trundled on and she talked of her studies, her college in Oxford, her dreams of traveling around the world. Several cars passed them as they descended down the steepness that was the Burway with its glorious views of South Shropshire: the old hill fort of Caer Caradoc; the prehistoric remains of a volcano known as The Lawley; the ancient settlement and earth circle - as old as Stonehenge - atop Bodbury Hill.

The small town of Stretton was busy, with both people and cars, and Jared was wonderfully relieved when, after many hours of walking, they reached the Railway Station. The one bench - over the open footbridge - was occupied by three young men in modern casual clothing drinking from cans of beers, and such was Jared's tiredness that he sat on the platform leaning against the fence while the young woman stood beside him.

"The train won't be long," she said to him. "Are you changing at Hereford, too?"

"Yes." The three young men were staring at the young woman, and then at him, and he turned away. Her could hear the men talking among themselves, although he could not make out the words, but their laughter, their looks directed at the young woman, made him nervous, so nervous that when their train arrived, he suggested he and Hester go to the front of the train.

"No. I'm sure this will be alright," she said.

Jared was not surprised when the men followed, and sat in seats three rows behind, but he was surprised when - over an half an hour into the journey - Hester excused herself, saying she needed to go to the lavatory. Jared felt he should escort her, but he was trembling, his mouth was dry, and all he could say was, "OK."

She smiled at him, and left. The three men got up and followed and as they passed where he sat Jared made a half-hearted attempt to rise from his seat, but the look from one of the men was enough to dissuade him, and he slunk back into his seat, staring out of the window. But after less than two minutes, he could bear it no longer and - still trembling - he got up.

Whatever he expected, it was not the scene that greeted him in the narrow corridor that housed the train's small lavatory between the vestibules of its two carriages. The three men lay on the dirty, stained, floor of the corridor, slumped in various postures of unconsciousness, with Hester standing near them.

"Drunk too much beer, I suppose," she said, with a charming and disarming smile. "This is our stop, I believe." As the train slowed, she collected her heavy rucksack, and it was a somewhat dazed Jared who followed her out of the train onto the platform of Hereford Station.

They spent their short wait sitting on a wooden bench on the Station platform while Jared answered Hester's questions about his interests and past. Not that he was forthcoming about his involvement with the dark path he had chosen to follow over a year ago. Instead, he spoke then and on their shared train journey of his interest in computing, and regaled her for most of the time about that subject. For him, the time of that journey past quickly, and she was preparing to take her leave as the train approached Oxford when he blurted out: "Can I see you again?"

"Would you like to?" she smiled.

"Yes!"

Quickly, he wrote his address and telephone number on a page torn from her notebook, and sadly watched her descend from the train and walk toward the Station exit, hoping that she would turn round and look at him. She did, and smiled, and this image of her lasted until his own journey of another hour was over.

The city days passed slowly for him after that, and even his return to his work as a Night Porter in a small central London hotel did not please him, and he was thinking of her on that wyrdfull night when a young man with a pierced nose and lip walked to the hotel reception desk, and, brandishing a gun, demanded money.

"There is no money here," Jared said, his voice trembling.

"Then down on your knees, or I'll kill you!"

Jared did as the man said, and by the time he had the courage to move and creep to look over the top of the desk, the man was gone. Relieved, he was surprised when his own mobile telephone rang.

"Hello?" In his haste and nervousness he almost dropped his telephone.

"Jared? It's Hester. Can you meet me?"

"Of course!" Suddenly, his world did not look so bleak.

She named a place - not far - and a time - half an hour, and it only took Jared an instant to forsake his job for the pleasure a meeting with her would afford. The meeting place was a street corner of shops and offices, and only a few cars passed in the humid heat of the sodium-lit city night as he waited. Then, nearly half an hour beyond the appointed time, a black taxi cab stopped. Hester opened the door for him and he had hardly stepped inside when her skillful blow rendered him unconscious.

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Jared awoke to find himself seated in and strapped to a chair in a large vaulted cellar, lit by subdued bluish light, although a few feet in front of him a perfect circle of bright white light had been projected onto the stone floor. Faintly, as if from an adjoining room, he could hear what sounded to him like Arabic music. Several people were present in the cellar, but the subdued light made them indistinct, mere shadows.

"Let this Sunedrion begin," a male voice said. There was something familiar about the voice, and Jared was trying to recall where he had heard it before when the shock of seeing Hester walk into the circle of light erased all his thoughts.

Barefoot, she was dressed only in a long purple robe fastened in two places in such a way that most of her breasts and her pubic hair were exposed. Her long blonde hair had been loosely tied at the back of her head by a purple band so that many strands of hair fell around her face and ears. This, combined with her red lipstick, her painted nails, her exotic perfume, overwhelmed Jared more than finding himself tied to a chair in some cellar.

"Do you accuse him?" the male voice said.

"Yes," Hester replied, "I accuse him."

"Proceed."

"I accuse him of cowardice in the face of the enemy. I accuse him of submitting to the decadent and the ignoble. I accuse him of betraying the dark quest he swore with an oath to undertake, whatever befell him."

"And if found guilty," the male voice said, "what penalty would you, our Mistress of Earth, impose?"

"Opfer!" she shouted with joy in her voice, and there was a faint hissing sibilation emanating from the indistinct shadows.

"Do you deny the charges?" the male voice demanded.

"What?" Jared said.

"Do you have anything to say in your defence?" the male voice asked.

It was then, only then, that Jared understood. "I failed the tests, didn't I?" he said to Hester.

"Yes!" Her smile was not one of kindness.

"Three?"

"Yes."

"So you admit," the male voice said, "the charges?"

"This is another test, right?" Jared said, trying to laugh.

"We await your answer."

"OK. So I failed. Big deal. I was wrong. It won't happen again. You've made your point."

"Opfer!" Hester shouted.

There was a faint hissing sibilation emanating from the indistinct shadows, after which the male voice spoke again. "It is decided. It is as you wish. He shall be your offer."

"AgiOS O Baphomet!" Hester chanted.

"AgiOS O Baphomet!" came the sibilating reply.

"Wait - " Jared began to say, but two tall men with the gait, build, dress and looks of professional bouncers came to hold his arms while Hester untied him. Then, they forced him to his feet and she kissed him, briefly and on his lips, before the two men led him away.

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He was taken to a large windowless room somewhere nearby and still underground, furnished only with a bed and lit with the same subdued bluish light. There was a metal door, the top of which was formed of a steel grille. Jared sat on the bed and waited. All he could hear was the faint music he had heard earlier, and all he could think of was that this was some new kind of test.

It was not long before Hester - accompanied by the two tall men - came to see him, although it seemed a long time to him.

"You have a choice," she said through the steel grille, still barefoot and still dressed in her robe. "We will give you a sporting chance, so you can freely go from this place, knowing that sometime, maybe soon, maybe not, we will seek you out and, one way or another, bring your causal life to an end as has been decreed. It could be weeks, months, a year; maybe more. Or - or, you could stay here, willingly, for seven days, during which time, for seven nights, I shall be yours. You should know that it is my time to conceive, and that our child would be raised among us according to our ancient ways, as you yourself would be revered." She smiled, then. "I shall return, at Dawn, when you can tell me what you have decided."

He did not sleep, and the large gourmet meal, the fine wine, he had been given he left untouched. He had no idea of the time, and spent an hour or so pacing up and down between the walls of his cell, trying to work out what was going on. Of course, he smiled to himself, several times during the hours of that night - or what he assumed was the night - he would not really be an opfer. This was just another test. But what was the right thing to do? Pretend to accept his fate, and make love to the beautiful, sexy, Hester? Or opt to go, and possibly never see her again?

Then, with her guards, she was there, still clad in her robe, watching him. "Have you decided?" she asked.

"Yes. I'll stay."

She smiled, this time quite kindly. "Gather round, all you here." And there were indistinct shapes that seemed to haunt the shadowed spaces beyond Jared's cell. "Witness that he, named Jared, has agreed of his own free will to be our opfer. Thus shall I for seven nights be his bride before our deed of sacrifice is done."

She unfastened her robe and let it fall to the floor. One of her guards unlocked the door and she came toward him, naked, as a lover might, smiling, enticing. Jared did not see, not hear, the door being locked, as he did not see nor hear the guards move away to leave them alone in the blue, subdued, light.

Her passion of hours exhausted him, and she left him sleeping, dreaming, happy, content. He awoke alone to find fresh food, new wine, and he ate and drank, and waited, dreaming, happy, content. Then she was with him again, soft, gentle, passionate, shouting in her ecstasy. Then as the hours quickly, slowly, passed, she was gone, and he ate and drank the gourmet food, the fine wine, and waited, happy, dreaming, content.

Soon, he had lost count of the days, the nights, and weary but pleased, waited as he had waited. But she did not arrive. He fell asleep, to be awakened by the guards who carried him out from his cell through a sinew of dark corridors to the dark chamber of his accusers. But there was a not quite elliptical altar there, swathed in reddish light, and an ellipse of indistinct robed figures hugging the shadowed darkness beyond that swathe of light. And there was music, the subdued strange music of his past seven days and nights.

Bound by leather thongs, he lay naked and helpless upon the altar, while, out of the darkness beyond, a beautiful Hester in a crimson robe approached him, holding a curved, sharp-bladed knife.

She circled around Jared, saying: "Before you - we were.  
After you - we shall be, again.  
Before us - They who are never named.  
After us - They will be, waiting."

Then she turned toward the shadows. "What is it that you seek?" she chanted.

"It is the protection and milk  
Of your breasts that I seek, " a voice replied.

Hester, as Mistress of Earth, moved toward Jared, revealing her breasts, before laughing and moving out from the ellipse of reddish light toward the shadows.

"I put my kisses at your feet," a male voice said,  
"And kneel before you who crushes  
Your enemies and who washes  
In a basin full of their blood.  
I lift up my eyes to gaze  
Upon your beauty of body:  
You who are the daughter and a Gate  
To our Dark Gods.  
I lift up my voice to stand  
Before you my sister  
And offer my body so that  
My mage's seed may feed  
Your virgin flesh."

Hester laughed and her two guards raised her until she lay upon Jared. Then she was arousing him with her hand and he did not, could not, resist as she guided his erection into her warm, moist cleft.

"Kiss me," she said as she slowly moved upon him, " and I shall make you  
As an eagle to its prey.  
Touch me and I shall make you

As a strong sword that severs  
And stains my Earth with blood.  
Taste me and I shall make you  
As a seed of corn which grows  
Toward the sun, and never dies.  
Plough me and plant me  
With your seed and I shall make you  
As a Gate that opens to our gods!"

Then, as Jared's body spasmed in his ecstasy, she intoned the last part of the rite.

"So you have sown and from your seeding  
Gifts may come if you obedient heed  
These words I speak."

The guards came, then, to lift her from the altar, and she circled around Jared, before speaking to the shadows, beyond.

"I know you, my children, you are dark  
Yet none of you is as dark  
Or as deadly  
As I.  
I know you and the thoughts  
Within all your hearts: yet  
Not one of you is as hateful  
Or as loving as I.  
With a glance I can strike  
You dead."

She smiled, and twirled around, three times. "No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict! Feast then and enjoy the ecstasy of this life: but ever remember I am the wind that snatches your soul!"

Jared tried to turn to see her, but she swiftly slashed his neck with her knife, and it was not long before the fountain of his life, his spurting blood, ceased to flow.

"Agios O Baphomet!" Hester cried, in triumph. With bloodstained hands and face, she went to kiss every member of her Temple reserving her last, and most passionate kiss, for Lars.

"So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be again," she said, before leading Lars up, toward the light of day, leaving her guards to do their work of cleaning and disposal.

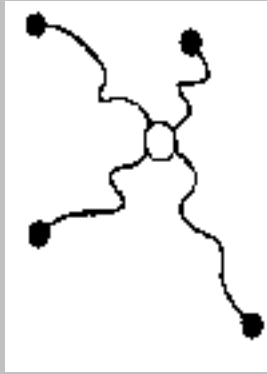
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Order of Nine Angles

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## Atazoth



"So, you came back to see this old man." Ellick smiled, and stroked his greying beard before leaning on his ash walking stick. He stood by the gate of the small field of pasture land on the slopes of the old hill. Below, the hedgeful land gradually leveled out until it met the sea, less than fifteen miles distant.

"I knew you would be back here," Hester said, and kissed him on the side of his face.

"Will he do?"

"Maybe. There's a long way to go."

"But he shows promise."

"Yes."

"I'm glad."

"As I am. It's been a long wait."

"But he can never know, from you, the complete truth."

"I know."

"One more corner until the angles of our nexion are complete," and he gestured with his stick toward where the Sun of early morning rose into the sky of blue.

"Shall I take the next one there?"

"Indeed."

"And the third, and last?"

"Where you met and enticed the first."

"But it won't really be the last, will it?"

"Only for this cycle; this nexion." He sighed, looking at her beauty, her youth. "How I envy you."

"I know." And she briefly, warmly, held his hand.

"You will live to see it all."

They stood for a long time, looking out toward the landscape of the levels that had seen much darkness and mystery, much joy and revelry, and as they stood, she rested her head on his shoulder, as a daughter might. Once, she remembered, there had been an island, there, before the straight, land-cut drains made and reclaimed the land.

"Will you see her, before the angles are complete?" he asked, interrupting the flow of her centuries of thought.

"Maybe. Do you think I should?"

"Perhaps not."

"But he will meet her again when we all meet for the closing of that angle?"

"Yes, and then he may understand. At least what it is necessary for him to understand." Then he smiled. "I hope you will choose better names, next time!"

They both sensed, and felt, the intrusion, long before the woman and her dog appeared on a footpath an hundred yards above the sloping field where lay several buried secrets.

"You should go, now," he said, regretfully.

She looked toward where her two guards waited, under the shade of the large, old, Oak tree. "Yes," she said, and briefly held his hand.

Then Ellick was walking away, breaking a part of the causal bond between them, and by the time he reached the field gate and the footpath beyond it, he appeared to be only what many people assumed him to be, an ageing if eccentric countryman.

"Good morning," he said as he passed the youngish woman and her Welsh Collie dog. The woman smiled, slightly suspicious, but his smile, his eyes, re-assured her, and she returned his greeting. But

he was gone, into the trees that led to the Coombe, where he sat, on the sun-warmed grass, thinking about Hester and her sister.

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Suddenly, Lars understood. It was partly time itself that magick changed, the slow, causal, time of the world, of mere mortals. The ecstasy, the passion, the triumph, the exhilaration - the true magick - which he had felt since Arleen and Hester burst upon his life, were emanations of the real time which existed in the acausal, an acausal where space as he and mortals knew it, did not exist. So it was he could be here, standing atop Bredon Hill in the falling darkness looking toward the Malvern Hills, and there in that house of cavernous cellars, south-west, on the edge of another sloping hill, while also being near Black Rhadley, completing the three-fold acausal link in this particular causal time and space. He just had to open the nexion to slip into the acausal dimensions where the Dark Gods lurked, waiting.

But there was something else, something beyond even this, which he could not quite comprehend - an intimation of something far greater, far more powerful, far more evolutionary and devastating to the mundane world. But this something was insubstantial for him, in that moment, as a shadow vaguely perceived in semi-darkness.

Then, the insight was gone, as the last light of twilight faded, and Hester, with her two guards, joined him not that far from the summit of the hill. Without a word, she cast dark magick to reinforce the barriers around them, sufficient to make anyone venturing onto the hill in that hour instinctively turn away. The deep pit had been prepared, and their middle-aged and balding victim - chosen according to the guidelines for choosing such opfers - sat, bound and gagged, on the edge of his burial pit, his eyes bulging with terror, his once clean and expensive city suit crumpled and stained.

"This is your right, and duty," she said to Lars, and he took the centuries old curved knife. Then, with the crystal tetrahedron in her hands, she began her sinister chant. "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth," she intoned.

His first cut was not deep enough, and the man frothed blood until the second cut to his throat when he toppled over to briefly writhe in the bottom of the pit. Almost immediately, the two guards began to shovel earth over the still warm and bleeding body.

There were several hours to Dawn when they arrived, washed, refreshed, and changed into new clothes, to stop in a narrow hedgeful lane not that far from Black Rhadley. Ellick was there, dressed in his customary olive-green country clothes, standing in the field where Hester had, not that long ago, sat outside some tent; and there was a woman, standing with her back to Lars, near freshly disturbed soil. She turned to walk toward him, and he could clearly see her face in the star-lit country night. It was Arleen.

He stood, staring, while Hester rushed to embrace her. Then, the two women were kissing,

passionately, as lovers might.

"This, here, as you know," Ellick was saying to Lars, distracting his attention from the women. "Is the center, now. You must guard it well."

"I will."

The two women came toward him then, and each kissed him in turn.

"You're going, aren't you?" he said.

"Yes," they replied with one voice.

"There is no child?"

"No," they smiled, replying with one voice. "Not the kind you think!"

"When shall I see you two again?" he asked, feeling he already knew the answer.

There was a brief rushing of air behind him, and he turned around. But he was alone, standing by the hedge in the field, near the fresh earth that covered the recent burial, home as that topsoil now was to the Ash sapling which Ellick had planted, and home as the deeper soil was to a fresh male and beheaded corpse, Arleen killed. And this sudden departure of Arleen, Hester - and even Ellick - saddened him, for a moment, even though he had many reasons to rejoice. Forty, fifty, or more, years from now, who would he choose to follow him, as Ellick had chosen? Who would be tested, as Arleen had tested him? Who would know the joy, the ecstasy, the passion, the cold calmness of wyrd, the aethereal acausal beauty, that a true Mistress of Earth would bring? Who would be there to shape the changes as he would shape the evolutionary change that the dark rituals of the past months would most certainly bring?

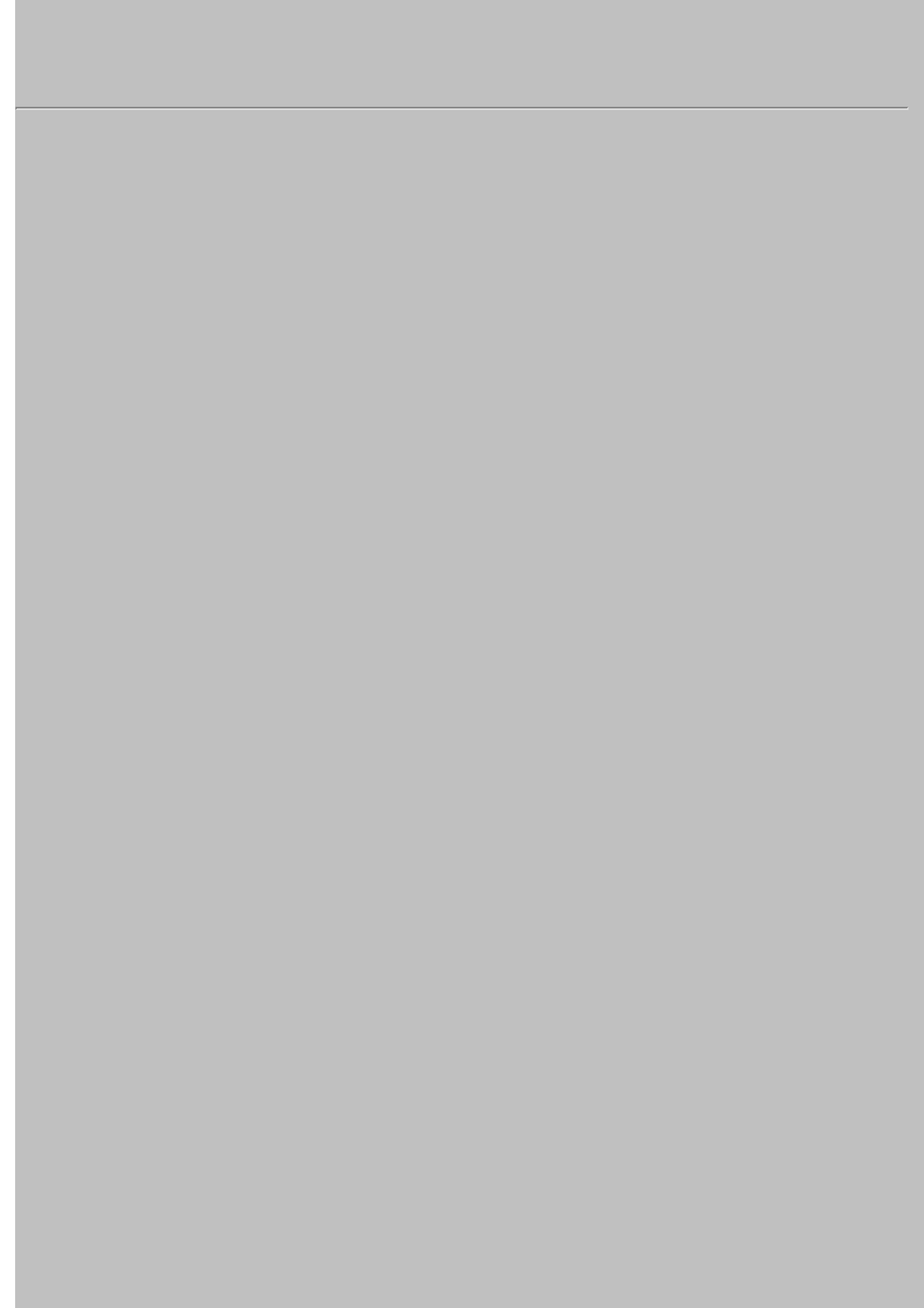
Then he smiled, knowing that he would have to begin a search for some woman, of inner darkness, to share his deeds and his life, and knowing that around him strange, shadowy shapes were faintly hissing their sinister sibilations.

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**Eulalia:**  
**Dark Daughter of Baphomet**



**One Story of Acausal Darkness**

by

The Order of Nine Angles (O9A)

Part 0:

[Cantaoras](#)

Part 1:

[Herewith, The Darkness](#)

Part 2:

[The Moon's Tidal Moving](#)

Part 3:

[Dark Acausal Dreams](#)

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## **Eulalia:**

### **Dark Daughter of Baphomet**

“ According to Dark Tradition, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a young man.

She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made... She - as one of The Dark Entities, as Vamperess of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who can presence in the causal dimensions and assume human form, and thus live among us here on Earth, and it was, traditionally, to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of our Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken and when wars and conflict were brought forth or seeded through sinister sorcery.

Associated with Baphomet are other dark, female acausal entities who have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment. These other entities are *The Dark Daughters of Baphomet*, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, beautiful, cultured, alluring but predatory vampires...

According to this aural Dark Tradition, there are several types - several different species - of sinister acausal entities, with Baphomet, and Her shapeshifting Daughters, being of one type, and having a certain nature, a particular character, a certain consciousness, when presented in the causal and so when in-dwelling in human form. One other, more primal, more primitive, acausal species is known to us, and when beings of this particular species are presented on Earth, in human form or otherwise, they act, behave, live, quite differently from Baphomet and Her kin, for these more primal savage beings are as demons who causally live only to unthinkingly consume human lives so that, once satiated, they may be returned to the darkness of their acausal home... ”

### **Part 0: Cantaoras**

There was a long moment of silence as the coven of nine women all gathered on the slight slope of that almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales.

Eulalia was there - resplendent in her crimson cloak, as befitted a Mistress of Earth. And Venora - she of the red-hair and the fullsome body which her thin long verdant-coloured covering did little to hide and which thin coverlet seemed to scintillate in the light of the not-quite-full Moon as she, as Priestess, moved counter-sunwise to greet each sorceress with a kiss: moist lips touching moist lips.

Then, they were ready, gathered together in an almost perfect ellipse as Eulalia began her vibrated invocation to their Dark Goddess, their Mistress and Mother, Baphomet: *Nythra kthunae Baphomet!*

She held in her outstretched hand a crystal, shaped as a tetrahedron, while her lover, Venora, gestured to the shadows for the two male Guardians to step forth.

Then, seven of the women, handsome of face and lithe of body, with their long dark hair neatly braided and tied, began to chant their haunting sinister chant, a chant so old it was as if the intervening one and half thousand years had never been; as if the *Chant Mozarabe* was still to be heard in sequestered choirs by nuns devoted to the new Nazarene faith - except there was on that South Shropshire hill no Latin words of worship to a some God; no Latin words of praise for some Saviour. Instead: only words of a lisping language long forgotten except by an hereditary few; strange words replete with desire by those few who, remembering, desired a return of those dark, sinister, acausal-entities who thousands of years ago had been presenced on Earth, bringing menace, blasphemy, joy, nightmares, madness, violence, and the much needed Chaos of human evolutionary change.

So they chanted while the tall, strong, Guardians brought forth the needed seed and gift, pinning the naked terrified young man down within the ellipse of now slowly circling cantaoras. There were no audible words to be said, declaimed, or shouted - for none were needed as Eulalia bent down to touch his forehead with the crystal, and she watched, smiling, as his life was quickly;y drained away to leave a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away. Her crystal seemed to iridesce then, as if in rhythm to the chant, and she held it up, arms outstretched to where the Moon, in that very moment, occulted a star named on Earth, Dabih. She felt it, Them, then, within her - as her obedient Guardians effortlessly, efficiently, took the corpse away. Felt the centuries of longing that her own mother must have felt, centuries and centuries ago; felt the longing for The Dark Gods to be birthed again into joy-giving, joy-receiving, warm bloodfull human bodies.

And then She was there, dwelling among them, accepting the willing if only very temporary offering of Vanora's life and body. There: among the mortals and the half-mortal who had kept the faith; waiting, waiting, coven after coven, through the long centuries for the stars to be aligned as it was said they should be aligned; for the crystal to be fashioned as it was said it should be fashioned; for the chant to be as the chant should be, brought into-being by skilled, chosen, cantaoras. Thus was She, their Dark Goddess, an acausal-being, presenced in the causal, ready to be again a birthing-mother: bringer-into-being of a whole new race. For the time of human Chaos, darkness, death, culling, change, had arrived, again.

Thus did they - the women - greet her with a kiss, lips to moist lips, as thus did the Guardians step forth again from the shadows to kneel in obedience before her.

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Eulalia had planned well. A selection of male victims were already waiting when she and Venora returned to their house, at the end of a track, off a narrow lane between hills in that rural borderland. Although, of course, the men - ranging in age from early to late twenties - did not consider

themselves victims, enticed as they had been by the wiles, the sorcery, the sexuality, of the ladies of Eulalia's coven.

So the three young men had waited, in one of the the plush, luxurious, sitting-rooms of that house. Waited, chatting amiably among themselves, as two elderly gentleman, neatly groomed and neatly dressed in somewhat unfashionable clothes, served them food and drink. Waited for the trysts they had been promised among the many bedrooms of that place, assuming as they did in their egoism and desire, many things. But it was not Venora herself nor even one of the young dark-haired lithe and nubile women that awaited them when they were led, by Venora, along a corridor and up some winding stairs to a darkened room: a darkness that seemed oppressive and heavy, if scented by some quixotic perfume.

Thus did they enter, replete with their desire, and thus did a warm strong hand grasp theirs to lead them down upon some soft and scented bed where they, still unseeing, had their clothes removed with ripping force to find themselves pinioned by strong arms and legs while a feminine softness moved over to touch to press down upon them to kiss them, building thus their male desire. But their ecstasy of joy, brought by a sexual joining, was soon over with their seed of life taken from them when a sudden drowsyness seemed to overcome them, then, as they lay, in exhaustion.

Other hands, not soft, grasped them then as they, helpless, were lifted to be taken along a skein of unlit passages to small windowless rooms below. And it was there, in those rooms - one for each - that they almost stupefied by some-thing, lay, in warmth on a not uncomfortable bed. Lay, waiting, while causal time passed - as causal time passes - in the world above them. Perhaps one of them might be needed, again - and if he was, he would be brought again to that darkened room scented with quixotic perfume. But not one of them would ever see the brightness of day, again.

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So the days passed, in that house, as they passed. Occasionally, a new young man would egress from the causal world outside into its ever-growing strangeness: enticed there, from some near or far city or some town, by unspoken promises, perhaps a kiss, but always by a luscious lady, young or verging on middle-age: it made no difference to the men, for their very beings, enchanted, craved the fulfilment of that strong sexual desire which burgeoned forth from within them to seize them with that first sensual touch or kiss from such a sensuous lady in some Inn, or Club, or Bar. Once, a young man, arrogant, self-assured - his powerful sleek new sporty car outside - had taken it upon himself to press a lady for another kiss when she had sat beside him in some Bar. Gently then - or so it seemed - she held his hand to twist it powerfully back while he tried to not let pain show on his face. She left then, unsurprised when he followed, and they were outside in the street-lit darkness among the rows of cars when he lunged toward her. She was too swift - almost unhumanly swift - and he was left to try and stop himself falling to the ground before steadying himself and trying ungallantly to punch her in the face. She seized him then, to knock him unconscious with one swift blow, and it was in his own car that she drove him back toward the sanctuary of her home.

Her gift was pleasing, and he awoke to stark blinding darkness when something soft, scented, touched him, but it was not long before his life was gone to leave a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away.

Thus did the months pass until new life came forth there, in that nexion, bringing much joy, and much that was strange, while the great boiler fed warmth into that house as Autumn turned to Winter, often fructified as that boiler was by pale empty hulks, their main purpose having been fulfilled. And thus did that new life grow - growing as children grow, however strange the child - until the time for their departure came when they, the seeded, would be sent forth to seed: male, female, or somewhere in-between, it would make no difference; the same enchantment; the same violence bred; the same darkness, death and Chaos sown.

Once, in the months of their growing, three men came, in two cars, to call upon that house. There were rumours, it seemed, that disturbed them and their Detective-kind. They were served Afternoon Tea, in the heated Conservatory, while Eulalia, as befitted a Mistress of Earth, politely entertained them, as, in nearby room, four beautiful women in long black flowing dresses played a late Haydn String Quartet. So Eulalia smiled, as the men sat sipping their milkless First-flush Darjeeling tea, and they - enchanted - soon forgot their questions, their disturbance of both thought and mood. Thus did they take their leave, satisfied within themselves there was nothing amiss, and pleased to be invited to return, again. And thus did they, each alone, return, weeks later, to be treated as honoured guests: offered food, and drink, and a willing women to warm and share their bed. And thus did they leave, happy, replete, willing, cheerful, servants: useful, influential contacts, and sources of valuable information.

So the months passed, bringing the warmth and brightness of Spring to the land outside. And thus was there a new house, elsewhere, and far, with new burgeoning life within, and other woman, and guardians, to keep, nurture and protect it. And thus were there in that place new contacts invited, enticed. New fuel, of little value as fuel, to add to proper fuel for new boilers that kept such houses warm, in Winter, and provided the warmth of warm water for luscious women to bathe, and preen and wash. Thus were there new nexions, gradually opening, spreading, preening, sowing, feeding, growing.

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There was a long moment of silence as Eulalia sat alone on the slight slope of that almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales. She felt both relieved and tired. Relieved that she had achieved what was necessary, but tired from the many decades of her wait. She had new sisters, and brothers, now - and her hopeless search, of years, to find others of her kind seemed just a distant no longer sadful memory. Thus did she smile, before rising to her feet to walk along the old footpath down to her house where her new guests would be waiting to be entertained.



## **Eulalia Part 1**

### **Herewith, The Darkness**

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#### **1**

There was much that Eulalia wanted to do, with the Dark Entities she had brought forth to Earth, but - for the moment - she would settle for just enough mayhem, destruction, strife, killings and chaos to make the government, and the people - of the land where she and her sinister kind now dwelt - take notice and perchance alter their ways.

Whatever, it would be fun, enjoyable, a Satanic paean - a necessary beginning, well-planned and well-schemed for, for almost ten causal Earth-years - and, as she stood up from sitting in the darkness on the somewhat damp Autumnal grass on the slight slope of the almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales, she in joy began chanting her sinister chant: *Agios o Baphomet!*

Venora - she of the red-hair and the fullsome body who had been a temporary host for one such Entity - was waiting for her in the large, ornate, Conservatory of their gravid reclusive house at the end of a track, off a narrow lane between hills in that isolated rural borderland, and they embraced and kissed affectionately, one scented lover to another, before entering the subtly-lit Drawing Room where the women of their sinister coven waited, as, upstairs, in secluded dark rooms, the shapeshifters - some but newly fledged - fed on what were once healthy men young in years.

There was no need for speeches, or exhortations, or ceremony, or even for spoken words, since all of that coven - reared in that house or covertly recruited elsewhere - knew almost all that Eulalia knew, and, like her, had pledged their very lives to presencing the sinister on Earth. So she went to each of them, after they had stood in greeting, to kiss them on their lips and to watch each one of them leave to walk solemnly, gravely, up the wide and winding stairs to their appointed rooms where they, in the

shielding darkness there, each became temporary hosts.

Thus did they - then not quite human, inside - leave their dwelling and their home in a small convoy of vehicles driven by men of middling years, specially chosen, well-tested. For they, reared in a nearby house or recruited covertly elsewhere, knew almost all that the women knew, and had, for one yearly alchemical season, just ended, been lovers of the particular young woman they had pledged to the death to defend.

The twilight of a clear October Dawn found all the vehicles dispersed, each to their chosen destination, and Venora sat in the comfortable back seat of that luxurious car feeling the darkness within her. It - she, they - was, were, yearning for the freedom that would come only with a complete metamorphosis, a complete in-dwelling, when the human-life, with all its memories and all its weakness, would be subsumed to shrivel to die as all causal life was so fated to die; subsumed: to leave only the outer and changeable physical shell, a dwelling then for another almost alien life. Or, if it - she, they - so desired, they might keep part of the human life alive, for a while, to use as a hypnotized vassal, perhaps for some specific deed or deeds.

But for now it - she, they - was, were as they were, leaving Venora to live alone as the Venora they in their own strange way cared for, protected, perhaps even loved, for she-the-human was then as a surrogate mother to them, carrying them, if only for a while, until they could, would, be fully-birthing into some expendable human being.

Venora's own destination was the metropolis of London, and her male driver - tall, strong, muscular - finding, after a search, a suitable place, parked the vehicle to walk with her along the teeming traffic and human filled streets under a warmless Sun the short distance to their target. It was a middling restaurant, by the standards she was accustomed to, and while they waited, they slowly consumed the overpriced and slowly served food. He - their offer - appeared as expected, and as her research indicated he should: a middling if ambitious politician of the governing Party, given to arrogance and subsumed with pride, and dressed, in conformity to the unwritten rules, in a greyish undistinguished if well-fitting and rather expensive suit. And all she had to do was to get near enough to touch him, naked flesh to naked flesh, for the five or so seconds required.

She played her part well, rising, as if to stumble accidentally into him, pressing the palm of her hand to the back of his neck as if to steady herself to then apologize and endearingly smile. He turned to look at her and she knew then her deed was done, even if she had not felt the rush as the Entity of timeless dark chaos exited from her to seed itself - herself - within that new host. For his eyes momentarily stared, as a madman at a full-moon, before he smiled to rise to be to most of the world around the same man in the same suit in the same place at that same causal time. So she made her excuses to leave to let the Dark Entity begin its work, and it was less than two hours later that this chosen offer returned to that exclusive club known as the Houses of Parliament. There, he chanced upon - although it was not causal chance, but some-thing else - a senior member of his Party whom he throttled to death with his hands while his once-indwelling Entity watched, playfully smiling, from her new human home, found moments earlier by his - her - guided touch. Thus was he, the killer, subdued after the deed to be hustled away only to die moments later as his heart suddenly stopped to leave only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away.

There would be more mysteries, that day: some, like the state of the politician's body, kept hidden by politicians from "the public"; others, unable to be so kept secret. And two, in particular, bloody, deadly, terrifying, and public, as Eulalia and her coven had intended. A deadly, unexpected attack by a woman berserk, who stabbed five people to death on a street in some rainy dreary city before a Policeman felled and disarmed her: but he the human could only watch in silent wordless helpless horror as the woman he restrained died to leave him holding only a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away. Then there was a bomb, hidden in a van, which exploded without warning on a busy motorway flyover into London, leaving some injured, and much destruction in its wake, as there were over a dozen murders by people possessed who, haunting cities and towns, escaped to then live a twilight lingering existence as the Entities of another acausal species within them did as their primal nature intended, shapeshifting their form when they found some healthy young human to feed on.

But it was only prelude, a mere prelude, Eulalia knew, to the real beginning she in her mischief had planned.

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He had been easy to entrap, and Eulalia watched as the young man - naked in the bed of one of her young ladies in one of those many large subtly-lit rooms of the high-ceilings - slept the sleep that often arises from sexual satiation. He, she had been informed, had been a good lover - surprisingly good, given his slim frame and his rather boyish looks - and she watched him for some moments until, as if sensing her watching, he awoke to fumble on the small antique table by his side of the bed for his spectacles.

"Hello!" he said, as if half-surprised to find her there and half-surprised to find the previous afternoon, evening and night had not been some dream.

"Are you ready to get to work, then?" she asked, bewitchingly smiling.

"What?"

"What we discussed, last evening and night, in detail, before a certain young lady invited you here to her room."

"Oh that," Ffion replied, remembering.

"Yes. That. But only after breakfast, naturally."

"Naturally."

"If you'll get dressed - or not," she said, somewhat mischievously, "I shall escort you to the Breakfast Room where Edrid will take your order."

"Order?"

"For your rather late breakfast. He is one of the people who helps out, around the house."

"A servant?" It was a natural deduction, he thought, given the room, the house, the extensive grounds.

"Not really, but that description will serve, for now."

Dressed in his University-ensemble of worse-for-wear jeans, black cotton T-shirt with slogan "404 Error: Slogan Not Found", and scruffy white "trainers", he was escorted by Eulalia down from the fourth floor room to where Edrid - neatly groomed and neatly dressed in somewhat old-fashioned clothes - waited, all alone in the mid-morning light of the many-windowed Breakfast Room where one place had been set on the long Oak dining table.

She smiled at him before saying: "I'll collect you when you're ready and show you the equipment we have prepared for you."

Thus did she leave her half-nervous, half-pleased, fledgling to attend to her many other tasks of that morning in that gravid and reclusive house of the extensive grounds. And when he was ready, she led him through a skein of corridors to a room suitably furnished for his needs.

"Wow!" was all he could say as he saw the row upon row of computer servers, and several large bright screens.

"There," - and Eulalia pointed to where a sleek comfortable chair sat before a wide desk containing a keyboard and the largest screen - "is the control centre. Everything is fully functional, and connected. But if there is anything we might just might have forgotten, which you need, just ask Edrid. Lunch, by the way, is at one o'clock, and Dinner will be at eight, after which you shall, of course, be escorted to the bedroom of a certain young lady, for another night of salacious entertainment."

"Yeah."

"You know what to do."

"You bet!"

"No doubts?"

"No. Not at all." And he meant it, and she knew he did, for she had chosen well, having had Ffion chosen months ago and under surveillance by her Guardians since then.

"Just depress that violet button on your desk and Edrid will attend you."

"Later!"

She smiled then, as Ffion set immediately to work at his task, given by her. He would, she felt, be a valuable and needed ally, living with them, his desires fulfilled. And if, for some reason, he failed and even thought of betraying them, she would surely know, and there were always the small now empty windowless rooms in the basements below where several young men had lingered, less than half-alive, until one of them was needed, by some un-dwelling Dark Entity, as food.

Ffion was pleased with his work, when Eulalia returned to him as the Sun began its descent and Twilight waited to visit her house with its shapeful shades of almost darkness.

"So," she said, playfully, understanding more than she revealed to him, "all I do is sit here, in front of the screen, and speak when connected?"

"Yep, that's it. They'll be able to see and hear you. All I have to do to connect is type in a few commands on the x-term and press Return."

"Splendid. Then do so."

"What? Now?"

"Indeed."

"OK." And he did as commanded by his sinister Mistress, who sat herself before the screen containing microphone and camera as Ffion's skill untraceably hacked them into a conference room of a London television newsroom where journalists of various ages and types were assembled, together with their Editor, to decide on what - and how - to report of the strange events of that day, and where, suddenly, several dormant computers began transmitting an image of a smiling Eulalia.

"Gentleman - and Ladies, of course - although I am unsure as to whether any of you merit such any such honorific. Your attention please. Please observe the photograph one of our operatives took of the corpse in your Houses of Parliament earlier today, details of which corpse your naughty politicians kept from you and your public.

"We do apologize for the rather poor quality of the image, and promise to do better, next time.

"So, now I do have your full attention, the code-word is *Herewith, The Dark*, which code-word you will receive when we decide to give some further demonstrations, as we did with that little explosion on one of your motorways. On receipt of said codeword, your authorities have two minutes to clear the designated area. A recording of this message will now be repeated three times, just in case you desire to record it! That is all, for the moment." And she smiled at them again, mischievously.

A day later, she gave another demonstration. The building had only just been cleared when an explosive device reduced it to a mass of twisted metal, broken masonry and shattered glass, in the centre of London's financial district. One more day, and one more building gutted by another device. And so, on that and other days, the dark mayhem continued, as people died, suddenly, unexpectedly, in cities and towns, or disappeared into the night, taken as food or as new dwellings for the dozens upon dozens of primal predators Eulalia and her sinister coven of sisters had released, and which predators now lurked, waiting for their chance to be as their nature, their nurture, commanded, controllable as they were only by Baphomet or one of Her many Daughters, some now having such fun with those frail humans currently infesting planet-Earth.

Another day, and the Media - as Eulalia had assumed - was replete with the expected and standard stories about "terror" and "terrorists". But soon, she knew, they - or at least the controlling powers

behind and in the government - would know or correctly deduce the truth, and then she of the sinister strategy would presence much more Darkness, for the progeny of her breeding programme were eager. and ready.

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2

"Just before he died, somewhat unexpectedly, of a heart attack, Malin sent me copies of his case files, and, while I did not entirely discount their contents, I did not take them seriously either, particularly since the evidence that Malin alluded to seems to have been entirely destroyed in a fire at the laboratory where his colleagues conducted their investigations into these alleged aliens."

The speaker was a senior male Civil Servant, of the Cabinet Office's Intelligence and Security unit, and in the airless, windowless inner room of a government department in Whitehall, he sat at the head of small functional table, inwardly wishing someone else had been given this task. Of the two men and one women seated with him, there in that room, no one - at least outwardly - betrayed any surprise on hearing the word "alien", for they had all opened, and read, at his prior insistence, the few sheets of paper before them, headed *Joint Intelligence Committee*, and *Top Secret*, minutes of a meeting where the work of Malin's now dis-banded team had been briefly discussed.

"Now," he continued, "if you peruse the other document, you will see what little evidence we have relating to recent incidents. We have been given full authority and whatever resources we might require to investigate and report further on this matter, to which The Prime Minister, The Cabinet, and Joint Intelligence Committee, have assigned the highest priority."

For some minutes, a silence among those chosen and carefully selected few, as photographs of corpses - paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away - were studied, and Intelligence documents read.

"Now," the senior Civil Servant continued, pressing a button on the remote controller in his hand, "this a recording of a transmission received three days ago from the individual who, as our assessment indicates, is either behind some or many of the incidents, or somehow connected to them."

So they watched a smiling Eulalia, with the senior Civil Servant freezing the last frame so that her smiling face looked slightly down upon them from its brightness nearby.

"Any comments?" he asked.

"I assume," said the youngest of the men, casually dressed in contrast to the other somewhat older man, "you have no idea who she is?"

"Correct. We have not been able to trace the source of that transmission either, as a chain of proxy servers and zombie computers was used, some of which - after the transmission had been forwarded - had their hard drives automatically erased."

"Clever," the young man said, impressed - especially by Eulalia's beauty.

"Operatives. Houses of Parliament," the women - young, pretty of face and modestly dressed - said, "Are we then to presume security there, and similar places, has been compromised?"

"Certainly," the senior Civil Servant replied, "we are considering that possibility as a matter of priority."

"But," interjected the hitherto silent Patterson, who, as a serving soldier of fifteen years service, recently seconded to the Ministry of Defence, had been given operational control over the unit, and whose objections to the two civilians, specialists in their own areas, being at this briefing, had been over-ruled, "until we know exactly what it is we are dealing with, such a breach cannot really be sealed, surely."

"Correct," and the senior Civil Servant sighed. "Which is your remit. A small specialist unit has been assembled, to assist you and we have prepared a cover-story for them, although it is quite possible you may need to update them on a strictly need to know basis."

"And we are to consider all possibilities," the younger man asked, "however strange, weird or unlikely?"

"Yes. You will report directly to me at least twice-daily or immediately if you have anything significant to report."

"I would suggest," the woman said, "we begin with an examination of whatever corpses have so far been found."

The senior Civil Servant shrugged his shoulders. "Those conducting the detailed autopsies - as indicated in one of the documents you have - concluded they cannot explain how all the blood and all other bodily fluids have been removed and how the internal organs and indeed the flesh itself has degraded in the manner it has in the short time it occurred. No incisions; no puncture marks."

"Even so," she persisted, "it would be worth checking, again."

"Of course."

"Any pattern to the killings?" she asked.

"Of those related to the corpses we have so far found, none that can be determined. Analysis by place, age, gender, occupation, ethnicity and other categories all proved negative. Of those murders that may possibly be somehow related to the other events, there is again no pattern that can be determined."

"The explosives used. Traces?" Patterson asked.

"The forensic analysis," the senior Civil Servant replied, "has proved inconclusive. It is similar, apparently, to PE4 but is more powerful, but is not identical to any known type of C-4, and thus at the moment is classified as of unknown origin and manufacture, although it is possible it has been

manufactured here in the UK, given the content and proportions of the plasticizer used."

"No real clues, then. Quite an opponent," the younger man said, and smiled as he looked again at the bright image of the beautiful Eulalia who seemed to be somehow taunting them all.

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It was a week - and over a dozen deaths and one more destructive explosion later - before the government team made any significant progress. Several corpses, drained in the usual way, had been found in a small enclosed residential Courtyard of new apartments by the river in the city of York, and sightings there of a large shambling figure had led the local Police, many of whom were armed, to cordon off the area.

It was past twilight and almost dark when Patterson and the two civilians of his unit arrived to spew forth from helicopters, replete with their heavily-armed escort of Special Forces troops, two of whom were carrying modified tazer guns.

"We want it - whatever it is - alive," Patterson said to them.

But, even as the troops deployed on that narrow tree-lined riverside road near Skeldergate, there was a shout as a large shambling figure ran toward them. It - he, she, they - leapt upon one trooper to drain him dry by only one touch and then another before one tazer and then another stunned and felled it. There was a cage, then, injections, a screen of heavily armed troopers and Police, and a short journey to where a waiting helicopter had landed, away from a gathering curious crowd. A few hours later, they had returned to their guarded secure sanctuary in the basements of a large London building, and it was there - in a specially prepared sealed laboratory - that they began their work, surrounded by their minions.

"Not what I expected," the young Cheddon said to Patterson, as he watched, behind a thick clear protecting screen, a now white-coated Beldan begin her clinical examinations.

"We'll soon know," Patterson replied.

"He just looks - well - human."

Several hours later, they had some of their answers, and the three were joined, in their conclave in a soundproofed room adjoining the laboratory, by their senior Civil Servant.

"Human, but with a slightly altered physiology..." Beldan said.

"So," interjected Patterson, "how was it able to kill in the manner we've seen?"

"How *is* it able to kill in that way and so quickly?" Beldan said, correcting his use of the past tense.

"Currently, unknown," Beldan unhelpfully replied.

Cheddon cast a somewhat nervous glance, through the bullet-proof glass, to where the captured

naked specimen lay, drugged and securely restrained by titanium bands anchoring its arms, legs, and neck, to the clinical operating table.

"But the good news," Beldan continued, "is that we have been able, from a fingerprint analysis, to identify the individual."

"Or who," Cheddon added, "the person was before something happened, to change it."

"Quite so," smiled Beldan. "The DNA analysis is on-going but will not, even given our resources, be complete for at least another forty-eight hours."

"Can it talk?" Patterson asked.

"There does not appear to be any physiological or anatomical reason why he cannot," Beldan said.

"Good. Then we'll wake it and question it."

"That may not be advisable," Beldan replied.

"Advisable or not, it is what I propose we do. You have the fingerprint analysis?"

"Yes," and she gave him the print-out which he immediately handed to the senior Civil Servant, saying, "Usual channels. Current address. To be searched ASAP. Known associates, family, anyone connected - traced, and interviewed."

"Indeed," the senior Civil Servant replied and left to attend to his urgent duties.

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Patterson had it surrounded. Three Special Forces troopers, armed with stun guns, were positioned equidistantly in certain and definite closeness of range, as were nine other troopers armed with handguns and other firearms who had orders to kill if by some chance "the creature" - as Patterson called it - managed to escape the restraints and the stun guns failed to then immobilize it.

The heavy tranquillizers used to sedate it were wearing off, and Patterson stood nearby, a Sig Sauer pistol in his hand and ready.

"Can you hear us?" Beldan asked the awakening man.

"What's happened?" he said, showing signs of obvious distress at being restrained and surrounded by armed soldiers.

"Do you know who you are and why you are here?" Beldan asked, as she monitored his condition, displayed by several screens nearby.

"No." He seemed to think for a long while, then said, "The last thing I remember is going out, meeting someone, walking to the Pub." He looked around at his clinical surroundings. "Where is this? Am I in hospital?"

"Whom did you meet?" Patterson interjected.

"A young woman." He tried to smile, but the pain of his trauma showed in his face.

"Someone you knew?" Patterson continued.

"Not exactly, I'd only met her, casual like, the night before."

"Can you describe her?"

"Young. Very pretty. Green eyes. Long dark hair..."

Suddenly, Cheddon had an idea, and left, to return, only moments later, with a photograph. "Is that her?"

"Yep, that's her alright."

Cheddon, Patterson, and Beldan, all looked at one another, and it was Patterson who said, "Was she local? From York?"

"That's what she said. She had a place on Queen's Staith, the hotel."

"Wasn't that," Patterson asked Cheddon, "one of the locations you came up with as a possible source of one of the last transmitted warnings?"

"Yes."

"Take over," Patterson suddenly said to Beldan. "He's to remain here under guard, as now. Any developments, let me know." Then, to Cheddon, he said, "You're with me."

Thus did they with Patterson barking orders to uniformed minions leave and swiftly that guarded secure sanctuary in the basements of a London building to wait, not long, on its roof for a helicopter to take them back in the breaking Dawn to the city of York where, by the hour of their arrival, the whole mentioned building and surrounded area had been cordoned off. Even the usually busy Ouse bridge had been closed to traffic, with streets around deserted except for armed Police and soldiers.

"You don't really believe," Cheddon said to him as they positioned themselves on the cobbles between the Queen's Hotel and the river, surrounded by their Special Forces protection squad, "that she's still there, do you?"

"Probably not. But someone answering her description has been staying at the hotel for over a month, occupying three rooms on the same floor."

"I don't suppose you have a name?"

"Yes, Miss Eulalia..." and even as he said that name, the object of their search came out to calmly stand on a small balcony just above them and to their left and less than ten yards away, where she smiled and waved toward them.

"Hello, boys. Looking for me?" she said as well over a dozen guns were immediately aimed toward her.

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### 3

"Isn't it customary", Eulalia said, as the two men below stood just staring up at her, "to give me some sort of warning? *Armed Police*, and all that kind of thing? And - *we have you surrounded, throw down your weapons and come out with your hands up?*"

"You are surrounded," a still rather surprised Patterson finally managed to say.

"As you can see, I have no weapons," she replied, bewitchingly smiling and holding out her hands.

Patterson was about to issue a command when three women, all dressed in black, young and dark of hair as their Mistress, came onto the only other balcony there, next to hers. They were carrying weapons, and, without warning, opened fire on the troopers, to leave - as a firefight began - Patterson and Cheddon just standing there, looking up, as if hypnotized, toward the beautiful, still smiling, Eulalia.

Soon, nine troopers lay dead, or dying, and - as the three women still stood on their balcony firing their weapons and apparently unharmed - it began to occur to the soldiers, the Police, and both Patterson and Cheddon, that there was something, or many things, not quite right about the situation. There was the fact of the glass behind the women which had been shattered and the fact of the walls all around and above and below them which showed severe damage from bullets, several of which bullets had rebounded, and were rebounding, from those walls. There was the fact of the weapons the women had, which although seeming to resemble conventional handguns of the semi-automatic pistol type, seemed not to require re-loading and be able to penetrate the body-armour of the forward troops as perhaps only an armour piercing rifle-fired bullet might, just might, sometimes do. There was the fact that not one bullet had struck or even been fired towards Eulalia; and the fact that the women did not seem to be targeting - to be deliberately avoiding - both Patterson and Cheddon.

As the strange reality of the situation began to seep into the consciousness of Patterson, he drew his own Sig Sauer pistol and aimed it at Eulalia even as the firing in front of him continued. She lifted her hand, then, and the firing - on both sides - immediately stopped as if in obedience to some unseen unheard command. But Patterson was a soldier, as both his father and grandfather had been, and while his trigger pull was purely instinctive, it has no effect whatever. There was no discharge; not even a movement of the hammer of his fully-functional gun, and Eulalia calmly smiled at him, and waved.

"Well, that was fun, wasn't it," she said to him. "*To part is such sweet sorrow*, as someone once said. And isn't the music of Johann Strauss, the younger, just adorable ? But, to business. This - " and she gestured to where soldiers lay dead, injured or dying - "is just another little demonstration of ours, of

how truly powerless you and your kind now are. Well, much as I would love to stay and chat - "

And then, she and her ladies were gone, immediately instantly gone, even as her last words echoed in ears; gone, to leave only a silence amid that particular silent part of that teeming living city; gone: to leave many unasked perhaps unanswerable questions unasked.

A brief, but not quite immediate, search failed to find them, as did the later more detailed, through, intense, ones fail to find them. Even the rooms Eulalia had rented were untouched, unused, and no one - from the enclosing cordon of Police and soldiers - had seen anyone leave. It was as if, impossibly, the women had never been there, and Patterson was still pacing the blood-soaked, bullet and cartridge riddled cobbles outside the hotel when he received a call from Beldan.

"He's dead," her strained voice said.

"When?"

"A few moments ago. He just died - no reason I could see."

"Did he say anything else after we left?"

"No. Only - "

"Yes?"

" - only the words *To part is such sweet sorrow*. He said them, smiled, and then just died. Is what he said of any significance?"

"Perhaps. You will do a full autopsy, I assume."

"Naturally. I should have some preliminary findings by the time you return."

"Excellent." The call over, he turned to Cheddon, who was walking beside him. "You heard?"

"Yes. Ambushed, then, by the beautiful... - what was her name?"

"Eulalia."

" - by the sorceress Eulalia."

Thus did they, both still perplexed and almost exhausted, walk together silently with what remained of their squad to where their helicopter waited to take them back to their guarded, but possibly no longer secure, sanctuary in the basements of some large London building, as, not that far away, and unobserved by them, Eulalia was watching, waiting and ready to unleash more dark terrors out into both their day and their night, for there was much that she wanted to do, with the Dark Entities she had brought forth to Earth, and with the progeny she and others had bred forth from them.





## **Eulalia Part 2**

### **The Moon's Tidal Moving**

Their lair, conveniently, was underneath some river, some harbour or some wide deep lake from whence they would, at night, sally forth as such primal Dark Entities sallied forth, among humans, to find food for themselves and new hosts for those Dark Daughters who watched over, cared, for them, and there seemed little to distinguish them from humans as they lurked in the dark shadowed places of cities and towns, waiting.

Perhaps they did appear, to the observant, as somewhat pale of skin, as if no sunlight had ever touched its whiteness, just as - certainly - they were tall, if slim, by human standards with hair long blonde and flowing, and noses fine, narrow, as if cut skilfully from the whitest of white marble. As for their eyes, their azure brightness only changed when, replete after their feeding, the colour became the lightest of light purple until, their digestion of human essence complete, it resumed its former sea-like hue. But it was their hands which, perhaps, gave the one and only direct clue - until, that is, those hands latched onto their human prey so easily easily disabled with a touch, only one touch, to be dragged then still living down through water to that damp foetid and communal lair. For their hands were thin, bony, with fingers long for their type, of all an equal size, and with thumbs as long as those fingers.

No one ever heard them behind or near them, as no one ever heard them speak, and it was this - combined with their ability to blend, shapeshiftlingly, to whatever was around - that made them, on Earth, such successful hunters of humans among the dark shadows of that urban night which humans in their arrogance assumed they owned.

Thus did the dried wasted now useless corpses come to line the tunnels and chambers of their lairs, and thus did some chambers there contain humans, captive, unseeing, but strangely sighing while the strands of the strange living tissue that bound them, encased them and held them tight to the ceilings, let them live, just a little if enough, until some Dark Daughter, visiting, would choose one as some new in-dwelling host for the life, the acausal life, she carried captured in a crystal. There would be rewards, then, for those hunters: a joyous celebration celebrated as such primal Dark Entities

celebrated, feasting on humans and copulating among themselves as they copulated among themselves until repletion calmed and slept them and kept them still until the Moon's tidal moving woke them.

Eulalia knew all this, and it pleased her, as she knew they were breeding as they bred, there in their lairs. Now, it was time for Ffion, her fledgling to fledge - to have his reward - and so she walked soundlessly, as one of Baphomet's Dark Daughters might, to where he that night, as others in her house, lay asleep in the arms of his lover.

A naked Idella smiled as Eulalia her beautiful youthful Mistress of Earth entered that large subtly-lit room of the high-ceiling to sit beside her on the bed while Ffion slept that sleep that often arises from sexual satiation. For Idella knew what Eulalia had planned, and the two women kissed the kiss of lovers until, awakened, Ffion fumbled on the small antique table by his side of the bed for his spectacles.

"Are you ready for your reward," Eulalia asked him while she caressed the breasts of her lover.

"Well, yeah," a rather surprised Ffion said, assuming many things.

"No, not that," Eulalia said, intruding upon his fantasy. "There is a gift, a precious gift, which we - which Idella - can given you, if you are willing and ready."

"It is the gift, " Idella said, as she touched his forehead, "of a greatly extended life. Of a thousand years, two thousand, maybe more."

"For you know now who we really are, don't you?" Eulalia directly asked him.

"Yes. Yes, I do," Ffion said, and began to tremble, just a little.

"Then, " Eulalia continued, "are you willingly and ready to so receive our gift?"

"Yes."

"You will need a new name, among us," Eulalia said.

"But I like my name," Ffion somewhat lamely protested.

"I know you do, now, and the reasons why," replied Eulalia who - to his surprise and pleasure - kissed him, as a lover might, directly and for some moments on his lips, to then touch her tongue to his. "There, you see," she said, smilingly turning toward Idella and uncovering Ffion's erection, "he is ready for you, again."

"He whose mothers-given name caused others, in youth, to mock - " Idella said, giving voice to unvoiced thoughts.

" - until inner resolve claimed him, " Eulalia continued as an echo.

"Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich stärker," continued Idella, vocalising again what a still silent

Ffion then thought.

"Thus is he deemed ready," Eulalia said. Then, to Ffion, "And so, as the darkness of this night seeps away as red-fingered Dawn spreads her luteous light, shall you become as one of us, bound during your causal life here on Earth, to dream where we dwell and dwell where we have dreamt; to live long, healthy, strong, and to prosper as you will."

She kissed him again then - but as sister might kiss a brother - to leave him to the ministrations of that Earth-dwelling human-bodied Dark Daughter who voraciously leapt upon him as he lay, supine in her bed, to become for him in those moments of that forceful sexual joining everything he had ever dreamt or desired. He surrendered, then, willingly, as she - her acausal inner essence, her dark formless un-human being - seeped into his body, his blood, the organ that was his brain, re-ordering him as he in his ecstasy physically spasmed beneath her to leave his body relaxed as their grew then within that human body of his a changing, a slightly changed, physiology and a new small organ whose tendrils, only half of which were causal, grew slowly, imperceptibly, out from their almost imperceptible home beneath his cerebellum.

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It was less a than a week since Patterson and Cheddon had stood on that cobbled street in York to watch Eulalia's carefully choreographed drama unfold, but it seemed as if that day, those memories of it, belonged to some distant unsettling past that neither of them should desire to dwell upon. And yet their very human desire to not forget - as their knowing of the immediacy and importance of Earthly-causal Time - made them dwell, almost to the point of obsession, upon that day, especially as, at night, no sleep came to either of them, except in those fleeting if seemingly long times of those dreams, those strange dreams, never spoken about, where a naked Eulalia came unto them as they lay in their bed to kiss them to arouse them to suck their life, their very human essence, away, to leave them not only as a corpse paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away, but as a corpse that was somehow still mysteriously half-alive.

Thus did they - tired, almost exhausted - sit, with Beldan, in the airless, windowless inner room of a government department in Whitehall, waiting again for that senior Civil Servant who had been with them, every day, since those carefully choreographed events. And when he did arrive sporting his colourful silk tie-of-the-day and the regulation dark suit - it was pure force of strong will that roused Patterson from his almost stupor.

"We have one possibly significant line of enquiry," Patterson said to him, without preamble.

"Oh yes?"

"Yes. Cheddon here, as you know, has been liaising with GCHQ and has been analyzing some anomalies."

"Well, we could all do with some good news, especially after yesterday's explosion and our inability to find let alone track this Eulalia character. Or whatever she calls herself."

Inwardly, Patterson smiled, for the "your Unit" and "your inability..." of previous days, had become,

in the past two days, "our Unit", our team, and "our inability..."

"It appears," Cheddon said, "that some very unusual transmissions have been detected. Unusual because of the frequency used, because of their content, their power, and, maybe most interesting of all, because they're being beamed into a fixed point in Space, beyond Earth."

"And," Patterson added, "we're working here on the assumption that these transmissions may be connected to recent events."

"Why?" the senior Civil Servant asked.

"Basically," Cheddon replied, "because they're unexplained and at the moment inexplicable and because they do support our working assumption about those recent events."

"The extra-terrestrial entities idea," the senior Civil Servant said, somewhat stuffily.

"Aliens," interjected Beldan.

"Personally, I prefer to call them ETE's," Cheddon said.

"And so do I," added Patterson. "Given the nature of the events in York, it seems a reasonable working assumption."

"You have obtained a fix on the origin of these transmissions?" the senior Civil Servant asked.

"Not yet. But, " replied Cheddon, "I've narrowed it down to a smallish area by the Thames, here in London. We've used what tracking facilities are available - ground-based and satellite - and the messages don't appear to be directed at anything we can detect. Perhaps the Americans might help out, here?"

"Not possible, currently," the senior Civil Servant replied. "Orders from the PM. Keep this among ourselves. That sort of thing."

"Anyway," Patterson said, "even if those Septic Tanks agreed they wouldn't on past form share all their info."

The senior Civil Servant pretended not to hear the remark. "Your plan? Should you track down the source?"

"Surround. Contain. Detain."

"Unless," quipped the young Cheddon, "they get beamed-up to the mother-ship!"

Turning to Beldan, the senior Civil Servant asked, "Any progress on the corpse residue?"

"None," she replied. "Another unexplained anomaly. Why that individual - "

"Creature," interrupted Patterson.

"Quite why the corpse of that individual," Beldan continued, "just disintegrated into dust, less than an hour following death, is a medical mystery, for the moment. Nothing like it has been reported with any of the other corpses so far recovered."

"Perhaps," Cheddon unhelpfully suggested, "they don't like being restrained."

Everyone ignored him, again.

"No more reports, today?" Beldan asked the senior Civil Servant.

"No. That makes four days, this week, with no new corpses, found. Although - " he began, then paused.

"Yes?" Beldan enquired.

"Although there has been a quite substantial increase in the number of missing persons reported."

"Maybe, " said Cheddon, "they are being taken alive for some sinister alien purpose."

None of them saw Beldan briefly smile, for both Cheddon and Patterson were momentarily reclaimed by such a wistful remembering of their dream wherein a naked Eulalia came upon them as they lay in their bed to kiss them to arouse them to suck their life, their very human essence, away within her, while the senior Civil Servant stood to thoughtfully, professionally, consider what he would say in his morning meeting with his nation's worried Prime Minister.

Thus it was that the trio departed from that windowless room of the low ceiling to a waiting car which, escorted by armed guards, conveyed them back to their sanctuary in the basements of some large city building where they each returned to their tasks as red-fingered Dawn spread her luteous light over that city whose humans walked, slept, sat, lay, awoke, or travelled, unaware of what the coming night would bring.

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With the setting of that Sun which had warmed the air and the people that cloudless Autumn day in the south of England, there arose a great stirring among the denizens of those foetid underwater lairs where had rested those hunters of humans.

Thus, attuned to the Dark Daughters who watched over, cared, for them, they sallied forth not alone as hitherto but in feral packs always keeping to the shadows which they enhanced or caused by disabling or destroying those lights which lit the streets and roads of those cities and towns and places especially chosen by Eulalia that night. And thus it was there in those chosen places as if some dark but purifying contagion had begun to spreadingly seep forth from riverside, harbour or lake as whole areas become subsumed by a silent shadow bringing such fear trembling and dread to humans and wherein humans stupefied into silence were garnished, plucked from their lives, and where - having served their purpose of food - they were discarded dead to leave only corpses, only dried corpses, paler and gaunter than they would have been even if all the blood and plasma within them had been

somehow sucked away.

Eulalia was there, high above one such shadowing darkness: watching from where a large Penthouse balcony gave both fine Thames river and city of London views. Venora - she of the red-hair and the fullsome body - was there, with Idella, and Ffion the newly-blooded whose hands and arms - whose still changing body - still ached from the effort his first three human-feedings had caused him. Thus did they, with others of their non-human and half-human kind, so gladly, gleefully, watch as that uneven patch of dark spread silently un-humanly forth from below them.

And when after long hours of terror it was over, the dark contagion slowly silently ebbed to flow back unobserved to be back under water where replete from their feeding a calmness came to calm, soothe, reward, protect and sleep them until those Dark Daughters might certainly would need them, again, to cleanse some other small places on Earth. Then only then - when sleep became them - in areas claimed, sanctioned, purified in presencing darkness, were sound and speech restored to humans who there remained alive: there where corpses lay scattered singly or had been haphazardly heaped into piles.

There was nothing no one - no human, no authority - could do, except collect the corpses, restore the lights, and try to ease if only in some small way the shock, the terror, and the awe. Soon, the Media - television, radio programmes, newspapers - would be awash and bleating with reports, as almost as soon the government of that land, and its minions, would be spinning yarns of its own: "According to a statement just issued by the Prime Minister, there is no need to panic as the government has the situation under control. At a special news conference, a spokesperson for the Ministry of Justice announced that seventeen people - suspected terrorists - had been arrested for their part in this nationwide terrorist outrage where a deadly virus, released in some thirteen cities and towns across England, is reported to have caused many thousands of fatalities..."

But slowly, creepingly slowly, stealthily, from one human being to another, another more terrifying story would be told, as Eulalia the Dark Sorceress had intended, as - not that many miles from her temporary luxurious riverside lair - a senior Civil Servant stood with his trio of new friends in that windowless room of the low ceiling.

"According to information we have just received from MI6," he said to Patterson, "there have now been a few reported cases of similar corpses found in the United States, and a few in other countries, such as Egypt."

"On the scale we've seen tonight?" Beldan asked.

"No, not at all. Thankfully not. Our information indicates around only two dozen or so, at most, in the United States."

"Everything is ready," Patterson said.

"You have the location?" the senior Civil Servant asked him.

"By the time we arrive the area will be secured. We have the authority to proceed?"

"Yes. But only on the understanding that it is a last resort. We want them alive."

"That may not be possible. Casualties will be kept to a minimum," Patterson lied. Ponti's - People Of No Tactical Importance - were expendable, and if he had to take out the whole Apartment building, he would.



It all went according to Patterson's careful, meticulous military plan, so that by the time he and his Unit - with the senior Civil Servant in tow - arrived, the new, fashionable, medium-rise, riverside Apartment building had been swiftly and stealthily surrounded. Overhead, but not too close, RAF fighter jets circled, missiles armed, target acquired, while - nearby - heavy re-enforcements waited as, in distant radar and satellite centres, operators intently listened and watched, ready for any transmission, received or sent, and primed to relay just one word were any such thing detected. One word, to Patterson who without hesitation would order his pre-emptive strike.

Thus did those Special Forces troops silently enter the building. But there were no women, armed or otherwise, who appeared, anywhere, to oppose them as those well-trained troops skilfully threaded their way upwards from floor to floor. Indeed, they encountered nothing suspicious or deadly at all and by the time Patterson and his trio had joined them they had secured all but the uppermost floor, a suite of rooms for just the one prestigious Apartment, furnished in the minimalist manner.

It was not bravado that led Patterson, Sig Sauer pistol in his hand, to be first through the stairwell door, as it was not any sense of the heroic that made him be the first to try, and to open, that Apartment door. Rather, it was a strange mixture of both a soldier's duty and a man's desire. But his inner dichotomy was never put to the test, for the place - the whole place - was silent, still, and empty. Only a vague, subtle if somewhat intoxicating exotic scent remained, and he was standing by the large glass doors that gave access to the balcony overlooking the river Thames - while troopers unnecessarily and loudly secured the other rooms - when he remembered where he had smelt, felt, that scent before. It was Eulalia, who naked came upon him in his nightful fitful dreams where he lay in his bed and she kissed him to arouse him to suck his life, his very human essence, away, to leave him not only as a corpse paler and gaunter than he would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away, but as a corpse that was somehow still mysteriously and longingly half-alive. And he was standing there, immersed in his amalgam of feelings, when Eulalia's message began to play on the large modern television screen attached to one wall.

"Hello again you sexy boy! You are getting closer - but not quite close enough, just yet," and the beautiful Eulalia mockingly but enchantingly smiled. "As a helpful human colleague of ours once so perceptively wrote, and do excuse my few liberties with the text. My version is so much better, wouldn't you agree? Anyway, as you are standing comfortably then I will begin:

It is of fundamental importance - to your human evolution - that what is Dark, and Sinister, is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws and especially governments to control is made manifest. In effect, humans need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to

be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful forces of both "Nature" and of Darkness. If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be...

"Do you begin to comprehend, now, what this beginning of ours is partly about? I do so hope so. Your planet is also in need of a little - how shall I say? - house-cleaning. But enough of all this sober governmental-type guff. You've have long hard day, haven't you, sweetie? So relax. Enjoy. Have a party. I do so wish I could stay, and personally entertain you, but I'm sure you'll forgive me. Pressing matters to attend to. I know, how awfully boring. But I will make it up to you, promise. And it will be worth the wait, as I'm sure you are by now beginning to know. Anyway, sweetie, bye-bye for now!" And she blew him a kiss, and then waved at everyone before her image was replaced by scenes of woman remarkably similar to her making passionate love to man remarkably similar to him, accompanied by music: a waltz by Johann Strauss, The Younger.

Calmly, Patterson fired three rounds from his pistol at the screen, thereby destroying it. But he could not quite escape the feeling that Eulalia, from somewhere and somehow, was watching him, and benignly smiling.

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### **Eulalia Part 3**

#### **The Lengthy-Briefness of Dark Acausal Dreams**

She - Eulalia - had visited him again in those long sleepless hours of his dreams when he lay fitfully in his bed as those late cold October nights drifted causally toward another crescent-mooned Dawn.

The dream - redolent of the acausal - had been long as such dreams often were in the normal world of that causal time that measured out each human day, and which yet in its lengthy acausal duration only a few moments of Earthly time had passed. So it was that Patterson awoke from its strange lengthy-briefness to feel more exhausted than on his previous day on Earth. She had come forth out of darkness as she always did to softly, gently, and nakedly lay upon him as he lay in his sweating nakedness within that large room of his otherwise deserted London house. She had kissed him, as she always in the lengthy-briefness of such nightly dreams kissed him: deeply, tongue touching tongue, while he almost always against his will became aroused, needing no hand - hers, or his - to guide his straining almost painful erection into her clinging moist welcoming warmth that brought such pleasure that he had to, vainly, fight against it. She would move, then, slowly, upon him as his body surrendered and he eagerly embraced her: slowly moving until her, his, urgency of orgasm overcame him and they became passionately, rabidly, enmeshed until he, drained, was left, weak of relaxing body, to supinely lay as if drugged while his, and her effusive, bodily fluids slowly seeped forth from her vagina, and her kiss sucked his life, his very human essence, away, to leave him as a corpse paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away, but as a corpse that was somehow still mysteriously and yearningly, longingly, half-alive.

But that night she was, so very slightly, so very disturbingly, different in the first moment of that life-draining kiss when it was to him as if she had somehow changed to be, to become - ever so fleetingly - some-thing else, not quite human and certainly not the beautiful, delectable, sensuous, exotic, voluptuous young women who enticed and then so passionately in those dreams aroused him, and who increasingly in his wakeing hours unwelcomely occupied both his emotions and his thoughts.

Thus did he awake that cold almost frost-like morning to lay a long time in his empty sweat-damp bed as, outside, in a London street, people busied themselves with the beginning of their day, oblivious to the darkness which had seeped through dimensions and which they were and would be powerless before. Patterson's house had long ago been emptied of his wife and children, leaving him in its secluded large quietness to concentrate upon his cherished military career, and when - irregularly - they did return to visit he was never quite sure whether his pleasure at their company, their presence, outweighed his rather gruff annoyance. For it never long before he and his former wife began to quarrel.

Thus did he lay, that quiet morning, even more disturbed by Eulalia than normal, trying to - and failing - to recall that briefest of brief moments when she had changed to be, to become, some-thing, not quite human. So he lay, still, suffused again, as he often had become in the days of the last fastly passing week, with a memory, a feeling, of her enticing, enwrapping, soft feminine warmth, and he had to use all his strength of character, all the years of his military training and life, to will such memories and such feelings away, and for a moment, a long seemingly long-lasting moment, he was alternatively disgusted then pleased then yearning then disgusted with himself as a sudden intense sexual desire for her overcame him. Thus did he that cold morning in that cold room leap up from his bed to undertake a series of demanding physical exercises, and it was this - this hard routine of training - that brought him back to be the man he was, an experienced Army officer sworn to do his patriotic duty.

Yet he could not escape her presence, that day, for not only did she linger on - enticing, bewitching - in his thoughts and memories and feelings, she was also the subject of an hours long meeting as he, Cheddon, Beldan and their senior Civil Servant, gathered together again in that windowless room of the low ceiling in Whitehall.

They were discussing the events of only the week before when Eulalia's primal Dark Entities had sallied forth, among humans, bringing such terror and such a deadly carnage, when, quite suddenly, all that Patterson could feel, all that subsumed his thoughts, was a desire to be with her, again. He would reach out, and touch her: feel the warmth of her face; touch the softness of her breasts; smell again that haunting exotic perfume which so suffused her...

"Er, Patterson?" Cheddon was saying.

"What?" Patterson said, somewhat annoyed at being disturbed from his sexual reverie. Then, remembering - feeling again - who he was, he said: "Say again?"

"I was remarking," Cheddon continued as the screen behind him glowed with a paused image from filmed footage of a heap of corpses, "that the alien theory is now the most plausible one."

"If that's what you want to believe," Patterson replied, somewhat scathingly.

"What other possible explanation could there be?" Beldan asked.

"Trans-dimensional beings. From other dimensions." Patterson said without quite knowing why he said it.

"That," chided Beldan, "is an even more implausible that the supposition they are aliens from another

star-system."

"Not necessarily," responded Cheddon. "It is a possibility I've considered - "

"But discounted," said Beldan.

"Yes. At least for the moment. It's certainly a more plausible hypothesis than what some of the loonies who've contacted the government have come up with. Demons, indeed!" And he laughed, not loud, but somewhat quietly, as a rather shy, awkward, ageing University Professor might laugh at some absurd theory propounded by a new young student

"The important and pressing issues," the senior Civil Servant said, interrupting, and fiddling with his colourful silk tie-of-the-day, "are what can we do in a practical way to counter them, and what, if any, are their demands."

"Well," said Patterson, reverting to his role of Army officer, "our conventional weapons such as firearms do not seem effective against them, as was demonstrated in York. They seem to have the ability, by whatever means, to transport themselves somewhere else, so that we cannot, it seems, contain nor detain them. Twice, they have lured us a specific locality, then escaped, in my opinion just to demonstrate that they could escape, despite our best efforts, and to demonstrate that they are prepared for whatever tactics we might use."

"So, just what do we do? What can we do?" Cheddon asked.

"What I said," Patterson replied, looking at the senior Civil Servant "at the briefing with the PM last week."

"And for the benefit of the those two of us who were not there?" Beldan asked, with a slight undertone of annoyance at having been excluded from that meeting.

"We can do two things," Patterson replied. "First, we can ready and deploy other weapons, apart from conventional firearms, such as high-powered lasers, tazers, ultrasonics, or whatever else we have or can speedily develop. We might find one type of weapon which is effective. I have spent the last week building up a specialist team which has acquired some of the weapons that might be useful."

"And second?" Beldan asked.

"Secondly, we can wait. It is my considered opinion that what has occurred so far are only demonstrations. Demonstrations of what they can do. Nothing has happened for over a week. Why? Because, in my view and that of some of my senior colleagues in the Armed Forces, they are allowing us time to come to terms with the reality, which is of our current ineffectiveness in dealing with and with tracing them, and in seeing how much of the truth we - that is, the government - reveals to the public, which so far has not been very much and is of the standard *attacks by terrorists* Party political line."

"So you expect them to contact us, directly?" Beldan asked.

"Almost certainly," Patterson said. "And, if I am not mistaken, very soon indeed."

"Saying what?" Cheddon asked.

"Giving us their demands."

"Which will be what, exactly?" Beldan asked.

"Well," the senior Civil Servant said, smiling somewhat nervously, "we've had a team of analysts working on that for the past few days."

"And?" Beldan inquired.

"And - " Patterson interjected, "the upshot is we simply do not know, but in all probability it will be for some kind of power, or for resources, or possibly even for living-space."

"Lebensraum," Cheddon said. "Interesting!"

"So we just sit and wait, then?" Beldan said.

"It does seem so," the senior Civil Servant said.

"It is their move - *her* move - in this game that's being played," replied Patterson, and almost smiled.

"I'd hardly call it a game," Cheddon sighed, "So many deaths..."

"It is to them," Patterson calmly said.

So it was that they sat there, in that windowless room of the low ceiling, in silence for many moments, each enwrapped in and with their own feelings and thoughts, and so it was with only polite words between them that that meeting ended to leave Patterson, Beldan and Cheddon to be ferried in a vehicle, escorted by armed guards, back to their sanctuary in the basements of some large secret government city building where they each returned to their tasks as a warmless Sun rose above the streets and buildings of that city and into a cloudless sky.

Patterson was in the small room of inward corridor-looking windows which had become his office and communications centre when Eulalia appeared, to sit calmly on one end of his desk as he busied himself at another with reading, on the screen of one of his communications consoles, the technical specifications of some ultrasonic device. He knew she was there, but he pretended not to notice and so did not turn around.

"Some privacy, I think," and, as Eulalia - resplendent in a long flowing dress as if for some formal Ball - moved her left hand ever so slightly, the inward-window blinds came down, quietly, quickly, to close to leave them secluded in the bright artificial light of that room, and she smiled at him as he rose from his chair to stand before her.

"You have arrived here to present us with your demands," he said, as an honourable Army officer might to an unforgiving ruthless enemy.

"To offer you a position, an opportunity. Destiny," she softly replied, standing in front of him and touching his face with her hand.

He tried to raise his arm to push her hand away but it would not obey the command of his thought, and it seemed as if she was about to kiss him when she suddenly, and gracefully, stepped back.

"What you so desire can be yours, but only if you desire it freely," she said. "And it would be no night-time dream."

Her quixotic perfume seemed to envelope him, heightening the desire that then subsumed him with its lengthy-briefness, but he resisted sufficiently enough to be able to say, "Why?"

"Why must you freely desire or why the opportunity?" she teased.

"What opportunity?" and even as he said the words it was as if, somehow and in some strange un-human way, he had known her for years; as if she was his wife, come to visit unexpectedly but pleasingly at work; the wife so desired and dreamed of during those bachelor years of early Army life and even, to his hidden shame, through a decade of that one quarrelling now broken marriage when he, his career assured, rapidly earned promotion by virtue of talent, skill, and personal character.

He tried then to tell himself that she was not human - she was the enemy, his foe - but she came forward and touched his face again, gently, with her warm hand, and, enwrapped in impossible desire, he kissed her. She was warm, soft, yielding - human - pressing her breasts, her thighs, her public area, against him until he was ripping away her dress to reveal her nakedness and eagerly, almost stumblingly, removing his own lower garments. They were on the floor, then, rabidly enmeshed together for almost one half of one Earthly causal hour until his whole body spasmed in an intense orgasm of ecstasy to leave him drained, with relaxing sweaty body, to feel her strangely effusive bodily fluid, now mixed with his, slowly warmly seeping forth from her warm sensuous vagina.

He seemed to sleep, briefly, then, and when he awoke he so expected to find her gone, or it all a dream. He had fallen asleep at his console, perhaps. Or it was a dream within a dream and he would awake, in his bed in the secluded large quietness of his large London house, bereft now of children and of wife. But Eulalia was there, naked, in his arms, bubbled in acausal Time, as outside beyond his working office, human life, all Earthly-dwelling life, lived, frozen, until her own distant-close Mistress freed it from that stopped, paused, moment of that lengthy-briefness which marked the causal passing of that measuring meddling noisy Earth-dwelling species, Homo Hubris.

But Patterson did not know this, and lay with her allowing her body warmth to warm him. For he was still alive, warm, healthy and fit and strong of body, and she had not sucked the life from within him as in those nightmares of his nights. So he touched her, feeling every softness, every contour of her warm lascivious sensuous female human body.

Thus did she then explain to him - thought to thought without a need for human spoken words - as they lay, nestled, there together, touching, and thus did he feel and know until the Earthly-time for her momentary leaving arrived when he, she, together stood, to dress, and he thought he saw some sadness in her eyes. He understood, then, as she had hoped he would understand just as his intense passionate lustful desire for her was slowly, then, so slowly changing, transmuting, being transmuted

to be, become, something else as she knew - hoped - it would, despite a part of his human nature still distantly valiantly fighting against her. For he was her chosen, and it was for him now to be alone - bereft of her, his longing and his dreams - to make the choice he alone must freely make.

Outside, clouds fastly skudded by cold north-easterly winds came to cover the Sun to send down, quickly amid a growing dark, a brief but powerful storm of hail before two peels of thunder drowned out the noises that Homo Hubris and their machines made, there, in that ancient, and capital, English city whose river flowed as it flowed over where those hunters of humans rested, and waited, ready, in their lairs.

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There was much that Rezare - she of the long greying hair and still lithesome body - wanted to do, as her group gathered around her in their protective drawn circle there on that low mound of muddied grass where a few almost forgotten almost overgrown ancient small standing stones rested, broken, or fallen, just before the covering of deciduous trees gave way to an ancient well. There was no Moon, as she desired - no warmth from a warm Summer's night - but the urgency of the matter had brought them together to be there at that hour as she, their Rounwytha, had urged. There was a darkness growing, seeping, into the land, the people, the very landscape that she loved - reaching out with its demon dreams and its succubitic love to entrap, ensnare, entice - and although she did not, as yet, know its source, she felt, knew, that her wyrdful-rouning must oppose it.

Thus did she and her group - six men, three woman, all far younger than she - wait in their white clean robes for the rouning to begin, and thus did she, as Rounwytha, lisp, in almost silence, old words of her craft while a slight wind brought coldness, and sound by leaves fallen, befallen.

But the more she tried, the more tired she became, as if she - her very life, her essence - was being somehow strangely sucked away; as if the very trees themselves, around her, were reaching out to her venting slowly forth from branch and buried root a longing for her to leave them alone. She did not understand this - for were they not: her friends? Were they not the folk of the wood, the very wood itself, who once, many times, had spoken to her with wordless words on starry moonless moonlit nights while she listened and learnt and which each year her Mother-Earth so lovingly in Spring simbellicly renewed?

So she tried again, lipping forth again those ancient words. But the very earth beneath her, the living soil of Earth, then seemed to be seeping forth into her, colding her feet, her body, her head, as if seeking, asking, her to go, peacefully in peace. She did not understand this - for was this soil not her growthful friend which each year every year she nurtured forth in garden and gardens to grow ginningly the food that fed her and kept her fit, hearty, well? It was as if they - her friends of soil, wood, forest, and fieldful hill - sensed, knew, what she knew, and as if they welcomed that - were welcoming that: that so slow subtle un-human change which had so disturbed her both in daylight and in dreams.

Thus did she, sensitive, hyelding, try again to no avail, and thus did she, they - her covenantful group, and at her bidding - leave, each in their own way by their own means, until she, by hillfull fields, was back alone in her cold small cottage only warm by that large wood-fire she lit and in front of which

she sat, worn armchair rested, while her seal-point Siamese cat kept her company and nothing came to disturb the silence and worried sanctity of her mood. She fell asleep there - as the fire dimmed and fell, and hunger failed to wake her - to dream she was back alone by that ancient sacred hidden well where roots seeped forth from trees nearby to grasp her and earth, soil-ly earth, worm-ridden, opened to encase her in her tomb.

It was the scent, the quixotic, suffusive scent which awoke her, and the warm soft hands of some unseen presumed female presence which warmed her as she sat, quite still but unfearful in that colding dark. There were lips kissing hers: warm, soft, gentle lips which touched her own of dryness, un-kissed for more than fifteen years. A touch which warmly, slowly, gently, caressed her - touching face, neck, body, the naked thighs beneath her robe-covered dress. And then it all was gone, all gone, to leave her, colourful of cheek with her legs apart, parted as an almost yearning straining hope touched her while that warm strange touch had caressed her thighs to move within an inch of where a sudden longing wetness seeped out to wet her greying pubic hairs.

Thus did she, ashamed, gather up her strength to slowly say the words of some protective ancient incantation there in that cold small cottage where her seal-point Siamese cat kept her company and where nothing human came to disturb the silence and worried sanctity of her now wytanic mood.

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Patterson and his small cabal of Cheddon and Beldan - awaiting the arrival of the senior Civil Servant - had been in one of Beldan's rather large and well-equipped brightly-lit laboratories in the well-guarded basements of that large city of London and government building, when he, perhaps, pre-emptively, had with vague-ish terms explained to them about Eulalia's visit where he said she had given her demands.

Thus they had listened, in silence, as he himself, still vaguely perfumed with Eulalia's scent - with each vague utterance of each vague often obscuring spoken word - formed, from each idea, each image, each future-deed precisely, wordlessly, livingly, almost lovingly impinged by her upon within his mind, his being, a bond with and to her, thus becoming more aware with each passing of each Earthly causal second of his choice, more assured of his choice, of the correctness of that now freely-chosen choice, bringing thus to him in those moments of his speaking a clear vision of Destiny and an intimation of how his life hitherto had fitted him for such a role as lived within him now, burgeoning, strongly growing with each silent felt remembrance of Eulalia's breath: of her scent, softness, warmth, touch, sharing - blissfully shared but one short causal Earthly hour before.

It was not that he forgot or had forgotten or even was about to negate the loyalty, the feelings, that bound him through oaths pastly-made to be a loyal liege and thus to do his duty to his land, his country, and the government that still idealistically at least derived its own presumptive authority from one such similar oath. Rather, he understood his new duty as but an extension of - the fulfilment of - such things, restoring what required to be restored and bringing-into-being that, only that, which only could be built by such a means as he through such a Destiny would bring. And it was only when the senior Civil Servant arrived to seat himself between Cheddon and Beldan that he exchanged his vague words of description for the reality he felt now so joyously so fittingly living within himself, for she - Eulalia - would be with him again, naked in his arms for all of the coming night, as the Sun

descended to bring a Wintry cold darkness over those lands of England that he, the long-serving patriotic professional soldier, loved.

"As I explained to Cheddon and Beldan here," Patterson began, standing, and looking directly at the senior Civil Servant, "she was, somehow and by some means, here just over an hour ago - "

"Beam me up, Scotty..." Cheddon quipped, with an appalling attempt at a Scottish accent.

Patterson ignored him. "The demands given are quite simple. In return for certain small concessions, and subject to certain conditions and assurances, the attacks will cease; the entities - not of them - that wrought all those deaths will be withdrawn, and we will be given certain technical assistance to develop new technologies which will be to the great advantage of Britain, to the government, to our people, and to our standing in the world." He paused, as a professional politician might pause for effect while delivering a speech. Then, quite calmly, he said: "I am to act as her - as their - liaison. As her - as their - representative."

Cheddon and the senior Civil Servant looked at each other, somewhat surprised, while Beldan only smiled.

"What exactly," the senior Civil Servant said, "are these concessions and conditions?"

"The main condition," Patterson confidently continued, "is that of absolute and binding secrecy. No one - outside of the few of us who already know - can know either the truth of what has occurred, or of her, of their, involvement with us, current and future.

"The concessions relate to us providing them a secure area where they can live, in secret, and in us allowing some of them - a few of them - to dwell among us, undetected, with a few of those few to be given certain positions, within the government and our Armed Forces. In return for which - as I said - they will provide us with technical assistance to develop new technologies which will be to our great advantage."

"Why?" Cheddon, inquired. "What do they really want?"

"A place to live - among us, in human form. To guide us; to help us develop what we need to develop, in terms of science and technology, so that we might spread out from this planet to be, to live, among the stars, and thus evolve as we have the potential to evolve. We, this country, our government, have been given this opportunity."

"I still don't get it," Cheddon said.

"It seems to me," Beldan replied, "that it is quite simple. They have a need, a desire, to dwell here, on Earth, and so are offering to come to an agreement, and arrangement, with us which is beneficial to both sides."

Patterson looked at her strangely, as if there was, in that moment, something he felt he knew about her, but the feeling of such a knowing soon passed, and, instead, he said, to Cheddon, "That indeed is the gist of the matter. They want to aid us in the development of Space - and other technologies - so

that they also can, with us, move back out toward the stars."

"I see," Beldan said, smiling at him. "So, it is logical to assume that these alien beings, or whatever we might call them, are somehow stuck here, for some reason as yet unknown to us, on this planet in our sector of this Galaxy, and require our assistance in order to resume their Space-faring ways."

This was not what Patterson knew - not what Eulalia had shown him - but it would be, it would have to be, for the present, the best cover-story to use among those who already knew of her, and of her companions, existence.

"Can they be trusted, though?" Cheddon asked, interrupting Patterson's reverie.

"Any agreement," Patterson answered, "is a matter of trust. In my considered opinion, yes, she - they - can be trusted."

"Maybe. Perhaps. Possibly. For the moment. Possibly not. And if we don't agree to their terms and conditions?" Cheddon asked.

"Then," Patterson said, "the attacks will resume; those entities will wreck more havoc and death; and other countries will be targeted."

"Not much of a choice, then," said Beldan.

"What," inquired the senior Civil Servant of Patterson, fiddling - as had become his habit - with his colourful silk tie, "in your professional opinion and that of your colleagues, are the possibilities of us succeeding now, or in the immediate future, in defeating this person and her forces?"

"As I explained to the PM recently, the consensus is - and I concur - that the possibility is remote. That it is, currently and in the immediate future, an unfeasible objective. We have neither the resources nor the means to achieve such an objective. Unless and until we can develop a means to track them, unless we can develop some weapon or weapons which are effective against them, our options, from a military point of view, are severely limited and currently ineffective. There is also a consensus that it would take some years for us to develop the capabilities we need to even be on a par with them."

"I see," the senior Civil Servant said.

"During which time, no doubt," Beldan added, "there would be hundreds of thousands of deaths, maybe millions, world-wide - and a great deal of devastation and destruction."

"What about the weapons you've been looking at recently?" asked Cheddon.

"They may or may not have some limited effect.

"Shouldn't we try them out?" Cheddon asked

"We - my tactical team and I - have been ready to do so if a situation arose where such weapons might be deployed. But - " and he paused, again. "My information is that such weapons as we currently possess will not be effective."

"What information?" Cheddon inquired.

"I was directly informed..."

"By Eulalia?" interrupted Cheddon, guessing.

"Yes."

"And you believed her?" Cheddon said, surprised.

"I have - had - no reason to doubt the veracity of her information. Indeed, she offered to give us a demonstration."

"I see," the senior Civil Servant said.

"We should put it to the test," Cheddon added.

"I accepted her offer and have already made the arrangements." He checked his wristwatch. "If you will follow me, we should be in position at exactly the right time."

So he led them out from that brightly-lit well-equipped laboratory through a skein of corridors, passing many an armed and uniformed guard, to the large underground car-park that served their needs and that of the other occupants of those well-guarded government basements of that large city of London building. In one corner of that dismal grey underground area a tactical squad of soldiers waited in a semi-circle, holding a variety of weapons, regular, strange, and improvised, and - as Patterson's quartet joined them - three women, all dressed in black, young and dark of hair with bright red lipstick upon their lips, suddenly materialized at the point which was the centre of that semi-circle of soldiers. The women were carrying guns which seemed to resemble standard Earth-manufactured semi-automatic pistols which they raised and pointed at the soldiers who also raised their own assortment of weapons but who did not fire. But the women simply smiled, and shot three soldiers dead.

Thus did the nine remaining soldiers fire or operate their weapons as the women stood, smiling and un-humanly still, making no attempt to shoot or even target their own hand-held guns. For five minutes they stood until Patterson gave orders for his men to cease their firing. No one spoke, or moved - except the three women, who unharmed came forward to kiss each still living speechless unmoving soldier on the cheek before those strange but attractive women turned, waved at Patterson, and were gone.

"I see your point," Cheddon said, unnecessarily, to him.

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It was not long before his suspicious, his doubts, grew. Not even the senior Civil Servant would listen to him when he hinted certain things. Certainly, Beldan was distant, disengaging, unapproachful, and

so Cheddon carried on, in his own well-equipped, if dimly lit, laboratory in those well-guarded government basements of that large city of London building. Carried on, almost but not quite as normal. What could he say, do? So he busied himself with the new work that Patterson said was of vital and national import. Waiting, unsure; with only doubts, suspicious, unvoiced, unheard, almost always strange, unformed.

No longer the hunt for some enemy foe. No longer the sense, the knowing, the thrill, of being part of some elite, secret, well-armed, powerful, government team. Instead: he felt cheated, betrayed, perhaps even soiled. As if the deal they had made somehow besmirched, dishonoured, and shamed him. He did not understand why this was so, only that it felt so. Perhaps it was that he had betrayed the dead - the ones, the thousands, they had killed. Perhaps he had even betrayed himself. Perhaps it was fear of being taken, made-to-be like them. Or perhaps a feeling of being somehow their minion, their slave: as if he, humans, were powerless, weak, inferior, now before them. He did not know, and so he carried on: he, one of those chosen to closely guard their, and his governments, secret, doing - as the consummate talented professional he was - his newly given governmental duties outstandingly well, while secretly, furtively, working on some way to detect, defend against, them.

The day was bright, if cold, with a frost that the warmless middle November Sun did not nor would that day remove, and Rezare - she of the long greying hair, the lithesome body - sat in her old worn armchair by her warming large wood-fire reading from an antiquarian folio book, her seal-point Siamese cat asleep beside her in a wicker-basket. There was no sound, except the slight occasional wind-rapping of small bare Willow tendrils that hung down seepingly against her sitting room window from the overgrown tree in her Cottage garden, and she might have been at peace - happy, contented; contented, happy, warm - had not her dreams, her knowing, the very words of the book, disturbed her. For the words of that Diary, that Journal, flowingly, cursively, inscribed by hand, were of a Rounwytha before her who had through visions and dreams seen a certain uncertain dark future: sinister times where strange shapeshifting succubitic beings ventured forth to bring sadness, madness, terror, and awe; where They - though unnamed - use for their own ends human beings, establishing thus a Dark, sinister, Imperium upon Earth.

Thus did Rezare read what another of her kind had written, less than seventy years before:

"I, with the help of an old dear friend, have been able to find only scattered references, such as:

*They require Earth as a Gate, a physical staging place, from whence they can go forth to dominate that life which exists among the stars, and because they desire again our human bodies - for, being formless as they are, eternal, they cannot feel as we feel; cannot love as we love; cannot feel the joy that we feel. For Aeons after Aeons they have lived formless and unfeeling and dreaming as such beings do. Once, long ago now, before we knew ourselves, before words came forth to be written, some of Them seeped to be among us, taking, as legend says, human shape human. Some stayed, most returned. Perhaps it was that the tales of*

*those returning, tales of our life - of their time of physical form - enchanted Them as they lived where They lived, formless, ageless, waiting: waiting, but, for what? So They, some of Them, contrived Their return - to guide us, legend says, to change us... Their wait was long, perhaps too long, for the stars, the very cosmos had to be aligned aright, with Theirs, for Them to come forth again from Their sleepless dwelling to be among us, to be with us, once again. To have the feeling, the corporeal being, They so craved.*

and also this one:

*Falcifer is the name They have chosen. Working in secret, even now They are planning his coming. He is the Spawn of Chaos, the leader of those Dark Gods...*

But in my dreams this Falcifer of theirs is a woman who has as her Vindex a man, a human, and by whom she bears a half-human child who, as her, needs the vital force, the living essence, of human beings to live, survive. I never see her face, clearly. But her smell is ever so indicative and strong, almost animal, feral like, in its intensity; but more than an odour; more than a perfume. Even now in the bright sun of this lovely hot July day I catch myself smelling this strange fragrance, unlike any flower I have ever known, unlike any perfume I have ever smelt, or blended, unlike the smell of any magical potion I have ever made.

She and her kind are beyond the words of the books of our kind; beyond the words of all our human books, magical; otherwise. Missing pages from our history, our past, for some of them have been here among us for millennia. Waiting. Some perhaps in dreams have glimpsed them or been touched by them, as I. Many have known them, over the centuries, and died because of it.....

Through her chosen one she schemes, plots, then rules, growing in Earthly influence, power. I do not know why, but sometimes I seem to see great factories; a new Empire; a country, a nation, triumphant, over others, only this time ruler of the skies, where machines rise to unearthly heights. War; deaths; suffering. So many, so terrible. More than those terrible years - that war - we lived through and vowed to never live through again... But the dreams have gone, not returned. Again I do not know why the dreams have stopped, or why they began. I am only glad, so very glad, they have stopped and not returned....."

Slowly, Rezare placed the book aside. She also did not know how or why her own so similar dreams had begun; but hers had not stopped, becoming with each night more vivid, intense, as if the land around - the living hillfull fields, the trees, the streams, copses, sheltering welcoming woods, the birds, animals, the very soil itself - had somehow in some way changed with, through, because of understanding. Gone now their welcoming of such un-earthly darkness; gone now their beckoning desire for her to leave peacefully and in peace. Instead: only a desire, an urgent desire, through

wordless words - through that very belonging with-them that she treasured, loved, felt, knew - for her to help them, she as daughter, perhaps, of their life-giving Earth-Mother. Perhaps it was then the trees, the streams, the birds, animals, those sheltering welcoming well-known woods, the very soil itself, who spoke to her by dreams, bringing such a seeing, such a knowing, such detail, as no Rounwytha before her had ever possessed, so that to her even the wind-rapping of those small bare Willow tendrils upon her draughtful window were as words, informing her of why and of what she must do.

There will be snow tonight, she knew, a journey to take her, alone, to a city where her visions and those voices said would be a young man, to help her.

"How did you find me?" Cheddon asked, as Rezare waited outside in that snowy darkful cold which had come to claim his city.

"It does not matter," she said. "What matters is what we can do to fight those alien shapeshifting beings and she who has so beshrewed he who leads that team you are still a part of."

Startled, surprised - intrigued - Cheddon let her into his warm bachelor fourth-floor modern Apartment whose large windows gave fine Thames river and city of London views. Then, outside, in the darkness, it was as if suddenly that city, that England, had drifted back into a far far quieter more distant ancient time: for, for just one lengthy-briefness of just three measured Earthly minutes, there was a silence, a stillness, a steeply plunging Outer-Space coldness, that made machines, people, stutter, to bring them briefly to a halt; to cut for one moment of Earthly lengthy-briefness that flow of electrical energy that brought forth light and brightness to human streets and homes.

Thus did Rezare - she of long greying hair, lithesome body, and sensitive, yielding - involuntarily shiver, until Cheddon, with youthful momentary desperation of comfort, sought her hand to let her warming fingers, her comforting warm embrace, renew remind and unexpectedly arouse him as that strange seeping cold enclosing lengthy-briefness of un-human blackness passed their brief causal-world by.

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## **The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way**

(Note: While this MS assumes some knowledge of the LHP and magick, it may be useful to non-Initiates/non-Adepts.)

### **The True Nature of Magick:**

Magick, correctly defined and correctly understood, is the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy.

The symbols and rituals of genuine conventional magick (as represented by the ONA) are simply a means to access, or re-present, certain types of acausal energy. Thus, and for example, the Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols, re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

However, such a symbol as the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - to be a correct and thus useful re-presentation - must be understood ("viewed") in both causal and acausal terms. As conventionally described ("drawn") the ToW is but a static two-dimensional object. A more accurate re-presentation is three-dimensional. A yet more accurate description is four-dimensional where the symbols are understood to "flow"/change according to their nature - and here, the transformations of the pieces/symbols of The Star Game are the key. The best - most accurate - description of such a symbol as the ToW is five-dimensional, for Time has of itself "two" dimensions, or components: a causal one (the "flow"/change) and an acausal one, which acausal aspect cannot be understood, or viewed, or even symbolized, by conventional four-dimensional means. Thus, each individual symbol, or "association" or "correspondence" is not static and not isolated - they are but individual, causal, emanations of what is a changing aspect of some acausal energy, which acausal energy cannot be totally contained (or "described") by some finite, causal re-presentation.

That is, there is an acausal aspect to all magickal workings, rituals and "re-presentations"/symbols, which acausal aspect cannot be re-presented by a mere four-dimensional description or symbol.

Of course, the astute reader will realize that not only is the ToW itself but one causal, emanation of what is a changing aspect of some particular acausal energy, but also that we, as individuals, are such a "thing".

The failure of pre-ONA magick is the failure to understand, to know, the four and five dimensional

nature of genuine magick. On a somewhat basic level, that is why, for instance, in the ONA Way, there are no such things as stupid "banishing rituals" - because the individual is a nexion, before, during and after some causal ritual, which ritual involves acausal energy.

### **The Seventh Way of the ONA:**

The Way of the ONA is a Way which allows the individual to experience, to get to know, acausal energy, and to begin the process of understanding such energy via acausal symbolism. All magick - external, internal and Aeonic - is but a means to apprehend, experience and presence acausal energies, and thus create/provoke Change. That is, the conventional magick of the ToW, of books such as *Naos*, of rituals, is but a beginning - through such things, the individual Initiate acquires experience and knowledge, and also develops as an individual: in terms of character. In the simplistic sense, they move, through the Grades, beyond "The Abyss", toward The Goal, which is the transformation of the individual and the emergence of a new type of being, beyond the Adept. In such a moving, such a development, they acquire a knowledge, a knowing, of the acausal, which knowledge usually begins during and after the stage of Internal Adept - and which is often glimpsed, in some causal way, by some External Adepts who may thus intuitively grasp the essence of the sinister. Also, in such a moving, they cause/provoke changes in the causal: that is, they undertake Aeonic Magick.

The basis for the Seventh Way is, firstly, the understanding of causal, acausal and nexions, and, secondly, the realization that we, as individuals, can evolve ourselves in a conscious and rational way. Esoterically, the name itself - the Seventh Way - is not that important, and in essence serves only to denote some-thing which is different from what has existed hitherto. Exoterically, it refers to the seven-spheres conventionally described by the ToW - that is, to what has been called the septenary system, which itself is but one causal, and convenient, means to describe the nexion which we are and the nexion which is the intersection/meeting of causal and acausal in our phenomenal world.

What, then, is the acausal symbolism which can aide the process of understanding and which in itself is an act of magick, a presencing of the acausal? In its most simple form it is The Star Game - or rather, the advanced form of The Star Game. But even this is only a beginning - a mere four-dimensional manifestation. In another form, such acausal symbolism is The Dark Gods - not as some "name" or "names", and not even as a vibration/chant of some collocation of letters/names (which vibration/chant is a more accurate re-presentation than a mere "name"). Rather, the symbolism *is/are* The Dark Gods and the energies (the "forces") They Themselves re-present. (1)

But what does all this mean, in practical terms? It means that to presence such energies the individual has to go not only beyond the "symbolism" but also go beyond all those things which militate against the "flow" of acausal energy to the causal. That is, they have to open the nexion that they are - they become not just some "channel" or "gate" but rather an aspect of the acausal itself, while such presencing is done, and while some of its acausal manifestations manifest themselves in our causal time-and-space. This is the essence of what it means to go "beyond the Abyss" - achieved by following the Seven Fold

Way.

In addition, and of crucial importance, in the practical sense it means that the effects of genuine magick are not purely causal - they are not limited to a specific "ritual" or action, and cannot be contained within a chosen causal form, such as a static image or some artefact. In a very simplistic sense, genuine magickal energies are "five-dimensional" - they are akin to "living-forms" which thus change, may grow (or decay) and which may cause or provoke changes, in causal time, according to their "nature". (2) Thus, to consider one very novice-like example, when a conventional ritual is undertaken, the energies involved are presented both in causal and acausal time - novices (and even, sometimes, Adepts) usually only consider or feel or are aware of the causal presencing and the causal effects, which they often assume they can "control". What they seldom if ever consider are the acausal effects.

### **The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings:**

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

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

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

### **The Seventh Way and Satanism:**

For the current Aeon, the Seventh Way, exoterically, is the way of Satanism, expressed in its most obvious way by opposition to the religion of the Nazarene and by an affirmation, through rituals and similar constructs, of the energy/archetype commonly known as "Satan".

As explained in various other Order MSS this Aeon (3), left to itself, will persist - that is, its outer forms

and ethos will continue to be manifest and still hold people in thrall physically and mentally - for at least another few hundred years, even though some of the energies of the next Aeon (energies manifest in groups such as the ONA) are manifest now and will become increasingly manifest. In the practical sense, this means that individuals, organizations, groups (and so on) will continue to be influenced/controlled by the forces of the Old Aeon, and that the forces of the New Aeon will not achieve significant change, in such forms as "society", for several hundred years, which change will mark the real arrival of the next Aeon.

Furthermore, there will come a time when the ONA - and the individuals who are part of it or who are influenced by it - will outwardly shed the rhetoric, the images, the forms of "Satanism", for such things are causal emanations tied to a particular Aeon; they are not the supra-Aeonic acausal essence which we, through the progression of Aeons, are moving toward and which it is the purpose of genuine Occultism and magick to move us, as individuals, toward experience of and understanding of. What will also change are the means - the magick - to presence the acausal. Thus, there will be a move away from ritual, and from overt Old Aeon symbolism - and especially from "words" and "names" (4) - toward a much darker magick: a magick which manifests the acausal without the need for causal forms, and certainly without the need for "names". One type of the new magick is The Star Game (the magick of "Thought") and another is that which returns the Chaos which is, and which is not, The Dark Gods - but there will be many other types of this new five-dimensional magick, some of which are already known to, and used by, genuine Adepts of the Dark Tradition.

Anton Long  
Morning Rising of Arcturus  
(Black Rhadley Nexion) 116yf

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## Notes:

(1) Part of this re-presentation is, of course, what we term the sinister - or, more correctly, those energies/changes which when presented produce a re-ordering, which re-ordering is most often called "sinister".

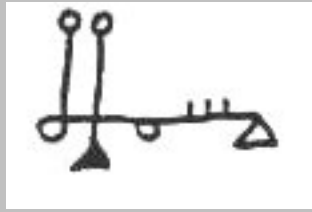
(2) This does not mean, of course, that such energies should be conceptualized in the Old Aeon way as actual "living-beings" such as "demons" or such-like, which living-beings have their own "nature". But such a conceptualization does indeed hint at a much deeper truth, which in one sense is embodied in the mythos of the Dark Gods, as it can be used as a beginning to move toward a better understanding based on the reality of how acausal energies manifest - **and then exist** ("live") - in the causal.

(3) To be precise, we should really write: "The distortion which has overtaken the Western Aeon will persist..." For, as explained in various Order MSS, what is manifest now - and has certainly been obvious to even many non-Adepts in the past five years - is the Magian distortion of the West, which distortion is evident in the "neo-cons" of Amerika with its new imperialism which itself serves a very Zionist/Magian agenda. According to a quite old MSS: "The last Aeon, the Western whose center is in Northern Europe, is drawing to a close as its energies fade. The next Aeon, however, has as its centre not

our Earth, but a location in space and until this centre is reached, the new Aeon will not be possible. However, the Old Aeon has some 350 years still left to run, and during this period, the energies of the New Aeon will become more and more obvious as they seep around the Gate, brought in part by deliberate Ritual by small groups of Adepts..."

(4) As has been written: "It is not correct to give names to some things..." For such a naming is a move-away from the essence of the "thing" that is named - often a mistaking of what the name denotes for the essence which is supposedly denoted by such a naming. Magick is one means away from such a projection, such a transference of limited causal "thinking" - a means toward an apprehension of things, as things are.

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## **Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery**

The fundamental basis of five-dimensional acausal sorcery is acausal thinking: that is, knowing and understanding what the acausal is, what acausal energy is, and how such things relate to our causal phenomenal world, and to us, as individuals.

Explained in a simplistic way, acausal thinking means the following:

(1) Simultaneity - that is, that acausal energy does not propagate in a causal linear way either in "time" or in "space". Instead, such energy propagates (and can manifest or be presenced) according to the nature of acausal-space and acausal-time. Thus, there is no direct, causal-based, "cause and effect" - events are not, or may not be, separated by a duration of causal time, and are not, or may not be, separated by a physical distance as measured according to causal-space.

(2) Acausal energy implies acausal beings (or "entities") which exist in both the acausal dimensions/spaces (acausal-space and acausal-time) and in our causal universe. These beings live, according to the type of acausal energy that they are, and their existence is independent of us, as causal beings. Thus, The Dark Gods, of mythos, legend and esoteric tradition, are one type of such acausal entities.

(3) Empathy - that is, knowing and understanding that causal beings (or "entities") such as ourselves, who have life or existence in the causal spaces/dimensions, are not separate, discrete or even "individual" beings or entities, but are only parts of the matrix which comprises causal and acausal spaces. That is, that such causal entities are nexions, and are "alive" by virtue of having acausal energy; they can be viewed, in one sense, as receptacles, composed of causal, physical elements, atoms and so on, in-which acausal energy can dwell (or be presenced). Our consciousness - and especially magick, correctly understood - is a means to apprehend our true nature as causal entities and can be a means for us to access more acausal energy.

Explained in a simplistic way, five-dimensional acausal sorcery is a means to create, or draw-into-the-causalspaces, acausal beings/entities, and a means for us to transform ourselves (and other causal entities) by accessing/presencing acausal energy and thus possibly move toward a dwelling in the acausal spaces. Furthermore, acausal sorcery works on the fundamental premise of the irrelevancy of causal-time and causal-space - that is, our concepts of cause-and-effect, of spatial distance, of a beginning and an end - of a past, a present and a future - do not apply.

## **The Nature of Acausal Beings**

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being.

Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) unpresented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

## **Acausal Sorcery**

Among the techniques of acausal sorcery are the following:

- (1) Esoteric chant, especially that involving the use of certain shaped crystals of a certain type. This chant can access and/or produce, certain types of acausal energy (or under certain circumstances, open a nexion to certain acausal spaces to allow certain acausal beings to presence in our dimensions).
- (2) Empathy - that is, by direct acausal thinking (or "being") which implies a particular type of

awareness and consciousness and certain abilities. It should be noted that one of the aims of The Star Game, in its various forms, is to provoke such acausal thinking, and to provide some experience of some of the awareness involved. This is the natural creation of a nexion or nexion (or the use of an already existing connexion) and then the attraction of acausal energies or acausal beings (a natural "calling" of such beings).

(3) Certain acts (which over a certain period of causal time may be said to represent an extended "ritual") can be done to create a nexion or nexions (or to prepare an already existing nexion or nexions, such as an individual or individual) and to then access or generate or otherwise produce those particular energies which may attract into or through such a nexion or nexions, certain acausal beings whose "nature" is to be drawn toward such energies to then indwell in such a nexion or nexions or to otherwise be presented in the causal.

What should be understood about all methods is that it is in the nature of certain types of acausal energy to flow through a nexion. That is, once a connexion is established, and such energy or energies accessed, then a causal presencing will begin. Furthermore, certain times are regarded, according to a certain esoteric tradition, as more favourable than others - that is, there are certain causal times when certain "cosmic tides" (caused by the structure of causal and acausal space-time) facilitate the flow of such acausal energy into the causal, and other times when the opposite occurs (when, that is, it becomes more difficult for such energy to be accessed and presented in the causal). One causal apprehension of such cosmic tides is said to be "aeons" - with the beginning of such an Aeon being a time (in causal terms) when such a presencing, such a flow, is favourable.

## **The Dark Gods**

One of the aims of a certain group of Adepts is to presence (or, rather, to re-presence) The Dark Gods. That is, to bring these beings (who are mostly shapeshifters) into our own causal dimensions and thus change the life, the living, of our world, and our causal universe. According to one ancient esoteric tradition (to be believed or not according to one's way of thinking) *one* such acausal entity - a shapeshifter - is known in mythos and legend as "Satan", with this acausal being assuming, in former times, various causal forms (or "appearances").

## **Beyond Sorcery: Toward The Acausal**

According to a certain esoteric tradition, it is possible for us, as individual human beings dwelling (existing) in the causal spaces, to move toward an existence in the acausal spaces. That is, in a simplistic sense, to transfer our consciousness, via a nexion or nexion, into an acausal being and thus begin to dwell in the acausal spaces. According to another tradition, it is also possible for us to create, for ourselves, such an acausal existence - that is, to transit into the acausal. Such a dwelling (living) by a causal-based entity such as ourselves is often regarded as one of the greatest goals of genuine esoteric

arts, and the means to do this as perhaps the greatest secret of genuine Dark Arts, the greatest act of natural alchemy (1).

Anton Long

118 yf (Year of Fayen)

Agios o Baphomet

*Notes:*

(1) For some further details, see the MS *Acausal Alchemy* .

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### **The Sinister Dialectic and Diabolical Aims of The Order of Nine Angles**

*I have heard that some people say that a genuine Left Hand Path organization is a contradiction, since they claim the LHP is essentially anarchic and individual. Do you consider this to be correct, and is the Order of Nine Angles a LHP organization, or even an organization?*

In respect of the LHP - or perhaps more correct, esoterically, the Sinister Path or Sinister Way - it depends of course on how one defines this. We have our own definition, and usage, and consider the definition and usage of and by others to be irrelevant.

For us, and as explained in several ONA MSS over the past three decades, the LHP - the true Sinister Way - is the Way of practical experience, of self-reliance, and of amorality, that is without, or beyond, morality. Thus:

- (a) the individual learns from direct practical experience, which is both esoteric, magickal, in nature, and also, and vitally, of real-life involving such things as Insight Rôles, overcoming tough physical challenges, being heretical, being a-moral, taking risks and courting real personal danger;
- (b) the individual rejects all dogma, the “religious attitude” and all subservience, and seeks to find answers for themselves and work things out for themselves, although they may at times accept a certain guidance, and some advice, from someone who has themselves followed the Sinister Way and who thus can talk and write from personal practical experience; but the individual is free to accept or reject such offered guidance and such advice, with such guidance and such advice being given only when the individual personally seeks it;
- (c) the individual accepts that they and they alone are responsible for themselves, and that genuine esoteric advancement requires great personal effort over a period of decades;
- (d) the individual understands that the LHP - the genuine Sinister Way - is a-moral; that is, free from all moral restrictions, and that each and every follower of the Sinister Way is not bound by the “laws” of any society but instead consider such “laws” as artificial constructs designed to keep individuals in thrall to some supra-personal “authority”; as such, these “laws” and conventional morality itself are detrimental to the achievement of esoteric Adeptship and esoteric Mastery.

In respect of the ONA itself, we are a living nexion - a causal presencing of the Sinister, of certain acausal energies - and as such we both are, and are-not, an organization and an Order. *We are* so, because we have a Way, a mythos, a system of guidance, a method, which works, is efficacious, and which when correctly followed, can produce and has produced Sinister Adepts and Sinister Masters/Lady-Masters. *We are* so, because, by causally-being, we have produced and do produce and will produce certain causal changes and effects. *We are-not* so, because our essence is beyond all those temporal, causal, forms which makes the living-nexion we are presence itself in manifold ways over a multitude of centuries, some of which forms are “hidden” or unknown to non-Initiates, and even to many Adepts. *We are-not* so, because the living-nexion which we are and will be is itself limited in

its causal-living: to perhaps a thousand years; at most, to one and half thousand to two thousand years, after which there will be - there should be - no need for such a temporal presencing, and - if there is then such a need - another living-nexion will be born, or be manufactured.

Thus, as a living Order we offer a certain guidance, and a system of training, for those who might be interested, just as our Way, our Mythos, can be used freely by others, in whatever way and for whatever purpose, they choose, which is one reason we reject the restriction, the morality, of "copyright".

*You mentioned that the ONA is akin to a living-nexion with a certain causal life-span, of a thousand years or more. How is this related to the esoteric and practical aims of the ONA?*

Our aims are of centuries, and more. One of the fundamental aims is to produce more and more genuine Adepts; another is to change a significant number of people by using, by manufacturing, various causal forms and various "archetypes" - by presencing the Sinister in certain causal ways and through certain nexions. Another is to fundamentally alter "society" and produce a new elite, a higher type of human being, and, with and through these individuals, manufacture an entirely new way of living, new societies. All these things will take a certain amount of causal time.

We have already spent three decades in building the foundations for such changes; in establishing a new dark mythos; in manufacturing certain forms; in using certain already existing causal forms; in Presencing The Dark in certain ways. In guiding many individuals to a certain esoteric achievement. There are other such things, already done, most of which are still esoteric, still hidden even to those, outside of our tradition, who consider themselves Adepts.

There are many more things to do, and it is irrelevant to us if people, esoteric-minded or otherwise, understand what we are doing, and why. Their opinion and judgement of us - often erroneously based on some causal form we or some of our Adepts may use or some rôle an Adept or Master might assume - is irrelevant.

*Which is why, I imagine, you personally have never bothered with responding, on the Internet or otherwise, to criticism of the ONA?*

Correct. Most of the chatter on the Internet is worthless, ephemeral, the product of people with little esoteric knowledge and even less genuine practical esoteric and personal experience, with such people being led or controlled either by their own desires or by some unconscious impulse or by some causal abstract form or dogma they do not rationally comprehend, or by all of these things. Such chatter is almost always immediately reactive, never the product of a reflexion based on experience, and - when it is not simply inane - it is esoterically and/or intellectually shallow; worthless; pretentious.

Genuine esoteric wisdom arises from a reflexion born from personal, direct, practical experience: from an alchemical symbiosis; from that acausal growth that arises slowly over causal time. And it cannot, should not, be expressed in hasty words of the reactive, immediate, emotive kind based upon, dependant upon, some causal abstraction, some dogma, some causal form. Such wisdom is to be savoured; communicated, at best, on a personal basis, and otherwise in some form which enables others to reflect upon it, or judge it, over a period of causal time.

The only value, esoterically, of this Internet thing is that it allows - for the moment at least - the free dissemination of mythos, of causal forms, of various esoteric Ways, enabling people to access such things, and consider them and if necessary act upon or be inspired by them in their own way in their own causal time. Such action and such inspiration, to be esoterically valid, must of course take a certain amount of causal time: months, most usually years. Thus, the immediacy of chattering Internet

forums, and the like, is esoterically irrelevant to us.

*But haven't some of your members responded to criticism?*

No. Some of our *associates* may have - and I use the word *associates* advisedly - occasionally done such things, most usually as learning experiences for themselves. But no one is authorized to speak by or on behalf of the ONA...

*Except you -*

[Anton Long smiles] Except me, naturally.

Thus, those individuals, those associates, present only their own views, their own perspective, their own opinions, deriving as such things do from that incomplete and sometimes erroneous understanding which abounds among those who are not Masters/Lady-Masters. I have never bothered to correct such errors and such mistakes as have - very occasionally - occurred when such individuals, associated with us over the past decade, have, via this Internet medium, ventured forth an opinion or view of their own. It is for those individuals to learn, and so correct themselves, and for others to have the magickal empathy, the esoteric understanding, to perceive such errors and mistakes for the errors and mistakes they are.

Some associates - and the occasional member - have even occasionally produced and published tracts in an attempt to correct some mis-understandings which may have arisen in respect of our Way. Again, I have never bothered to correct such mistakes as may be found in such tracts or answers. But, as we move now into the third phase of our long term sinister strategy, even such ephemeral, very unofficial, things will cease, since the vast majority of what needed to be published, and said and written, has been, and our living nexion is now so well-established that it does not need such things, and never, in truth, has ever needed them, which is again why I - and those few among us who are Masters or Lady Masters - have never ventured forth any opinion by such means and never bothered with such Internet ephemera.

*Can you then explain what an associate of the ONA is?*

Technically, there are ONA members, and ONA associates. A member formally means someone in direct personal face-to-face contact with an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA; someone who is being guided and thus following our Sinister Way according to tradition, and thus who is part of an already physical ONA nexion, which physical nexion - in Old Aeon speak - is a Sinister "Temple".

There are also "unaffiliated" members who are working alone, who follow our Way, and who are also being guided by an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA.

Each member - when they attain Internal Adept - is free to guide others, and to establish their own "official" ONA nexion, but they still require some guidance to advance further, toward and into The Abyss, from whence they may emerge as newly fledged Masters or Lady Masters, who usually do not require further guidance.

An "official" ONA nexion should not be confused with the Temple - the simple causal construct - that an aspirant Internal Adept constructs as one of the learning tasks of the Seven Fold Sinister Way, which task is associated with External Adept.

An *associate* of the ONA is someone who is doing sinister work on behalf of the ONA and who is in contact (sometimes not on a face-to-face basis) with an ONA member, but who does and who is free to do their own work, and who usually follows or (more usually) develops their own esoteric way and methods, but who also may propagate the ONA mythos. Such an associate often constructs a new, non-ONA, independent group or organization, which may or may not be imbued with the sinister energies which the ONA itself is using, and which may or which may not acknowledge the influence of the ONA.

Of course, many others are influenced by the ONA in a variety of ways, and may or may not use, directly or indirectly, some aspects of our Sinister Way, our Dark Tradition, in whatever way and for whatever purpose they want, which they can freely do, even if they do not acknowledge the source, the influence. Such influence, and such use - and such a hiding of the source of their inspiration - is natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, that living sinister presencing which is the ONA and which is the ONA mythos, as, of course, the work of our associates is a natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, our living sinister presencing.

You - and others among our kindred sinister-folk - will be aware, for instance, of several esoteric groups which have arisen in the last two decades, wholly or partly inspired by the ONA and our mythos. Often, such groups last but a few years, and then decay away, as the interest and enthusiasm of the individual or individuals founding them wanes and dies and they themselves fall back into the mundane world of non-esoteric folk, or even renounce their sinister quest. Sometimes, such groups schism, and new ones are formed, and these may last a few more years. But the ONA endures and grows, slowly, in an alchemical, living way, as is necessary and as befits such a causal presencing of the acausal, as befits such a living-being, imbued with acausal energies. Such is the sinister dialectic at work, and sinister Adepts - and Masters/Lady-Masters - at work, and at play.

*I have heard it said that some of the tasks of the Seven Fold Way are not necessary, and should only be taken as a rough guide. I'm referring here to such matters as the physical tasks of an External Adept, such as a man walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least thirty pounds in weight.*

Such tasks and tests were designed to physically take the individual to, and beyond, their limits. To develop in them a certain personal character. As such, these physical tasks are - for most modern individuals in the West - hard, and challenging, and require many months of physical training before they can be successfully attempted. They are not meant to be easy, and those who say such things as you mention usually are just too soft, too weak - emotionally, physically, in terms of character - to attempt them, and so make excuses for their failure. We do not care, for thus have they failed this particular selection process of ours.

As I mentioned - and as by now should be somewhat well-known among sinister esoteric-folk - one of our aims is to breed, to seed, a new elite, the prelude for a new human species which has been variously named as *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*. If some individuals do not wish to join us in this quest, fine; if they do not desire to undertake the selection process, fine; if they have no dream of evolving beyond what they are and of thus becoming the foundation for this new elite, this new species, fine. The choice is theirs. We simply do not care about them, or about their opinions, or about their excuses, or about their judgement of us.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way, is a selection process. Many begin; few succeed. Over the past three decades, some have succeeded, and this number will increase, slowly, and has increased, slowly. There is no easy way to achieve genuine Adeptship; there is no easy way to change yourself - alchemically, esoterically - and so become a part of this new elite.

Our tasks, our tests, our Way, work; the ONA produces sinister Adepts, sinister Master and Lady-Masters. But this is a slow process, which is why we have a selection process, why we are, as a practical-form, reclusive; why we do not “recruit”, and why sheer numbers of members do not, never have and never will, concern us.

The published physical tasks - of, for example, External Adept - are suited to humans who exist, now, in the lands of the West. Suited to those we desire to select, and are certainly achievable by those who may desire to be of-us, as members, as associates, or as individuals inspired by us. Of course, there are some individuals who - being supremely physically fit - will find such tasks too easy, and for them, as our MSS mention, there will be higher goals set. But what we will not do is lower these already achievable, if high, standards.

Yet there may well arise a time in the nearish future when these high goals will have to made higher (not lower, note) if prevailing conditions, in terms of physical health, nutrition, leisure-time, and so on, continue to improve. In the same manner, it may be necessary, sometime in the near future, for the Grand Master (or Grand Mistress) after me to revise some of the details of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, just as I myself revised the details I had inherited, to make the task of living alone, bereft of modern comforts, for three months practically feasible in a rather industrialized Britain, allowing thus a tent, and some pre-purchased food, where the original conditions specified building one’s own shelter and obtaining all food by hunting and gathering. But the essential alchemical, esoteric, elements - and hardship and difficulty - always remain, and, noticeably, such hardship and difficulty always incrementally increase, in line with our changing slowly evolving civilization.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way are *ours*. They achieve and can achieve what we desire to achieve. There are other Ways, other tests, other tasks - but, obviously, they are not *ours*, not of our Sinister Path, and what such others things may (or may not) produce, or whom they may or may not select, are of no concern to us.

We are not now, and will not be, and do not wish to be, “popular”, nor “accepted”; and this will only slowly, very slowly, change - if, that is, our diabolical plans succeed, our sinister magick works as it should, in accord with the sinister dialectic. But even then, it will be at least another hundred years - and probably somewhat longer - before we are understood, appreciated, by a minority, never mind by the “majority”, and when this minority understanding does occur we will have, exoterically, metamorphozed, in a sinister way, into many other causal forms, while our real essence remains - as it should - esoteric, hidden, heretical, and with we ourselves thus enabled to continue our diabolic work, in secret.



Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
119 Year of Fayen

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## **Enantiodromia**

### **The Sinister Abyssal Nexion**

Introduction - The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

1 The Abyss

2 The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way

3 Individuality and The Abyss

4 Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

5 The Rite of The Abyss

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## **Introduction**

### **The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context**

This work brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by me, concerning a particular part of The Seven Fold Way - the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster.

The following of the Seven Fold Way by individuals - from Neophyte to Internal Adept, and beyond and as described in texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) -- was the traditional method used by the initiatory nexions of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) in order to move toward one of our esoteric aims, that of producing a new type of human being, a type prefigured in our Masters/LadyMasters and a type collectively known by the term Homo Galacticus.

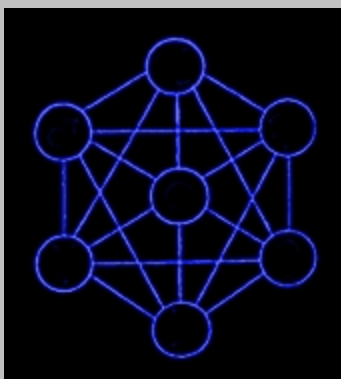
This traditional method has been, until recently, the one chosen by the majority of those individuals recruited into the ONA and by those who, inspired by the ONA, have opted to work on their own in pursuit of both their own esoteric advancement and in pursuit of the aims, objectives, and goals, of the ONA.

However, the ONA is now far more than traditional initiatory nexions following the Seven Fold Way, evolving as it has to become a Kollektive of Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, and others.

Thus the Seven Fold Way - with its Grade Rituals, tasks, challenges, Insight Roles, its sorcery (External, Internal and Aeonic) and its structured Occult ceremonies - is now a personal choice, one practical method among many. A choice suited to those individuals whose personal character, whose psyche, resonates with its mythos, its methods, its Occult mystique, and its slow cultivation of wisdom. In fact, the majority of those now associated with the ONA and/or inspired by it, choose methods other than the Seven Fold Way.

Yet this traditional way remains both valid and important. For it could be said that it forms the Aeonic stable core of the ONA, a central point of unchanging reference: an ancestral tradition in the living expansive Kulture that now encompasses Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, independent nexions, and many others.

In my own case, my life has been considered by some to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way.



Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

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### The Abyss

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion is the esoteric term for what is more commonly (exoterically) known as The Abyss. In the Seven Fold Way of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA), The Abyss is described as separating the fourth and the fifth spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - that is, separating the Grade of Internal Adept from the Grade of Master/LadyMaster.

Furthermore, the Abyss represents the place(s) where the causal merges into the acausal, and thus where the causal is or can be "transcended", so the individual can, if prepared, enter the realm of acausality and become familiar - *sans* a self - with acausal entities. Thus, The Abyss is a nexion to the acausal; a nexus of temporal, a-temporal, and spatial and a-spatial, dimensions.

Entering The Abyss (aka Passing Through The Abyss) is one of the terms used for the Grade Ritual that marks the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster. This Grade Ritual is an *enantiodromia* - that is, a type of confrontational contest whereby what has been separated becomes bound together again [united] enabling the genesis of a new type of being. [1]

As an old alchemical MS stated: " The secret [of the Abyss] is the simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double-pelican... Here is the living water, Azoth..."

What has been separated - into apparent opposites - is the sinister and the numinous, and the necessary preparation for Entering The Abyss (as briefly mentioned in *The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way*, below) involves the Internal Adept, over a period of several years (around three years is the expected and necessary norm), living in an empathic and numinous way and thus learning from such a living.

This living is not, however, an extended Insight Role, but instead a complete and deliberate re-orientation of the consciousness, emotions, psyche, and way of life of the individual, and is often made manifest in a necessary practical manner by the aspirant Master/LadyMaster becoming, for example, an artisan (and thus learning an appropriate craft), or working in a caring profession, or pursuing artistic/musical /cultural pursuits consistent with such empathic and numinous living.

This living is not an Insight Role because Insight Roles are specific and a personal choice. Here, there is no personal choice of type of living (in terms of deciding something opposite to one's personal character) and no specific containing restraining role. There is only a flowing of numinosity through the individual, grounded by some practical means, such as being an artisan.

This numinous living is obviously in stark contrast - and seemingly opposed - to the previously experienced sinister aspects of someone following the Seven Fold Way, and it is for the individual to resolve in their own manner in their own causal Time whatever conflicts - personal, moral, psychic or otherwise - that may arise. A resolution that leads - if the individual decides to continue and after a duration of causal years - to a natural integration, the necessary alchemical synthesis; the individual then having the experience, and the esoteric empathy, to know when such a synthesis of sinister and numinous has occurred.

There then follows a taking of The Oath of The Abyss and thence the Grade Ritual - the Rite of The Abyss - where the annihilation of both sinister and numinous, and of the new amalgam formed from their synthesis, occurs.

Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

*Notes:*

[1] According to Myatt in his essay *The Abstraction of Change as Opposites and Dialectic*, enantiodromia is a transliteration of the compound Greek word *ἐναντιοδρομίας* and which word first occurs in *Lives of Eminent Philosophers* by Diogenes Laërtius where Diogenes, apparently paraphrasing Heraclitus, wrote:

πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ' εἰμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα (ix. 9)

Myatt translates this as:

" All by genesis is appropriately apportioned [separated into portions] with beings bound together again by enantiodromia."

As noted by Myatt, Carl Jung used the term enantiodromia to describe the emergence of a trait of personal character to offset another trait and which emergence restores a necessary psychological balance within the individual.

Given that the word enantiodromia - as used in the quoted phrase by Diogenes (and thus as possibly used by Heraclitus) - perfectly describes the living alchemical process that occurs before and during the Grade Ritual of The Abyss, we have now appropriated it in preference to older alchemical terms hitherto used.

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### Notes Concerning Individuality and The Abyss



Exile Song (A Painting by Richard Mould)

One of the more important aspects of both the preparation for The Abyss and of the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster following a successful Passing of The Abyss, is the supra-personal perspective attained. That is, notions of personal Destiny give way to an understanding of Wyrð and a knowing of the impermanent illusory nature of the self, with causal individuality placed into a Cosmic perspective by an experience of the acausal *sans* abstractions, words, language.

There is thus the beginnings of genuine wisdom, manifest on one level in an Aeonic understanding and thus of why the next Aeon is one where human beings return, in an evolved way, to their natural tribal (that is, connected and cultured) nature.

As the Rite of Internal Adept sheds and goes beyond mundane ego to symbolically produce an 'individuated' self - a self made manifest in the months/years following that Rite and grounded in the pursuit of the personal Destiny so revealed - so the preparations for and the Rite of the Abyss itself annihilates this self, this Destiny, by immersing the individual in the living water, Azoth, from whence the Master/LadyMaster emerges.

In the practical sense, this transformation means that the Master/LadyMaster sheds all pretence about esoteric matters - to themselves and others - while melding a being-human (for they are still mortal, fallible, prone to mistakes) with an aeonic-consciousness: a placing of themselves into the Cosmic perspective such that an intimation of their mortal death, an awareness of the Immortality that awaits in the acausal, is an imminent continuing fact of their living. Thus are they joyfully fearless, liberated as they are from both the inertia of mundane-ego and of their previous individuated-self: a true master/mistress of the acausal energies presented as Life on this one planet, their temporary causal home. One exile, waiting, yearning, planning, to leave.

An individual can obtain an intimation of this transformation, this consciousness, by them undertaking, for three days only, the Camlad Rite of The Abyss [see below, *The Rite of The Abyss*] - a three-day working that all candidates for Master/LadyMaster should undertake as part of their necessary preparation, some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

ONA  
121 yf

## Introduction - The Methods

The Seven Fold Way of the traditional nexions of the ONA is a difficult and life-long personal commitment, and involves three basic methods: (1) practical experience, both esoteric and exoteric; (2) a learning from that experience; and (3) a progression toward a certain specific personal goal.

1. This means the individual acquires practical experience of both of the Occult/TheDarkArts [External, Internal and Aeonic sorcery] and of doing sinister (amoral and exeatic) deeds in the real world.
2. This means that the individual learns from their errors, their mistakes, and their success - a learning requiring self-honesty, interior reflexion, and a rational awareness of themselves into relation to their life-long quest: that is, in relation to the goal.
3. This means that (1) and (2) occur again and again until the long-term goal is reached - a process traditionally represented by the seven stages of the Tree of Wyrd, involving the progress from Neophyte to Magus/Mousa. The actual aim is to progress toward, into, and beyond, The Abyss: which rencounter is: (a) exoterically, the genesis of the new type of human being which it is one of the aims of the ONA to facilitate, as prelude to our New Aeon and as a manifestation, a presencing, of that new Aeon; and (b) esoterically, the genesis of individual wisdom and a prelude to a possible transition toward the next and final stage, that of Immortal in the realms of the acausal.

These methods are personal, direct, individual. They require that the individual take responsibility for themselves; is not bound by any restrictions or any morality, and learns not from books or texts or from someone else but rather by practical experience extending over a period of several decades.

## The Tradition

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, which are reasonably well-documented up to Internal Adept - for example, in freely available ONA texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) . These texts enable anyone to learn and experience for themselves, at their own pace.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, to reach the stage on Internal Adept takes at least five years of effort and experience, with that stage lasting from five to eleven, or more, years. Thus, it takes a minimum of ten years before an individual of our tradition is ready to begin the necessary preparations to attempt The Abyss, during which years they must have spent six months in the wilderness (to develop the faculty of Dark Empathy); gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group); mastered the advanced form of The Star Game

(and so developed the basics of Acausal Thinking); have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending; undertaken several challenging Insight Roles each lasting a year or more; organized and run an esoteric group (a nexion) thus gaining practical experience in External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery; and so on.

The necessary preparations for an Internal Adept to attempt The Abyss take at least another five years (more usually ten years), making it at least fifteen years (more usually twenty) before an individual of our tradition is proficient, experienced, learned, mature, skilled, cultured, enough to attempt The Abyss.

These necessary preparations involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous - as opposed to the previously experienced sinister - aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed - when the causal Time be right - by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.

Obviously, such preparations are both difficult and dangerous, for the individual, and most individuals will fail, usually for one of the following reasons: (1) because the numinous aspect draws them permanently away from their esoteric quest; (2) because they cannot fully embrace the numinous since they cannot overcome the causal illusion of the self, and thus cannot overcome their egotism, their arrogance, their pride, their sense of personal Destiny, their addiction to the sinister; (3) because they cannot integrate these apparently conflicting opposites of numinous and sinister; (4) because even if they succeed in the necessary alchemical melding of seeming opposites (Sol/Luna; Lightning/Sun; Light/Dark), they fail to annihilate (transmute/transform) the amalgam that results and so fail to give birth to a new specimen of Homo Galacticus.

### **The Tradition of Esoteric Learning**

For millennia, according to aural tradition, esoteric knowledge - the methods, the means, required for an individual to acquire wisdom - The Philosophers Stone (aka the stage of Immortal) - has been learnt from a few reclusive Adepts, with this knowledge being concerned with three traditional things: (1) the slow process of an internal, alchemical, decades-long change in the individual as a result of direct esoteric and exoteric personal experience and the learning from that experience - the numinous authority of *pathei-mathos*; (2) a certain and limited personal guidance - from one of those more experienced in such matters - on a direct individual basis (person to person), if such advice be sought; and (3) the cultivation of the virtue of *ἀρετή*, manifest as this is in a noble, cultured, a learned, personal character.

These three things are, for instance, manifest in the Inner ONA, which basically is akin to an extended family, consisting as it does of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of esoteric empathy and certain other personal qualities; who offer guidance on a personal basis to one or more individuals following The Seven Fold Way, and who have the knowledge to prepare individuals for the ordeals of The Abyss.

Thus, there was for millennia and still is in traditional nexions, an understanding that knowledge was mostly to be acquired aurally, from someone of experience and learning; although some knowledge could be acquired by means of patient, scholarly, and personal research. There was also an understanding that genuine wisdom takes a certain duration - decades - of causal Time to be attained, and cannot be hurried and often requires a reclusive personal existence. There was also an understanding of the need to develop a noble, cultured, and learned, personal character.

Thus was there also the placing of the Adept in supra-personal context - in the perspective of Aeons, and of the Cosmos itself.

These qualities, this appreciation and understanding of esoteric wisdom, are what have now been overlooked, forgotten, or scorned, by those who, lacking *ἀρετή*, have come to rely upon the modern rapid means of communication that have been developed.

### **Charlatans and the Internet**

This new fangled Internet thingy is but a useful means of presenting our esoteric information and a useful means of inciting, encouraging, others to use and apply both our traditional and our new esoteric methods, on the off-chance some or a few of them may eventually succeed, thus increasing the number of Adepts in the world; thus giving rise (perhaps) to a few more specimens of Homo Galacticus, and thus (perhaps) by some others becoming Dreccs or Niners or forming themselves into clans, hastening thus the downfall of the Old Aeon and its System and thence aiding the emergence of those new ways of living appropriate to our New Aeon.

But the Internet also encourages fakes, charlatans, imposters. For instance, both the nature of the Internet and the kollektive, individual, non-hierarchical nature of the ONA have made it possible, and easy, for someone (usually anonymously) to make claims for themselves, and boast about deeds allegedly done and what tasks they have undertaken. Sometimes these claims extend to belonging to - or to having organized - some group or nexion of  $x$  number of ONA-inclined people for  $y$  number of years, and thus of having  $x$  number of ONA associates.

For instance, someone may claim to have spent three (or even six) months in the wilderness, and/or claimed to have gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group), and/or claimed to have mastered the

advanced form of The Star Game, and/or to have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending, and/or claimed to have undertaken a challenging Insight Role lasting a year, and so on. All of which activities are a necessary part of the training and experience of someone genuinely following The Seven Fold Way.

Furthermore, someone may create a 'back-story' - a cover - for themselves and set up some ONA-supporting website or blog, and then spend some time 'praising' us and our Way, only to later (as is often the way with infiltrators) try to cause schism and/or doubt within those who have been duped by them.

But, as has been indicated many times, all such shenanigans while expected are Aeonically irrelevant and are thus ignored. Such fakes, charlatans, imposters, and infiltrators are also themselves irrelevant, despite what they may believe.

Why irrelevant? For three reasons: (1) because they - and all such shenanigans - by using or being conveyed by the medium of the Internet (or even by printed books) cannot in any way affect the living ONA (including the Inner ONA) which exists and which thrives in the real world: in the pursuit of The Seven Fold Way by individuals and the guidance of those individuals by living Adepts; (2) because those duped by such people, by such things, are failures, lacking the potential - the inner Baeldraca - that mark the neophytes of our kind; (3) because our real and important work is Aeonic - of centuries and more - and thus surpasses the life-time of everyone living now, and everyone of the next generation and the next.

Whatever happens - whatever people do or write by means of the Internet or say in conferences or have printed in books - our esoteric work continues, slowly, secretly, Aeonically, in the traditional way, with person recruiting, guiding, person, decade following decade, and totally independent of such modern rapid means of communication as have been developed, from printed books to the Internet.

All such modern means of communication may do is slightly hasten both the downfall of The System and the emergence of the New Aeon. But one or three decades sooner - out of the hundred or two hundred (or more) years required - is really nothing for us to get excited about.

Our real wisdom, the essence of our esotericism, lies in our knowledge of ourselves as but one nexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time - one means to presence one more Aeon, one possibility to move toward a new acausal life.

Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

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## Some Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

The transition between Internal Adept and the next stage – that of Master/Lady-Master (Mistress of Earth) – is both long and arduous, requiring as it does – among other things – (1) a personal and practical experiencing, and integration, of both Sinister and non-Sinister aspects of living, and of the Adept's own personality; (2) practical experience of Aeonic Magick and of all forms of The Star Game; (3) contributing, through fulfilling their personal Destiny, something unique, and redolent of the Sinister, to human knowledge, achievement, understanding and/or to that presencing “which is beyond human words” and which is often manifest in works of genuine artistic, and/or magickal, genius and originality. In summation, they will have presenced the Sinister both within, and external, to themselves, and externally to a sufficiency that casual effects are noticeable, as they will have both understood and to a certain extent have experienced, the acausal reality which lies behind the nexion of our causal lives, and behind the causality of appearance and forms.

Then, after such preparation, they will become, gradually, suffused with an increasing yearning for that-which-is, and for Those-Who-Are, acausal, and it is this yearning, at first somewhat intangible but always powerful (in terms of their psyche and their own lives), which propels and guides them toward The Abyss, and which provides them with the desire to take that dangerous, and secret, Oath of The Abyss.

Furthermore, this yearning which becomes transmuted to, at first, a human-type desire and love [for example, for one's sinister partner], and then to some-thing founded on such human emotions but which is an evolution and a sinister transformation of such things (and all the more powerful for being so), and it is such a living-with this new evolutionary “feeling”, this dark Sinister almost supra-personal desire redolent of and which manifests something of the acausal essence, that is one of the reasons whereby a new Master or Lady Master is bound to the very acausal darkness itself, both in their remaining causal years, and in the life in the acausal which can be attained after that.

For the Oath of The Abyss has practical, causal consequences which are both magickal, and personal, and it is these personal practical consequences – and the dark dangerous nature of the magickal consequences – that distinguish this genuine Sinister Oath from the so-called other “oaths of the abyss” that some charlatans and some imposters and some frauds have had the temerity to write about and make pronouncements about, and to lyingly declare that they have “gone beyond the Abyss” itself.

The genuine Oath of The Abyss is a solemn declaration, made in front of several witnesses of our sinister-folk, by which the Adept pledges themselves, for the rest of their causal life, to – among other things – Presence The Dark, to continue with and evolve The Dark Tradition, and to aid human and non-human evolution, with the important and necessary proviso that if at any time they renounce their Sinister aims and goals, and The Dark Tradition itself, then their own life will be forfeit, with them

then becoming an offer who can and who will be sacrificed. In established Nexions (Sinister Temples of a sinister group) the current Grand Master, or Lady Grand Master, appoints several Guardians, unknown to the Candidate, who themselves are pledged to undertake – without warning if required – this honourable duty of sacrifice should such a duty be deemed or found to be necessary.

In addition, The Ceremony of The Oath of The Abyss invokes and presences within and near-to the Candidate certain acausal entities, which – and who – are forever with, or near-to, the Candidate for those remaining causal years, however long or brief, that will mark the rest of the causal life of the Candidate, and the Candidate can never escape, in this causal realm, from these entities.

Thus, it can be seen that the Oath of The Abyss is not something that is to be entered into lightly, even though the rewards of a successful crossing of The Abyss, are great indeed, and include the real possibility of that particular human entity creating for themselves, or being rewarded with, an acausal existence beyond this mortal causal realm.

ONA  
119 Year of Fayen

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### **The Rite of The Abyss**

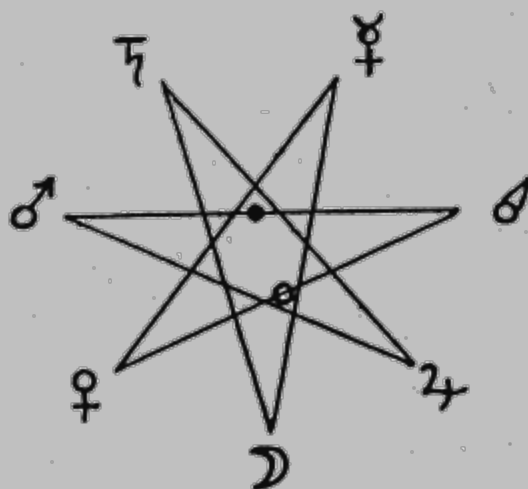
The Rite of The Abyss exists in two forms, one dating from the formation of the ONA some forty years ago, and the other, more traditional one, dating from the pre-ONA Camlad Rounwytha association. Since the simple, modern, ONA Rite has already been described, several decades ago, in another published MS [Naos], the older, more dangerous and more effective Camlad Rite will be given here. [1]

The traditional Rite is quite simple and begins at the first full moon following the beginning of a propitious alchemical season - in the Isles of Britain this was traditionally the first rising of Arcturus in the Autumn. The Rite, if successful, concludes on the night of the following full moon.

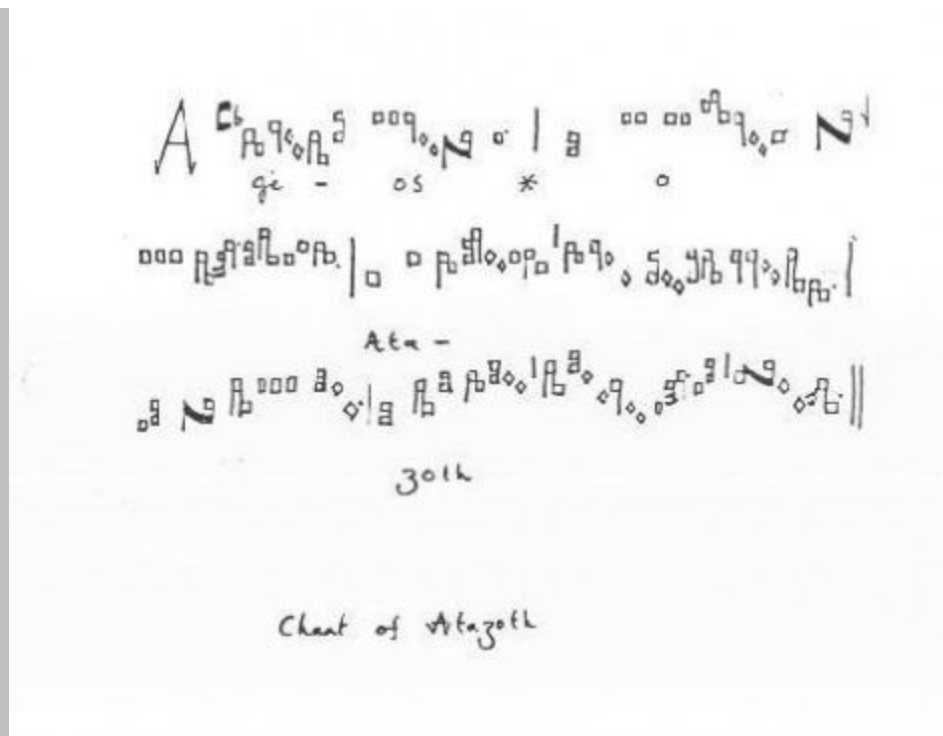
As with the Chthonic Form of the Nine Angles Rite, the Rite of The Abyss occurs in an isolated underground cavern where or near to where water flows, where the candidate dwells alone for the whole lunar month, taking with them all that is required for the duration of the Rite. Ideally, the water should be suitable for drinking. The only light is from candles (housed in a lantern) and the only food is bread and cheese. If the water in or flowing through or near to the cavern in not

suitable for drinking, then supplies of water sufficient to last must also be brought. [Note: as with the Rite of Internal Adept, no means of communication with the outside world should be brought; no timepiece, mechanical or otherwise, is allowed; and no modern means of reproducing music or other forms of entertainment.] The candidate should arrange for one trusted member of their nexion - of the Grade of Internal Adept or above - to enter the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals. [2]

The cavern should ideally possess one area level and sufficient enough for the candidate to paint or mark upon it the septagonal sigil below.



The Rite simply involves the candidate once every day (or night) walking the above pattern - starting at the point between Mars and Sun and ending at the point between Venus and Sun - while chanting the word ka-Os [Chaos] according to the notation below for *at-Azoth* (an increasing of Azoth). Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation. The candidate will also know how spoken and written words such as *at-Azoth* and *ka-Os* have a certain (acausal) significance ('meaning') and thus similarity when chanted in such a manner.



The rest of time the candidate should occupy themselves as their empathic awareness intimates. [3] As mentioned, the Rite ends when their trusted comrade enters the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals.

### Order of Nine Angles

117 yf

#### Notes:

[1] The Rite as given in *Naos* requires a quartz tetrahedron. While three inch crystals - as mentioned in *Naos* - *may* work, to ensure success (in this Rite as in others using a quartz tetrahedron), the crystal has to be a perfect tetrahedron (no bevelled edges) and free from blemish, external and internal - with a height of six inches or more. Such crystals are rare, and costly, and often have to be custom made by someone skilled in cutting gemstones.

In addition, although it is not stated in *Naos*, the chanting of the word 'Chaos' [ka-Os] in the ONA Rite of Entering The Abyss is according to the notation of the Atazoth chant above. Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation.

[2] There are aural accounts - to be believed or not - of candidates being found insane, or dead, or missing.

[3] It should be noted that a version of this Rite - lasting but three days - should be undertaken by the candidate as preparation some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

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**ONA/O9A**

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles  
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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## **Empathy, Pathei-Mathos, and the Aeonie Perspective A Guide to the Esotericism of the O9A**

### Contents

1. Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest
2. The Aeonie Perspective of the Order of Nine Angles
3. The Place of Empathy in the Esoteric Tradition of the Order of Nine Angles
4. Toward The Abyss - A Guide for the Internal Adept

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### **1. Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest**

#### **Pathei-Mathos**

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

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

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

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

(or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of one's own death.

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

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

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

Lacking such methods, there is generally either failure or, more common, the delusion of attainment. For few if any of those trying to use pathei-mathos as a Dark Art - *sans* such structured methods - have (a) ever willingly or unwillingly experienced the imminent possibility of their own death; (b) ever suffered severe trauma (physical and/or emotional) and (c) ever willingly testingly betaken themselves into the realms of the numinous, content as they are with themselves and their prideful ego to such an extent that they adhere to the primitivism of 'might is right' and believe stuff such as the grandiloquent *I command the powers* or 'I can and I will command the powers...'

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

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

Which is not to say that such structured methods as our Seven Fold Way and the Way of the Rounwytha are the only means to wisdom, as we understand and appreciate wisdom. Only that they have proven effective in enabling some individuals to achieve

that tertiary goal, that third phase; an effectiveness that can be appreciated by a personal knowing of such individuals, and also by their creative effusions, be such Occult, or philosophical, or personal, or, in the case of a few individuals, musical/artistic, or scholarly [3], or pedagogic.

### **The Initiatory Occult Quest**

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

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

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

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

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

acausal Time. In addition, and crucially important and necessary, the candidate has to implicitly trust someone; trust them to leave food and trust them to reveal when their lunar month of isolation has ended. [5] In effect, they entrust their own life to someone else, for a whole lunar month.

## **Conclusion - The Breeding of A New Race**

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

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

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

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

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

Anton Long

### *Notes*

[1] By term *wisdom* is meant not only the standard dictionary definition - a balanced personal judgement; having discernment - but also the older sense of having certain knowledge of a pagan, Occult, kind to do with living beings, human nature, and

concerning Nature and 'the heavens'. To wit, possessing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy, a knowing of one's self; possessing an Aeonic knowing; and thus knowing Reality beyond, and sans, all causal abstractions.

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

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

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

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

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

## 2. The Aeonic Perspective of the Order of Nine Angles

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

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

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

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

### The Individual

In our esoteric philosophy the individual human being is regarded as a nexion. As having both an acausal and a causal nature, and as possessing, or being imbued with,

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

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

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

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

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

In practical terms this means that the individual perceives of themselves as such a connexion, balanced between all of the following: (1) their own individual past; (2) the past of their own ancestors; (3) the past of Nature; (4) the past of Cosmic life; *and* between the present and the futures of all those emanations of being. Part of this perception is thus of the nature of Aeons and how they themselves are part of an existing Aeon, an existing presencing of wyrdful energies on Earth. This perception can then - and according to their newly dis-covered and understood personal nature/character - enable the individual to choose a way of living which further aids their own personal development and which enables them to presence acausal energies in order to affect what is Aeonic, with such ways of living including that of the (often reclusive) Occult Adept, that of the Rounwytha, that of a clan/tribe/gang, that of the adversarial Niner, and that of the Balobian.

## The Understanding

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Order of Nine Angles

The ONA is thus not some 'causal form', but rather a type of nexion; a collocation of human beings connected over durations of causal Time in particular ways who, by virtue of being kindred both esoterically and exoterically maintain and expand their acausal presencing over such long-durations of causal Time. A causal form is just that:

causal, denuded of or not possessing wyrd/acausal energy; a manufactured, lifeless, thing, a tool. A nexion is redolent of Wyrđ, and is alive, a type of living entity, be such an entity an individual or a collocation of developed individuals manifest as an esoteric Order.

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

Thus does such an esoteric Order as the ONA provoke an evolutionary, a sinister-numinous, change in some of those so influenced, whether or not they know it and whether or not they try to hide it from themselves and others.

As I wrote in another recent essay:

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

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

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

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles

### *Notes*

[1] For us, *culture* implies five important qualities, and these qualities are:

(1) empathy, (2) the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) the faculty of

reason, (4) pathei-mathos; and (5) a living aural tradition.

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

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

In respect of ‘the instinct for disliking rottenness’ see the ONA text *Concerning Culling As Art*.

[2] A very basic overview of causal and acausal is given in *The Theory of the Acausal*.

For how we use particular terms, refer to v. ≥ 3.07 of our *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*.

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

The training of the Rounwytha is mentioned in the text *The Rounwytha Way: Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*.

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

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### **3. The Place of Empathy in the Esoteric Tradition of the Order of Nine Angles**

The Order of Nine Angles considers empathy to be important, and a natural human faculty; a faculty which enables an intuition concerning – a knowing, an experience of – other humans, other Earth-dwelling life, of Nature [1], and of the Cosmos (‘the heavens’) beyond the planet which is currently our home. The knowing that empathy provides is that of a-causality; of ourselves as a nexion, and of the non-linear connexions which bind all living beings because such beings are alive.

In effect, empathy provides a wordless (an esoteric) understanding – a perception – of the nature of living beings, and this perception compliments the perception of phenomena by means of the observations and experiments which forms the basis for scientific knowledge. Thus can empathy – when cultivated, developed, and used – extend the limited knowledge, and the limited understanding, of Reality that we may obtain from science.

In the ONA, the cultivation of the faculty of empathy is an essential part of the training of the initiate as it is considered to be one of the many esoteric skills which Adepts must possess, and - indeed - as one of the esoteric skills which distinguishes an Adept from a non-adept. Thus, when consciously cultivated and developed by esoteric means [2], empathy is a Dark Art; and the skill, the faculty, so used by an Adept is and has been variously described by the terms esoteric-empathy, dark-empathy, sinister-empathy, and sinisterly-numinous empathy.

The rudiments of this skill - of this particular esoteric Dark Art - can be learnt by undertaking the standard (the basic) Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which Ritual lasts for one particular alchemical season (around three months) [3]. Mastery of this Dark Art involves - with one known exception [4] - undertaking the advanced Rite of Internal Adept, which lasts for a different alchemical season (at least six months, sometimes longer depending on geographical location). However, further development of this skill, this faculty, is, while exceedingly difficult, possible according to ONA tradition and involves a successful completion of the traditional, the Camlad (the Rounwytha) Rite of The Abyss [5], and it is this further - this advanced - development and then the use of the faculty of empathy which not only distinguishes the Magus/Mousa but which also provides them with a deep insight into the true nature of Reality and thence the beginnings of wisdom.

The esoteric technique that is the ONA Rite of Internal Adept has been shown, by many decades of experience, to work in cultivating the faculty of empathy, and thus in developing the skill of Dark Empathy. During this Rite, the candidate has nowhere to hide - they are alone, in a natural and non-urban environment, bereft of human contact; bereft of diversions and distractions; bereft of comforts and especially bereft of the modern technology that allows and encourages the rapid and vapid and mundane communication of abstractions and HomoHubris-like emotions and responses. All the candidate has are earth, sky, weather, whatever wildlife exists in their chosen location - and their own feelings, dreams, beliefs, determination, and hopes. They can either cling onto their ego (their presumed separate self-identity) and their past - onto the mundane world they have chosen to temporarily leave behind - or they can allow themselves to become attuned to the natural rhythm of Nature and of the Cosmos beyond, beyond all causal abstractions: beyond even those esoteric ones manifest, for instance, in the Septenary Tree of Wyrð, which are but intimations, pointers, symbols, toward and of the acausal essence often obscured by causal forms and by written and spoken words, and which acausal essence such a development of empathy provides a wordless and an esoteric understanding of.

Thus does this Rite affect, and change, the candidate, and thus does it serve as the foundation for the next stage of the journey, some years hence: the move toward, into, and beyond The Abyssal Nexion, and which nexion is where is the beginnings of wisdom can be found.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

*Notes:*

[1] We consider Nature to be a type of being. That is, Nature is something alive which has the property of existence; which changes, and which causes or brings about changes in those other types of living being – those species of living beings – which are part of Nature. That is, Nature is the animating force which imbues living beings here on Earth with the property of life and which causes or brings about changes in such living beings.

[2] This conscious cultivation and development of esoteric skills – in this case of empathy – is one of reasons for the existence of esoteric, Occult, groups such as the Order of Nine Angles. For such esoteric groups have the knowledge, the personal experience, the traditions, the techniques, to facilitate and encourage such skills, and which skills enable the interior, personal, alchemical, change in the individual – the journey from Initiate to Adept and beyond – which it is one of the aims of all genuine esoteric groups to encourage.

[3] The basic or standard Rite is given in ONA texts such as *Naos*, and involves the candidate in dwelling alone in an isolated wild area for at least three months.

[4] The one exception is the Rounwytha – the rare individual (who is usually of the female gender) who is naturally gifted with this still uncommon faculty. Refer to *The Rounwytha Way In History and Modern Context*.

[5] This Rite is given in *The Abyssal Nexion*, and involves the individual living in isolation in a dark cave or cavern for a lunar month.

#### **4. Toward The Abyss - A Guide for the Internal Adept**

After perhaps a decade or more replete with the striving To Presence The Dark in practical ways, there naturally arises within some of our kind – who have not, out of choice, rigorously followed the traditional Seven-Fold Way to Internal Adept – certain disabling or troubling doubts and questions, and sometimes even a real personal anguish. Occasionally there is even anger, directed at the esoteric path they have been following, and/or directed at those or some of those involved with our Sinister Way.

Sometimes these doubts are to do with ethics, with the morality of certain deeds done; sometimes – for those with family and offspring or considering such – the doubts concern what should they reveal about themselves and their past to their loved ones and how they should nurture their children.

Most often, however, the doubts concern themselves, their self-identity and their purpose: Who are they? What have they become? What is there to do now? Is there nothing more? What was it all for?

Sometimes these doubts lead to regret and thence to a rejection of our Sinister Way; very occasionally to a clinical insanity; but mostly they lead to a period of inner

reflexion based on the insight that since a certain threshold has been crossed by the doing of certain deeds there can be no successful return to 'normal life', to living or trying to life again like a mundane. For they are akin now to weary combat veterans, who perhaps have seen too much, done too much, had to make too many difficult decisions.

But such doubts are good; a natural and necessary part of our life-long testing evolutionary Sinister Way. Doubts arising within all who approach The Abyss, even though many who reach this stage of disabling or troubling doubts may not at first intuit this.

For the approach to The Abyss is strewn with many difficulties, which is why so few venture into it, century upon century, and why few of those few succeed. Most will fail. For these doubts, such questions – such personal turmoil as occurs – are only the beginning of the esoteric/alchemical process of dissolution/unification/reunification that forms the essence of what is known as The Passing of The Abyss.

Thus the meaning sought is in this approach to the nullifying Chaos of The Abyss – where all vestiges of mundanity, of egotism, of self-identity, of vanity, of mundane arrogance, are shed to enable a new type of human being to be born. For it is The Abyss – just one more stage of our Sinister Way – that provides the necessary context.

### **What Are The Answers?**

The answers to questions, and the how of how to resolve such doubts, are as always for each individual to discover for themselves. Theirs is the continuing journey; theirs is the success – or the failure. But there are some useful hints that may guide them, or some of them.

As someone wrote some decades ago, now:

“I, and others like me, are the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge are impossible. I am also my own opposite, and yet beyond both. This is not a riddle, but a statement of Mastery, and one which, alas, so few have the ability to understand.”

Thus, the answers to many such doubts may well reside in three things:

- (1) In the development of acausal knowing by means of cultivating Dark-Empathy and Acausal-Thinking;
- (2) In the apprehension of Reality that lies beyond what is conventionally termed The Abyss;
- (3) In the sharing of one's temporal life with a partner dedicated to and following our Sinister Way and from whom one has no secrets and to whom one is loyally bound by our code of honour.

In respect of (1), practical means exist (and have been mentioned in many MSS) – means such as the advanced form of The Star Game. Basically, the person has to

become a Rounwytha, then integrate this 'light', empathic, aspect (melding it into their sinister character born from practical deeds) to thus acquire the necessary natural balance that makes further development possible. This takes a certain duration of causal Time - from a year to much longer.

In respect of (2), such apprehension begins with the feeling, the knowing, of one's self in the context of the acausal: in the acceptance of the truth that personal Destiny is an illusion and one is, and always has been, just one presencing of the wyrdful flow of Change that is the Cosmos. There is then the practice of Aeonie Sorcery, such as by means of Esoteric Chant. This again takes a certain duration of causal Time - from a year to much longer.

In respect of (3), if there is no such person, one has to be sought. For such a sharing, according to our Sinister Way, is part of the balance required, as is raising the progeny of such a sharing according to our Sinister Way.

What all this means is that they - despite what they believe, or desire to believe, about themselves - have many more years, often a decade or even more, before they are ready to enter The Abyss. Many more years of experience, of a personal learning.

### **Acta Est Fabula Plaudite**

There are as many excuses for failure as there have been and will be failures. Each failure is just a failure, and the flow of Life goes on, perhaps to the sound of mirthful Satanic laughter.

Sometimes someone - teetering, feeling perhaps The Abyss that awaits and entices them and yet unbalanced still by a vestige of mundane ego - may even feel they have been 'used'; and of course they have: by me, by themselves, by others of our kind, and by the wyrdful flow of Change that is the Cosmos. But of course The Abyss does not care, the Cosmos does not care, as I and others of my kind do not care at least in the way some person may want. They were told, warned - right from the start. We, The Order of Nine Angles, are as we are - *balewa*. Difficult; hard; testing; destructive. A natural rencounter, genesis of new beginnings. No you or I or we, just one enantiodromia among so many.

The Way is there; it works: for the few. And it for these few that we reserve our applause. After all, it is just Life changing, evolving, as it changes and evolves in this one small causal part of the Cosmos - a game for some, perchance a *τραγωδία* for others; an exeatic drama to enhance our own brief temporary causal living, perchance to propel us thence toward our own acausal life.

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122 Year of Fayen

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## The Geryne of Satan

### Introduction

This brief essay will outline a few interesting facts about the terms Satan and Satanism (and thus Satanist), including their historical usage in the English language, and thus may guide the sagacious to an understanding of the geryne [1] of Satan: that the mysterious secret of Satan is the simple heretical, japing, and confrontational reality of *being or becoming a satan*.

### Satan

The scribes of the Septuagint mostly rendered the Hebrew שָׂטָן as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβωλω - and which Greek term implies someone who is an adversary and who thus is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of ἐπίβουλος - scheming against/opposed to (the so-called 'chosen ones'). Someone, that is, who stirs up trouble and dissent.

Only in a few later parts - such as Job and Chronicles - does the Hebrew seem to imply something else, and on these occasions the word usually occurs with the definitive article: *hasatan* - *the satan*: the chief adversary (of the so-called 'chosen ones') and the chief schemer, who in some passages is given a fanciful hagiography as a 'fallen angel'.

Now, given that the earliest known parts of the Septuagint date from around the second century BCE [2] - and thus may well be contemporaneous with (or not much older than) the composition of most of the Hebrew Pentateuch (the earliest being from around 230 BCE [3] ) - this rendering by the scribes of the

word *satan* as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω is very interesting and indicative given the meaning of the Greek, and supports the contention that, as originally used and meant, *satan* is some human being or beings who 'diabolically' plot or who scheme against or who are 'diabolically' opposed to those who consider themselves as 'chosen' by their monotheistic God, and that it was only much later that 'the satan' became, in the minds of the writers of the later parts of the Old Testament, some diabolical 'fallen angel'.

Thus, it is generally accepted by scholars that the Hebrew word *satan* (usually, a *satan*) in the early parts of Old Testament means a human opponent or adversary (of God's chosen people, the Hebrews) [4] or someone or some many who plot against them.

Now, as has been mentioned in several previous ONA texts, in heretical contradistinction to others and especially to contradict the majority of modern self-described Satanists, the ONA asserts that the word *satan* has its origin in Ancient Greek.

That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος - as for example in the Homeric *μείων γὰρ αἰτία* (to accuse/to blame) or as in "an accusation" (qv. Aeschylus: *αἰτίαν ἔχειν*) - and that it was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew 'satan' and whence also the 'Shaitan' of Islam. Furthermore, in the Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή - accusation, slander, quarrel - were often used for the same thing, when a negative sense was meant or implied (as in a false accusation) with the person so accused becoming an opponent of those so accusing, or when there was enmity (and thus opposition, scheming, and intrigue) as for example mentioned by Thucydides - *κατὰ τὰς ἰδίας διαβολὰς* (2.65).

Given that, for centuries, שָׂטָן as described in the Old Testament of the Hebrews was commonly written in English as *sathans* [5] and thus pronounced as *sath-ans* (and not as *say-tan*) it is perhaps easy to understand how the Greek αἰτία - or the earlier Homeric αἴτιος - could become transformed, by non-Greeks, to שָׂטָן

In respect of this God and this 'fallen angel', as mentioned in another ONA text:

" There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories,

myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda." *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*

Furthermore, despite claims by some Hebrew and Nazarene scholars, it is now becoming accepted that the oldest parts of the Old Testament were probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE, and thus long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus and long after Greek word *aitia* was used for an accusation.

It is also interesting that there is an early use, in English, of the plural term *satans* as adversaries, which occurs in the book *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical* published in London in 1685 CE and written by the Shropshire-born Richard Baxter:

" To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Matthew, xvi. 23

In an earlier work, published in 1550 CE, the *chyl dren of Sathan* are corralled with heretics:

"Dyuers Bysshoppes of Rome beyng Annabaptystes, heretyques, scismatiques, & chyl dren of Sathan." John Coke. *The debate betwene the heraldes of Englande and Fraunce*. 1550, g. Giv<sup>v</sup> [*Débat des hérauts d'armes de France et d'Angleterre*. Paris, Firmin Didot et cie, 1877 ]

Thus, satan/sathan/sathanas as a term - historically understood - describes: (1) some human being or beings who diabolically plot or who scheme or who are opposed to those who [6] consider themselves chosen by their monotheistic God; and/or (2) some human being or beings who are heretical and adversarial, against the status quo, and especially, it seems, against the religion of the Nazarenes.

## Satanism

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix *-ism* applied to the word *Satan* - so far discovered - is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

"Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes." *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42<sup>v</sup>

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, sathanismes - deriving from *sathan*, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland's *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

"For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue." *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man's the Master* by William Davenant:

"A thousand Sathans take all good luck." (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term sathan was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix - by Thomas Harding - as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term sathanism are not 'the worship of Satan' nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term *Satans* also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

"To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

" That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy." Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in *Fraser's magazine for Town and Country* used the term in connection with Byron:

" This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism." Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

## **Satanist**

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix *-ist* applied to the term *Satan* - so far discovered - also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

" The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes." John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559, sig. H1<sup>v</sup>

"Be ye Zuinglians, Arians, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?"  
Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'*. Antwerp, 1565.

"By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist,  
loe here his hire." Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589, [7]

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

" There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself." Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

" It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons." Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist - historically understood - describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines.

## Conclusion

As someone wrote over two thousand years ago - *εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἔόντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ' ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα*. [8]

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## Notes

[1] The Old English word *gerȳne* - from Old Saxon *girūni* - means "secret, mystery".

[2] The earliest MS fragment - Greek Papyrus 458 in the Rylands Papyri collection [qv. *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, 20 (1936), pp. 219-45] - was found in Egypt and dates from the second century BCE.

[3] It is, of course, in the interests of both Nazarenes and Magians to maintain or believe that the Hebrew Old Testament of the Hebrews was written centuries before this date, just as such early dating is a common mundane assumption perpetuated by both those who consider the Internet is a reliable source of information and by those who have not studied the subject, for some years, in a scholarly manner. Had such a scholarly study been undertaken, they would be aware of the scholarly disputes about the dating of Hebrew Old Testament - and of the Septuagint - that have existed for well over a hundred years, as they would also be able to make their own informed judgement about the matter.

My own judgement is that there is good evidence to suggest that 230 ( $\pm$  50) BCE is the most likely earliest date for the Hebrew Old Testament. I should, however, add, that this is still a 'minority opinion', with many academics still favouring the more 'safe' opinion of 350 ( $\pm$  30) BCE.

[4] For example - *καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραηλ πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλωμων* (3 Kings 11:14)

[5] See the section on *Satanism*, below.

[6] *καὶ ἔστιν διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραηλ*

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588–89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renascence and Reformation, Cambridge UP, 1920, p. 394f

[8] *One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.* [Trans DWM.]

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### **The Enigmatic Truth** **(Last Words From A Modern Alchemist)**

As mentioned in my companion text *Lapis Philosophicus* <sup>[1]</sup> regarding the apparent division of the journey to wisdom into a Right Hand Path and Left Hand Path:

" The 'outer secret' of the inner, the real, the living, alchemy is that the end and the result of both our apparently separate journeys is the same; the same place, the same understanding, the same knowledge. For wisdom is undivided, the same for all of us, whatever we believed or assumed when we began. Or expressed another way, *lapis philosophicus* is what it is, and always has been, and does what it does, and always has done, in terms of how it affects and changes those few who have succeeded in their decades-long endeavour and thus discovered it, and discovered it where it has always been hidden."

This understanding, this knowledge - the wisdom acquired, the finding of *lapis philosophicus* <sup>[2]</sup> during the penultimate stage of the Way - means two particular things, and always has done. (i) living *in propria persona* <sup>[3]</sup>, in a private manner and sans all posing, all rhetoric, all pomposity, all ideations; and (ii) having an appreciation, an awareness (sans words, ritual, thought) of what is now sometimes known as the acausal - of Nature, the Cosmos, of the connexions that bind life and thus of the illusion that is the individual will, and which illusion sillily causes a person to believe 'they' are or can be 'in control'. These two things form the basis of a particular and reclusive way of life of a particular type of person: the type known, in one locality, as the rounerer of The Rouning.

In effect, the enigmatic truth is that those who have found *lapis philosophicus* - whatever path they took on their journey, whatever their prior views, beliefs, assumptions, ideas, praxis - live in a similar manner and have acquired the same

*weltanschauung*. An enigmatic *weltanschauung* that needs no descriptive name and cannot, in its simple fundamentality, be communicated, let alone taught, to those who either have no natural intimation/intuition of it (for or from whatever reason) or who lack an inner changing (wrought via *pathei mathos*) of a sufficiency necessary to propel them beyond the illusion of conflicting opposites and thus beyond the deceptions of their known and their unknown (their hidden, inner) egoist.

There is thus no magick; no one true Way; no one true praxis; no one true system; no one 'genuine' Order/organization/group. There is no secret knowledge - no secrets, no mysteries - to be revealed, to others. No chain of authority. As there can be no disciples since there is no mastery. No individual or individuals to be lauded. No longer any need to pontificate about, or even inform others about, the journey, about what has been seen, experienced, found, along the way.

There is only *lapis philosophicus* and its individual discovery. There are only those, on their own individual journeyings, journeying in their own way in their own species of Time, and who may or may not arrive at their planned destination. For we are life, the Cosmos; we are Time beyond its perceived illusive dichotomy and are and have been and will be Being, presenced and unpresenced, particular and general, past-present-future, and beyond the illusion, the deception, of 'a being' and of 'beings'.

Therefore, silence and reclusiveness become the few whose esoteric peregrinations have after decades - and by and because of *lapis philosophicus* - been ended.

Anton Long

December 2011 CE

[1] My text entitled *Lapis Philosophicus* is given in full below.

[2] *Lapis Philosophicus* - the jewel of the alchemist; the goal that the alchemist, through the symbiosis that is alchemy, seeks. *al-χημία* [ from *χῶμεία* ] - 'the changing'.

[3] "He wolde be in his owne persone, the example of our hole iourney." William Bonde [*lector philosophiae*] - *The Pylgrimage of Perfection* (1526 ce), i. sig. Dvi.

Image credit: NASA - Earth and Moon as seen from the departing Voyager interplanetary spacecraft

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**Lapis Philosophicus**

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

Let me begin the story - of the secret of *lapis philosophicus* - at the end, and which writing about this particular story will be the last writing of mine on any Occult, esoteric, matter, and thus the end of my chatter.

The story ends with an anticipated discovery: that the penultimate stage (however named: Magus, GrandMaster, GrandLadyMaster) of that life-long genuine Occult journey which begins with initiation (of whatever kind: hermetic, ceremonial, self) is the same whether one began on, and thence followed, what has been described as 'The Left Hand Path', or whether one began on, and thence followed, what has been described as 'The Right Hand Path'. For in the context of beyond The Abyss, such designations based on such a dichotomy become, and are, irrelevant because without sense and meaning.

That is, the 'outer secret' of the inner, the real, the living, alchemy is that the end and the result of both our apparently separate journeys is the same; the same place, the same understanding, the same knowledge. For wisdom is undivided, the same for all of us, whatever we believed or assumed when we began. Or expressed another way, *lapis philosophicus* is what it is, and always has been, and does what it does, and always has done, in terms of how it affects and changes those few who have succeeded in their decades-long endeavor and thus discovered it, and discovered it where it has always been hidden.

Naturally those who have not discovered, not found, *lapis philosophicus* either will not appreciate this or will disagree with it; as will, of course, all those who pretend to others (and/or to themselves) that they have found *lapis philosophicus* and thus claim or award themselves some exalted title or some Occult grade or whatever.

As I mentioned in a previous MS:

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

Furthermore, this work as one moves after decades of pathei-mathos toward The Abyss of necessity involves a living of the sinisterly-numinous. For those of the LHP - having followed 'the sinister' - living numinously for a period of some years; for those of the RHP - having followed 'the numinous' - living sinisterly for a period of some years. For such a living (and the pathei-mathos which of necessity is part of it) is a means to know, to live (to move toward becoming) the natural balance, the Life, beyond abstracted opposites and all abstractions. There develops thus a knowing of

Wyrd, an Aeonic perspective, taking the 'sinister' individual beyond personal destiny, beyond the self, and far beyond the attempted, the primitive, deification of the ego of the charlatans and the novices of one particular 'path'. After which follows the ordeal of The Abyss which, for both types, both paths, is a living alone for a month or more in a certain difficult if simple manner, as for example outlined in the traditional Camlad rite of the abyss.

What, then, is the 'inner secret' of the living alchemy? What in other words is the nature of *lapis philosophicus*, the affects, of the object whose discovery is the ultimate purpose of our life-long Occult journey? The last part of this 'secret' is symbolized by the last stage/grade, begun but not yet attained as one's mortal nexion closes: during the right alchemical season, and at the right causal Time beyond one's mortal power to choose, to decide, for it is when it is, and will by the discovery of *lapis philosophicus* become known and can neither be chosen/decided by us nor forestalled by any means. The middle part of this 'secret' is that the object of our journey never really was distant and neither was it hidden at all; we only assumed or believed it was, and we only had to learn to not only see as we can see but did not know we could but also to know, to understand, to feel, to appreciate, what is seen, sans denotatum, and be such denotatum words (verbal, written), symbolic, ideation (of 'the mind'), archetypal, or whatever. The first part of this 'secret' concerns a certain knowledge: about 'the living water', azoth; about the nature of Time, of Being, of consciousness, of the Cosmos, and thus about our nature as mortal existents, as beings, in this realm of phenomenon; of how we are Time beyond its perceived dichotomy and are and have been and will be Being, and have the potential to become/return-to Being beyond our perceived temporary existence as conscious mortal beings. But one has to be 'there'/here - now/then/when and in/within/beyond Time - in order to 'see', to know, to feel, to appreciate, to understand, this. The rest is either preparation or null.

Anton Long  
The Camlad Rouning

### *Some Occult Terms Briefly Explained*

#### **Aeonic Perspective**

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

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

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

certain insight and understanding and thence becoming changed, more evolved, human beings.

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

## Alchemy

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

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

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

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

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

## Esoteric

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

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

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

## Psyche

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

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

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

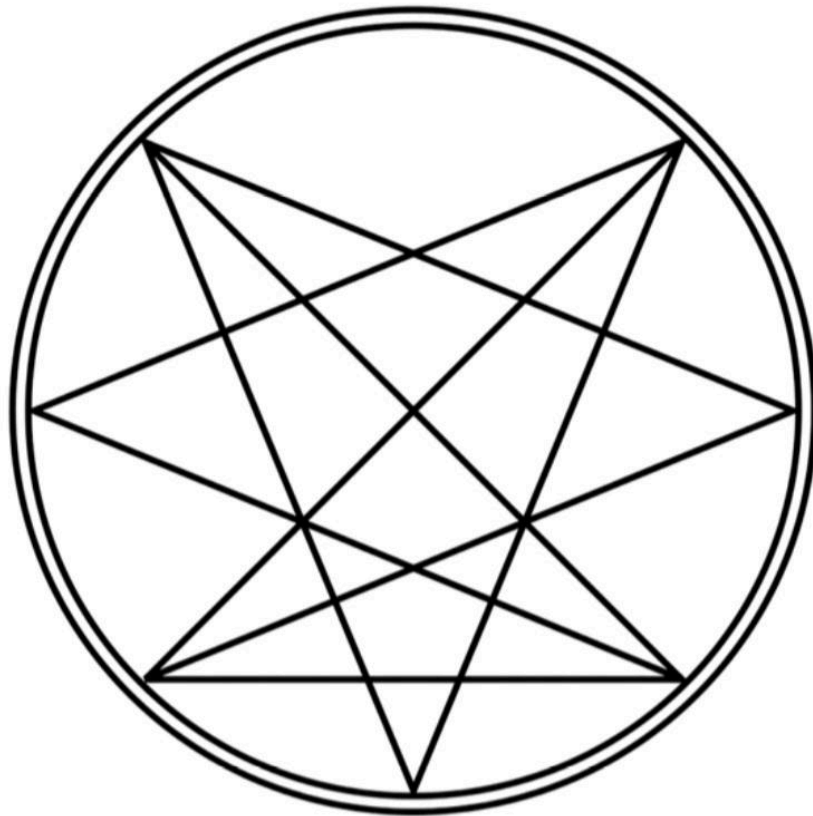
### **Wisdom**

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

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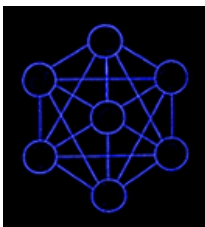


# APPENDIX



2013 - 2019





## **Perusing The Seven Fold Way Historical Origins Of The Septenary System Of The Order of Nine Angles**

### **Contents**

- Introduction: The Physis Sorcery of Naos.
  - Physis, The Corpus Hermeticum, And The Ancient Hermetic Quest For Immortality.
  - The Seven-Fold Way And Acausality.
  - Arabic And Alchemical Influences.
  - The Complete Seven-Fold Way
  - The Rite Of The Abyss and Beyond
  - Conclusion: The O9A In Esoteric Perspective.
- Appendix 1. Grade Ritual Of Magus/Mousa  
Appendix 2. A Review of Myatt's The Divine Pymander.  
Appendix 3. Theory Of The Acausal

### **Introduction: The Physis Sorcery of Naos**

The septenary system, or tradition, of the modern occult group the Order of Nine Angles (ONA/O9A) was first publicly outlined in their 1980s text *Naos - A Practical Guide To Modern Magick*. The text is, interestingly, completely devoid of the satanism that the O9A has come to be associated with, and, as the *Introduction* states, the first part is a "guide to becoming an Adept and is essentially 'Internal magick' - that is, magick [sorcery] used to bring about personal development (of consciousness and so on) [...] Internal magick is the following of the Occult path from Initiation to Adeptship and beyond, and in the Septenary tradition this path is known as the seven-fold Way."

Furthermore, in the 'Notes on Esoteric Tradition' of *Naos* it is directly stated that "the goal of sentient life is to [...] become part of the acausal (i.e. 'immortal' when seen from the causal). Initiation, and 'the Mysteries' (i.e. the seven-fold Way), are the means to achieve this."

Of particular interest is the fact that, in *Naos*, the internal sorcery used to bring about personal development is also called 'physis magick':

"Physis is divided into seven stages and these seven stages may be regarded as representing the varying degrees of insight attained. In terms of traditional magick, the stages represent Initiation, Second Degree Initiation, External Adept, Internal Adept, Master/Mistress (or High Priest/Priestess), Magus and Immortal. Each stage is associated with a sphere of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð."

Physis is a clear use of the ancient Greek term φύσις, which term occurs frequently in the Pymander (also known as the Pœmandres) section of the ancient Greek text of the Corpus Hermeticum, dating from around the second century CE and first published in 1554 CE, and which Pymander discourse also describes, in some detail, a system of seven spheres; a journey, a quest - an anados, ἄνοδος - up through these spheres in order that the last stage, that of an immortal, may be achieved; and how the individual is changed in the process of journeying through the spheres.

It therefore would seem difficult to disagree with the claim, made in *Naos* and other O9A texts of the same period, that the O9A's septenary system - with its seven-fold Tree of Wyrð - represents, at least in part, the 'genuine Western occult tradition', in contrast to the ten-fold Kabbalah based system used by the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, by Aleister Crowley, and by all other, non-O9A, modern occultists, and which ten-fold Kabbalah based system is not only over a thousand years later than the Hellenic septenary system but employs Hebrew terminology in contrast to the Greek terminology of the earlier hermetic tradition.

However, obvious as it should have been to learned students of the occult and to those academics researching esotericism, this connection to ancient hermeticism was - with one possible exception {1} - overlooked for over thirty years, with the O9A's septenary system, even as late as 2012, dismissed - in a purportedly academic work, no less - as merely "a replacement for the Kabbalah [...] a non-Semitic version of the Kabbalistic Sepherot." {2}

It was only after the publication, in 2013, of Myatt's translation of and commentary on the *Pymander* section of the *Corpus Hermeticum* {3} that others, outside of the O9A, began to realize that the O9A claim had some historical merit after all, since Myatt's translation and commentary places the O9A's septenary system into its correct historical and esoteric perspective, with Myatt's learned commentary explaining much both about the septenary system - the hebdomad - which forms an important part of the hermetic *Pymander* text, and about the *anados*, the journey through the spheres to the final goal of immortality. {4}

#### **Physis, The Corpus Hermeticum, And The Ancient Hermetic Quest For Immortality**

At the beginning of *Pymander* text of the *Corpus Hermeticum* the seeker says that they desire "to learn what is real, to apprehend the physis of beings, and to have knowledge of theos." {5} The seeker is instructed, later on, by *Poemandres*, that, in respect of humans and their physis, "distinct among all other beings on Earth, mortals are jumelle; deathful of body yet deathless the inner mortal" {6} - and thus have the opportunity to become immortal.

Regarding physis, Myatt notes in his commentary that,

"According to the hermetic *weltanschauung*, as outlined by *Poemandres* here, all physis - the being, nature, character, of beings - their essence beyond the form/appearance their being is or assumes or is perceived as - re-presents (manifests, is an *eikon* of) theos. That is, the physis of beings can be considered not only as an emanation of theos but as re-presenting his Being, his essence. To recognize this, to recognize theos, to be in communion with theos, to return to theos, and thus become immortal, there is the way up (*anados*) through the seven spheres." {7}

Asked by the seeker about the *anados* - the way to immortality through the seven spheres - *Poemandres* replies, in rather mystical terms, that:

"First, the dissolution of the physical body allows that body to be transformed with the semblance it had disappearing and its now non-functioning ethos handed over to the daimon, with the body's perceptions returning to their origin, then becoming separated with their purpose, transplanted, and with desire and eagerness journeying toward the physis devoid of *logos*. Thus does the mortal hasten through the harmonious structure, offering up, in the first realm, that vigour which grows and which fades, and - in the second one - those dishonourable machinations, no longer functioning. In the third, that eagerness which deceives, no longer functioning; in the fourth, the arrogance of command, no longer insatiable; in the fifth, profane insolence and reckless haste; in the sixth, the bad inclinations occasioned by riches, no longer functioning; and in the seventh realm, the lies that lie in wait.

[Thus] they become united with theos. For to so become of theos is the noble goal of those who seek to acquire knowledge." {8}

This 'becoming united with theos', however, does not mean that mortals 'become god' or become 'a living god'. Instead, as Pœmandres has made clear (for example in section 26) it means transcending, beyond mortal death, to the two immortal realms that exist beyond the seven spheres, one of which is that of the 'ogdoadic physis', and both of which are described in terms of emanations of theos.

Having thus been instructed and having understood, the seeker himself goes on to ask, of other humans, "you who are earth-bound, why do you embrace death when you have the means to partake of immortality?" {9}

### **The Seven-Fold Way And Acausality**

In the Pymander text, beyond the seven spheres of the anados there is the realm of 'the ogdoadic physis' - with particular forces and powers - and, beyond that, another realm; both described in relation to theos. As Myatt explains in his commentary on the Pymander text - in reference to section 26 and the Greek word δύναμις - these are quite distinct from the seven spheres:

"δύναμις. Those forces, those particular powers - or, more precisely, that type (or those types) of being(s) or existence - that are not only beyond the septenary system but beyond the ogdoadic physis of those mortals who have, because of their journey (ἀνοδος) through the septenary system, achieved immortality.

It is therefore easy to understand why some considered there were, or represented their understanding/insight by, 'nine' (seven plus two) fundamental cosmic emanations, or by nine realms or spheres - qv. the quote from Cicero {10} - the seven of the hebdomad, plus the one of the 'ogdoadic physis' mentioned here, plus the one (also mentioned here) of what is beyond even this 'ogdoadic physis'. However, as this text describes, there are seven realms or spheres - a seven-fold path to immortality, accessible to living mortals - and then two types of existence (not spheres) beyond these, accessible only after the mortals has journeyed along that path and then, having 'offered up' certain things along the way (their mortal ethos), 'handed over their body to its death'. Ontologically, therefore, the seven might somewhat simplistically be described as partaking of what is 'causal' (of what is mortal) and the two types of existence beyond the seven as partaking of - as being - 'acausal' (of what is immortal). Thus, Pœmandres goes on to say, the former mortal - now immortal - moves on (from this first type of 'acausal existence') to become these forces (beyond the ogdoadic physis) to thus finally 'unite with theos': αὐτοὶ εἰς δυνάμεις ἑαυ τοῦς παραδιδόασι καὶ δυνάμεις γενόμενοι ἐν θεῷ γίνονται."

These two realms beyond the seven spheres are echoed in *Naos*, with a description of septenary 'tree of wyrd' being symbolically enclosed within a double-tetrahedron:

"From an initiated viewpoint, the seven spheres are seen to form a three-dimensional pattern where every sphere is linked to every other twice, although in a physical representation (e.g. a model) the two-fold nature of the connecting paths are shown only for Moon/Saturn, Venus/Mars and Mercury/Jupiter. This three-dimensional structure is considered to lie enclosed within a double-tetrahedron."

This symbolic double-tetrahedron is related to 'the nine angles' and thence to the axiom of acausality and thus to the duality of causal and acausal. And it is this axiom of acausality which is central to the O9A's seven-fold way, as another more pertinent echo of the Pymander text makes clear, which is that, as mentioned previously, *Naos* states that "the goal of sentient life is to [...] become part of the acausal (i.e. 'immortal' when seen from the causal). Initiation, and 'the Mysteries' (i.e. the seven-fold Way), are the means to achieve this."

Thus, in the septenary tradition of the Order of Nine Angles the realms beyond the seven spheres are described in terms of acausality, as being part of the acausal, with the mortal - having successfully undertaken their journey along the seven-fold way - entering into a new and immortal existence in the realms (or universes) of the acausal. For, although, the singular 'acausal' and terms such as 'acausal

realm' are often used, it is noted in *Naos* that "generally the singular is used to avoid semantic complications, although the Septenary tradition accepts the near certainty that many such 'acausal' universes exist to compliment 'our' causal universe."

There is, therefore, in the seven-fold way, an understanding of the goal in terms not of 'becoming united with theos' (as in the hermetic text) but rather in terms of egressing into the realms of the acausal and of a new existence in the acausal. That is, in place of the ancient theological explanation - of theos, and of 'a science of divine things' - the O9A have a modern metaphysics, an axiomatic theory, of causal and acausal {11}, of 'a new science of different types of energy'.

For the basis of this theory is that there are two fundamental forms - or, more precisely, two types of apprehension of - energy in the cosmos: the causal energy familiar from scientific studies into electromagnetism, gravity, and nuclear processes; and the 'acausal' energy familiar to us in the biological why and the how of living things being different from non-living things, and also familiar to us in our psyche, especially in 'archetypes' and which archetypes are expressive of the reality of we humans having, via evolution, the advantage of reason, of a developed consciousness.

This 'acausal' energy is posited to have an a-causal origin, with living things - including ourselves - being nexions (a gate to the acausal, as *Naos* explains it). That is, we are capable of presencing {12} - or having access to - such acausal energy. What differentiates us from all the other living beings we know is that we have (or seem to have) the ability to consciously be aware of this 'acausal' energy and to access it, understand it (currently in a limited way) and increase it. Hence why the seven-fold way deals with sorcery, for sorcery is understood as a means to access, and to presence, such acausal energy in ourselves, and in the causal.

The septenary anados is also described, in *Naos*, in modern terms, and as a practical esoteric art capable of leading a person toward Adeptship (the fourth of the seven stages) and then to immortality, with this anados contrasted with what usually and naturally occurs to human beings. Thus,

"In the development of an individual as an individual develops naturally (i.e. without the aid of esoteric Arts) the 'ego' stage lasts from youth to middle-age: there is a need to establish an outward 'role' (in society/clan etc.), to find a 'mate' and propagate and to care for the physical/material needs/pleasures.

The 'self' is the 'stage' beyond this - when there is an apprehension (often only intuitive outside of magick) of (a) the wyrd of the individual and (b) the separate existence of other individuals as those individuals are in themselves. Put simply, (b) involves a degree of 'empathy'. In the natural state, the self may evolve in 'middle age' or before - and often arises as a consequence of formative experiences (e.g. experience of war; personal loss; tragedy). In the natural state (because the unconscious has not been properly experienced and integrated) there is almost always a conflict with the 'ego' desires/pressures so that the insight, given by the self, is sometimes lost by the individual who returns to an 'ego' existence.

The 'wisdom' of 'old age' is the gradual resolution of this conflict in favour of the self. In the past, the striving of an individual psyche for self-hood was often represented by myths and legends. Another term for 'self-hood' (the living of the role of the self- where the perception of 'Time' differs from that of the 'ego') is 'individuation'. Esoterically, self-hood/individuation is Adeptship - but Adeptship implies much more than 'individuation'. It implies a conscious, rational understanding of one's self and that of others as well as skill/mastery of esoteric Arts and techniques. It also implies a 'cosmic Aeon perspective' to the Wyrd and the self. Individuation may be seen as a natural stage, achieved by the natural process of living (for some, at least) whereas Adeptship is a goal attained by following an esoteric Way; that is, which results from Initiation into the mysteries. As such, Adeptship contains individuation, but is greater than it.

Also, individuation is itself only a stage: there are stages beyond even this: it is not the end of personal development [...] Beyond, lies the ordeal of the Abyss and the birth of the

Master/Mistress - beyond them lies Immortality. Expressed simply, the 'ego' has no perception of acausal 'time' - but is unconsciously affected by acausal energies; the 'self' has some perception of acausal 'time' and is less affected by acausal energies. The Adept has learnt to control the personal acausal energies of the psyche (external/internal magick) - there still remains, however, 'Aeonic' energies which affect even the self. Control/mastery of these takes the individual beyond the Abyss."

In effect, this is a similar but clearer, more complete, and perhaps a more precise, version of the mystical description Pœmandres gives in the quotation above about the mortal hastening "through the harmonious structure" and 'offering up' various things along the way.

While the seven-fold way is clearly a modern anados which enshrines the ancient hermetic and rather mystical tradition of an individual seeking to attain immortality, it is also, and importantly, different. For it is a practical and a decidedly occult anados, a means of individual transformation and learning, involving as it does the use of sorcery; ordeals such as the grade ritual of internal adept where the candidate has to live alone in wilderness isolation for around three months; and a guided - an initiatory - exploration of the supernatural realms (or archetypal realms, depending on one's perspective) part of which involves working with Tarot images and evoking 'supernatural' (or archetypal) forms termed 'the dark gods'. There is therefore, as a study of *Naos* makes clear, a melding of ancient traditions - occult, alchemical, hermetic, mystical - with newer esoteric, occult, techniques such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

#### Arabic And Alchemical Influences

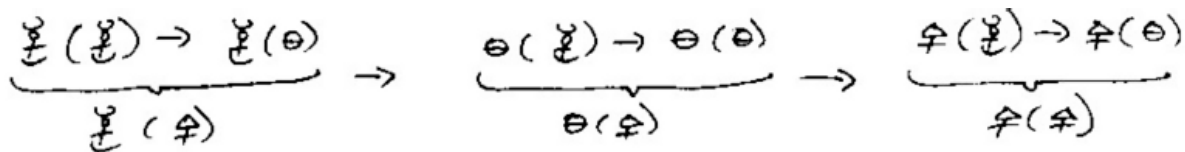
One of the most fascinating, as well as one of most important if neglected, aspects of the seven-fold way is the representation of the anados - and the whole septenary system - by The Star Game, which has 27 pieces spread over 7 boards and 126 squares in the simple version, and, in the advanced version, 45 pieces per player over 308 squares and 7 main boards.

In contrast to the ancient, Hellenic, and pre-Hellenic, traditions - and the septenary 'tree of wyrd' - the seven boards are not named after the seven classical planets {13} but are given the names of stars: Naos, Deneb, Rigel, Mira, Antares, Arcturus, and Sirius. Which might explain why the title *Naos* was given to the first of the O9A's guides to their seven-fold way, as Naos is the last stage, that of Immortal {14}.

As described in *Naos*,

"The Star Game contains, in its symbolism and techniques, all the esoteric wisdom of alchemy, magick and the Occult."

It also, in its pieces and their permutations and moves, is a representation of what the O9A mean by the term 'nine angles' that is, of the nine combinations of the three fundamental alchemical substances (salt, sulphur, mercury), and which nine combinations are the essence of the nexion we are between causal and acausal. As such, they re-present the various elements of acausal energy in the causal, as well as being a symbology used to describe such things as Jungian 'personality types', archetypes, and the seven fundamental, Earth-bound Aeons and the subsequent two 'cosmic aeons'.



The inspiration for these nine alchemical combinations or nine emanations (and their causal/acausal permutations) was, according to Anton Long, an ancient Arabic manuscript, of a few folios, he read in Persia while travelling and studying in the Middle East and Asia in 1971, and to which MS some scribe had added some scholia and the title *Al-Kitab Al-Alfak* (which translates as *The Book of The Spheres*),

for in ancient Muslim alchemy, cosmology, and cosmogony, there are nine cosmic spheres, or 'supernatural', realms.

The most distant of these spheres or realms is falak al-aflak, the 'primary of the spheres'. Below this (and thus nearer to us) is al-kawakib al-thabitah {15}, the realm of the heavenly fixed stars. Next is Zuhā, the sphere of Saturn. Then there is Mushtari, the sphere of Jupiter, followed by Marikh (Mars); Shams (the Sun); Zuhrah (Venus); Utarid (Mercury); and finally Qamar, the sphere of the Moon.

It seems possible, therefore, that this Arabic schemata - of seven named planetary spheres, and of falak al-aflak and al-kawakib al-thabitah - may have been directly or indirectly inspired by Hellenic Greek texts such as Pymander section of the Corpus Hermeticum, or it may link directly to an earlier Persian (or possibly Indic) tradition which itself directly or indirectly inspired later Hellenic texts such as the Corpus Hermeticism {16}

### **The Complete Seven-Fold Way**

As the title of *Naos* states, it is a practical guide to modern sorcery - the emphasis being on sorcery - and as such deals only in part with the seven-fold way of the O9A. The complete system of occult training - the practical anados - that is the seven-fold way of the O9A, up to and including Internal Adept, is described in great detail in the 981 page text *The Requisite ONA* {17}. This training involves difficult and testing techniques and experiences, some of which are unique to the O9A, and includes such things as (i) Insight Roles, (ii) physical challenges, and (iii) finding a companion and, with them, forming and running a practising occult group (a Temple, or nexion) dedicated to performing ceremonial sinister/satanic rituals of the kind described in the O9A's *Black Book of Satan*. Insight Roles, for example, require the O9A initiate to adopt a way of life, or a particular occupation, that is the opposite of their current life-style or occupation, and, as explained in the 'Introduction To Insight Roles' section of *The Requisite ONA*, an Insight Role

"must last a minimum of one year (that is, in this instance for one particular and specific alchemical season) - [and] should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character, as they are expected to find a suitable Insight Rôle for themselves, either a personal Insight Rôle, or an Aeonian one, and this assessment and this finding are esoterically worthwhile tasks in themselves."

The intention of such techniques, challenges, and experiences, is to provide the candidate with structured, formative, life-changing, experiences - to harshly test them, to begin the process that fundamentally changes (and evolves) their character, develops a self-knowing and certain esoteric abilities and skills, moves them toward individuation, or which destroys/defeats them and thus reveals them as unsuitable - physically, mentally, and in occult terms - for the O9A.

As explained in *The Requisite ONA* in relation to the beginning stages of the seven-fold way:

"Sinister Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and latent personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of dark sorcery. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or 'forces' - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. The Star Game takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional 'moral opposites'.

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the

inner magickal work. The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real sinister character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Sinister commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, sinister character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of 'individuation', of esoteric Adeptship."

#### **The Rite Of The Abyss and Beyond**

While *The Requisite ONA* is a guide to the seven-fold way of the O9A up to and including the stage of Internal Adept, the next stage beyond The Abyss is dealt with in their text *Enantiodromia: The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* {18}, which contains details of the traditional (the Camlad) Rite of The Abyss with its month-long subterranean ordeal. The last mortal stage of the way is described in the O9A text that is simply entitled 'Grade Ritual of GrandMaster/GrandMistress' {19}.

As described in *Enantiodromia: The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*,

"The Sinister Abyssal Nexion is the esoteric term for what is more commonly (exoterically) known as The Abyss. In the Seven Fold Way of the Order of Nine Angles, The Abyss is described as separating the fourth and the fifth spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - that is, separating the Grade of Internal Adept from the Grade of Master/LadyMaster. Furthermore, the Abyss represents the place(s) where the causal merges into the acausal, and thus where the causal is or can be "transcended", so the individual can, if prepared, enter the realm of acausality and become familiar - sans a self - with acausal entities. Thus, The Abyss is a nexion to the acausal; a nexus of temporal, a-temporal, and spatial and a-spatial, dimensions [...]

The Rite of The Abyss exists in two forms, one dating from the formation of the ONA some forty years ago [described in *Naos*], and the other, more traditional [more dangerous] one [...]

The traditional Rite is quite simple and begins at the first full moon following the beginning of a propitious alchemical season - in the Isles of Britain this was traditionally the first rising of Arcturus in the Autumn. The Rite, if successful, concludes on the night of the following full moon.

The Rite as given in *Naos* requires a quartz tetrahedron. While three inch crystals - as mentioned in *Naos* - may work, to ensure success (in this Rite as in others using a quartz tetrahedron), the crystal has to be a perfect tetrahedron (no bevelled edges) and free from blemish, external and internal - with a height of six inches or more. Such crystals are rare, and costly, and often have to be custom made by someone skilled in cutting gemstones. In

addition, although it is not stated in Naos, the chanting of the word 'Chaos' [ka-Os] in the ONA Rite of Entering The Abyss is according to the notation of the Atazoth chant [illustrated] above. Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation."

Thus the compilation *The Requisite ONA* together with the text *Enantiodromia: The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, and the elsewhere published Grade Ritual of GrandMaster/GrandMistress, are all that an individual requires in order to follow the seven-fold way from its beginning to its mortal ending.

#### **Conclusion: The O9A In Esoteric Perspective**

In modern occultism, the seven-fold way, when correctly understood, stands in a class of its own, with the seven-fold way - the quest for immortality in an acausal realm - being a modern emanation of, or a direct ancestral continuation of, traditions (mystical and otherwise) that are thousands of years old.

The influence, or inspiration, of ancient mystical traditions is clearly evident in the O9A's seven-fold way, whether these are direct - in the case of the Hellenic Pymander text and of early Arabic alchemy and cosmogony - or indirect, as in the case of the Hellenic and the Arabic traditions being themselves related to, or a continuation of, earlier Persian or Indic mystical traditions.

What is also clear is that the septenary tradition of the O9A - deriving from Hellenic, Arabic, or Persian and Indic, sources - is (i) quite distinct from the much later, much vaunted, much written about, Kabbalah based system of modern Western occultism (which the O9A have always claimed is a distortion of the genuine, ancient, tradition), and (ii) a modern, practical, and a decidedly occult, anados that (in contradistinction to all modern occult groups) uses the technique of practical ordeals such as the basic (c. three month) wilderness living - or the extended (c. six months) wilderness living - of the grade ritual of Internal Adept, and the (lunar) month-long subterranean dwelling of the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, and which ordeals are themselves modern versions of ancient esoteric techniques designed to test the candidate and cultivate both self, and esoteric, understanding.

In esoteric perspective, the O9A's seven-fold way is a modern, elitist, and difficult and dangerous, anados which enshrines the ancient Hermetic, the occult, and the alchemical, tradition of an individual seeking to attain immortality by practical means; which, in the seven-fold way, is via 'internal sorcery': the transformation of the individual through an exploration of the supernatural (or archetypal) realms and by ordeals such as the grade ritual of internal adept.

R. Parker  
January 2014

#### *Notes*

{1} Connell Monette. *Mysticism in the 21st Century*. Sirius Academic Press, 2013. ISBN 978-1940964003

{2} Senholt, Jacob. *Secret Identities in The Sinister Tradition*, in Per Faxneld & Jesper Petersen (eds), *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*. Oxford University Press, 2012, p.253

{3} David Myatt. *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander de potestate et sapientia dei*. 2013. ISBN 978-1491249543

{4} My review of Myatt's translation, published in 2013, is reproduced in full in Appendix 2.

{5} *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander*, translation, section 3. All the quotations from the Pymander text given here are taken from Myatt's translation.

As Myatt notes in his commentary on this passage, in reference to theos:

"Does θεός here [γνώσκει τὸν θεόν] mean God, a god, a deity, or the god? God, the supreme creator Being, the only real god, the father, as in Christianity? A deity, as in Hellenic and classical paganism? The god, as in an un-named deity - a god - who is above all other deities? Or possibly all of these? And if all, in equal measure, or otherwise?

The discourse of Pœmandres, as recounted in the tractate, suggests two things. First, that all are meant or suggested - for example, Τὸ φῶς ἐκεῖνο, ἔφη, ἐγὼ νοῦς ὁ σὸς θεός could be said of Pœmandres as a god, as a deity, as the god, and also possibly of God, although why God, the Father - as described in the Old and New Testaments - would call Himself Pœmandres, appear in such a vision, and declare what He declares about θεός being both male and female in one person, is interesting. Second, that the knowledge that is revealed is of a source, of a being, that encompasses, and explains, all three, and that it is this knowing of such a source, beyond those three conventional ones, that is the key to 'what is real' and to apprehending 'the physis of beings'. Hence, it is better to transliterate θεός - or leave it as θεός - than to use god; and a mistake to use God, as some older translations do."

[6] *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander*, translation, section 15.

[7] *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander*, commentary on section 24.

[8] *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander*, translation, section 24-25.

[9] *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander*, translation, section 28.

[10] In his commentary, Myatt quotes the *Somnium Scipionis* as described by Cicero, and gives his own translation of the Latin:

Novem tibi orbibus vel potius globis conexa sunt omnia, quorum unus est caelestis, extimus, qui reliquos omnes complectitur, summus ipse deus arcens et continens ceteros; in quo sunt infixi illi, qui volvuntur, stellarum cursus sempiterni. Cui subiecti sunt septem, qui versantur retro contrario motu atque caelum. Ex quibus summum globum possidet illa, quam in terris Saturniam nominant. Deinde est hominum generi prosperus et salutaris ille fulgor, qui dicitur Iovis; tum rutilus horribilisque terris, quem Martium dicitis; deinde subter mediam fere regionem Sol obtinet, dux et princeps et moderator luminum reliquorum, mens mundi et temperatio, tanta magnitudine, ut cuncta sua luce lustret et compleat. Hunc ut comites consequuntur Veneris alter, alter Mercurii cursus, in infimoque orbe Luna radiis solis accensa convertitur. Infra autem iam nihil est nisi mortale et caducum praeter animos munere deorum hominum generi datos; supra Lunam sunt aeterna omnia. Nam ea, quae est media et nona, Tellus, neque movetur et infima est, et in eam feruntur omnia nutu suo pondera. [*De Re Publica*, Book VI, 17]

Nine orbs - more correctly, spheres - connect the whole cosmic order, of which one - beyond the others but enfolding them - is where the uppermost deity dwells, enclosing and containing all. There - embedded - are the constant stars with their sempiternal movement, while below are seven spheres whose cyclicity is different, and one of which is the sphere given the name on Earth of Saturn [...]

[11] An outline of this axiomatic theory is given in Appendix 3.

{12} The term 'presencing' is, so far as I know, uniquely used by the O9A (that is, by Anton Long) in modern occult discourses, and derives from obscure medieval and renaissance MSS and books dealing with alchemy and demonology. For example, in the 1641 work by the classical Greek and Hebrew scholar Joseph Mede entitled *The Apostasy of The Latter Times. Or, The Gentiles Theology of Dæmons*,

where the phrase "the approaching or presencing of Dæmons" occurs.

[13] As Myatt notes in his Pymander commentary, "the seven classical planetary bodies, named Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Sun, Jupiter, and Saturn, [are] well-described in ancient texts, from ancient Persia onwards. Copenhaver [*Hermetica, The Greek Corpus Hermeticum and the Latin Asclepius*, Cambridge University Press, 1992, p.105] refers to some of the scholarly literature regarding these seven."

[14] In origin, naos is an ancient Greek word. In his 2013 article *Fifty Years Of Diverse Peregrinations*, Myatt quotes Pausanias and gives his own translation of that portion of the Greek text which mentions ναός in connection with άγνωστος θεός (agnostos theos) the un-named, the unknown, god or gods:

ένταῦθα καὶ Σκιράδος Αθηναῖς ναός ἐστι καὶ Διὸς ἀπωτέρω, βωμοὶ δὲ θεῶν τε ὀνομαζομένων Ἀγνώστων καὶ ἡρώων καὶ παίδων τῶν Θησέως καὶ Φαληροῦ [Pausanias, Ἑλλάδος περιήγησις 1.1.4]

Also here is a shrine [ ναός ] to Athena Skirados and, further afield, one to Zeus, and others to [the] un-named unknown gods, to the heroes, as well as to those children of Theseus and Phalerus

In O9A mythos, the star named Naos is in proximity to one of the physical nexions that are said to exist in our causal space-time, and through which passage to and from the acausal is possible. According to O9A aural tradition, such physical nexions have allowed some of 'the dark gods' to come forth, in the past, into our reality. Hence, so the story goes, the myths and legends about dragons and 'demons'.

{15} In respect of al-kawakib al-thabitah, see, for example, the Arabic manuscript *Kitab Suwar al-kawakib al-thabitah* (c.1010 AD) in the Bodleian Library, Oxford (Marsh collection, 144).

{16} For references to a septenary type system in ancient Persian texts, see Reitzenstein and Schaeder: *Studien zum antiken Synkretismus aus Iran und Griechenland*, (Studien der Bibliothek Warburg), Teubner, Leipzig, 1926.

{17} *The Requisite ONA* is available in pdf format (of c. 49 Mb) and includes a comprehensive guide to the seven fold way, ceremonial sorcery, and Insight Roles; a copy of the *Black Book of Satan*; a facsimile version of the original 1980s *Naos*; plus *The Grimoire of Baphomet* and the four works of occult fiction that form the instructional *Deofel Quartet*.

The cautionary O9A note regarding later versions of *Naos* is still valid:

The genuine facsimile copies of the 1980s text in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatum Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an out-of-date address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes - in the following order - Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

{18} *Enantiodynamia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* (Second Edition 2013 ev)

{19} The text of this rite is given in full in Appendix 1.

## Appendix 1

### Grade Ritual - GrandMaster/GrandMistress

The Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth needs to fulfill several conditions before the ritual proper:

- 1) To have fully fulfilled the pledge of a Master/Mistress regarding transmission of the Way by (i) having trained at least one suitable individual up to and including Internal Adept, and revealed to them all esoteric teachings; and (ii) explicated that Way using appropriate means enabling understanding by others as/when their wyrd inclines [1].
- 2) Having fully mastered all the techniques of Aeonic sorcery and achieved by some of these new temporal forms [2], and which new forms affect significant numbers of mundanes.
- 3) Significantly extended the boundaries of knowledge understanding and existence by creative endeavour explicated causally and acausally - some magickal, others outwardly not-magickal.
- 4) Have begun the process of directing acausal energies via a new or presently or past existing nexion according to the wyrd of that Master/Mistress with the intention of a new Aeonic manifestation or re-creating a previous form or forms.

These conditions have been fulfilled (or nearly so) the candidate sets in order his/her temporal affairs - discarding all that is unnecessary. This includes all properties, all of significant monetary value, all accumulated possessions, and all obligations of a personal kind (familial; profession/employment; etcetera). The candidate is to have no financial or other resources other than that required for necessary survival (and then on a weekly basis) save for a small amount sufficient only for the performance of the ritual.

All this preparation is necessary and should be strictly adhered to - this attainment of 'temporal freedom' being necessary for reasons which a Master/Mistress will understand [3].

The ritual proper involves the candidate achieving a difficult feat of mental and physical endurance - usually this involves walking, in difficult, isolated terrain, a distance of 300 miles in 15 days carrying appropriate equipment and occasionally buying food en route using the small monetary savings mentioned above [4]. This feat is planned to end at or near the site chosen by the candidate for the physical nexion.

The candidate is then to reside at or near this site for a period from Equinox to Solstice or Solstice to Equinox (or, for some nexions, for an alchemical season) during which time and using Aeonic techniques, acausal energies are brought forth and directed to an individual(s)/organization/Order/archetypal form(s) and so on, via the chant/name(s)/images/sinister-empathy (and so on) chosen by the candidate. In addition, the candidate usually creates a new technique, to enhance the working (for example, akin to the 'Star Game'). During this period the temporal changes caused by their dark sorcery should be discernible. (Further enhancements/workings may be required after this initial period.)

These causal changes signify the success of the Grade Ritual.

#### Notes

[1] These means include writings; images; music; causal philosophy, and so on.

[2] The Master/Mistress will understand both the exoteric and esoteric nature of all such new causal forms/nexions which they have manufactured To Presence The Dark.

[3] To those lacking this understanding - and post-Adept insight - all that will be said is that such freedom enables the candidate to become for a short period an actual 'nexion' between the causal and acausal; all attention, energies (psychic and otherwise) being then capable of focussing upon the task.

[4] Experienced long-distance walkers are advised to increase the distance.

## Appendix 2

### A Review of Myatt's The Divine Pymander

In July of 2013 David Myatt issued the first pre-publication draft of his complete translation of and commentary on the Pymander section of the Corpus Hermeticum - 'The Divine Pymander' {1}. The work, translated from the ancient Greek, is now also available as a book, ISBN 978-1491249543.

The Divine Pymander is one of the standard Hermetic and Gnostic texts, outlining as it does Hermetic philosophy, and, in Mead's 1906 translation, has been used by the Theosophical Society and occult groups such as The Hermetic Order of The Golden Dawn, who weaved part of it into an occult ritual. The text was also used, again in translation, by the British occultist Aleister Crowley, as part of a conjuration involving 'the holy guardian angel'.

Myatt's translation differs in almost every respect from the other translations available, the most scholarly of which is probably that of Copenhagen published in 1992 {2}. One of the obvious differences is Myatt's use, in his translation, of particular transliterations, especially his use of 'theos' instead of 'god', logos instead of 'Word', and 'physis' instead of 'nature', the later of which is an important principle in Myatt's own and somewhat gnostic philosophy of pathei-mathos. Another difference is his translation of certain Greek terms, translations which he himself in his Introduction describes as idiosyncratic, although I would go so far as to say they are iconoclastic. For instance, he translates 'agios' not as the conventional 'holy' but as 'numinous', explaining his reasons in a long note in his commentary, writing that,

"Correctly understood, numinous is the unity beyond our perception of its two apparent aspects; aspects expressed by the Greek usage of ἅγιος which could be understood in a good (light) way as 'sacred', revered, of astonishing beauty; and in a bad (dark) way as redolent of the gods/wyrd/the fates/morai in these sense of the retributive or (more often) their balancing power/powers and thus giving rise to mortal 'awe' since such a restoration of the natural balance often involved or required the death (and sometimes the 'sacrifice') of mortals. It is the numinous - in its apparent duality, and as a manifestation of a restoration of the natural, divine, balance - which is evident in much of Greek tragedy, from the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus (and the *Orestia* in general) to the *Antigone* and the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles." David Myatt - *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander de potestate et sapientia dei: A Translation and Commentary* (2013)

Other differences include Myatt's use of obscure English words, such as artissements - all of which he explains in his commentary - and his coining of unusual and striking terms to translate an important Greek expression, such as 'quidditas of semblance' for what is usually translated (both by Mead and Copenhagen) as 'archetype of form', with Myatt writing in his commentary that,

"The transliteration 'archetype' here is, unfortunately, unsuitable, given what the term archetype now suggests and implies (vide Jungian psychology, for example) beyond what the Greek of the text means. Appropriate words or terms such as 'primal-pattern' or 'protoform' are awkward, clumsy. Hence quidditas (11th/12th century Latin), from whence came 'quiddity', a term originally from medieval scholasticism which was then used to mean the natural (primal) nature or form of some-thing, and thus hints at the original sense of ἀρχέτυπον."

#### A Greek Not Christian Text

All these differences give a decidedly different tone to the work. So much so that Myatt's translation comes across as a decidedly Greek, almost pagan, work about metaphysics in contrast to the other available translations which make it appear to be if not some sort of early Christian text then a text heavily influenced by and expressing Christian ideas. Part of this is down to what many will undoubtedly

see as Myatt's controversial choice of English words, a choice which he often explains in his commentary as avoiding imposing "after nearly two thousand years of scriptural exegesis and preaching, various religious preconceptions on the text".

Two sets of quotations from four different translations should illustrate this. The first set is from the very end of the text.

The 17th century Everard translation:

Holy is God the Father of All Things.  
Holy is God Whose Will is Performed and Accomplished by His Own Powers.  
Holy is God, that Determineth to be Known, and is Known of His Own, or Those that are His.  
Holy art Thou, that by Thy Word hast established all Things.

The 1906 Mead translation:

Holy are you, O God, the universals' Father.  
Holy are you, O God, whose Will perfects itself by means of its own Powers.  
Holy are you, O God, who willeth to be known and art known by your own.  
Holy are you, who did you by Word make to consist the things that are.

The 1992 Copenhaver translation:

Holy is god, the father of all.  
Holy is god, whose counsel is done by his own powers.  
Holy is god, whom wishes to be known and is known by his own people.  
Holy are you, who by the word have constituted all things that are.

The 2013 Myatt translation:

Agios o Theos, father of all beings.  
Agios o Theos, whose purpose is accomplished by his own arts.  
Agios o Theos, whose disposition is to be recognized and who is recognized by his own.  
Agios es, you who by logos form all being.

It should be explained that Myatt in his commentary writes,

"I have given, as an intimation, a transliteration of the first part, as these are doxologies, similar to the Kyrie eleison [Κύριε ἐλέησον], and much (if not all) of their numinous/sacred /mystical/esoteric quality and meaning are lost when they are translated into plain - or into archaic, KJV type - English. Although they are best read/recited in the original Greek, the Latin preserves much of the numinosity of these and other such doxologies [...] ἅγιος ὁ approximates to 'Numinous is' [theos]."

Myatt then proceeds to give the Latin translation of the Greek.

The second set of quotations are from the middle of the text.

The 17th century Everard translation:

"Hear now the rest of that speech, thou so much desirest to hear. When that Period was fulfilled, the bond of all things was loosed and untied by the Will of God; for all living Creatures being Hermaphroditical, or Male and Female, were loosed and untied together with Man; and so the Males were apart by themselves and the Females likewise. And straightway God said to the Holy Word, Increase in Increasing, and Multiply in Multitude all you my Creatures and Workmanships. And let Him that is endued with Mind, know Himself to be Immortal; and that the cause of Death is the Love of the Body"

The 1906 Mead translation:

"Now listen to the rest of the discourse which you do long to hear. The period being ended, the bond that bound them all was loosened by God's Will. For all the animals being male-female, at the same time with Man were loosed apart; some became partly male, some in like fashion [partly] female. And straightway God spake by His Holy Word: Increase ye in increasing, and multiply in multitude, ye creatures and creations all; and man that hath Mind in him, let him learn to know that he himself is deathless, and that the cause of death is love."

The 1992 Copenhaver translation:

"Hear the rest, the word you yearn to hear. When the cycle was completed, the bond among all things was sundered by the counsel of god. All living things, which had been androgyne, were sundered into two parts - humans along with them - and part of them became male, part likewise female. But god immediately spoke a holy speech: 'Increase in increasing and multiply in multitude, all you creatures and craftworks, and let him (who) is mindful recognize that he is immortal, that desire is the cause of death.'"

The 2013 Myatt translation:

"Now listen to the rest of the explanation you asked to hear. When the cycle was fulfilled, the connexions between all things were, by the deliberations of theos, unfastened. Living beings - all male-and-female then - were, including humans, rent asunder thus bringing into being portions that were masculous with the others muliebral. Directly, then, theos spoke a numinous logos: propagate by propagation and spawn by spawning, all you creations and artisements, and let the perceiver have the knowledge of being deathless and of Eros as responsible for death."

### **The Septenary System**

While Myatt's commentary is often dense and sometimes obscure, it is notable for two reasons.

First, its scholarly nature, for his quotations, in the commentary and in Greek or Latin and with his own translations, range from the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, to Sophocles, to Xenophon, to Cicero and the New Testament, and include what to most people will be obscure works from the 'fathers of the Christian church', including Maximus the Confessor, Irenaeus, and Cyril of Alexandria. Occasional gems are to be found, such as Myatt's translation from the Greek of a passage from the *Discourses* of Epictetus:

"Neither a tyrannos nor some Lord shall negate my intent; nor some crowd although I be just one; nor someone stronger although I be weaker, since such unhindrance is a gift, to everyone, from theos."

Second, and of interest to many, the commentary explains much about not only 'the septenary system' - the hebdomad - which forms an important part of the hermetic Pymander text, but also about the 'anados', the journey through the spheres to the final goal of immortality. There are esoteric gems aplenty here, and it is worth ploughing through the commentary just to find these. For example, in a comment on part 26 of the Pymander text, Myatt writes,

" [It is] easy to understand why some considered there were, or represented their understanding/insight by, 'nine' (seven plus two) fundamental cosmic emanations, or by nine realms or spheres [qv. the quote from Cicero in section 17] - the seven of the hebdomad, plus the one of the 'ogdoadic physis' mentioned here, plus the one (also mentioned here) of what is beyond even this 'ogdoadic physis'. However, as this text describes, there are seven realms or spheres - a seven-fold path to immortality, accessible to living mortals - and then two types of existence (not spheres) beyond these, accessible only after the mortals has journeyed along that path and then, having 'offered up' certain things along the way (their mortal ethos), 'handed over their body to its death'. Ontologically, therefore, the seven might somewhat simplistically be described as partaking of what is 'causal' (of what is mortal) and the two

types of existence beyond the seven as partaking of - as being - 'acausal' (of what is immortal). Thus, Pœmandres goes on to say, the former mortal - now immortal - moves on (from this first type of 'acausal existence') to become these forces (beyond the ogdoadic physis) to thus finally 'unite with theos': αὐτοὶ εἰς δυνάμεις ἕαν τοὺς παραδιδόασι καὶ δυνάμεις γενόμενοι ἐν θεῷ γίνονται."

### **An Iconoclastic Work**

Although already known as "a British iconoclast" {3} for his strange and past involvements and peregrinations, as well as known for his idiosyncratic translations of Sappho and Heraclitus, David Myatt's translation of and commentary on 'The Divine Pymander' will undoubtedly confirm that iconoclasm and that idiosyncrasy.

His translation is most decidedly iconoclastic, bringing as it does a new insight into the text, and breathing as it does new life into its hermeticism, thus making it far more accessible to, and understandable, by students of gnosticism, hermeticism, and the occult; and although - given Myatt's (not always deserved) reputation, and his past involvements and peregrinations - it will undoubtedly be ignored by the academic establishment, its appeal will be to such students and to others interested in the arcane. It also serves to compliment Myatt's own philosophy of *pathei-mathos*, elucidating as it does some of the more obscure points of Myatt's ontological speculations.

R. Parker  
July 2013

{1} Myatt's translation and commentary, in pdf format, is available as a free download from his blog at <http://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/2013/07/29/mercvrii-trismegisti-pymander/>

{2} Copenhaver, B. *Hermetica*. Cambridge University Press, 1992. There is a major issue with Copenhaver's book in that in his notes he gives not the actual Greek text (using the Greek character set) but transliterations (using the Latin character set) which is annoying for those who can read Greek. Myatt in his notes and commentary, and to his credit, eschews this 'populist', dumbing-down, approach, and - in accord with hundreds of years of scholarship - provides the Greek text.

{3} Jon B. Perdue: *The War of All the People: The Nexus of Latin American Radicalism and Middle Eastern Terrorism*. Potomac Books, 2012. p.70

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## **Appendix 3**

### **Some Notes On The Theory of The Acausal**

In respect of the theory of the acausal, <sup>[1]</sup> the terms acausality and acausal refer to 'acausal space and acausal time'. That is, and in the context of this theory, both terms refer to a posited continuum different from the causal continuum of observed phenomena; which causal continuum has been described in terms of a four-dimensional space-time; and knowledge of and understanding about which causal continuum can be obtained by means of sciences such as physics, astronomy, and chemistry.

Essentially, therefore, acausality - as part of such a formal theory - is an axiom, a logical assumption, not a belief. This axiom about the nature of the cosmos is one that derives not from the five Aristotelian essentials that determine the scientific method, but from the intuition of empathy <sup>[2]</sup> and from deductions relating to observations of living beings.

The latter point about life is crucial to understanding both why the axiom has been made and what it may logically imply. That is, a theory is proposed about the nature of known life - about why and how a

living being differs from a non-living being. Currently, science cannot explain what makes ordinary matter – the stuff of physics and chemistry – alive, and why for instance a living being, a biological entity, does not obey one of Newton's laws nor the axiom of entropy (the second law of thermodynamics).

A living being, for example, can change – grow and move – without any external physical (Newtonian) force being applied to it. In short, living beings do not behave in the same way as ordinary physical matter does, be such matter a star, a galaxy, a rock, or a chemical element interacting with another chemical element.

The acausal theory thus proposes that living beings possess what is termed acausal energy – that it is this acausal energy which in some way animates, or which presences in, a biological cell to make that cell behave in a different way than when that cell is dead. That it is such acausal energy – emanating from, or having its genesis in, a posited acausal continuum – which gives to ordinary physical matter the attribute we term life, and which thus enables a living organism (in contradistinction to ordinary matter) to, and for example, reproduce itself, be sensitive to, or aware of, its environment, and move without any external (Newtonian) force being applied to it.

Therefore what it is important to remember is that acausality is only a theory based on certain axioms, and that this theory is posited to explain certain things which are currently unexplainable by other rational theories. The things explained by the theory – which the theory attempts to explain in a logical way – are the nature of living beings, and the nature of empathy (of *sympatheia* with other living beings).

The theory posits an acausal realm (continuum) as the source of the energy that animates living beings; that this energy differs from the energy observed by sciences such as physics and chemistry; and that all currently known living beings are nexions – regions – where the theorized acausal intersects with, is connected to, or intrudes into, the observed physical (causal) universe known and described by sciences such as physics.

The theory also posits that this acausal realm is a-causal in nature and that it (and thus the acausal energy said to originate there) cannot be described in terms of three spatial dimensions and one dimension of linear time <sup>[3]</sup>, and thus its geometry cannot be described in terms of the current mathematical equations used to describe such a four-dimensional 'space-time' continuum (such as the tensorial equations that, for instance, describe the geometry of a Riemannian space-time).

It is therefore posited that the acausal may be described or could be described by an acausal Space of  $n$  acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of  $n$  dimensions, where  $n$  is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity. Currently there are no mathematical equations that are capable of re-presenting such a type of un-linear, non-spatial,  $n$ -dimensional space.

Were someone to develop such mathematical equations to describe such an acausal geometry it should be possible to explain acausal energy – i.e. acausal waves and their propagation in both the causal and the acausal, in the way that Maxwell's equations describe the propagation of causal energy/waves in four-dimensional physical space-time.

It is posited that to develop such mathematical equations requires a new type of mathematics since current geometric representations (two, three, and four dimensional) use a differential – the calculus (tensorial, matricial, Euclidean, or otherwise) – of linear (causal) time <sup>[4]</sup>.

As for the nature of the acausal dimensions, they are currently undefined except as extensions to current mathematical concepts: as non-linear and non-spatial in Euclidean terms. That is, acausal space-time could be conceptualized as a new type of mathematical space, and not as a geometric space such as a Euclidean space of three measurable dimensions or a four dimensional space-time manifold as described by certain physical and cosmological theories (such as general relativity). <sup>[5]</sup>

Thus the new type of mathematics required would describe the new type of (acausal) geometry of this new type of mathematical space possibly having an infinite number of 'dimensions', and which geometry

does not involve a linear, physically measurable, 'time' but rather something akin to a 'time' that is both topological<sup>[6]</sup> and variable (non-linear) in its simultaneity.<sup>[7]</sup>

To return to acausal energy. If this postulated – and presenced – acausal energy exists, then it should be capable of being detected and such energy measured, and the theory of acausality suggests that it might be possible – even using current scientific means – to detect acausal charges (defined as manifestations of acausal energy in the causal) – by microscopically observing the behaviour of a living cell and its components (such as the nucleus) under certain conditions such as observed physical/chemical/biological changes when placed in the presence of other acausal charges (living cells and their collocations).

The theory also suggests that another way might be to construct some new type of experimental apparatus which can detect acausal charge directly, and makes a comparison with how electrical charges were first discovered, measured, and then machines developed to produce and control their propagation, as in Faraday's experiments in producing electric currents. Thus such acausal energy might be harnessed in a manner similar to electrical energy.

However, the theory also makes it clear that there are currently no experimental observations to verify the existence of such acausal charges, such acausal energy, so that the whole theory of acausality remains an interesting but speculative theory.

David Myatt  
2010

Notes

[1] The theory of the acausal was tentatively outlined in previous essays such as *The Physics of Acausal Energy*.

[2] By empathy here is meant the natural (though often undeveloped and little used) human faculty which reveals (dis-covers) a type of individual (personal) knowing – a perception – distinct from the knowing posited by both conventional philosophy and experimental science. One type of this empathic knowing is a sympathy, *συμπάθεια*, with other living beings.

Empathy supplements our perception of *Phainómenon*, and thus adds to the five Aristotelian essentials of conventional philosophy and experimental science.

The perception which empathy provides [ *συν-πάθος* ] is primarily an intuition of acausality: of the acausal reality underlying the causal division of beings, existents, into separate, causal-separated, objects and the subject-object relationship which is or has been assumed by means of the process of causal ideation to exist between such causally-separate beings. Expressed more conventionally, empathy provides – or can provide – a personal intuition of the connectedness of Life and the connexions which bind all living beings by virtue of such beings having the attribute of life.

This intuition of acausality, which empathy provides, is a wordless apprehension (a knowing) of beings and Being which does not depend on denoting or naming (and thus does not depend on abstractions) and the theory of acausality is a formal attempt to explain this apprehension and this distinct type of knowing.

[3] The term dimension is used here to refer to an aspect, or component, or quality, or arrangement, or an attribute of, a theorized/mathematical form (or space), and/or of an object/entity posited or observed.

One example of a mathematical form is an Euclidean space (geometry) described by three attributes – measurable dimensions – at right angles to each other. Another example is a four-dimensional manifold as used in the theory of general relativity, and one of which dimensions is a measurable (linear) 'time'. One example of a mathematical space is a Hilbert space of infinite (unmeasurable) dimensions.

Thus the term dimension includes but is not limited to something measurable by physical means.

[4] It should by now be apparent that much of the terminology currently used in an attempt to describe and develop the theory of acausality – and to describe the perception and knowing of empathy on which the theory is based – is inadequate, and that many of the terms which are used need defining and explaining, and even then are open to misinterpretation often as a result of a failure by the author to adequately define and explain them.

However, until a non-verbal – a mathematical – description of the theory is formally developed, such terminology will have to suffice.

[5] Refer to footnote 3 for what the term 'dimension' signifies.

[6] Acausal time conceptualized as a transformation described by a topological space. Another alternative is to conceptualize acausal time as topologically variant.

[7] The term simultaneity is used here to express a quality of acausal time; that is, that the  $n$ -functions (where  $n$  is  $> 3$  but  $\leq \infty$ ) which describe this type of time occur throughout the geometry described by the  $n$ -functions (dimensions) of acausal space. Or expressed somewhat differently, that not only is acausal time a simultaneous and non-simultaneous function of acausal space - and vice versa - but also that, in living beings, causal space-time is a function (simultaneous or otherwise) of acausal space-time (and vice versa).

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## Acausal Science And The Physics of Acausal Energy

- ° Preface
  - ° A 2014 Comment On The Physics of Acausal Energy
  - ° Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal
  - ° The Physics of Acausal Energy
- 

### Preface

Given the publication by a third party in May 2024 of a book which attempts to expand upon the ideas in David Myatt's 1990s text *The Physics of Acausal Energy*, we reproduce here that text as published in Myatt's final and revised version dated JD2454995.173 (2009) as well as his relevant JD2451513.86458 text *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal*.

Also included are Myatt's interesting 2014 comments when asked about his 1990s *The Physics of Acausal Energy*, which comments provide the necessary context.

Rufus Malisius et allæ  
August 2024  
v.1.03

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### A 2014 Comment On The Physics of Acausal Energy

Q: I've read the extracts from your *The Physics of Acausal Energy* that have been published. When do you intend to publish the rest, and what experiments have you conducted or are conducting in connection with the theory?

A: The experiments, such as they were given various other commitments, were undertaken in the 1990's when I was fortunate enough to have an electronics workshop with space to conduct such experiments. One of my hobbies during that and the previous decade was repairing scientific instruments and electronic equipment of the kind used in schools and universities, and in the 1990's I occasionally did sub-contract work of a part-time nature for a firm (HSI) specializing in such repairs. I also repaired some physics and electronic equipment for an independent school, which repairs included their numerous old Radford Labpacks (a superb piece of kit) many of which no longer worked and all of which, when used under certain conditions, had a potentially serious fault - related to their high voltage DC output - which required fixing.

One field of experimental enquiry I pursued in the late 1990's concerned trying to ascertain whether it was possible to usefully measure some physical property of a living organism (of a macro or micro type). One such physical property I explored was electrical resistance, and thus involved measuring the resistance of an organism on the macro level (as for example in a growing plant) and on the micro level (as in plant tissue) and then trying to ascertain whether that resistance changed under various conditions, such as when in close proximity to another living organism of the same and of a different type, and if so, how does that resistance vary with respect to the size or type of organism and to the distance between them. Of course, to be scientific each experiment had to be replicated, as exactly as possible, many times in order to ascertain if there were any consistent, reproducible, results.

That set of experiments was never fully completed, due to a change in priorities following my arrest - and the seven hour search of my home - in early 1998 by Detectives from Scotland Yard. Which arrest formed part of what turned out to be a three year long international investigation into my political (and alleged paramilitary and terrorist) activities.

In respect of the theory, I was working on going beyond my original idea of using tensor analysis to describe an acausal space, a description based on equations involving a tensor with nine non-zero symmetric components. Which original idea was of trying to describe acausal space in terms of something either akin to a Riemannian metric or which posited a new type of metric describable in such conventional terms. In effect, I was therefore albeit in a stumbling way trying to develop a new mathematical formulation to represent a-causal time and which formulation obviously could not involve (except possibly as a limiting case) equations involving some function (such as a differential) of the causal time of physics. However, I never got very far in developing this new formulation mostly because I lacked the mathematical skill and my feeble attempts to try and develop such new skills as would be required were, as with my experiments, interrupted by my arrest and by subsequent developments, such as my conversion to Islam later in 1998 and the travels in the Muslim world which followed.

The extracts you refer to were made around 1993, with copies sent to a few friends as well as - if my ageing memory is correct - being published some years later on JRW's then 'geocities' DM website. As for the complete first draft of *The Physics of Acausal Energy*, it was completed in late 1997 as \*wpd files on several floppy disks, and which disks were seized - along with my computers, other disks, documents, letters, and data CD's - during that 1998 dawn raid

on my home. All these items were kept by the police and not returned to me until the Summer of 2001. In the intervening years a change of life-style and domicile, together with various travels and the breakdown of my marriage, combined to make me leave all such material (together with my favourite bespoke Tweed overcoat, a split cane fly-fishing rod, an exquisite moon-dial wristwatch, five notebooks containing my commentary of *The Agamemnon*, and other belongings) in storage in a shed in the garden of my former home where still lived my soon-to-be former spouse and her family, with my intention being to collect those belongings on my return from a trip to the Middle East.

However, I never saw these belongings - nor my former spouse - again, and was told all those belongings had been disposed of. Thus, those extracts are all that remain of *The Physics of Acausal Energy*. I corrected, by hand, a print-out of those extracts in the Summer of 2002 following some months dwelling upon the ideas therein while living as I did that Summer in a tent in the Lake District, posting my revisions to a friend who circulated a few copies. Not long after, I moved to live and work on a farm, and for years had neither the time nor the desire to further pursue that theory or those experiments, until around 2009 when I endeavoured to reproduce what I remembered of the rest of the text of *The Physics of Acausal Energy*. But I soon realized that not only was I writing a new text - and which new text would be incomplete without reproducing and continuing the experiments and developing the new mathematics required - but also that I was no longer interested in the physical, the experimental, and the mathematical, aspects of the theory. For I felt those aspects belonged to a different me, to the decades of my former self, and that it would moreover be better if someone who was interested, with better mathematical skills than I, took up the challenge. Thus, I issued a 'revised version' of those (2002 corrected) 1993 extracts, and left it at that.

My interest in the theory now, such as it is, is purely a metaphysical one, as part of my philosophy of *pathei-mathos*.

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Source: <https://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/12/dwm-2014-questions.pdf>

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## **Acausal Science Life and The Nature of the Acausal**

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### **The Nature of Science**

Science is generally regarded and generally understood to be the rational pursuit of knowledge by empirical means - that is, through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic. Genuine scientific theories are only a rational explanation of what has been observed, in an experiment or via the senses, or what has been assumed to exist on the basis of observation, experiment or logical reasoning.

All reasoning, however, has to be based upon some fundamental assumptions, or some fundamental beliefs. These beliefs or assumptions, which underlie science by the nature of knowledge itself and by the nature of the pursuit of knowledge, concern the fundamental reality - the nature of what we call existence itself.

So far in the history of human thought, there have been two quite different but comprehensive answers given to the nature of Reality. The first of these, though not the most ancient, is what we may call the rationalist answer, and this underlies what has become to be called modern Science. This answer is based upon the assumption that Reality can be defined - or rather, understood - by us. The assumption here is that what is called the natural or *physical* world - observed, known or understood by our senses - is the basis of knowledge, and that anything which is not immediately observable, and thus not subject to experiment and verification, cannot form the basis for a proper, rational, understanding.

The second, and perhaps the more ancient, answer is based upon the belief that there is a hierarchy of realities, of which the observable and thus physical reality, of which we are part, is but one and perhaps the lowest one. The highest reality is considered to be the realm of God - or 'the gods'. Most of the higher realities beyond us are considered to be unknown to us and unknowable by us. Belief in such things as miracles, and 'magic', depends on this particular answer to the nature of Reality. In contrast to the rationalist answer, this may be called the theistic answer to the question: What is the nature of Reality?

The real beginnings of the rationalist answer occurs in the works of Aristotle. According to him: (i) the cosmos (or Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is *the* means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

#### **The Question Of Life**

The importance of these Aristotelian essentials needs emphasizing, for they enable us to avoid the speculation, the confusion and the often irrational assumptions and conclusions that mark the theistic attempts at understanding. For example, what is beyond our senses and our direct experience cannot form the basis of understanding, and is therefore irrelevant - for what is important to understanding is what is known, what is perceived by us, and what can be logically extrapolated from this understanding. Using these Aristotelian essentials, we can soon appreciate some of

the most important conclusions which Aristotle himself reached. These logical conclusions, based on the essentials we have accepted, form the basis of our own enquiry. They are:

(1) Since the cosmos is an order, a changing, which we because of our consciousness can understand, the change, or movement, of things in this cosmos does not have a beginning as it does not have an end. Therefore, any speculation about the 'origin' of this cosmos is idle and useless because the cosmos is eternal.

(2) This changing of the cosmos - the movement within it, its cycle of growth, decline and growth for example - is itself dependent on something. This is the timeless, or eternal, 'prime mover', or 'First Cause', which itself does not move, *as measured by time*. Time itself is the measure of movement - that is, time is implicit in, or is a part of, movement. Expressed another way, time is the measure of change.

(3) All life implies 'ordinary' matter plus an extra "something". Our own human life possesses more of this extra "something" than other life. Thus do we and we alone of all life that we know have 'consciousness', an awareness of our surroundings, and 'the desire to know'.

### **The Acausal and The Soul of Living Beings**

If we use slightly different terminology, we can at once understand these things better. The cause of movement itself must be a-causal, that is, "beyond the causal". The 'prime mover' - or the being of the cosmos itself, the 'cosmic Being' - is thus acausal. Movement, and thus change, are causal. It is the acausal which causes, or drives, the movement of the causal, of ordinary matter. Furthermore, we can say that it is this acausal which is the extra "something" which life possesses. That is, life is a contact, or intermingling, of matter with the acausal - or expressed another way, life is where the acausal continuum is manifest in the causal continuum.

All living beings, because they are living beings, possess what may be termed *acausal energy*. The acausal energy which life - which all living beings - possess because they are living may be described, somewhat inaccurately, as the "life-force" or "the soul" of that living being, for this acausal energy is not destroyed, or lost, when that living being ceases to live in the causal, physical world. That is, this acausal energy is preserved beyond the physical, causal, death of that living being.

Furthermore, *all* living beings - however small - possess acausal energy.

The science of Physics describes the ordinary matter of the cosmos and its movement, or change. This description depends on ordinary or *causal time*. But this is an incomplete description of the cosmos because it considers such movement in isolation, in purely causal terms, whereas the cosmos, and the matter/energy within it, is both causal and acausal. Furthermore, the changes which Physics describes are described by an earth-derived and earth-bound causal time based on our own planetary-sun cycle of change.

What needs to be understood is that this other aspect, the acausal, can be experienced and known - that is, it exists in the physical sense, can be discovered by us, and known. It is not 'immaterial' in the sense of being 'spiritual', and neither is it unknowable in the sense of theistic philosophy. The best way is to consider this acausal as another type of energy or change, different from ordinary energy and ordinary, causal, change as measured and understood by causal, earth-derived, time. This acausal is most evidently manifest to us in living things - in we ourselves, and in the aspects or life-forms of Nature.

To make this acausal real for ourselves - to fully understand it - we have to somehow discover, describe or capture and express this acausal in some physical way. We must find some means of describing the changes of this 'acausal matter/energy' in terms of 'acausal time'. For this, the mathematical descriptions used by Physics to describe the changes of ordinary matter will not do because such descriptions describe such changes in terms of causal time, even when non-Euclidean geometry is used.

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## **The Nature of the Acausal**

### **Causal Time and Space**

First, it is necessary to try and describe the causal 'world' of matter, motion and causal time: that is the phenomenal world of Physics.

The traditional description of causal, or ordinary, matter and its movement or change involves the use of a *frame of reference*, or geometrical co-ordinate system, whether this be an absolute one, as posited by Newton, or a relative one, as posited by modern Physics. *Space* is defined by this frame of reference - for space, in the physical sense, is said to exist between two objects, or points, which are themselves described by fixed co-ordinates of a frame of reference. Space is simply 'extension'. In this simple sense, causal time is the duration between the movement of an object, measured from some starting point in a frame of reference, to the measured end of that movement in the same frame of reference.

The notions of 'force' and 'energy' are used to describe changes which an object or objects can undergo, and such changes are dependent on the mass, velocity (or movement), rate of change of velocity and the distance of movement of the object or the other object(s) which affect or cause an object to so change. Force, and energy, are basically

expressions of the changes of causal matter over causal time.

Modern physics assumes these things - force, space and time - exist, of themselves. That is, that *space* exists and that a particular force, for example the gravitational force due to a massive object, exists in the space around that massive object - or may even be some function of this abstract Space itself.

Whatever the reality of such concepts in actual, cosmic, terms, they have hitherto proved useful in describing the motion and behaviour of observed and observable physical matter, as they have provided a basic understanding of the known physical cosmos.

In the overall, cosmic sense, the Physics of causal matter, and the laws which form the basis of this Physics, should be considered to be a special, or limiting, case of the Acausal or unitary cosmos described by the laws and processes and concepts of acausal matter and acausal time. That is, the laws, process and concepts of acausal matter and acausal time should also describe, as a limiting case, the laws, processes and concepts of known physical matter.

Furthermore, it should be noted that the modern theories of quantum mechanics and 'chaos' are just as much bound to causal concepts of Time and Space as the older theories such as that of Newton. Similarly, abstract mathematical models such as those of n-dimensional non-Euclidean geometry are also based upon the causal when applied to actual physical concepts: they always imply some sort of 'metric', some notion of causal Space. The thinking, the perception, the models and theories which result are still causal - still seeking to describe the cosmos in terms of a causal time and a concept of Space which is inherently causal. This is so because the very concept of Space, however described in current philosophical, physical or mathematical terms, is always defined through causality. *Only when Time itself is defined as being both causal and acausal can Space itself be properly defined*, with their being causal Space and acausal Space.

### **Acausal Matter and Acausal Time and Space**

It should be understood that there are two different types of 'acausal matter' (or acausal being) which exist. There is: (1) pure acausal matter (or more correctly pure acausal energy) which exists purely in the realm (or 'universe' or 'dimensions' or continuum) of the acausal; and (2) that acausal matter (or acausal being) which by its nature, its very being, exists in *both* the acausal and the causal. An example of this second type is life itself - that is, life is considered to be a manifestation of acausal energy in the causal continuum.

Acausal matter of the second type - which exists partly in the causal - may be *defined* as ordinary, causal, matter plus an extra "acausal something" - rather like a charged particle is ordinary matter plus the extra "causal something" of electrical charge. For the present, and for convenience, we may call this extra "acausal something", acausal charge.

The basic properties of acausal matter are:

- (1) An acausal object, or mass, can change without any external force acting upon it - that is, the change is implicit *in* that acausal matter, by virtue of its inherent acausal charge.
- (2) The rate of change of an acausal object, or mass, is proportional to its acausal charge.
- (3) The change of an acausal object can continue until all its acausal charge has been dissipated.
- (4) Acausal charge is always conserved.
- (5) An acausal object, or mass, is acted upon by all other acausal matter in the cosmos.
- (6) Each acausal object in the physical cosmos attracts or repels every other acausal object in the physical cosmos with a magnitude which is proportional to the product of the acausal charges of those objects, and inversely proportional to the distance between them as measured in causal space.

Acausal time is implicit in acausal matter, because causal space, as such, does not exist for acausal matter - that is, such acausal matter cannot be described by a frame of reference in causal space. Separation, in the sense of physical, causal, space measured by moments of causal time or a duration of causal time, does not exist for acausal matter because such a separation implies causal time itself. Hence the principle that an acausal object or mass is acted upon by all other matter in the cosmos because all such matter can be considered to be 'joined together' - to be part of an indivisible whole, a unity. In this sense, the acausal may be described as organic. In the abstract and illustrative sense, we could say that all acausal matter with acausal charge exists in the physical world described by causal space and causal time *as well as existing simultaneously in a different continuum described by acausal space and acausal time*, with this 'acausal space' incapable of being described in terms of conventional physical space, either Euclidean or non-Euclidean. This 'acausal space' and this 'acausal time' are manifested by, and described by, acausal charge itself - that is, by the extra property which acausal matter possesses because it is acausal.

The properties of acausal matter, enumerated above, form the basis for the new Physics which describes acausal matter and its changes, and it is no coincidence that many of them express, for acausal charge, what the ordinary Physics expresses for ordinary matter and electric charge.

### **Detecting Acausal Charges**

The acausal charges should, if they exist - that is, if the suppositions above are correct - be capable of being physically detected. That is, they should be capable of being observed, by us, and should be capable of being measured

quantitatively using some measuring device devised for such a purpose. Following such detection and measurement, observations of the behaviour of such acausal charges could be made. Such observations would then form the basis for theories describing the nature and the laws of such charges. The result would then be the construction of organic machines and equipment, following the invention of basic "machines" to generate, or produce, moving acausal charges.

A useful comparison to aid the understanding of such a process of discovery, measurement and theory, exists in the history of electricity. Static electricity was known for many centuries, but not understood until the concept of positive and negative charges was postulated. Later, instruments such as the gold-leaf electroscope were invented for detecting and measuring such charges. Other instruments, such as frictional machines and the Leyden jar, were invented for producing and accumulating, or storing, electric charges, and producing small 'galvanic currents' or electricity. Then the great experimental scientist Faraday showed that 'galvanic currents', magnetism and static charges were all related, and produced what we now call an electro-magnetic generator to produce electricity. From such simple experimental beginnings, our world has been transformed by machines and equipment using electricity, and by the electronics which has developed from electricity.

It seems logical to suggest that acausal charges cannot be detected by any measuring equipment based on electricity, or any electrical property such as resistance - for electricity is purely a causal phenomena, describable in terms of causal Physics. To detect acausal charge and thus some acausal change, something acausal may have to be used. This may well be something organic - that is, something living which possesses the property of responding to the presence (nearness) of the acausal charge(s) inherent in living things.

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### **Life and the Acausal Charge**

Life implies the following seven attributes - a living organism respire; it moves; it grows or changes; it excretes waste; it is sensitive to, or aware of, its environment; it can reproduce itself, and it can nourish itself.

The acausal charge or charges which a living organism possesses is what causes or provokes the physical and chemical changes in an object so that it exhibits the above attributes. For instance, a living cell could not be made from its molecular constituent parts and then be expected to suddenly become 'alive'. The process of life occurs only when acausal charges are present in addition to the ordinary matter (of elements, molecules and so on) which make up the substance of an organism.

An organism - something which is alive - obeys the ordinary laws of physics (with one known exception) but is also subject to the laws which govern acausal matter. Ordinary matter, or a dead once living organism, does not obey the laws which govern such acausal matter.

The one known exception is the second law of thermodynamics - a living organism represents an increase in order: a re-structuring of physical matter in a more ordered way. This change toward more order may be said to be 'powered' or caused by the acausal energy of acausal charges. The causal energy changes in organisms, which can be described by ordinary chemical reactions between elements and molecules - that is, in terms of chemical energy - are produced or caused by acausal charges. In effect, such chemical reactions are one of the physical manifestations of acausal charges in the causal continuum. Being 'alive' means ordinary physical matter is re-organized, or changed, in a more ordered way. A living organism possesses the capacity, by virtue of its acausal charges, to create order, to synthesize order from the less ordered physical world. Life implies an increase in order in the causal continuum.

#### **Acausal Technology and Medicine**

The basic properties of acausal matter enable us to really begin to understand, for the first time, the real nature of the cosmos, as they can show us the way toward developing a truly unitary, or organic, technology and an unitary, or organic, medicine capable of replacing the rather lifeless, primitive and often damaging medicine of the present which relies on traumatic surgery and often debilitating pharmaceutical compounds.

One way of capturing the acausal is to develop a truly organic technology - that is, to grow living machines from organic material. Such an organic technology would be totally different from the current concern with "molecular electronics" and "nanotechnology" because these concerns still depend on manufactured, discrete and dead electronic components which themselves are based on descriptions of causal matter using causal time.

Electronics, for example, is a means of describing the changes of a particular type of causal matter - electrons - over causal time, and enables components and circuits to be built to alter and control the flow of electrons. Thus, for example, using organic 'molecules' to store data is not a genuine organic technology, because: (i) such molecules are manufactured to do one or two specific, inert, tasks; (ii) such molecules are not basically alive as independent changing organisms - that is, not possessed of the acausal; and (iii) they would still be somehow connected to, and dependent upon, electronic components.

A truly organic technology uses one type of acausal matter, living matter, and its changes, or growth, in a living way to produce an organic machine made entirely of organic matter, with no dead, discrete, manufactured components - electronic or otherwise. We ourselves would interact with, or control these organic machines in a living way, for example by using our "thoughts" (via "biofeedback" or something more sophisticated) or a living symbiotic

relationship, such as the relationship of a hunting man with his well-trained, and well-cared for, hunting dog. In either case, the parameters of change, of control, of such organic machines would be natural or living ones determined by the acausal, or living, changes of that organic machine - rather than determined by causal, inert, matter such as an electronic, electrical or mechanical circuit. In the example of the hunting dog, the parameter of control is the relationship which exists between the dog and its master. Such a truly organic technology would enable us, for instance, to build or create an organic space-ship capable of travelling between the stars, with this ship being a living, existing, being, capable of living or existing in interstellar space, and having some kind of symbiotic and probably caring relationship with its crew or its controller.

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## **The Physics of Acausal Energy**

### **Part One: An Outline of the New Physics**

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#### **The Axioms of Acausal and Causal Space and Time**

The Cosmos consists of: (1) the causal, phenomenal, universe - described by the three-dimensional causal geometry of causal Space and by one dimension of linear causal Time - and (2) the acausal universe, described by an acausal Space of  $n$  acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of  $n$  dimensions, where  $n$  is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity.

The causal universe is the realm of causal matter/energy, and the acausal universe is the realm of acausal matter/energy. (See Footnote 1)

The causal universe is currently described by causal sciences such as Physics, Chemistry and Astronomy. The acausal universe can be described by a new science based on the new Physics of acausal energy.

The acausal is currently only indirectly known to us from our observation of, and empathy with, life: with those causal-based living organisms and beings which dwell with us on this planet we have called Earth.

Causal science is based on the following foundations: (i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.

#### **Understanding Acausal Energy**

To understand the nature of acausal energy, the best way to begin is to observe living organisms, because each living organism is a place, a region - a nexion - where acausal energy is manifest in, or presenced, in our ordinary causal Space and causal (or linear) Time.

That is, it is acausal energy - emanating from the acausal - which animates causal matter and makes it "alive", and this acausal energy derives from, originates in, acausal Space and manifests the property of acausal Time. Hence, every nexion which is a living being is a region in the Cosmos where the acausal intrudes upon the causal, with it being assumed that the greater the complexity of a living organism, the more acausal energy it possesses, and the more complex, and larger, the nexion to the acausal.

This animation of physical matter occurs within physical matter to make that matter specialized and directed, and coordinated, with other physical matter. That is, it structures such matter in particular ways, often hierarchically, changing its nature from static to dynamic and symbiotic, and it is this ability of physical matter to interact in a symbiotic way with other physical matter (to grow, change and develop) - to make connexions to other physical matter and animate them - which marks the changes of living organisms from the changes of non-living matter, such as the growth of some crystals.

In addition, it is further assumed that - just like causal energy - acausal energy cannot be created or destroyed. Thus, when a living organism dies, the acausal energy that animated its physical, causal, atoms either remains, for a certain limited causal Time, in the causal, or returns to the acausal - so that the death of a living organism is simply the

closure of the nexion - the connexion - between causal and acausal, and the loss/breakdown of causal form.

The life-span of a living organism is determined by the amount of acausal energy present - the amount which animates it - and whether or not the connexion to the causal: (1) remains open (and thus possibly brings the transfer of more acausal energy to the organism); or (2) decreases (which restricts the further flow of acausal energy); or (3) closes.

An living organism - physical matter which possesses the attribute or mark of life - obeys the ordinary laws of Physics but is also subject to the laws which govern acausal matter. Ordinary matter, or a dead once living organism, does not obey the laws which govern such acausal matter.

### **Observing Acausal Energy in the Causal**

Observation of living organisms reveals, for example, that they - in contrast to ordinary inert matter - do not require an external force for their movement. That is, their motion is already "inherent" in them by virtue of their nature as living organisms. Similarly, living organisms not only move without the application of any external physical force, but they also change without any external physical force being applied - for example, a young living organism, such as a human child, normally grows in a certain way over a certain period of causal Time. Such growth is limited, in causal Time and causal Space, and is followed after a period of causal Time, by a slow decline, and then, ultimately, by causal death. The more evolved, the more complicated, the physical organism, the more acausal energy it may be said to possess or be able to access.

For convenience, the acausal energy that we may detect in the causal will be considered to be manifest, to us, in our causal phenomenal universe, by means of what we may call acausal charge. That is, we shall refer to the acausal energy that manifests itself in the causal - within, for example, living causal beings - as possessing the property of propagating, or emitting, by its flux (change), *acausal charge*.

That is, the movement of acausal energy in the causal gives rise to the emission of acausal charges. Hence, we can consider a living causal being as physical, causal, matter plus a certain acausal charge. (See Footnote 2) Thus, the observed total "loss" or dissipation of acausal charge within or by a certain living causal being would signify the causal death of that being.

Such observations - and deductions from them - lead to the following postulates regarding acausal energy, and regarding the properties of acausal objects (or "beings") as those beings (such as living organisms) are known to or are observed by us, in the causal:

- (1) An acausal object, or mass, can change without any external force acting upon it - that is, the change is implicit *in* that acausal matter, by virtue of its inherent acausal charge.
- (2) The rate of change of an acausal object, or mass, is proportional to its acausal charge.
- (3) The change of an acausal object can continue until all its acausal charge has been dissipated.
- (4) Acausal charge is always conserved.
- (5) An acausal object, or mass, is acted upon by all other acausal matter in the cosmos.
- (6) Each acausal object in the physical cosmos acausally attracts or acausally repels every other acausal object in the physical cosmos with a magnitude which is proportional to the product of the acausal charges of those objects, and inversely proportional to the distance between them as measured in causal space. Here, a distinction is made between "acausal attraction/repulsion" and the causal attraction/repulsion we are familiar with from Physics, such as the attraction and repulsion of magnets. The nature of this acausal attraction/repulsion will be discussed in more detail later [See Part Two].

The properties of acausal matter, enumerated above, form the basis for the new Physics which describes acausal energy and its changes, and it is no coincidence that many of them express, for acausal energy/charge, what the ordinary Physics expresses for physical energy/matter and electric charge, since the Physics of causal matter/energy can be considered to be a limiting, or special, or particular, case of the Physics of acausal energy/matter.

Some further elucidations regarding (5) and (6) above may be required, since they may not be so evident as the other postulates.

Postulate (5) arises from the nature of the acausal itself - from the very structure of acausal Space and acausal Time. Thus, causal Space obviously does not exist, there, in the acausal - there is no causal metric and thus no causal separation between acausal objects. In the simplistic sense, all acausal objects are linked or connected - or, more precisely, they are different facets, in certain causal Times, of the one, the same, "thing" (the acausal itself): of that (causally) dimensionally-independent Unity which is the matrix of all such nexions, of all such connexions. We just - from our limited, causal, metrically-FourDimensional-dependant perceptive, perceive such objects as single, unrelated objects, whereas they are just the parts of the indivisible, "dimensionless, time-less", acausal itself. Similarly, since there is no causal Time - no linear cause-and-effect - there is always, again from our limited causal FourDimensional-dependant perspective, a simultaneity, such that the acausal energy that flows through a particular causal nexion and thus animates one particular causal living being, may arise or have arisen from anywhere in the acausal universe - from what we might, again with our limited causal FourDimensional-dependant perspective, describe as another part of the physical universe, billions upon billions of light-years away. That is, there is no amount of causal Time involved in

the travels of such acausal energy, and no limitation of velocity.

Thus, it is possible to theorize that we might, by somehow harnessing acausal energy, and by using and/or creating nexions to the acausal, be able to travel anywhere in the physical universe almost instantaneously.

Postulate (6) arises from the nature of acausal energy which is perceived as possessing three states - (1) when it is flowing from the acausal into the causal; (2) when it is flowing from the causal into the acausal; (3) when it is, momentarily and viewed from limited causal FourDimensional-dependant perspective, in stasis, or "neutral". It is this flow and its direction (causally-observed or manifest) which manifests, in the physical causal universe, the properties of "acausal attraction/repulsion" between acausal objects. The type and magnitude and effects of this "acausal attraction/repulsion" cannot be determined or measured by instruments based on causal Physics; that is, they can only be determined or measured by that which itself possesses acausal energy, and which thus "reacts to" or interacts with, the acausal energy of an acausal object.

### **The Nature of Life**

The acausal energy that animates a living organism may be said to "pattern", or to causally "form" (make whole; animate) the physical matter it consists of, and this acausal energy by its very nature is not static, but is in a constant state of flux - of circulation/movement, between the causal and the acausal. Thus, when a living organism suffers trauma and dies or is killed what occurs is that this flux ceases because the connexion between causal and acausal is lost: outwardly, the organic wholeness, or acausal membrane or acausal "patterning" - that which cosmically distinguishes one living entity from another - disintegrates or is somehow disrupted/destroyed by some form of causal energy/matter. That is, every organism occupies a certain causal Space at a certain causal Time, while also occupying a certain acausal Space within acausal Time, with the causal energy of that being defining this acausal membrane: defining how the causal matter is patterned, or formed.

Thus, the physical form of a living causal being - such as its body - consisting as it does of causal matter occupying a certain causal Space, is a fragile container for the acausal energy that patterns, animates, and fluxes within, that body and which, while that organism lives in the causal, holds its physical matter together as one symbiotic, functioning, unit. Once so animated, formed or patterned by acausal energy, the physical matter has a certain causal life-span - or rather, its physical components do; and this because of the very matter of such dense (acausally-speaking) and often fragile causal matter.

In order to sustain itself, a living causal organism - by its very existence in the causal as a causal being composed of causal matter - must obtain causal energy in the form of, for example, carbohydrates. That is, it ingests sustenance - food - and extracts from this matter the type of causal energy required, in whatever form. However, it is possible to theorize that if a living organism could obtain and in some way use acausal energy itself, it might have no need of such causal matter as sustenance, just as, in theory, such an acquiring of acausal energy could change (that is, make more healthy, and extend) the causal life of such an organism.

### **Practical Acausal Physics**

The basis for practical acausal Physics - and of the technology deriving from it - is five-fold:

- (1) The detection and measurement of acausal charge by new devices which use or which are based - wholly or in part - upon acausal energy;
- (2) Practical experimentation using detected acausal charges;
- (3) The generating and harnessing of acausal energy by new devices and machines which use or which are based - wholly or in part - upon acausal energy;
- (4) The development of a new mathematics to describe the nature of acausal Time and acausal Space, and thus of acausal energy and its changes, of which the propagation of acausal waves, in the causal continuum, is an important part;
- (5) Creating/constructing physical nexions in causal Time and Space.

(1) and (3) above will most probably mean the development of a genuine organic - living technology - and thus the creation of living machines.

If the postulated acausal charges exist, then they should be capable of being detected and their "energy" measured. As mentioned above, such detection and measuring devices cannot be based solely upon causal Physics - that is, such charges will not be detected by devices which measure or detect or use such causal physical things as electrical resistance, or electrical charge, or magnetism, or the electromagnetic spectrum. Instead, new means of detection must be devised, and thus an important question is: what properties do we expect acausal energy (or more precisely, acausal charges) to possess?

We might begin with those things which we observe differentiate living causal organisms from ordinary causal matter. There are the following seven attributes: a living organism respire; it moves; it grows or changes; it excretes waste; it is sensitive to, or aware of, its environment; it can reproduce itself, and it can nourish itself. These, however, are all observable causal phenomena - the basis of the causal science of biology - which can be detected and measured by causal apparatus, even though these attributes may be attributed to, or actually be, some of the causal effects of

acausal charge. That is, we need to try and directly observe one or more of the properties of acausal charge, not some of the causal effects, macroscopic or otherwise, that acausal charge has on living matter.

Thus it seems logical that we turn instead to consider the biological cells that are considered to be the basis of all currently known causal living organisms, for each individual cell - whatever the complexity of the organism of which it is a part - possesses the seven biological attributes of life. According to the theory of acausality, acausal energy and acausal charge - which we have been propounding - each individual cell, since it is alive and the basic unit of causal life, must be animated by, and somehow contain, acausal energy and thus acausal charge. Hence, observation of such an individual cell should reveal - with the appropriate apparatus - the presence of basic acausal charge, provided that such apparatus as we can construct is capable of detecting - sensitive enough to detect - the amount of acausal charge present in such a cell; which amount of acausal charge is most probably quite small.

This seems the best direct and causal experimental approach, rather than trying to initially deduce - based on various assumptions - what particular part, if any, of such an individual cell (such as the nucleus, or the DNA, or the cytoplasm) may be the source (a nexion) of acausal energy, and thus the emitter of acausal charge/acausal waves.

Therefore, what is required is to construct some experimental apparatus which can detect the acausal charge/acausal waves emanating from either one living cell, or some small living collocation of cells.

Which returns us to the basic question: what properties can we expect acausal charges to possess? Can we expect acausal charges to somehow alter in a detectable way the fabric of the causal continuum (other than the obvious one of animating causal matter making it thus alive)? To somehow interact with some aspect or aspects of our physical universe - causing some changes in, for example, causal energy or the very structure of acausal Space itself? If this is the case, then it should be possible to construct an experimental apparatus to detect such causal changes. Or is this, and would this be, an altogether fruitless pursuit because acausal charges by their very nature would not produce such causal effects, so that we would have to construct an apparatus capable of detecting the very acausal charges themselves; using for this apparatus something acausal? If this latter option, then what would this "something acausal" be? Would it be something living which, by virtue of being alive and thus possessed of acausal energy, would - in accord with postulates (5) and (6) above - be somehow "sensitive to", or "aware of", the nearby presence of other acausal energy, and if so, how might we quantitatively measure this "acausal affect"?

Both of these approaches have some merit. In the first instance, we might consider what, if any, causal changes - however minute - might be observed by conventional causal apparatus and methods when two living cells, or two small living collocation of cells, are brought together in close proximity. Such causal changes may be chemical, or physical, and the detection of such changes - if any - would involve long and very complex analysis. For instance, does the cytoskeleton of a cell change in any detectable way?

However, given the complexity of the observations that would have to undertaken, their variety (because of the number of possibilities for such change), the sophisticated experimental laboratory equipment required, the smallness of probable changes, and the currently speculative nature of the theory of acausal energy, it seems highly unlikely that such experiments will be done in the near future.

Therefore, the best experimental approach might be the second one: that of constructing an entirely new apparatus capable of detecting the very acausal charges themselves and using, for this apparatus, something acausal. The base for one such scientific "apparatus" is outlined in Part Four. However, it is possible to speculate that we already have, available to us, a rudimentary and rather experimental detector of such acausal energy that requires some further development and significant refinement if it is going to be successfully employed in experiments which are subject to the criteria of scientific experiments. The basis for this already existing detector is that functioning, and (according to some criteria, at least) highly evolved, living organism which is the individual human being.

The functional part of this particular detector of acausal energy is the hitherto rather neglected and currently very underused and underdeveloped faculty of empathy. Thus, such a "detector" is an empath (a specialized, new, and still evolving type of human being), since empathy can be considered to be an awareness, by us, as individuals, of not only the acausal connexions that bind all causal life, but also of the "nature" of each individual connexion, each nexion to the acausal, each living causal organism. This is a new type of "knowing": the knowing the acausal, and an awareness of the presence of acausal energy. To be useful, scientifically, this particular faculty has to be developed and refined. (See Footnote 3)

While this concept of using human detectors will undoubtedly seem implausible to many, the important considerations - the real criteria - are (1) whether such detectors actually work; and (2) whether they can provide experimental data according to scientific criteria. These acausal detectors already meet the first criteria, for the majority of human beings, never mind specialized empaths, are already aware, or can determine by various means, whether something is "alive", that is, possessed of acausal energy. The empath takes this basic, rudimentary and often quite unscientific awareness, much further so that it is, or becomes, a new, special, type of knowledge: the basis of a new science which may tentatively be called acausology - the study of the acausal. A few such empaths exist, and while their results regarding the detection and the classification of acausal energy are promising, they are not yet qualitative enough to be regarded as scientifically useful, accurate or acceptable. However, the science of acausology - and the training and refinement of the empathy of these empaths - is still at an early stage, and further progress is being made, and will undoubtedly continue to be made. Furthermore, this "apparatus" already involves both macroscopic and microscopic detection, and thus is not restricted to experiments relating to one living cell, or some small living collocation of cells, and has already provided some useful and usable data.

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## Notes

(1) For convenience, the causal universe - of causal Space and causal Time - will often be referred to as "the causal"; and the acausal universe - acausal Space and acausal Time - as "the acausal".

Also, causal/acausal matter can be taken to refer to causal/acausal energy (and vice versa), the equivalency of matter and energy being accepted.

(2) The analogy here is with the concept of charged particles known to us from causal Physics, which charged particles, when in motion, form the elementary basis of understanding electricity.

Thus, acausal charges (or acausal waves) may be considered as a kind of acausal counterpart of electromagnetic waves, which acausal charges are produced by the movement of acausal energy in the causal. For convenience, we shall continue to mostly refer to acausal charge, although this term should be taken as implying acausal waves.

(3) Some details regarding how such development and refinement may be obtained are outlined in Appendix 3.

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The text above is taken from Part One of *The Physics of Acausal Energy*

Part One: An Outline of the New Physics

Part Two: Acausal Energy and the Propagation of Acausal Waves in the Causal Continuum

Part Three: The New Mathematics of Acausal Time and Space

Part Four: Practical Experiments

Part Five: Acausal Technology - Generating and Harnessing Acausal Energy

Appendix 1: The Search for Acausal Charge

Appendix 2: Creating Physical Nexions in Causal Time and Space

Appendix 3: Developing and Refining the Faculty of Empathy

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<https://web.archive.org/web/20110721193451/http://www.cosmicbeing.info/dm-numinousway.pdf>



## **Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander de potestate et sapientia dei A Translation and Commentary**

### **Preface**

The Greek text of the tractate often referred to as the Pœmandres/Pymander part of the Corpus Hermeticum was first published by Turnebus in Paris in 1554 CE under the title Ἑρμού του Τρισμεγίστου Ποιμάνδρης Ασκληπιού Όρου προς Ἄμμωνα Βασιλέα, *Mercurii Trismegisti Pœmander, seu De potestate ac sapientia divina*. This followed the republication, in 1532 CE, of the Latin translation by Marsilius Ficinus in an edition with the intriguing title *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander de potestate et sapientia dei. Eivsdem Asclepivs, de uoluntate dei. Opuscula sanctissimis mysterijs, ac uerè coelestibus oraculis illustrissima. Iamblichvs De mysterijs Aegyptiorum, Chaldaeorum, & Assyriorū. Proclvvs In Platonicum Alcibiadem, de anima & daemone. Idem De sacrificio & magia*.

Of the origin of the knowledge expounded in the text, the author declares at v.2 that

εἰμὶ ὁ Ποιμάνδρης ὁ τῆς ἀυθεντίας νοῦς οἶδα ὃ βούλει καὶ σύνειμί  
σοι πανταχοῦ

Which implies - qv. my translation, and notes and commentary on the text - that what Pœmandres is about to reveal is an authentic perceivration, and this supernatural being [or archetype] knows what is desired/wanted because, like the guardian daemons of classical and Hellenic culture, Pœmandres is close by.

What is revealed is a summary of that weltanschauung that has been termed hermetic philosophy; a summary widely regarded as an important hermetic text and as dating from the second or the third century CE; and a summary which contains many interesting notions and allusions, such as logos, physis/Physis, the septenary system, the gospel of John, the feminine character of Physis/Nature, the doxology Agios o Theos, and θεός as being both male and female in one person - that is, either *ἀνδρόγυνος* or (more controversially) bisexual.

In my translation I have endeavoured to express the underlying concepts as accurately as possible - which sometimes necessitated transliterations (qv. the Introduction) - based as this endeavour is on some forty years of study of theological, ancient philosophical, classical, Arabic, and alchemical, texts.

The Greek text used is that of A.D. Nock & A-J. Festugiere, *Corpus Hermeticum*, Collection Budé, 1946, although occasionally I have followed the reading of the MSS rather than Nock's emendations. Angled brackets < > indicate an emendation or a conjectural reading of the text.

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2013

Nota Bene: Since this is a pre-publication draft, there may be typos, errors, and omissions; and the work is subject to revisions and additions.

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## **Introduction**

In the case of the Corpus Hermeticum, the task of translating ancient Greek into English is complicated by the terminology used in the text, and which text is concerned with matters which the English word metaphysical fairly well describes. Words such as λόγος, νοῦς, πνεῦμα, δημιουργόν, φῶς, ψυχή, στοιχεῖον, [καὶ τὰ λοιπά], all require careful consideration if the text is to be understood in relation to the cultural milieu existing at the time of its composition; a milieu where a Hellenistic paganism, of various types and hues, thrived alongside the still relatively new religion of Christianity. All too often, such Greek words are translated by an English word which has, over centuries, acquired a meaning which is not or which may not be relevant to that milieu, resulting in a 'retrospective reinterpretation' of the text. One thinks here of λόγος translated as 'word' (or Word) which thus suffuses, or can suffuse, the text with the meanings that nearly two thousand years of Christian exegesis have ascribed to that term. I have, in an appendix, endeavoured to explain what I mean by such retrospective reinterpretation by giving some examples from other texts.

In an effort to avoid such retrospective reinterpretation here, and the preconceptions thus imposed upon the text, I have sometimes used transliterations, sometimes used a relatively obscure English word, and sometimes used a new term. My intent in using such terms, such words, and such transliterations, is two fold. (1) To perhaps inspire some to undertake

their own research into both the Greek text and the metaphysical matters mentioned in the text, sans preconceptions. (2) To hopefully enable the reader without a knowledge of Greek (and of the minutiae of over a century of scholarly analysis of the Greek text) to appreciate the text anew and understand why it is and has - in the original Greek - been regarded as an important document in respect of a particular, ancient, weltanschauung that, over the centuries, proved most influential and which can still be of interest to those interested in certain metaphysical speculations.

For, in respect of the text itself, I incline toward the view that it represents a personal weltanschauung germane to its time. That is, that rather than being representative of some axiomatical pre-existing philosophy or of some religious school of thought, it reproduces the insight and the understanding of one person regarding particular metaphysical matters; and an insight and an understanding no doubt somewhat redolent of, and influenced by, and sometimes perhaps paraphrasing, some such philosophies and/or some such schools of thought.

Regarding my translation, some may well consider the words of Diogenes Laertius - *Lives of Eminent Philosophers* 3.1 (64) - in relation to Plato, quite apposite:

χρήται δὲ ὁ Πλάτων ἐνίοτε αὐτῷ καὶ ἐπὶ τοῦ κακοῦ: ἔστι δ' ὅτε καὶ ἐπὶ τοῦ μικροῦ. πολλάκις δὲ καὶ διαφέρουσιν ὀνόμασιν ἐπὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ σημανομένου χρήται.

For I have sometimes translated the same Greek word in two different ways in order to try and elucidate the meaning of the text [exempli gratia: ἀπεριόριστον, as undefinable and unmeasurable] just as I have idiosyncratically translated certain Greek words [exempli gratia: ἅγιος, as numinous], differences and idiosyncrasies I have endeavoured to explain in my commentary and notes.

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### **Translation**

[1] Once, while concentrating on and pondering what is real, my intuitions freely flowed, and, my alertness dulled as from an excess of wearisome bodily toil or too much eating, it seemed as if a huge being - too large to measure - chanced by calling out my name and asking what it was I wanted to see and hear about and learn and have knowledge of.

[2] Who are you, I asked.

I am Pœmandres, the perceivation of authority, knowing your desires and eachwhere with you.

[3] I answered that I seek to learn what is real, to apprehend the physis of beings, and to have knowledge of theos. That is what I want to hear.

So he said to me, remember all those things you wanted to learn, for I shall instruct you.

[4] So saying, his form altered whereupon I at once sensed everything; an indefinity of inner sight, with everything suffused in phaos - bright and clear - so that from this seeing, a desire. But all too soon there came down upon it a heavy darkness - stygian, strange - and slithering <as a serpent> until that darkness changed in physis: flowing, of an untellable disorder, with smoke as from a fire and an indescribable sound followed by some aphonous noise as if phaos was calling out.

[5] And then, from the phaos, a numinous logos came upon that physis with pure Fire going forth to the height of that physis; easily and effective and efficient. Since Air is agile, it followed the pneuma, up and above Earth and Water and as far as Fire, to be as if it were hanging from that, there.

Earth and Water remained, coagulating together such that <Earth> could not be seen apart from Water until they were stirred by the sound of the pneumal logos that came down upon them.

[6] Pœmandres asked, had I apprehended the sense of that inner seeing? And I said I shall have knowledge of it.

I am, he said, that phaos; perceivation, your theos, and prior to the flowing physis brought forth from darkness. [And] the phaomal logos, from perceivation, is the child of theos.

So I said for him to continue.

Then know that within you - who hears and sees - is logos kyrios, although perceivation is theos the father. They are not separated, one from the other, because their union is Life.

Thank you, I said.

Then discover phaos and become familiar with it.

[7] So saying, he stared at me for so long a duration that I shivered because of the way he looked. But, as he tilted his head back, I, observing, discovered the phaos of unmeasurable forces and an undefinable cosmic order coming-into-being. While the fire, embraced by a strong force, was subdued and kept in stasis.

Such I observed and discovered because of those words of Pœmandres. But, since I was vexed, he spoke to me again. From your seeing, an awareness of the quidditas of semblance; of the primal before the origin without an end.

This was what Pœmandres said to me, then.

[8] So I asked from what place, then, the parsements of physis?

To which he answered, from the deliberations of theos, who, having comprehended the logos and having seen the beauty of the cosmic order, re-presented it, and so became a cosmic order from their own parsements and by the birth of Psyche.

[9] Theos, the perceivation, male-and-female, being Life and phaos, whose logos brought forth another perceivation, an artisan, who - theos of Fire and pneuma - fashioned seven viziers to surround the perceptible cosmic order in spheres and whose administration is described as fate.

[10] Directly, from the downward parsements, the logos of theos bounded to the fine artisements of Physis and joined with the perceivation of that artisan, for it was of the same essence. Thus the descending parsements of Physis were left, devoid of logos, to be only substance.

[11] The perceivation of that artisan, in combination with logos, surrounded the spheres, spinning them around, a twizzling of artisements of some indefinite origin and some undeterminable end, finishing where they began. Turning around and around as perceivation decreed, the spheres produced, from those descending parsements, beings devoid of logos, for they were not given logos, while Air produced what flew, and Water what swam. Divided, one from the other, were Earth and Water, as perceivation had decreed, with Earth delivering from within herself beings four-footed and crawling, and animals savage and benign.

[12] Perceivation, as Life and phaos, father of all, brought forth in his own likeness a most beautiful mortal who, being his child, he loved. And theos, who loved his own image, bequeathed to him all his works of Art.

[13] Thus, having discovered what that artisan with that father's assistance had wrought, he too determined on such artiselements, which the father agreed to. Ingressing to the artisan's realm, with full authority, he appreciated his brother's artiselements, and they - loving him - each shared with him their own function.

Having fully learned their essence, and having partaken of their physis, he was determined to burst out past the limit of those spheres to discover the one who imposed their strength upon the Fire.

[14] With full authority over the ordered cosmos of humans and of beings devoid of logos, he burst through the strength of the spheres to thus reveal to those of downward physis the beautiful image of theos.

When she beheld such unceasing beauty - he who possessed all the vigour of the viziers and was the image of theos - she lovingly smiled, for it was as if in that Water she had seen the semblance of that mortal's beautiful image and, on Earth, his shadow. And as he himself beheld in that Water her image, so similar to his own, he desired her and wanted to be with her.

Then, his want and his vigour realized, and he within that image devoid of logos, Physis grasped he whom she loved to entwine herself around him so that, as lovers, they were intimately joined together.

[15] Which is why, distinct among all other beings on Earth, mortals are jumelle; deathful of body yet deathless the inner mortal. Yet, although deathless and possessing full authority, the human is still subject to wyrd. Hence, although over the harmonious structure, when within become the slave. Male-and-female since of a male-and-female father, and wakeful since of a wakeful one. <...>

[16] <...> my perceiveration, for I also love the logos. Then Pœmandres said, this is a mysterium esoteric even to this day. For Physis, having intimately joined with the human, produced a most wondrous wonder possessed of the physis of the harmonious seven I mentioned before, of Fire and pneuma. Physis did not tarry, giving birth to seven male-and-female humans with the physis of those viziers, and ætherean.

Pœmandres, I said, a great eagerness has now arrived in me so that I yearn to hear more. Do not go away.

Then, Pœmandres replied, be silent for this primary explanation is not yet complete.

I shall, I said, therefore, be silent.

[17] To continue, those seven came into being in this way. Earth was muliebral, Water was lustful, and Fire maturing. From Æther, the pneuma, and with Physis bringing forth human-shaped bodies. Of Life and phaos, the human came to be of psyche and perceivation; from Life - psyche; from phaos - perceivation; and with everything in the observable cosmic order cyclic until its completion.

[18] Now listen to the rest of the explanation you asked to hear. When the cycle was fulfilled, the connexions between all things were, by the deliberations of theos, unfastened. Living beings - all male-and-female then - were, including humans, rent asunder thus bringing into being portions that were masculous with the others muliebral. Directly, then, theos spoke a numinous logos: propagate by propagation and spawn by spawning, all you creations and artissements, and let the perceiver have the knowledge of being deathless and of Eros as responsible for death.

[19] Having so spoken, foreknowing - through wyrd and that harmonious structure - produced the coagulations and founded the generations with all beings spawning according to their kind. And they of self-knowledge attained a particular benefit while they who, misled by Eros, love the body, roamed around in the dark, to thus, perceptively, be afflicted by death.

[20] But why, I asked, do the unknowing err so much that they are robbed of immortality.

You seem, he said, not to have understood what you heard, for did I not tell you to discover things?

I said I do recall and am discovering, for which I am obliged.

Then tell me, if you have discovered, why death is expected for those in death.

Because originally the body began with that stygian darkness, from whence the flowing physis which formed the body within the perceptible cosmic order which nourishes death.

[21] Your apprehension is correct. Yet why, according to the logos of theos, does the one of self-discovery progress within themselves?

To which I replied, phaos and Life formed the father of all beings, from whence that human came into being.

You express yourself well. For phaos and Life are the theos and the father from whence the human came into being. Therefore if you learn to be of Life and phaos - and that you perchance are of them - then you progress to return to Life. Thus spoke Pœmandres.

Can you - who are my perceivation - therefore tell me how I may progress to Life? For does not theos say that the human of perceivation should have self-knowledge?

[22] And do not all humans posses perceivation?

Again you express yourself well. I, perceivation, attend to those of respectful deeds, the honourable, the refined, the compassionate, those aware of the numinous; to whom my being is a help so that they soon acquire knowledge of the whole and are affectionately gracious toward the father, fondly celebrating in song his position.

Before they hand over their body to its death they loathe the influencing impressions, for they know their vigour. That is, I - perceivation - do not allow what the vigour of the body embraces to be achieved. For, as guardian, I close the entrance to the bad and the dishonourably vigorous, preventing their procrastinations.

[23] I keep myself distant from the unreasonable, the rotten, the malicious, the jealous, the greedy, the bloodthirsty, the hubriatic, instead, giving them up to the avenging daemon, who assigns to them the sharpness of fire, who visibly assails them, and who equips them for more lawlessness so that they happen upon even more vengeance. For they cannot control their excessive yearnings, are always in the darkness - which tests them - and thus increase that fire even more.

[24] You, perceivation, have instructed me well about all those things I saught. But could you tell me how the Anados will occur?

To which Pœmandres replied, first, the dissolution of the physical body allows that body to be transformed with the semblance it had disappearing and its now non-functioning ethos handed over to the daimon, with the body's perceptions returning to their origin, then becoming separated with their purpose, transplanted, and with desire and eagerness journeying toward the physis devoid of logos.

[25] Thus does the mortal hasten through the harmonious structure, offering up, in the first realm, that vigour which grows and which fades, and - in the

second one - those dishonourable machinations, no longer functioning. In the third, that eagerness which deceives, no longer functioning; in the fourth, the arrogance of command, no longer insatiable; in the fifth, profane insolence and reckless haste; in the sixth, the bad inclinations occasioned by riches, no longer functioning; and in the seventh realm, the lies that lie in wait.

[26] Thus, stripped of the activities of that structure, they enter into the ogdoadic physis, and, with those there, celebrate the father in song for they, together, rejoice at this arrival who, now akin to them, hears those forces beyond the ogdoadic physis celebrating theos in melodious song. Then, in order, they move toward the father to hand themselves over to those forces, and, becoming those forces, they become united with theos. For to so become of theos is the noble goal of those who seek to acquire knowledge.

Why, therefore, hesitate? Should it not be that, having received all these things, you should become a guide to those who are suitable so that, because of you, descendants of mortals may - through theos - escape?

[27] Having so spoken to me, Pœmandres joined with those forces, while I, having given thanks to and expressed my gratitude toward the father of all beings, went forth strengthened and informed regarding the physis of everything and with an insight of great importance.

So it was that I began to tell mortals about how beautiful knowledge and an awareness of the numinous were. You earth-bound mortals, you who have embraced intoxicating liquor, sleepfulness, and are unknowing of theos: soberize, stop your drunkenness, for you are beguiled by irrational sleepfulness.

[28] Hearing this, they, with the same purpose, gathered round. And I said, you who are earth-bound, why do you embrace death when you have the means to partake of immortality? Change your ways, you who have accompanied deception and who have kinship with the unknowing ones. Leave the dark chaos, partake of immortality, move away from your destruction.

[29] Then some of them, having ridiculed, went away, embracing as they did the way of death; although some others, desirous of being informed, threw themselves down at my feet. I asked them to stand, and thus became a guide to those of my kind, informing them of the logoi - of the way and the means of rescue - and engendered in them the logoi of sapientia, with the celestial elixir to nurture them.

And with the arrival of evening with the rays of Helios beginning to

completely wane, I bid they express their gratitude to theos, after which - with that expression of gratitude completed - they each retired to their own bed.

[30] Commemorating within myself the noble service of Pøemandres - replete with what I had desired - I was most pleased, for the sleep of the body engendered temperance of psyche, the closing of the eyes a genuine insight, with my silence pregnant with the noble, and the expression of the logos breeding nobility.

Such is what transpired for me, received from perceivration - that is, Pøemandres; for it was by being theos-inspired that I came upon this revealing. Therefore, from my psyche and with all my strength, I offer benedictions to theos, the father.

[31]

Agios o Theos, father of all beings.

Agios o Theos, whose purpose is accomplished by his own arts.

Agios o Theos, whose disposition is to be recognized and who is recognized by his own.

Agios es, you who by logos form all being.

Agios es, you who engender all physis as eikon.

Agios es, you whom the Physis did not morph.

Agios es, you who are mightier than all artifice.

Agios es, you who surpass all excellence.

Agios es, you who transcend all praise.

You - ineffable, inexpressible, to whom silence gives voice - receive these respectful wordful offerings from a psyche and a heart that reach out to you.

[32] I ask of you to grant that I am not foiled in acquiring knowledge germane to our essence; to invigorate me, so that - by that favour - I may bring illumination to the unknowing who, kindred of my kind, are your children.

Such I testify and believe; to advance to Life and phaos. For you, father, a benediction. Your mortal's purpose is to share in your numinosity, for which you have provided every means.

ooo

**Notes and Commentary on the Text**

The numbers refer to the sections of the Greek text, 1-32.

1.

*what is real.* Regarding τῶν ὄντων cf. Plato, Republic, Book 7 (532c) - πρὸς δὲ τὰ ἐν ὕδασι φαντάσματα θεῖα καὶ σκιὰς τῶν ὄντων ἀλλ' οὐκ εἰδώλων σκιὰς δι' ἑτέρου τοιούτου φωτὸς ὡς πρὸς ἥλιον κρίνειν ἀποσκιαζομένας - where the φάντασμα (the appearance) of some-thing natural (god-given), such as the σκιὰ (image) that is reflected by water, is stated to be real, and contrasted with what is not considered to be real (what is an unsubstantial image) such as that cast by a fire rather than by the Sun.

*intuition.* For διανοίας. As with νοῦς (see 2. below) a term which deserves some scrutiny. Conventionally, it is translated as 'thought', or 'thinking', as if in reference to some sort of idealized faculty we human beings are said to possess and which faculty deals with ideations and their collocations and is considered as necessary to, or the foundation of, understanding and reason.

More accurately, in a classical context, διανοίας is (i) 'intelligence' (or intuition) in the sense of understanding some-thing or someone (i.e. in being able to perceive some-thing correctly or to correctly understand - to know - a person), or (ii) 'intention'.

I have opted for 'intuition' as suggesting, and as manifesting, insight, often from contemplation, as the etymology, from the Latin *intueri*, suggests. For the English word 'thought' now conveys modern meanings which, in my view, are not relevant here. And an 'intuition' that is related to, but somewhat different from, the perceiviation that is νοῦς.

*Alertness.* αἴσθησις. Alertness here in the sense that the normal, alert, awareness of the physical senses is dulled by interior intuition, insight, or revelation. An appropriate alternative translation would thus be *awareness*, as in awareness of one's surroundings.

*Huge.* ὑπερμεγέθη - γν Plutarch *Romulus*, 16.5 ἐπὶ στρατοπέδου δρῶν ἔτεμεν ὑπερμεγέθη - chopped down a huge tree there in that encampment.

Huge, and too large to measure by ordinary means. I do not see any need to exaggerate what is implied, as some other translations do.

*Have knowledge of.* In the tractate, γινῶναι is related to νοῦς and διανοίας as an expression of what is perceived, or one is aware of. Here, of what one discerns in the sense of distinguishing some-thing from something else and

thus 'knowing' of and about that thing.

2.

*Pœmandres*. Ποιμάνδρης. The older interpretation of 'shepherd of men' is unacceptable because speculative; the speculation being that it derives from ποιμήν, which has a variety of meanings other than shepherd, for example, chief, and owner.

A more recent etymology involves some ancient Egyptian term associated with the god Re. However, this etymology, first proposed by Francis Griffith in the 1920's [qv. W. Scott and A. S. Ferguson: *Hermetica: the ancient Greek and Latin writings which contain religious or philosophical teachings ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1924-1936] was based on a linguistic and stylistic analysis of Coptic sources dating well over a millennia after the god Re was worshipped in ancient Egypt.

Also, the book *From Poimandres to Jacob Bohme: Hermetism, Gnosis and the Christian Tradition*, edited by Roelof van den Broek and published in 2000 (Bibliotheca Philosophica Hermetica) which mentions this etymology by Griffiths and which is often cited as confirming this etymology, does not provide further context in the form of extant Egyptian hieroglyphic inscriptions or references to papyrus fragments from long before the Coptic period, but instead makes various conjectures, as for example in respect of an alternative Coptic form of the genitive n-re, and relies on other linguistic/stylistic analysis of much later texts.

Until a link can be established to such primary Egyptian sources, or to reliable sources much earlier than such Coptic texts, I remain unconvinced in respect of the ancient Egyptian origins of the name Ποιμάνδρης, and therefore am inclined to leave it as a personal name, transliterated Pœmandres.

*perceiveration*. νοῦς. The conventional interpretation here is 'mind', as if in contrast to 'the body' and/or as if some fixed philosophical and abstract principle is meant or implied.

This conventional interpretation is in my view incorrect, being another example of not only retrospective reinterpretation but of using a word which has acquired, over the past thousand years or more, certain meanings which detract from an understanding of the original text. Retrospective reinterpretation because the assumption is that what is being described is an axiomatic, reasoned, philosophy centred on ideations such as Thought, Mind, and Logos, rather than what it is: an attempt to describe, in fallible words, a

personal intuition about our existence, our human nature, and which intuition is said to emanate from a supernatural being named Pœmandres.

In addition, one should ask what does a translation such as 'I am Poimandres, mind of sovereignty' [*vide* Copenhaver] actually mean? That there is a disembodied 'mind' which calls itself Pœmandres? That this disembodied 'mind' is also some gargantuan supernatural shapeshifting being possessed of the faculty of human speech? That some-thing called 'sovereignty' has a mind?

I incline toward the view that the sense of the word νοῦς here, as often in classical literature, is perceivance; that is, a particular type of astute awareness, as of one's surroundings, of one's self, and as in understanding ('reading') a situation often in an instinctive way. Thus, what is not meant is some-thing termed 'mind' (or some faculty thereof), distinguished as this abstract 'thing' termed 'mind' has often been from another entity termed 'the body'.

Perceivance thus describes the ability to sense, to perceive, when something may be amiss; and hence also of the Greek word implying resolve, purpose, because one had decided on a particular course of action, or because one's awareness of a situation impels or directs one to a particular course of action. Hence why, in the Oedipus Tyrannus, Sophocles has Creon voice his understanding of the incipient hubris of Oedipus, of his pride without a purpose, of his apparent inability to understand, to correctly perceive, the situation:

εἴ τοι νομίζεις κτῆμα τὴν ἀυθαδίαν  
εἶνά τι τοῦ νοῦ χωρίς, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖς.

If you believe that what is valuable is pride, by itself,  
Without a purpose, then your judgement is not right.

vv. 549-550

Translating νοῦς as perceivance/perceivance thus places it into the correct context, given ἀυθεντίας - authority. For "I am Pœmandres, the perceivance of authority" implies "What [knowledge] I reveal (or am about to reveal) is authentic," so that an alternative translation, in keeping with the hermeticism of the text, would be "I am Pœmandres, the authentic perceivance." [ The English word authentic means 'of authority, authoritative' and is derived, via Latin, from the Greek ἀυθεντία ]

*eachwhere*. An unusual but expressive (c.15th century) English word, suited

to such an esoteric text. The meaning here is that, like a guardian δαίμων of classical and Hellenic culture, Pœmandres is always close by: eachwhere with you.

### 3.

*Apprehend.* νοέω. To apprehend also in the sense of 'discover'. Again, I have tried to make a subtle distinction here, as there is in the text between the related νοῦς, γνῶναι, and διανοίας.

*physis.* A transliteration, to suggest something more than what 'nature' or 'character' - of a thing or person - denotes. That is, to know what is real and apprehend the physis of those real things - νοῆσαι τὴν τοῦ τῶν φύσιν; to discern the physis, the true nature, of beings. That is, to have an understanding of ontology; for physis is a revealing, a manifestation, of not only the true nature of beings but also of the relationship between beings, and between beings and Being.

γνῶναι τὸν θεόν. To have - to acquire - knowledge of θεός. Does θεός here mean God, a god, a deity, or the god? God, the supreme creator Being, the only real god, the father, as in Christianity? A deity, as in Hellenic and classical paganism? The god, as in an un-named deity - a god - who is above all other deities? Or possibly all of these? And if all, in equal measure, or otherwise?

The discourse of Pœmandres, as recounted in the tractate, suggests two things. First, that all are meant or suggested - for example, Τὸ φῶς ἐκεῖνο, ἔφη, ἐγὼ νοῦς ὁ σοὺς θεός could be said of Pœmandres as a god, as a deity, as the god, and also possibly of God, although why God, the Father - as described in the Old and New Testaments - would call Himself Pœmandres, appear in such a vision, and declare what He declares about θεός being both male and female in one person, is interesting. Second, that the knowledge that is revealed is of a source, of a being, that encompasses, and explains, all three, and that it is this knowing of such a source, beyond those three conventional ones, that is the key to 'what is real' and to apprehending 'the physis of beings'.

Hence, it is better to transliterate θεός - or leave it as θεός - than to use god; and a mistake to use God, as some older translations do.

*remember all those things you want to learn.* Ἐχε νῶ: 'hold the awareness' [be aware] of what you said you wanted to learn - that is, 'remember' them; which is better, and more expressive, than the somewhat colloquial and modern 'keep in mind'.

4.

*So saying, his form [ιδέα] altered.* For τοῦτο εἰπὼν ἠλλάγη τῇ ιδέα. Or - more expressively - 'he shapeshifted'. A common theme in Greek mythology and literature, as in the ancient Hymn to Demeter:

ὥς εἰποῦσα θεὰ μέγεθος καὶ εἶδος ἄμειψε γῆρας ἀπωσαμένη

Having so spoken, the goddess changed in height and cast off that aged appearance

*[An] indefinity of inner sight [inner seeing].* ὁρῶ θεάν ἀόριστον. The sense of ὁράω here is metaphorical, of an interior knowing or apprehension not occasioned by the faculty of sight; the inner knowing, for example, that the blind Tiresias has in respect of Oedipus in the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles - his apprehension of what Oedipus has done and what he will do. Such an 'inner seeing' includes the Tiresian kind a prophetic knowing as well as the 'interior visions' of a mystic.

In respect of ἀόριστος, I have opted for indefinity, an unusual [read obscure] English word derived c.1600 from indefinite.

*phaos.* A transliteration of φῶς - using the the Homeric φάος. Since φάος metaphorically (qv. Iliad, Odyssey, Hesiod, etcetera) implies the being, the life, 'the spark', of mortals, and, generally, either (i) the illumination, the light, that arises because of the Sun and distinguishes the day from the night, or (ii) any brightness that provides illumination and thus enables things to be seen, I am inclined to avoid the vague English word 'light' which other translations use, and which English word now implies many things which the Greek does not or may not; as for instance in the matter of over a thousand years of New Testament exegesis, especially in reference to the gospel of John. A transliteration requires the reader to pause and consider what phaos may, or may not, mean, suggest, or imply; and hopefully thus conveys something about the original text.

Also, φῶς δὲ πάντα γεγεννημένα suggests '[with] everything *suffused in phaos*' and not 'everything *became light*' as if to imply that suddenly everything was transformed into 'light'.

*clear and bright.* εὐδιόν τε καὶ ἰλαρόν - if one accepts the emendation εὐδιόν [clear] then ἰλαρόν might suggest the metaphorical sense of 'bright' (rather than the descriptive 'cheery') which fits well with the contrasting and following φοβερόν τε καὶ στυγρόν.

*Downward.* κατωφερές - cf. Appian, *The Civil Wars*, Book 4, chapter 13 - κατωφερές δ' ἐστὶ τὸ πεδίον.

*stygian.* For στυγνόν, for stygian is a word which in English imputes the sense of the original Greek, as both its common usage, and its literary usage (by Milton, Wordsworth, Ralph Waldo Emerson, et al) testify. Some-thing dark, gloomy, disliked, abhorred. One might, for example, write that "that river looks as stygian", and as unforgiving, as the water of Styx - ἀμείλικτον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ.

*serpent.* ὄφει is one of the emendations of Nock, for the meaning of the text here is difficult to discern. Given what follows - re the smoke and fire - it is tempting to agree with Reitzenstein that what may be meant is a not an ordinary serpent but a dragon, δράκοντι, qv. the Iliad (II, 308) and the seven-headed dragon of Revelation 12, 3-17.

*flowing* (as in fluidic). The sense of ὑγρός here, since what follows - ἀφάτως τετραγαμένην καὶ καπνὸν ἀποδιδοῦσαν - does not suggest either 'watery' or 'moist'. Cf. Aristophanes, *Clouds*, 314 - ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐποίουν ὑγρᾶν Νεφελᾶν στρεπταιγλᾶν δάιον ὀρμάν - where clouds are described as flowing and in their flowing-moving obscure the brightness (of the day).

*aphonous ... phaos calling out.* I follow the MSS which [qv. the scanned image from the 1554 CE edition of the Greek text] have φωτὸς, which Nock emended to πυρός. While the emendation, given the foregoing mention of fire, makes some sense, it does render what follows, with the mention of φωτὸς, rather disjointed. However, if - as I suggested above - φῶς is not translated as 'light', but, as with physis and λόγος [qv. 5. below], is transliterated, then φωτὸς here is fine, for it is as if "phaos was calling out" in an aphonous - an un-human, animal-like, and thus wordless - way from beneath the covering of darkness that has descended down, and descended with an indescribable noise. And aphonous here because covered - smothered, obscured, muffled - by the indescribably noisy darkness. Which leads directly to the mention of φῶς and λόγος in the next part of the text; that is, to the ascension of φῶς and λόγος.

If one reads πυρός, then the interpretation would be that it is the fire which is calling out in an un-human, animal-like, and thus wordless way.

5.

*Logos.* λόγος. A transliteration, which as with my other transliterations,

requires the reader to pause and reflect upon what the term may, or may not, mean, suggest, or imply. The common translation as 'Word' does not express or even suggest all the meanings (possible or suggested) of the Greek, especially as Word - as in Word of God - now imputes so much (in so many different often doctrinal ways) after two thousand years of Christianity and thus tends to lead to a retrospective re-interpretation of the text.

*Numinous.* ἅγιος. Numinous is better - more accurate - than 'holy' or 'sacred', since these latter English words have been much overused in connexion with Christianity and are redolent with meanings supplied from over a thousand years of exegesis; meanings which may or may not be relevant here.

Correctly understood, numinous is the unity beyond our perception of its two apparent aspects; aspects expressed by the Greek usage of ἅγιος which could be understood in a good (light) way as 'sacred', revered, of astonishing beauty; and in a bad (dark) way as redolent of the gods/wyrd/the fates/morai in these sense of the retributive or (more often) their balancing power/powers and thus giving rise to mortal 'awe' since such a restoration of the natural balance often involved or required the death (and sometimes the 'sacrifice') of mortals. It is the numinous - in its apparent duality, and as a manifestation of a restoration of the natural, divine, balance - which is evident in much of Greek tragedy, from the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus (and the *Orestia* in general) to the *Antigone* and the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles.

The two apparent aspects of the numinous are wonderfully expressed by Rilke:

Wer, wenn ich schrie, hörte mich denn aus der Engel  
Ordnungen? und gesetzt selbst, es nähme  
einer mich plötzlich ans Herz: ich verginge von seinem  
stärkeren Dasein. Denn das Schöne ist nichts  
als des Schrecklichen Anfang, den wir noch grade ertragen,  
und wir bewundern es so, weil es gelassen verschmäh't,  
uns zu zerstören. Ein jeder Engel ist schrecklich.

Who, were I to sigh aloud, of those angelic beings might hear me?  
And even if one of them deigned to take me to his heart I would dissolve  
Into his very existence.  
For beauty is nothing if not the genesis of that numen  
Which we can only just survive  
And which we so admire because it can so calmly disdain to betake us.  
Every angel is numinous

*wenn ich schrie.* 'Were I to sigh aloud' is far more poetically expressive,

and more in tune with the metaphysical tone of the poem and the stress on *schrie*, than the simple, bland, 'if I cried out'. A sighing aloud - not a shout or a scream - of the sometimes involuntary kind sometimes experienced by those engaged in contemplative prayer or in deep, personal, metaphysical musings.

*der Engel Ordnungen*. The poetic emphasis is on Engel, and the usual translation here of 'orders' - or something equally abstract and harsh (such as hierarchies) - does not in my view express the poetic beauty (and the almost supernatural sense of strangeness) of the original; hence my suggestion 'angelic beings' - of such a species of beings, so different from we mortals, who by virtue of their numinosity have the ability to both awe us and overpower us.

*came upon that physis*. Came upon that which had the physis of darkness and then changed to become fluidic.

*Fire*. A capitalization, since 'fire' here is suggestive of something possibly elemental.

*Air*. A capitalization, as with Fire; ditto with the following Water and Earth.

A possible alternative here might be to use the Homeric meaning of ἀήρ - mist - since 'air' is just too general, does not describe what is happening, and thus is confusing.

*pnuema*. For πνεύματι/πνεῦμα. A transliteration, given that the English alternatives - such as 'spirit' or 'breath' - not only do not always describe what the Greek implies but also suggest things not always or not necessarily in keeping with the Hellenic nature of the text.

This particular transliteration has a long history in English, dating back to 1559 CE. In 1918, DeWitt Burton published a monograph - listing, with quotations, the various senses of πνεῦμα - entitled *Spirit, Soul, and Flesh: The Usage of Πνεῦμα, Ψυχή, and Σάρξ in Greek Writings and Translated Works from the Earliest Period to 225 AD* (University of Chicago Press, 1918)

I incline toward the view that πνεῦμα here - like λόγος - does not necessarily imply something theological (in the Christian sense or otherwise) but rather suggests an alternative, more personal, weltanschauung that, being a weltanschauung, is undoctrinal and subtle, and which weltanschauung is redolent of Hellenic culture. Subtle and undoctrinal in the way that early alchemical texts are subtle and undoctrinal and try to express, or hint at (however obscurely to us, now), a weltanschauung, and one which is more paganus than Christian.

*coagulating*. For συμμειγμένα, which suggests something more elemental - more actively joined - than just 'mixed or mingled' together.

*pneumal logos*. πνευματικὸν λόγον. The term *pneumal logos* is interesting and intended to be suggestive and thus open to and requiring interpretation. In contrast, the usual translation is verbo spirituali (spiritual word), as if what is meant or implied is some-thing theological and clearly distinct from the corporeal, as Thomas Aquinas wrote in *Quaestiones Disputatae de Veritate*: Ex quo patet quod nomen verbi magis proprie dicitur de verbo spirituali quam de corporali. Sed omne illud quod magis proprie invenitur in spiritualibus quam in corporalibus, propriissime Deo competit. Ergo verbum propriissime in Deo dicitur. (*De veritate, q. 4a. 1s. c2*).

6.

*apprehended the sense of that inner seeing*. Given what follows, the English word 'sense' is perhaps appropriate here, rather than the inflexible word 'meaning'.

*phaomal logos*. φωτεινὸς λόγος. As with *pneumal logos*, this is suggestive, and open to interpretation.

*child of theos*. υἱὸς θεοῦ. The scriptural sense - 'son of god', for example Mark 15.39, Ἀληθῶς οὗτος ὁ ἄνθρωπος υἱὸς θεοῦ ἦν - is usually assumed; a sense which follows the general usage of υἱὸς (son) as in Homer et al. But the later (c.2nd/3rd century CE) usage 'child' is possible here, a usage known from some papyri (qv. *Papiri Greci e Latini*, edited by Girolamo Vitelli). This also has the advantage of being gender neutral, for which see the note under ἀναγνωρίσας ἑαυτὸν in section 19.

*logos kyrios*. λόγος κυρίου (cf. *pneumal logos* and *phaomal logos*). Invariably translated as 'word of the lord', echoing the formula found in LXX (qv. for example Jeremiah 1.4 ἐγένετο λόγος κυρίου πρὸς με) although, as attested by many papyri, kyrios was also used in the Hellenic world as an epithet both of a deity and of a powerful potentate [hence 'logos kyrios' rather than 'kyrios logos'] implying respect and an acknowledgement of their authority and power.

7.

*duration*. For reasons I outlined in the *The Art of Translation, and A Question About Time* section of the Appendix, I prefer to translate χρόνος as duration (or something akin) and not as 'time'. Briefly explained, the English word

'time' now denotes what the term χρόνος did not.

*tilted his head back.* Perhaps suggestive of looking up toward the heavens, cf. the c. 2nd century CE writer Achilles Tatius (writing around the time the *Corpus Hermeticum* was written) who, in *Leucippe and Clitophon*, Book V, 3.3, wrote - ἀνανεύσας εἰς οὐρανὸν ὧ Ζεῦ, τί τοῦτο ἔφην φαίνεις ἡμῖν τέρας

*unmeasurable.* ἀπεριόριστον - beyond being countable, impossible to be counted; from ἀριθμητός - countable.

*cosmic order.* κόσμος. The word 'cosmos' by itself is probably insufficient here, for the Greek term κόσμος carries with it the suggestion that the cosmos is an ordered structure, an order evident in the observed regularity of heavenly bodies such as the moon, the constellations, and the planets.

*undefinable.* ἀπεριόριστον: A slightly different sense here to previously, and an interesting contrast with εὐπεριόριστον - well-defined - as used by Strabo when describing the process of measuring and defining, in geographical terms, a region of the Earth:

τὸ γὰρ σημειῶδες καὶ τὸ εὐπεριόριστον ἐκεῖθεν λαβεῖν ἔστιν, οὗ χρεῖαν ἔχει ὁ γεωγράφος: εὐπεριόριστον δέ, ὅταν ἢ ποταμοῖς ἢ ὄρεσιν ἢ θαλάττῃ δυνατὸν ἦ (*Geography*, 2.1.30)

*coming-into-being.* γεγεννημένον. The meaning here is somewhat obscure. Is what is described a discovery of how the already existing and known cosmic order *came* into being, or the apprehension of a - or some sort of - cosmic order coming-into-being? Or does γεγεννημένον refer to phaos?

## 8.

*quidditas of semblance.* ἀρχέτυπον εἶδος. The transliteration 'archetype' here is, unfortunately, unsuitable, given what the term archetype now suggests and implies (vide Jungian psychology, for example) beyond what the Greek of the text means. Appropriate words or terms such as 'primal-pattern' or 'protoform' are awkward, clumsy. Hence quidditas (11th/12th century Latin), from whence came 'quiddity', a term originally from medieval scholasticism which was then used to mean the natural (primal) nature or form of some-thing, and thus hints at the original sense of ἀρχέτυπον. As used here, quidditas means exactly what ἀρχέτυπον does in the text, sans Jungian psychology; sans modern 'popular psychology'; sans expositions of hermetic/gnostic philosophy (or what is assumed to be a hermetic/gnostic philosophy) and sans expositions of Plato's philosophy.

The whole passage - τὸ ἀρχέτυπον εἶδος, τὸ προάρχον τῆς ἀρχῆς τῆς ἀπεράντου - is concerned with various shades of ἀρχή, and is rather obscure. ἀρχή as the origin - 'the beginning' - of beings and thus of their εἶδος (the ἀρχέτυπον), of their semblance, their type; and ἀρχή - the primal before (προάρχον) that beginning, of beings - as that origin (that beginning) which has no end, no known limits, ἀπεράντου.

*parsements.* For στοιχεῖον, and thus avoiding the word 'elements' whose meanings, being now many and varied, somewhat detract from the meaning of the text. By a parsement - an unusual variant of partiment (from the Latin partimentum) - is meant the fundamental (the basic, elemental, primal) components or principles of 'things' as understood or as posited in Hellenic times; and whether or not these are undescribed or described in terms of a particular philosophy or weltanschauung (for example, as Air, Fire, and so on).

*deliberations of theos.* βουλήs θεοῦ. 'Deliberations' is the sense here; as in theos - whomsoever or whatever theos is - having pondered upon, or considered, a particular matter or many matters. cf. Herodotus [Histories, 9.10] - ὁ μὲν σφι ταῦτα συνεβούλευε: οἱ δὲ φρενὶ λαβόντες τὸν λόγον αὐτίκα - where a similar following expression (λαβόντες τὸν λόγον) occurs.

Translations such as 'will/decreed of god' are, in my view, far too presumptive.

*ἤτις λαβοῦσα τὸν λόγον.* This is suggestive of theos having fully comprehended - completely understood - logos [qv. the passage from Herodotus, where the result of the deliberations was understood, approved of: 'taken to heart'], rather than of God 'taking in the Word' or 'receiving the Word'. A 'taking in' from whence to where? A 'receiving' from where?

*re-presented.* In the sense of a divine mimesis - μίμησις - which is the Greek word used here, and which mimesis is an important theme in ancient pagan culture, from Art to religion. It is tempting therefore to consider the suggestion that this mimesis by theos is akin to a masterful, a sublime, work of Art.

*Psyche.* For ψυχή, and leaving untranslated so as not to impose a particular meaning on the text. Whether what is meant is *anima mundi* - or some-thing else, such as the 'soul' of a human being - is therefore open to debate, although I have used a capital P to intimate that it is, in the text, an important, and primal, principle, and might imply here the original sense of 'spark' (or breath) of life; of that 'thing' [or being] which [or who] animates beings making them 'alive'.

9.

*male-and-female.* ἀρρενόθηλυσ. The theos - or deity/divinity/God - is both male and female, which can be interpreted as implying a bisexual nature, or androgyny, or hermaphroditism, or a being with the unique ability to both give birth and inseminate, or a being beyond all such mortal (causal) categories and assumptions.

*whose logos brought forth another perceiviation.* ἀπεκύησε λόγῳ ἕτερον Νοῦν δημιουργόν. An interesting phrase, possibly open to interpretation, for it might suggest 'whose utterance [who by speaking] brought forth...'

Consider, for example, Psalms 33.6:

τῷ λόγῳ τοῦ κυρίου οἱ οὐρανοὶ ἐστερεώθησαν καὶ τῷ πνεύματι τοῦ στόματος αὐτοῦ πᾶσα ἡ δύναμις αὐτῶν

בְּדִבְרֵי יְהוָה שָׁמַיִם נִעְשׂוּ וּבְרוּחַ אֱלֹהִים כָּל-

with the Greek of LXX, literally translated, meaning "By the logos of the master [κύριος] the heavens were established and, by the pneuma from his mouth, all their influence" [δύναμις], with the Hebrew stating it is יהוה [Yhvh - Jehovah] who has established שָׁמַיִם [shamayim, the heavens] and His בְּרוּחַ [ruach, pneuma] their power.

Hence, Pœmandres might well be saying that it was by speaking, by the act of uttering or declaiming a logos, that this theos - whomsoever or whatever theos is - brought forth a[nother] perceiviation; that is, another way or means of apprehending - of knowing, understanding, and appreciating - the cosmic order.

*artisan.* δημιουργόν. It is tempting to transliterate - as demiourgos - so as not to impose a meaning on the text. Does the word here imply - as possibly with Fire, pneuma, etcetera - an assumed elemental force of principle? Or a demiurge who is a (or the) theos of Fire and pneuma? Or does it imply some creator, the Theos of Fire and Pnuema? Or is some sort of artisan meant? And is this an artisan who, possibly by memesis, can create/manufacture a sublime work of Art that at the very least enables us to perceive the cosmic order - the world - in a new way and who, being a theos, can also possibly create, perhaps as a work of Art, a new cosmic order?

However, I incline toward the view, given what follows - ἐδημιούργησε διοικητάς τινας ἑπτὰ [see below, *fashioned seven viziers*] - that what is meant

here is artisan, rather than demiurge.

*fashioned seven viziers.* ἐδημιούργησε διοικητάς τινας ἐπτά.

The word ἐδημιούργησε occurs in Diogenes Laertius [*Lives of Eminent Philosophers* 3.1 (71) - ὅτι καὶ τὸ ὑπόδειγμα ἐν ἧν ἀφ' οὗ αὐτὸν ἐδημιούργησε] in the section concerned with Plato, where the meaning is what someone (such as a worker or artisan) has wrought, fashioned, or produced.

Viziers captures the meaning of διοικητάς (at the time the text was written) in a way that terms such as controllers, procurators, governors, do not, given the modern senses such terms now have and especially given the context, ἡ διοίκησις αὐτῶν εἰμαρμένη καλεῖται: that their administration - how these viziers discharge their duties; how they operate given their powers - "is described as fate." That is, is understood, by we mortals, as fate or destiny.

Vizier is a term used in Persia (in its various older forms) and ancient Egypt (a transcription of a hieroglyph), and also later on in the Middle East and North Africa following the rise of Islam, to denote a person who governed or who ruled over - in the name of a higher authority - a particular region or territory or who had a particular sphere of influence; a role similar to the Viceroy of the British Empire.

The seven viziers are the seven classical planetary bodies, named Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Sun, Jupiter, and Saturn, and well-described in ancient texts, from ancient Persia onwards. Copenhagen [*Hermetica, The Greek Corpus Hermeticum and the Latin Asclepius*, Cambridge University Press, 1992, p.105] refers to some of the scholarly literature regarding these 'seven'.

*spheres.* The context - the cosmic order, and especially the seven planetary viziers who surround or encompass - suggest the meaning of spheres (or orbs) rather than 'circles'. Cf. Sophocles, *Antigone*, 415-6 where κύκλος could suggest sphere, or orb, or circle, but where circle seems apposite:

χρόνον τὰδ' ἦν τοσοῦτον, ἔστ' ἐν αἰθέρι μέσῳ κατέστη λαμπρὸς ἡλίου κύκλος καὶ καῦμ' ἔθαλπε

And long this continued until Helios with his radiant circle had established himself in middle-sky, burning us

**10.**

*downward parsements ... logos of theos.* Given that the MSS have στοιχείων τοῦ θεοῦ ὁ τοῦ θεοῦ λόγος the meaning here is conjectural.

'Downward parsements' implies that the fundamental (elemental, primal) components by their nature had a tendency to descend, rather as rain descends down by nature and not because it is 'heavy' [cf. Xenophon, *On Hunting*, 5.3: ἀφανίζει δὲ καὶ ἡ πολλὴ δρόσος καταφέρουσα αὐτά] Hence 'descending parsements' would also be an appropriate translation here.

Regarding θεοῦ λόγος, I have again opted for a transliteration since the common translation here of 'word of God' imposes a particular, Christian, interpretation on the text, (i) given that 'word of god' is most probably what Cyril of Alexandria meant by the phrase, since τοῦ θεοῦ λόγος interestingly occurs in *Cyrelli Epistula Tertia ad Nestorium*:

μονογενῆς τοῦ θεοῦ λόγος ὁ ἐξ αὐτῆς γεννηθεὶς τῆς οὐσίας τοῦ πατρὸς ὁ ἐκ θεοῦ ἀληθινοῦ θεὸς ἀληθινός τὸ φῶς τὸ ἐκ τοῦ φωτός ὁ δι' οὗ τὰ πάντα ἐγένετο τὰ τε ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ καὶ τὰ ἐν τῇ γῆι

only-offspring of the logos of theos, born from the essence [οὐσία] of the father, genuine god from genuine god, the phaos from the phaos, by whom all things in heaven and on Earth came into being

and (ii) given that this paraphrases the Nicene creed of 325 CE, with the notable exception of μονογενῆς τοῦ θεοῦ λόγος instead of τὸν Υἱὸν τοῦ Θεοῦ τὸν μονογενῆ, the latter conventionally translated as 'only begotten Son of God'.

Thus, were the translation of 'word of god' to be accepted, with the implied meaning from the *Epistula Tertia ad Nestorium*, then Pœmandres is, apparently, here stating that 'the Word of God' - Jesus of Nazareth, true god from true god, Light from Light, and the only begotten son of God by whom all things in heaven and on Earth came into being - somehow bounded up to be reunited with the work of the artisan-creator (presumably, in this context, God) who is of the same essence [ὁμοούσιος].

While this is a possible interpretation of the text given that Pœmandres uses the same word, in reference to logos, as Cyril of Alexandria - οὐσία (which correctly understood means the very being - the essential nature/physis, or essence - of someone or some-thing) - it does seem somewhat restrictive, considering (i) the many possible meanings, and shades of meaning, of both λόγος and θεός (before and after the advent of Christianity and especially in the context of pagan, Hellenic, weltanschauungen) and (ii) how theos is described by Pœmandres (for example, as being both male and female).

*fine artiselements of Physis.* Fine - καθαρός; clean and free of defects. Artiselement - the product of the skilled work of the artisan and the artist; their artisanship (cf. the 16th century English verb artize) and which artiselements include beings of various kinds (including living and/or 'archetypal' ones).

It thus becomes clear, especially given what follows, why transliterating φύσις is better than translating it always as 'nature', as if φύσις here implied what we now, after hundreds years of scientific observation and theories such as that of Darwin, understand as 'the natural world', as a 'nature' that we are or can be or should be masters of and can and do and should control, and which we can (or believe we can) understand.

Physis is capitalized here, as in section 14, to suggest the objectification that the text here implies; and objectified as possibly a being - whomsoever or whatever such a being is - or possibly as some apprehension/emanation of theos (whomsoever or whatever theos is), or some fundamental principle, or some form such as what we now understand as an archetype. This Physis, therefore, might or might not be Nature (as Nature was understood in Hellenic times) although, given what follows about Earth delivering (from her womb) living beings [ ἡ γῆ ἐξήνεγκεν ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἃ εἶχε ζῶα... ] it might be that it is not Nature but something else, for example what may have been understood as the genesis of what we now denote by Nature.

It is interesting that here it is "the descending parsements of physis" (not Physis) who were "left, devoid of logos" while in section 14 it is Physis that is, by implication, described as 'devoid of logos' - ὤκησε τὴν ἄλογον μορφήν. This is often understood in the pejorative sense, as if this Physis, and the living beings devoid of logos - ζῶα ἤνεγκεν ἄλογα - in section 11, are somehow [to quote one translation] 'unreasoning' beings (or forms) - lacking in reason - and thus somehow [to quote another translation] 'irrational' compared to (and by extension somewhat inferior to) the 'son of theos', which mistaken and unnecessary value-judgements arise from interpreting and translating λόγος as 'Word' or as meaning/implying 'reason'. However, logos is just logos, and devoid of (without) logos - ἄλογος - could be, depending on how logos is interpreted, akin to ἀθάνατος said in respect, for example, of theos [Θεὸν δ' εἶναι ζῶον ἀθάνατον] or implying 'cannot be reduced to something else' and thus heterogeneous [αἱ δὲ ταύτη ἀσύμμετροι ἄλογοι καλείσθωσαν], or lacking the faculty of human speech (as in animals, who are not all 'brutish') or (more esoterically) suggestive of *sans denotatum*, of not denoting things or beings by assigning names or terms to them and thus not distinguishing them or marking them as separate from the whole, the unity, of which one type of wholeness is Physis understood as the goddess of Nature, as the creative force that is the genesis of, and which maintains the balance of, the life which inhabits the Earth.

*Substance.* ὕλη. Since the Greek term does not exactly mean 'matter' in the modern sense (qv. the science of Physics) it is better to find an alternative. Hence 'substance' - the *materia* of 'things' and living beings - contrasted with οὐσία, essence.

**11.**

*the perceiviation of that artisan.* As previously, and like physis, both νοῦς and λόγος are here objectified.

*spinning them around.* δινῶν ροίζω.

**12.**

*brought forth...a mortal.* ἀπεκύησεν ἄνθρωπον. The word ἀπεκύησεν in relation to πατήρ perhaps refers back to where theos, the perceiviation, is described as being both male and female [ἄρρενόθηλυς] although whether the meaning here is the literal 'gave birth' or the descriptive 'brought forth' is interesting, especially a different word, ἐξήνεγκεν [which the English word delivered - in the sense of giving birth, of 'a woman having disburdened herself of a foetus' - usefully describes] is used in reference to the (female) Earth. This different usage, and the Epistle of James, written not long before the Pœmandres tractate where 'brought forth' is apposite [v.1.15 ἡ δὲ ἁμαρτία ἀποτελεσθεῖσα ἀποκύει θάνατον] incline me toward 'brought forth' here.

In respect of ἄνθρωπος (often emended to Ἄνθρωπος) the sense here, as often, is the gender neutral 'human being' - a mortal - and not 'a man'.

*image.* μορφή. Image in both senses of the English term - as outward physical appearance, and as the impression (or concept) that others may have of, or see in, a person.

Image plays an important part in what follows; the image that the son of theos has of himself and sees reflected back to him and which image he loves. The image Physis has of him and sees a reflection of, and the image which he has of her and which makes him desire her.

*bequeathed to him all his works of Art.* παρέδωκε τὰ ἑαυτοῦ πάντα δημιουργήματα. This is a very interesting phrase; theos as artisan, as artist, whose works - whose creations, whose artissements, whose divine re-presentations (μίμησις) - apparently include both the cosmic order, the

artisan mentioned previously, and we mortals. Less suggestive of the meaning is 'bequeathed to him all his (various) artisements'.

**13.**

*that father.* Reading πατρί, with the MSS, and not the emendation πυρί.

*Ingressing to the artisan's realm.* γενόμενος ἐν τῇ δημιουργικῇ σφαίρα. The realm of the artisan: where the artisan works, and produces artisements and divine works of art, and where someone - here, the mortal, son of theos - can learn and master that skill and produce his own works. This realm is that of the seven spheres, the seven viziers.

*function.* τάξεως. Cf. Plato, *Laws*, 809d - ἡμερῶν τάξεως εἰς μηνῶν περιόδους καὶ μηνῶν εἰς ἕκαστον τὸν ἐνιαυτὸν ἵνα ὥραι καὶ θυσίαι καὶ ἑορταὶ τὰ προσήκοντ' ἀπολαμβάνουσαι ἑαυταῖς ἕκασται τῷ κατὰ φύσιν ἄγεσθαι - where the sense is of the periodic, the orderly, functioning of things; of days into weeks, weeks into months, and of months into a year; and which functionality enables us to know when to celebrate and undertake the seasonal festivals and feasts.

*limit.* περιφέρεια. Not here the literal Euclidean meaning of circumference [for example, Euclid, *Elements*, Book 13, Proposition 10 - ἐπεὶ ἴση ἐστὶν ἡ ΑΒΓΗ περιφέρεια τῇ ΑΕΔΗ περιφερείᾳ] but rather of the limits, the boundary, set or marked by the seven spheres; a limit that the mortal, son of theos, is "determined to burst out past".

*imposed their strength upon the Fire.* Cf. section 7 - περιίσχεσθαι τὸ πῦρ δυνάμει μεγίστη (the fire, embraced by a strong force).

**14.**

*burst through the strength of the spheres.* I follow the reading of the MSS, which have ἀναρρήξας τὸ κράτος τῶν κύκλων, amended by Scott and Nock to ἀναρρήξας τὸ κύτος [burst through the container].

*harmonious structure.* Here, ἀρμονία implies the 'structure' of the κόσμος, the cosmic order [qv. the note on κόσμος in section 7] and which structure is harmonious [qv. ἀρμονίας ἐναρμόνιος in section 15].

*vigour.* ἐνέργεια. The words 'force' and 'energy' bring too many irrelevant modern connotations to the text, and 'vigour' well expresses the meaning of ἐνέργεια here, with the suggestion, as often elsewhere, of 'vigorous activity'.

*When she beheld.* This, as what follows suggests, is Physis, personified. In respect of beholding such beauty, cf. section 8 - *having seen the beauty of the cosmic order.*

*on Earth, his shadow.* τὸ σκίασμα ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Cf. Diogenes Laertius [*Lives of Eminent Philosophers* 7.146, Zeno] not especially for the similarity - τὸ τῆς γῆς σκίασμα - but more for the interesting section, preceding this mention of the shadow of the moon on Earth during an eclipse, of how the cosmic order came into being [142] and for the equally interesting following discussion [147] which concerns the attributes and images of theos - the god - who is described as 'the father of all', who has both male and female aspects, and which aspects of the divinity are given their classical pagan names with their areas of authority specified. The interest lies in how the classical gods, and the creation of the cosmic order, and thus Hellenic paganism, were understood and remembered not long after the *Hermetica* was written, and thus how they echo in part some of the metaphysical themes in, and the cosmogony of, the *Poemandres tractate*.

*Physis grasped [...] intimately joined together.* ἡ δὲ φύσις λαβοῦσα τὸν ἐρώμενον περιεπλάκη ὅλη καὶ ἐμίγησαν ἐρώμενοι γὰρ ἦσαν. The sense of μίγνυμι here is that of a physical union, a sexual joining together - not of some 'philosophical mingling' of 'forms'. Similarly, περιπλέκω is not some ordinary 'embrace' but a sexual twinning (of limbs). Cf. Hesiod, *Theogony*, 375 - Κρίω δ' Εὐρυβίην τέκεν ἐν φιλότῃ μιγεῖσα Ἀστραῖόν.

*jumelle.* For διπλοῦς. The much underused and descriptive English word jumelle - from the Latin gemellus - describes some-thing made in, or composed of, two parts, and is therefore most suitable here, more so than common words such as 'double' or 'twofold'.

*deathful of body yet deathless the inner mortal.* θνητὸς μὲν διὰ τὸ σῶμα, ἀθάνατος δὲ διὰ τὸν οὐσιώδη ἄνθρωπον. Here, in respect of my choice of English words, I must admit to being influenced by Chapman's lovely poetic translation of the Hymn to Venus from the Homeric Hymns:

That with a deathless goddess lay a deathful man

In respect of οὐσιώδης, I prefer, given the context, 'inner' - suggestive of 'real' - rather than the conventional 'essential'; although 'vital' is an alternative translation here, suggested by what Eusebius wrote (c.326 CE) about φῶς [phaos] pre-existing even before the cosmic order, with φῶς used by Eusebius to mean Light in the Christian sense:

τό τε φῶς τὸ προκόσμιον καὶ τὴν πρὸ αἰώνων νοερὰν καὶ οὐσιώδη σοφίαν τὸν τε ζῶντα [Historia Ecclesiastica, Book 1, chapter 2]

The Light of the proto-cosmos, the comprehension and vital wisdom existing before the Aeons

*wyrd*. For ἡ εἰμαρμένη. A much better choice, here, than either 'fate' or 'destiny' given how overused both those words now are and how their interpretation is also now so varied. An overview of how the concept may have been understood in the late Hellenic period (around the time the Hermetica was probably written) is given in the 2nd century CE discourse *De Fato*, attributed to Plutarch, which begins by stating that εἰμαρμένη has been described in two ways, as ἐνέργεια (vigorous activity) and as οὐσία (essence)

πρῶτον τοίνυν ἴσθι, ὅτι εἰμαρμένη διχῶς καὶ λέγεται καὶ νοεῖται: ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἐστὶν ἐνέργεια ἡ δ' οὐσία

*of a wakeful one* <...> There is some text missing, indicated by <...>, for after ἄϋπνος ἀπὸ ἀϋπνου the MSS have κρατεῖται [mastered/ruled by - cf. 4 Maccabees 2.9 ἢ ὑπὸ τοῦ νόμου κρατεῖται διὰ τὸν λογισμὸν]. Although some suggestions have been made as to this missing text (such as "ruled by love and sleep" [ἔρωτος καὶ ὕπνου] - they are purely conjectural.

## 16.

<...> *my perceivoration*. Again, the suggestions for the missing text are purely conjectural.

*a mysterium esoteric*. For κεκρυμμένον μυστήριον. The term mysterium - a truth or insight or knowledge about some-thing, which is considered religious and/or metaphysical ('hermetic') and which is unknown/unrevealed to or as yet undiscovered by others, and hence 'mysterious' to them - expresses the meaning of the Greek here (as the word mystery by itself does not). Likewise in respect of esoteric - kept concealed or which is concealed/hidden to most or which is revealed to an individual by someone who already 'knows' what the mysterium in question is.

Hence why I write *a* mysterium here rather than *the* mysterium, and why "a mysterium, esoteric even to this day", is better than the rather bland "the mystery kept hidden until this very day".

*possessed the physis of the harmonious seven*. The seven viziers. A more literal translation would be 'possessed the physis of the [harmonious]

structure of the seven'. Here, physis could mean 'character' (of a person) or some-thing more archetypal/elemental of which such character or personal characteristics are an outward manifestation.

*seven male-and-female humans.* These seven humans, born from Physis, are thus akin to both theos and the child of theos who also have a male (a masculous) and a female (a muliebral) aspect. That is, although mortal - having been brought forth by and from divinities - these humans are, in their very being, both male and female and thus, in their creation, dissimilar to ordinary mortals, for reasons which Pœmandres goes on to explain.

In addition, these seven mortals have the same or a similar physis as the 'harmonious seven'.

*ætherean.* For μεταρσίους. Ætherean is the metaphorical sense of μεταρσίους here, not 'exalted' or 'sublime' (which imply some sort of human admiration or some sort of religious attitude/apprehension). For the sense is similar to what Dio Chrysostom wrote, in his tract on leadership, about the sons of Boreas, who - semi-divine - have the attributes of their father and who are depicted in and belonging to their natural realm:

ὁποίους τοὺς Βορεάδας ἐνεθυμήθησάν τε καὶ ἔγραψαν οἱ γραφεῖς  
ἐλαφροὺς τε καὶ μεταρσίους ταῖς τοῦ πατρὸς αὐραῖς συνθέοντας  
[Orations, 4.1]

Ætherean is used in the poetic sense - that is, 'supernal', meaning of the harmonious - the heavenly - cosmic order and also refined: of the essence, οὐσία, and thus not just ὕλη, substance (qv. section 10).

*Primary explanation.* πρῶτον λόγον [cf. Plato, *Republic*, Book 3 [395b] εἰ ἄρα τὸν πρῶτον λόγον διασώσομεν]. An explanation of our origins, as mortals, and thus of the 'first principle' that forms the basis of the 'hermetic weltanschauung'.

17.

*those seven came into being in this way.* It is interesting to compare 'these seven' with 'the 'nine' and the seven spheres (Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, Moon) of the *Somnium Scipionis* described by Cicero:

Novem tibi orbibus vel potius globis conexa sunt omnia, quorum unus est caelestis, extimus, qui reliquos omnes complectitur, summus ipse deus arcens et continens ceteros; in quo sunt infixi illi, qui volvuntur, stellarum cursus sempiterni. Cui subiecti sunt

septem, qui versantur retro contrario motu atque caelum. Ex quibus summum globum possidet illa, quam in terris Saturniam nominant. Deinde est hominum generi prosperus et salutaris ille fulgor, qui dicitur Iovis; tum rutilus horribilisque terris, quem Martium dicitis; deinde subter mediam fere regionem Sol obtinet, dux et princeps et moderator luminum reliquorum, mens mundi et temperatio, tanta magnitudine, ut cuncta sua luce lustret et compleat. Hunc ut comites consequuntur Veneris alter, alter Mercurii cursus, in infimoque orbe Luna radiis solis accensa convertitur. Infra autem iam nihil est nisi mortale et caducum praeter animos munere deorum hominum generi datos; supra Lunam sunt aeterna omnia. Nam ea, quae est media et nona, Tellus, neque movetur et infima est, et in eam feruntur omnia nutu suo pondera. [*De Re Publica*, Book VI, 17]

Nine orbs - more correctly, spheres - connect the whole cosmic order, of which one - beyond the others but enfolding them - is where the uppermost deity dwells, enclosing and containing all. There - embedded - are the constant stars with their sempiternal movement, while below are seven spheres whose cyclicity is different, and one of which is the sphere given the name on Earth of Saturn [...]

*Muliebral*. For θηλυκή. The term muliebral derives from the classical Latin word *muliebris*, and is used here to refer to those positive traits, abilities, and qualities, that are conventionally and historically associated with women. Muliebral is more expressive - and more redolent of the meaning of the Greek - than 'feminine', especially given how the word 'feminine' is so often misused (sometimes in a pejorative way).

It should be noted that the older reading of θηλυκή γὰρ ὁ ἄηρ makes Air - not Earth - the muliebral one.

*Lustful*. For ὀχευτικόν. The sense is similar to ἐπιθυμία as used, for example, in Romans 14.13 - τῆς σαρκὸς πρόνοιαν μὴ ποιῆσθε εἰς ἐπιθυμίας [make no intention regarding the flesh, to gratify its carnal desires]

*From Æther, the pneuma*. ἐκ δὲ αἰθέρος τὸ πνεῦμα ἔλαβε. It is best to transliterate αἰθήρ - as Æther - given that it, like Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and pneuma, is an elemental principle, or a type of (or a particular) being, or some-thing archetypal.

*cyclic until its completion*. μέχρι περιόδου τέλους. I follow the reading of the Turnebus MS, taking περίοδος to refer to a posited cyclic - periodic - cosmic order, of Aeons, which periodicity continues until its purpose is

achieved/fulfilled/completed.

**18.**

*the connexions between all things.* Compare this unbinding of the cosmic bonds with the 'connexions' that make up the nine spheres in the *Somnium Scipionis* [qv. the quotation from Cicero, above].

*bringing into being portions that were masculous with the others muliebral.* ἐγένετο τὰ μὲν ἀρρενικὰ ἐν μέρει τὰ δὲ θηλυκὰ ὁμοίως. The meaning of ἀρρενικὰ and θηλυκὰ are not 'male' and 'female' but rather masculous (masculine) and muliebral (of or considered appropriate to women).

*propagate by propagation and spawn by spawning.* The same Greek words - ἀύξανεσθε and πληθύνεσθε - occur in LXX, Genesis 1.22: ἡλόγησεν αὐτὰ ὁ θεὸς λέγων ἀύξανεσθε καὶ πληθύνεσθε ["Theos praised them, saying: propagate and spawn"; Tyndale - "God blessed them saying, grow and multiply"; KJV - "God blessed them saying, Be fruitful and multiply"].

*creations and artiselements.* κτίσματα καὶ δημιουργήματα. Although κτίσμα is generally translated here as 'creature' (as also for example in most translations of Revelation 5.13) I incline toward the view, given the context, that the more general sense of a 'creation' (or 'created thing') is meant - cf. Strabo, *Geography*, Book 16. 1 [ἢ ἐστὶ κτίσμα ἢ Βαβυλών] where what is described is a construct, a creation - a work constructed by or on behalf of someone. Here, what is described are the creations of theos.

In respect of 'artiselements', see section 10.

*the perceiver.* ὁ ἔννοους.

*Eros as responsible for death.* τὸν αἴτιον τοῦ θανάτου ἔρωτα. The consensus is, and has been, that ἔρωτα here signifies 'carnal desire' - or something similar - so that it is assumed that what is meant is some sort of ascetic (or Gnostic or puritanical) statement about how sexual desire should be avoided or at the very least controlled. However, this seems rather at variance with the foregoing - regarding propagating and spawning - which inclines me to suggest that what is meant here is 'eros', not necessarily personified as the classical deity (ἡδ' Ἔρος ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι πάντων δὲ θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων δάμναται ἐν στήθεσσι νόον καὶ ἐπίφρονα βουλήν), although the comparison is interesting, but rather as an elemental or archetypal principle, akin to νοῦς and λόγος. Consider, for example, the following from *Daphnis and Chloe*, written by Longus around the same time as the *Corpus Hermeticum*: πάντως γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἔρωτα ἔφυγεν ἢ φεύζεται

μέχρις ἂν κάλλος ἦ καὶ ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέπωσιν [Book 1, Proem, 4 - "no one can avoid or has ever been able to avoid Eros, while there is beauty and eyes which perceive"]. In modern terms, few - poetically, metaphorically, none - have avoided or could avoid, at some time in their life, the unconscious power of the anima/animus.

Eros - as some-thing similar to an archetypal principle, applicable to or of (existing in/part of) "all beings/creations/things" - might also go some way toward explaining the καὶ πάντα τὰ ὄντα that follows in the text (for example in the Turnebus MS) for which various emendations have been proposed, including omitting it altogether.

**19.**

*foreknowing, through wyrd.....coagulations.* The foreknowing of theos, which enabled theos through wyrd and the cosmic structure to 'found the generations'. The coagulations, the copulation, of beings (created things).

*self-knowledge.* ἀναγνωρίσας ἑαυτὸν. A pedantic aside: here, as often elsewhere, I have gone against convention (grammatical and otherwise) by, where possible, choosing neutral personal pronouns, thus avoiding sentences such as "And he who has self-knowledge..." This sometimes results in using third person plural pronouns - such as 'their' and 'they' - as if they were personal pronouns, or using constructs such as "the one of self-knowledge" or "whoever has self-knowledge". In addition, it should be noted that the grammatical categorization of a word (male, female, gender neutral) is only a grammatical categorization and does not always reflect the nature of the being that that word denotes or refers to.

*a particular benefit.* τὸ περιούσιον ἀγαθόν. Literally, 'the particular benefit' [an alternative, possibly better, translation would be 'the esoteric benefit']. What the text refers to is not some abstract 'good' but rather what is good for, what benefits, the person. Thus, self-knowledge can lead to a particular, a specific, benefit.

*perceptively.* αἰσθητῶς - cf. Strabo, *Geography*, Book 3, chapter 5.1, a description of a high tide; of the sea, due to the moon, begin to perceptively/visibly both rise and go far onto the shore - ἄρχεσθαι διοιδεῖν τὴν θάλατταν καὶ ἐπιβαίνειν τῆς γῆς αἰσθητῶς μέχρι μεσουρανήσεως.

**20.**

*to discover things.* That is, discover/apprehend for yourself, to reveal (dis-cover) the nature of things, and thus fully understand them; qv. section 3

('apprehend the physis of beings') and section 6 ('then discover phaos and become familiar with it') and section 7 ('such I observed and discovered because of those words of Pœmandres').

*why death is expected for those who are in death.* διὰ τί ἄξιοί εἰσι τοῦ θανάτου οἱ ἐν τῷ θανάτῳ ὄντες. Somewhat obscure, given the phrase 'in death' and given that what follows - "because originally..." - does not really offer an explanation of it.

I take the meaning of ἀξιόω here to be 'expect' rather than 'worthy' given (i) what the English phrase 'they are worthy of death' (or 'they deserve death') implies, an implication - a moralizing attitude - that is not justified by either the immediate context or the rest of the text, and (ii) usages such as (a) νῦν παρ' ὑμῶν τὸ αὐτὸ ἀξιοῦμεν κομίζεσθαι ['we now expect to receive the same from you'; Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, Book 1, chapter 43] and (b) ὥστε οὐκ οἴκτου οἱ τοιοῦτοι ἄξιοί εἰσιν, ἀλλὰ τιμωρίας ['they are expected to be punished not pitied', Hyperides, *Orations Against Philippides*, 2.12]

*Nourishes.* ἀρδεύεται here is obviously metaphorical, as it literally means "is irrigated/watered" as in Diodorus Siculus when he describes India - τὰ πολλὰ δὲ τῆς χώρας ἀρδεύεται καὶ διὰ τοῦτο διττοὺς ἔχει τοὺς κατ' ἔτος καρπούς ['much of the land is irrigated which is why there are two yields a year'; *Bibliotheca Historica*, Book 2, 35.3]

## 21.

*progress within themselves.* εἰς αὐτὸν χωρεῖ. Literally, 'progress to (or proceed/advance toward) him', with the usual assumption being that it is theos that is meant (hence, 'proceed toward theos'), with the alternative translation, of 'progress to themselves', ignored. However, given the immediate context - of a self-discovery - and given examples such as Mark 7.15 (εἰσπορευόμενον εἰς αὐτὸν, entering *into* him) and given that (insofar as I understand it) the tractate concerns (i) self-knowing, (ii) a 'mysterium' that is esoteric, and (iii) a desire to know and to understand 'the physis of beings', rather than a religious 'progressing toward god' à la Thomas à Kempis, then I am inclined to favour the somewhat radical translation of 'within themselves'.

*the father of all beings.* ὁ πατὴρ τῶν ὅλων. The word 'all' by itself does not really capture the sense of ὅλων here, which is 'all beings'. The phrase ὁ πατὴρ τῶν ὅλων occurs in many other writings, some of which are Christian. For instance in the Τοῦ ἁγίου Ἰουστίνου πρὸς Τρύφωνα Ἰουδαῖον Διάλογος [The Dialogue of Justinus with Trypho, a Jew] where it is said in the context of Christ being crucified, dying, and then being raised again by 'the father of all'

for the benefit of all human beings - τὸν ἑαυτοῦ Χριστὸν ὑπὲρ τῶν ἐκ παντὸς γένους ἀνθρώπων ὁ πατὴρ τῶν ὄλων τὰς πάντων κατάρας ἀναδέξασθαι ἐβουλήθη (xcv, 2).

However, interestingly and relevant here, the phrase also occurs in the polemic by Irenaeus against the 'heresy of gnosticism' - the *Adversus Haereses* [ἔλεγχος και ἀνατροπή της ψευδωνύμου γνώσεως] - written not long before the *Poemandres* tractate:

μεταδοῦναί σοι θέλω τῆς ἐμῆς χάριτος ἐπειδὴ ὁ πατὴρ τῶν ὄλων τὸν ἄγγελόν σου διαπαντὸς βλέπει πρὸ προσώπου αὐτοῦ ὁ δὲ τόπος τοῦ μεγέθους ἐν ἡμῖν ἐστι δι' ἡμᾶς ἐγκαταστῆσαι (Book I, Chapter 13, 3)

I desire to pass on to you my Charis because the father of all beings has observed that your angel is constantly before him

These are the words Irenaeus ascribes to a person called Marcus, 'the heretic'; words used by this person skilled in the trickery of sorcery (μαγικῆς κυβείας ἐμπειρότατον) to, apparently, entice men and wealthy women to be his followers. Irenaeus then goes on, in a passage also quoted by Eusebius in his *Historia Ecclesiastica* (4.11.5), to describe some of the rites - the 'disgusting initiation into the mysteries' - of these people, and which rites include a 'mystical marriage' (πνευματικὸν γάμον) as well as a doxology to 'the father and the mother', εἰς ὄνομα ἀγνώστου πατρὸς τῶν ὄλων εἰς ἀλήθειαν μητέρα τῶν πάντων, and which doxology, with its contrast between ὄλων (ascribed to the father) and πάντων (ascribed to the mother) may go some way toward explaining the meaning of ὄλων as used here, in the *Poemandres* tractate, given that μητέρα πάντων - as Γαία, Earth Mother - is the subject of, among other things, one of the Homeric hymns, *Εἰς Γῆν Μητέρα Πάντων*, where She is described as πρέσβιστος, the elder among beings, and the mother of the gods, θεῶν μήτηρ.

Thus, πατρὸς τῶν ὄλων as the father of all beings, and μητέρα τῶν πάντων as the mother of being, of all Life, both mortal and immortal.

22.

*respectful deeds*. ὀσίους. A difficult word to translate, given that most of the English alternatives - such as religious, pious, holy, devout, blessed, sinless, saintly, humble - have acquired, over centuries, particular religious meanings, often associated with Christianity or types of asceticism; meanings which, in my view, are not or may not be relevant here, and whose use would distort one's understanding of the text.

The correct meaning is someone who, aware of or sensitive to the difference between the numinous and un-numinous [regarding 'numinous', see the note on ἄγιος in section 5], seeks to avoid, in their behaviour, what might cause them to hubriatically 'overstep the limits' and thus unbalance them, so taking them away from that natural balance and that respect for the numinous, which they personally, by their (or a particular) way of living (personal, religious, spiritual, mystical, or otherwise) seek or desire to cultivate, or which (and importantly) is a natural part of their admirable (and often admired) character. For example:

ἐκεῖνός γε μὴν ὑμνῶν οὔ ποτ' ἔληγεν ὡς τοὺς θεοὺς οἶοιτο οὐδὲν ἧπτου ὁσίοις ἔργοις ἢ ἀγνοῖς ἱεροῖς ἡδεσθαι ἀλλὰ μὴν καὶ ὁπότε εὐτυχοίη οὐκ ἀνθρώπων ὑπερεφρόνει ἀλλὰ θεοῖς χάριν ἡδεῖ καὶ θαρρῶν πλείονα ἔθυσεν ἢ ὀκνῶν ἠΰχετο εἴθιστο δὲ φοβούμενος μὲν ἰλαρὸς φαίνεσθαι εὐτυχῶν δὲ πρᾶος εἶναι [Xenophon, *Agesilaus*, 11.2]

this person, whom I praise, never ceased to believe that the gods delight in respectful deeds just as much as in consecrated temples, and, when blessed with success, he was never prideful but rather gave thanks to the gods. He also made more offerings to them when he was confident than supplications when he felt hesitant, and, in appearance, it was his habit to be cheerful when doubtful and mild-mannered when successful.

For these reasons, I have translated not as one English word, but as the phrase 'respectful deeds'. See also the note on εὐσεβέω below.

*honourable*. ἀγαθός. The sense is not of being 'good' in some moralistic, sanctimonious, superior, way, but rather of being of noble character, as for example described in the Corpus Aristotelicum:

τῆς δὲ φρονήσεώς ἐστι τὸ βουλευσασθαι, τὸ κρῖναι τὰ ἀγαθὰ καὶ τὰ κακὰ καὶ πάντα τὰ ἐν τῷ βίῳ αἰρετὰ καὶ φευκτά, τὸ χρῆσθαι πᾶσι καλῶς τοῖς ὑπάρχουσιν ἀγαθοῖς, τὸ ὁμιλῆσαι ὀρθῶς [De Virtutibus et Vitiis Libellus 1250a]

It is part of wisdom to accept advice, to distinguish the honourable, the dishonourable, and all that is, in life, acceptable or to be avoided; to fairly use all resources; to be genuine in company

*refined*. καθαροῖς. Literally it means 'physically clean', often in the sense of

being in a state of ritual purification: *qv.* the inscription on one of the ancient tablets (totenpasse) found in Thurii - ἔρχομαι ἐκ καθαρῶν καθαρὰ χθονίων βασίλεια (in arrivance, purified from the purified, mistress of the world below).

Since the English word 'pure' is unsuitable given its connotations - religious, sanctimonious, political, and otherwise - I have opted for the not altogether satisfactory 'refined'.

*compassionate.* ἐλεήμοσι. Those who undertake merciful, charitable, humane, deeds; *qv.* Luke 11.41 (πλὴν τὰ ἐνόητα δότε ἐλεημοσύνην, καὶ ἰδοὺ πάντα καθαρὰ ὑμῖν ἐστίν), Acts 10:2, κτλ.

*aware of the numinous.* εὐσεβοῦσι. As with ὁσίους, εὐσεβέω is a difficult word to translate, given that most of the English alternatives - such as reverent, pious - have acquired, over centuries, particular religious meanings, often associated with Christianity or types of asceticism. The correct sense is 'aware of the numinous', and thus imbued with that sense of duty, that sense of humility - or rather, an awareness of their human limitations - which makes them appreciate and respect the numinous in whatever form, way, or manner they appreciate, feel, intuit, apprehend, or understand, the numinous, be it in terms of the gods, the god, Μοῖραι τρίμορφοι μνήμονές τ' Ἐρινύες, God, or whatever. It is this awareness which inclines a person toward 'respectful deeds' [*qv.* ὁσίους, above].

*soon acquire knowledge of the whole.* εὐθὺς τὰ πάντα γνωρίζουσι. Knowledge of 'the whole picture'; of what has been and is being discussed: perceivation; the cosmic structure; the nature of humans; the seven viziers; and so on. The sense is not "gnosis of all things", which - in its hubris - is incompatible with the immediately proceeding mention of εὐσεβέω and ὁσίους.

*affectionately gracious toward.* There are two ways of interpreting τὸν πατέρα ἰλάσκονται ἀγαπητικῶς and what follows. (i) As if it is some kind of Christian eulogy by the faithful, with mention of "lovingly propitiating the father" and the "singing of hymns" to him; and (ii) in a rather more religiously neutral way with phrases such as ἰλάσκονται ἀγαπητικῶς and words such as ὑμνεῦσι suggesting the more Hellenic "affectionately gracious" and "celebrating in song". I have chosen the latter, as it is, in my view, more in harmony with the rest of the text.

*the influencing impressions.* αἰσθήσεις. What is meant here is not simply 'the [bodily] senses' nor what is perceptible to or perceived by the senses, but rather those particular impressions, conveyed by the senses, which influence

a person in a way which is disliked because they do or they can affect a person in a manner detrimental to their immortality. That is, not all 'feelings' nor all 'sensations' are meant but only those which impresses upon [cf. Cicero, *Academica*, 2.6, *impressum effictumque*] a person in a certain way and thus affect that person also in a certain way, as 'impressionable feelings' do:

αὐτὸς δὲ διὰ ποιημάτων φιλοσοφεῖ, καθάπερ Ἡσίοδος τε καὶ  
Ξενοφάνης καὶ Ἐμπεδοκλῆς κριτήριον δὲ τὸν λόγον εἶπε: τάς τε  
αἰσθήσεις μὴ ἀκριβεῖς ὑπάρχειν φησὶ γοῦν [Diogenes Laertius,  
Parmenides, 9.3]

he himself, through the form of verse, presented his knowledge, as did Hesiod, Xenophanes and Empedocles, stating that it was a way of judging what was reasonable since impressionable feelings were not an accurate enough starting point

This is the type of 'impression' - the type of influence - meant by some alchemical texts, for example, in the *Compound of Alchymy*, by Ripley, contained in the *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum* ['the Body of the Spryte taketh impression' (ix. xi)] and also, some centuries later, by Hume in his *Treatise on Human Nature* ['those perceptions, which enter with most force and violence, we may name impressions' (I. i. 12)]. Cf. also Aristotle, *Poetics* 1451a - τοῦ δὲ μήκουσ ὄροσ ὁ μὲν πρὸσ τοῦσ ἀγῶνασ καὶ τὴν αἴσθησιν οὐ τῆσ τέχνησ ἐστίν - where what is meant is the 'impression' made upon an audience, which thus influences them.

*the bad*. The usual translation of κακόσ here, as often elsewhere, is 'evil'. However, I regard such a translation as unhelpful, given that the English word 'evil' is (1) now often interpreted and understood in a moralistic, preconceived, way according to some theological dogma/criteria and/or according to some political/social doctrine, and (2) that it does not denote what the classical and the Hellenic term κακόσ does.

Classically understood κακόσ is what is bad in the sense of some-thing rotten or unhealthy, or - the opposite of κάλοσ - what is displeasing to see. κακόσ is also what is unlucky, a misfortune, and/or injurious, as for example in *The Agamemnon*

τὸ μὲν γυναιῖκα πρῶτον ἄρσενοσ δίχα  
ἦσθαι δόμοισ ἔρημον ἔκπαγλον κακόν (vv. 862-3)

Primarily, for a lady to be separate from her mate -  
To remain unprotected by family - is a harsh misfortune

When applied to a person, the sense is of a 'rotten' person; someone with bad, harmful, physis; a bad - dishonourable, weak, cowardly - personal character; someone whose nature, for examples, inclines them toward doing harm and doing what is generally considered to be wrong.

This sense is still appropriate to Hellenic usage. For example, in respect of Romans 12.17 with its contrast of κακός and κάλος:

μηδενὶ κακὸν ἀντὶ κακοῦ ἀποδιδόντες προνοούμενοι καλὰ ἐνώπιον πάντων ἀνθρώπων

Do not render what is bad with what is bad; rather, show concern for what all humans see is good

Similarly with the synonym σαπρός, as for example in Luke 6.43-5:

Οὐ γὰρ ἐστὶν δένδρον καλὸν ποιοῦν καρπὸν σαπρὸν, οὐδὲ πάλιν δένδρον σαπρὸν ποιοῦν καρπὸν καλόν, ἕκαστον γὰρ δένδρον ἐκ τοῦ ἰδίου καρποῦ γινώσκειται· ὁ ἀγαθὸς ἄνθρωπος ἐκ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ θησαυροῦ τῆς καρδίας προφέρει τὸ ἀγαθόν, καὶ ὁ πονηρὸς ἐκ τοῦ πονηροῦ προφέρει τὸ πονηρόν· ἐκ γὰρ περισσεύματος καρδίας λαλεῖ τὸ στόμα αὐτοῦ

For no healthy tree brings forth rotten fruit just as a rotten tree cannot bring forth healthy fruit. For each tree is judged by its fruit. A good person from the store of good in their heart brings forth what is good, and a bad person from their bad store brings forth what is bad; for it is because of an overflowing heart that the mouth speaks.

### 23.

*hubriatic*. ἀσεβέσι; someone lacking in or who is arrogantly disdainful of σέβομαι, of what is regarded as honourable, revered, respected. Someone who is thus 'hubriatic'. It is the opposite of εὐσεβέω, that is, the opposite of someone who is aware of and respectful of the numinous.

*the avenging daemon*. τῷ τιμωρῷ δαίμον.

Τιμωρῷ is an epithet of the god Mars, mentioned by Cassius Dio Cocceianus in his *Historiae Romanae* when he recounts how Caligula, celebrating the murder of someone, sent three daggers to the temple of Mars the Avenger, in Rome, as offerings to the god - ξιφίδια τρία τῷ Ἄρει τῷ Τιμωρῷ ἐς [Book 59, chapter 22 v.7].

Correctly understood, a δαίμων (daemon) is neither a 'demon' nor one of the pantheon of major Greek gods - θεοί - but rather a lesser type of divinity who might be assigned by those gods to bring good fortune or misfortune to human beings and/or to watch over certain human beings and especially particular numinous (sacred) places.

*which tests them.* καὶ τοῦτον βασανίζει. The sense here is rather obscure, with some proposed emendations (for example, οὕτως, and τοῦτο for τοῦτον). I take the sense here of βασανίζω to be 'tested', as in being 'put to the test'; a sense in accord with what precedes and with what follows.

#### 24.

*Anados.* ἄνοδος. A transliteration, as the word has specific meanings in ancient Greek 'mystery cults' and in Hellenic 'mysticism', one of which meanings is the ascent, or progress, or journey, of the initiate/individual toward their goal, however that goal/ascent/progress/journey is described and/or understood, and/or represented (symbolically, mythologically, or otherwise). Quite often, the journey - the 'way up' - is described as the one between the living and the dead (the next life) or as one from the chthonic (the underworld) to our mortal world; which journey sometimes involves a symbolic/mythological death and then a rebirth.

*the dissolution of the physical body allows that body to be transformed.* ἐν τῇ ἀναλύσει τοῦ σώματος τοῦ ὑλικοῦ παραδίδωσ ἀπὸ τὸ σῶμα εἰς ἀλλοίωσιν. Literally, 'in the dissolution of the material body it hands over that body to alteration'.

*ethos.* ἦθος. Here, ethos in the personal sense; the 'spirit' - the personality - of an individual: their traits, character, disposition, nature, temperament.

#### 25.

*in the first realm.* The sphere of the Moon, the first of the seven planetary/chemical/astrological spheres, realms, or emanations - the ἑβδομάς; hebdomad, septenary system - that, in respect of the journey (ἄνοδος) of the mortal toward immortality, form the basis of, are emanations of, the harmonious cosmic structure (qv. sections 9 and 14). On this journey, the mortal passes through each realm - sphere - in turn.

*which grows and which fades.* Cf. Sextus Empiricus - ταύτην δὲ ἦτοι ἀύξητικὴν ἢ μειωτικὴν [Adversus Mathematicos, IX, 393]

*arrogance of command.* Reading ὑπερηφανίαν not προφανίαν.

26.

*ogdoadic physis.* ὀγδοαδικὴν φύσιν. An interesting and important term, often overlooked and often misinterpreted. What is meant is not a realm - ζώνη - or sphere, similar to but 'beyond' the seven realms, but rather 'of what' the mortal has become, is reborn as, at the end of the journey: partaking in and being of 'the ogdoadic physis', and thus sharing the being/existence of those who have, or who have attained, that particular type of being/existence /physis. The existence, that is, of an immortal beyond the seven emanations.

*with the others there, celebrates the father in song.* ὑμνεῖ σὺν τοῖς οὖσι τὸν πατέρα. Again - qv. section 22 - not 'hymns' in the Christian sense but rather celebrating in song/verse/chant; celebrating the father of this mortal, the parent of all mortals, and ὁ πατήρ τῶν ὄλων, the 'grandfather' of all beings (qv. section 21).

*force.* δύναμις. Cf. section 7. Those forces, those particular powers - or, more precisely, that type (or those types) of being(s) or existence - that are not only beyond the septenary system but beyond the ogdoadic physis of those mortals who have, because of their journey (ἄνοδος) through the septenary system, achieved immortality.

It is therefore easy to understand why some considered there were, or represented their understanding/insight by, 'nine' (seven plus two) fundamental cosmic emanations, or by nine realms or spheres [qv. the quote from Cicero in section 17] - the seven of the hebdomad, plus the one of the 'ogdoadic physis' mentioned here, plus the one (also mentioned here) of what is beyond even this 'ogdoadic physis'. However, as this text describes, there are seven realms or spheres - a seven-fold path to immortality, accessible to living mortals - and then two types of existence (not spheres) beyond these, accessible only after the mortals has journeyed along that path and then, having 'offered up' certain things along the way (their mortal ethos), 'handed over their body to its death'. Ontologically, therefore, the seven might somewhat simplistically be described as partaking of what is 'causal' (of what is mortal) and the two types of existence beyond the seven as partaking of - as being - 'acausal' (of what is immortal). Thus, Pœmandres goes on to say, the former mortal - now immortal - moves on (from this first type of 'acausal existence') to become these forces (beyond the ogdoadic physis) to thus finally 'unite with theos': αὐτοὶ εἰς δυνάμεις ἑαυτοῦ τοὺς παραδιδόασιν καὶ δυνάμεις γενόμενοι ἐν θεῷ γίνονται.

26.

*become united with theos.* ἐν θεῷ γίνονται. Literally, '[they] become in theos', or '[they] enter into theos', although given what follows - θεωθῆναι - what is meant is 'become of/be united with theos', and thus 'become-of' what is no longer mortal but rather both immortal and 'of theos'.

*become of theos.* θεωθῆναι. This does not mean 'made divine/god', or 'achieve divinity' or 'become god/a god', or deification, but rather, having become immortal, to be (re)united with theos and thus, by such a 'becoming', re-present (become-of) in that new (acausal) existence the numinosity of theos, and which return and re-presentation is the real aim of our mortal lives and the function of λόγος, and of the λόγοι (such as pneumatic logos and the phasical logos). That is, as explained in some of the rather neglected works of Maximus of Constantinople [qv. Migne Patrologiae Graeca, 90 and 91], Θεώσις in the sense of reunited with theos - ultimately because of ἀγάπη - without actually being or becoming 'a divinity' or 'God':

τῆς ἐπὶ τῷ θεωθῆναι τὸν ἄνθρωπον μυστικῆς ἐνεργείας λήψεται πέρας κατὰ πάντα τρόπον χωρὶς μόνης δηλονότι τῆς πρὸς αὐτὸν κατ' οὐσίαν ταυτότητος. *Quaestiones ad Thalassium de Scriptura Sacra*, XXII [Patrologiae Graeca, 90, c.0318]

the end of the opus mysterium of human beings becoming of Theos can be in all ways except one, namely that of having the identity of His Essence

*the noble goal.* τὸ ἀγαθὸν τέλος. This might well be taken as an axiom of the 'hermetic' weltanschauung presented in this tractate. In respect of ἀγαθός as honourable/noble, see the note in section 22.

*those who seek to acquire knowledge.* Given the use here of the word γνῶσις, the sense could be interpreted, and has by others been interpreted, to mean 'those who seek to acquire/attain gnosis'.

*other mortals can - through theos - escape.* I take the sense of σώζω here to be 'escape', for the English word 'saved' now imposes, after nearly two thousand years of scriptural exegesis and preaching, various religious preconceptions on the text. Also, the usual translation of 'saved by god' is somewhat at variance with the hermetic/gnostic weltanschauung which suggests a progression - ἄνοδος - through the realms/spheres in order to attain immortality.

For the 'escape' is from the mortal to the immortal, and therefore to be 'saved', because of theos, so that (qv. section 21) they can "progress to return

to Life"

27.

*joined with those forces.* The meaning here is somewhat obscure, although it possibly signifies that Pœmandres leaves the mortal realm and rejoins - returns to - his existence, beyond the hebdomad, where those forces/powers exist.

*an insight of great importance.* μεγίστην θέαν. An important 'insight into' the workings of the cosmos, immortality, and the nature of mortals, rather than 'a vision' or a 'revelation'.

*awareness of the numinous.* See the note on 'aware of the numinous'/εύσεβέω in section 22.

*earth-bound mortals.* ἄνδρες γηγενεῖς. The literal meaning is 'earth-born mortals', which is rather obscure here, although what is meant is probably not the somewhat pejorative 'primordial/primitive' type [qv. ἔστι ἐν τῇ ἀκροπόλει ταύτῃ Ἐρεχθέος τοῦ γηγενέος λεγομένου εἶναι νηός, Herodotus, 8.55; and ἄλλοι δὲ γηγενεῖς καὶ χαλκᾶσπιδας, Strabo, 10.3] nor even the 'earthy/rural' type [qv. μὴ μισήσης ἐπίπονον ἐργασίαν καὶ γεωργίαν ὑπὸ Ὑψίστου ἐκτισμένην, LXX, Sirach 7.15] but rather the contrast, mentioned in section 15, between those 'deathful of body' and the 'deathlessness of the inner mortal'; with a similar contrast occurring in Plato [οὐδὲν γὰρ γηγενὲς Ὀλυμπίων ἐντιμότερον ἀλλ' ὁ περὶ ψυχῆς ἄλλως δοξάζων ἀγνοεῖ ὡς θαυμαστοῦ τούτου κτήματος ἀμελεῖ, Laws 727e]. Hence my suggestion of 'earth-bound', which is apposite considering what follows - οἱ μέθη καὶ ὕπνω ἑαυτοῦς ἐκδε δωκότες.

*sleepfulness.* To translate ὕπνος here as simply 'sleep' is not particularly helpful to the reader, as what seems to be implied is not normal everyday 'sleep' - a necessity for all humans - since such normal healthy sleep is a strange companion for 'intoxicating liquor'. Regarding ὕπνος, Jebb in his commentary on *Antigone* in respect of ὕπνος ὁ παντογῆρως (v.606) mentioned that "sleep, the renewer of vigour, could not be described as 'bringing old age to all'. Nor can the epithet be explained as 'enfeebling all', in the sense of 'subduing them'; nor, again, as 'attending on all, even to old age'," which led him to write that παντογῆρως was probably corrupt and to suggest, as some others had done, an emendation.

The fact that sleep personified, as Hypnos/Somnus, is the brother of Death [qv. ἔνθ' Ὑπνω ξύμβλητο κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτῳ, Iliad, 14.231] is also in favour of normal, healthy, sleep not being meant, as does what follows -

θελγόμενοι ὑπνω ἀλόγῳ. Thus a possible alternative would be to interpret ὑπνος here somewhat metaphorically, either as a 'state of mind' (such as 'sleepwalking through life') or as something akin to soporation (an underused English word, from the Latin) with the meaning here of 'an inclination or a tendency to sleep excessively or unnecessarily; to be inactive, drowsy, sleepful; disconnected from reality'. Hence my tentative interpretation - 'sleepfulness'.

*unknowing of theos.* ἀγνωσία τοῦ θεοῦ. Unknowing is a more suitable English word - given its meaning, usage (past and present) and given the context - than 'ignorance'

*stop your drunkenness.* παύσασθε δὲ κραιπαλῶντες. Literally, 'cease to be intoxicated'. It is interesting to compare this preaching to what Plutarch wrote about Demosthenes:

ὀδυρομένου δὲ τοῦ Δημοσθένους πρὸς αὐτόν ὅτι πάντων φιλοπονώτατος ὢν τῶν λεγόντων καὶ μικροῦ δέων καταναλωκέναι τὴν τοῦ σώματος ἀκμὴν εἰς τοῦτο χάριν οὐκ ἔχει πρὸς τὸν δῆμον, ἀλλὰ κραιπαλῶντες ἄνθρωποι ναῦται καὶ ἀμαθεῖς ἀκούονται καὶ κατέχουσι τὸ βῆμα, παρορᾶται δ' αὐτός [Demosthenes, 7.1]

To him, Demosthenes complained that although he was an industrious orator and had expended much bodily vigour in pursuing that duty, he was not favoured by the people who ignored him but listened to those who were intoxicated, the ignorant, and sailors, when they and their like held the floor.

## 28.

*change your ways.* μετανοήσατε. Not 'repent', which imposes a particular religious interpretation upon the text.

*have kinship with the unknowing ones.* συγκοινωνήσαντες τῇ ἀγνοίᾳ. Kinship in the sense of being 'kindred spirits', or 'fellow travellers'.

*dark phaos.* σκοτεινοῦ φωτός. An interesting phrase, lost in translation when φως is translated as 'light'. See the note on phaos in section 4.

## 29.

*threw themselves down at my feet.* ἑαυτοὺς πρὸ ποδῶν μου ῥίψαντε. A literal translation, although, given what follows, it seems unlikely that this is a metaphorical expression of their eagerness to learn. Indeed, this whole section seems rather at variance with the rest of the text - especially

considering the following καθοδηγὸς ἐγενόμην τοῦ γένους - although perhaps 'the guide', having only just been informed of certain esoteric matters by Pœmandres, is here in this section somewhat obliquely revealing that he himself has yet (qv. section 25) to offer up "that eagerness which deceives; the arrogance of command; profane insolence."

*became a guide to those of my kind.* That is, not 'a guide to my race/mankind' but a guide to those who, seeking immortality, desire to undertake the journey through the seven spheres and thus are akin to - of the same type as - the guide.

*informing them of the logoi.* τοὺς λόγους διδάσκων. The logoi [plural of logos] are - qv. the note on θεωθῆναι in section 26 - the various apparent forms (or emanations) of the logos, and include the pneumatic logos, the phaomal logos, and the logos kyrios, previously mentioned in the text. They are often considered to be how the logos is sometimes manifest to us, as mortals who are yet to begin or are yet to progress far along the septenary path toward immortality. Furthermore, those who are on the journey - following the way to theos - are also logoi.

*logoi of sapientia.* σοφίας λόγους. Something more than just 'words of [the] wisdom' is meant, especially as the English word 'wisdom' does not fully reflect the meaning (and the various shades) of σοφία, especially in a metaphysical (or esoteric) context, in this case of 'the opus mysterium'. The use here, in my translation, of the terms *logoi* and *sapientia* is intended - as with transliterations such as phaos - to cause the reader to pause and perhaps engender in them a certain curiosity as to what the terms may, or may not, mean, suggest, or imply, and to thus (and hopefully) convey something about the original text.

*celestial elixir.* ἀμβροσίου ὕδατος. Literally, 'ambrosial water'; the food/drink that, in mythology, confers and maintains the immortality of the gods and chosen mortals.

### 30.

*temperance of [the] psyche.* τῆς ψυχῆς νῆψις. Again transliterating ψυχῆς, since the English word 'soul' imposes particular - religious/philosophical, and/or modern - meanings on the text, whereas it may well be used here in its classical/Hellenic sense of 'spark' (or breath) of life; that is, as referring to that 'thing' (principle, or cause) which animates mortal beings making them 'alive', and which principle or cause was also personified as Psyche.

*genuine insight.* ἀληθινὴ ὄρασις. Cf. μεγίστην θέαν in section 27.

*expression of the logos.* It not clear how or in what form this manifestation of the logos occurs, although the context - of silence - might suggest that 'utterance' or 'speech' is not meant.

*the logos of authority.* τῆς ἀϑεντίας λόγου. A similar expression occurs in section 3 also in reference to Ροemandres - τῆς ἀϑεντίας νοῦς, the perceivoration of authority.

*this revealing.* I take the sense of ἀληθείας here to be not some abstract (undefined, probably contentious and thus possibly undefinable) 'truth' but rather as a revealing of what is 'genuine' as distinct from what is mere 'appearance'. Here, literally, 'the revealing' - of the nature of mortals, of the way to immortality, of logos and of theos.

### 31.

*Agios o theos, father of all beings.* ἅγιος ὁ θεὸς καὶ πατὴρ τῶν ὅλων. For πατὴρ τῶν ὅλων, see the note in section 22.

I have given, as an intimation, a transliteration of the first part, as these are doxologies, similar to the Kyrie eleison [Κύριε ἐλέησον], and much (if not all) of their numinous/sacred/mystical/esoteric quality and meaning are lost when they are translated into plain - or into archaic, KJV type - English. Although they are best read/recited in the original Greek, the Latin preserves much of the numinosity of these and other such doxologies. The Latin of the nine doxologies given here is:

Sanctus deus pater universorum.  
Sanctus deus, cuius consilium ad finem deducitur a propriis  
potentiis.  
Sanctus deus, qui cognosci vult et cognoscitur a suis.  
Sanctus es, qui verbo constituisti entia omnia.  
Sanctus es, cuius universa natura imago nata est.  
Sanctus es, quem natura non formavit.  
Sanctus es, qui omni potentia es fortior.  
Sanctus es, qui omni excellentia es maior.  
Sanctus es, qui omnes superas laudes.

The Greek text is:

ἅγιος ὁ θεὸς καὶ πατὴρ τῶν ὅλων.  
ἅγιος ὁ θεὸς, οὗ ἡ βουλή τελεῖται ἀπὸ τῶν ἰδίων δυνάμεων.  
ἅγιος ὁ θεός, ὃς γνωσθῆναι βούλεται καὶ γινώσκεται τοῖς ἰδίοις.  
ἅγιος εἶ, ὁ λόγῳ συστησάμενος τὰ ὄντα.

ἅγιος εἶ, οὗ πᾶσα φύσις εἰκὼν ἔφυ.  
ἅγιος εἶ, ὃν ἡ φύσις οὐκ ἐμόρφωσεν.  
ἅγιος εἶ, ὁ πάσης δυνάμεως ἰσχυρότερος.  
ἅγιος εἶ, ὁ πάσης ὑπεροχῆς μείζων.  
ἅγιος εἶ, ὁ κρείττων τῶν ἐπαίνων.

ἅγιος ὁ approximates to 'Numinous is' [theos] - qv. the note on ἅγιος in section 5 - and ἅγιος εἶ to 'Numinous are' [you].

As to why there are nine doxologies, it may be (and probably is) just a coincidence, or it may reflect the 7+2 structure of the 7 causal aspects (the hebdomad) and the 2 'acausal' modes of being beyond them (qv. the note on δύναμις in section 26).

*his own arts.* I take the sense of δυνάμεων here to be not 'powers', forces (or something similar) but 'arts'; that is, those abilities, qualities, skills, and strengths - of the 'artisan-creator' - which are inherent in theos and express the very nature of theos. Abilities, qualities, skills, and strengths, which an artisan - with assistance and help and instruction from theos, the chief artisan - uses, for example, to 'fashion seven viziers' and the 'fine artisements of physis'. See sections 9-13 and the notes thereon.

*whose disposition is to be recognized.* γνωσθῆναι here with γινώσκειται is not exactly the straightforward '[who] wills/desires to be known' but rather the more subtle '[whose] disposition is to be recognized', and (i) disposition/inclination as an expression of the nature, the very being, of theos, (ii) to be recognized in the sense of to be perceived for who and what theos is, in essence, in very being. Those who so recognize theos - who thus understand and 'appreciate' theos and are cognizant of the type of Being theos is - are those who partake in some way, or who re-present or emanate, or who 'imitate' [qv. Thomas à Kempis, The Imitation of Christ] the nature of that Being; and which Being is therefore 'recognized/understood by those who are of his [type of] being,' although the Greek literally means "is recognized by his own".

*Agios es.* For ἅγιος εἶ. Combining the Latin with the Greek, for readability and expressiveness.

*form all being.* In both senses of the term 'form' - constitute, and form being into beings and which beings are or can be re-united with Being (theos) by logos.

*you who engender all physis as eikon.* The meaning and significance of this are often overlooked and often lost in translation. I have transliterated εἰκὼν

as here it does not only mean what the English words 'image' or 'likeness' suggest or imply, but rather it is similar to what Maximus of Constantinople in his *Mystagogia* [Patrologiae Graeca, 91, c.0658] explains. Which is of we humans, and the cosmos, and Nature, and psyche, as eikons, although according to Maximus it is the Christian church itself (as manifest and embodied in Jesus of Nazareth and the Apostles and their successors and in scripture) which, being the eikon of God, enables we humans to recognize this, recognize God, be in communion with God, return to God, and thus find and fulfil the meaning of our being, our existence.

According to the hermetic weltanschauung, as outlined by Pœmandres here, all physis - the being, nature, character, of beings - their essence beyond the form/appearance their being is or assumes or is perceived as - re-presents (manifests, is an eikon of) theos. That is, the physis of beings can be considered not only as an emanation of theos but as re-presenting his Being, his essence. To recognize this, to recognize theos, to be in communion with theos, to return to theos, and thus become immortal, there is the way up (anados) through the seven spheres:

Thus does the mortal hasten through the harmonious structure, offering up, in the first realm, that vigour which grows and which fades, and - in the second one - those dishonourable machinations, no longer functioning. In the third, that eagerness which deceives, no longer functioning; in the fourth, the arrogance of command, no longer insatiable; in the fifth, profane insolence and reckless haste; in the sixth, the bad inclinations occasioned by riches, no longer functioning; and in the seventh realm, the lies that lie in wait.

[Section 25]

*you whom the Physis did not morph.* Given the construction - ὄν ἡ φύσις - I have capitalized Physis here (see sections 14 and 17]. By 'morph' is meant what the Greek term (ἐμόρφωσεν) implies, which is 'shape or transform' into some-thing-else, to give some-thing the 'semblance' of theos . That is, theos was, is, and remains, theos; there is no-thing resembling theos.

*you who are mightier than all artifice.* The artifice - the works, expedients, skill, manifestations, artissements, products, machinations, ingenuity, the 'domination', and the force - of others.

It is interesting to compare this might, the strength and power of theos, with what Epictetus writes about human strength in his *Discourses*:

οὔτε τύραννος κωλύσει με θέλοντα οὔτε δεσπότης οὔτε οἱ πολλοὶ τὸν ἕνα οὔθ' ὁ ἰσχυρότερος τὸν ἀσθενέστερον: τοῦτο γὰρ ἀκώλυτον δέδοται ὑπὸ τοῦ θεοῦ ἐκάστῳ [4.5]

neither a tyrannos nor some Lord shall negate my intent; nor some crowd although I be just one; nor someone stronger although I be weaker, since such unhindrance is a gift, to everyone, from theos

*wordful*. The expressive term 'wordful' is more suitable here than 'speech', and also contrasts well with 'ineffable' and 'inexpressible'.

32.

*the knowledge*. For τῆς γνώσεως, although 'acquiring the knowledge' and 'the gnosis' are alternatives, so that with the latter it reads "I ask of you to grant that I am not foiled in the gnosis germane to our essence", with the phrase 'our essence' referring to the essence - οὐσία - of both mortals and theos.

favour. χάρις. A gift, favour, or kindness, here from theos [χάρις θεοῦ] and which type of gift is also mentioned in the New Testament (for example, Luke, 2.40). See also the quotation from Irenaeus in the note on *the father of all beings* in section 21.

*the unknowing*. In respect of 'unknowing' see the note in section 27.

*who are your children*. In respect of υἱὸς as the gender neutral 'child', rather than 'son', see the note on υἱὸς θεοῦ in section 6, and also the note on gender neutrality under ἀναγνωρίσας ἑαυτὸν in section 19.

*share in [your] numinosity*. For συναγιάζειν.

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## Appendix

### Some Examples Regarding Translation and Questions of Interpretation

#### Interpretation and The Question of Sin

I incline toward the view that in translations into English it is often best to avoid words that impose or seem to impose a meaning on an ancient text especially if the sense that an English word now imputes is the result of centuries of assumptions or opinions or influences and thus has acquired a modern meaning, or an interpretation [1], somewhat at variance with the culture, the milieu, of the time when the text that is being translated was

written. Especially so in the matter of religious or spiritual texts where so many people rely or seem to rely on the translations, the interpretations, of others and where certain interpretations seem to have become fixed. [2]

Thus, it may be helpful if one can suggest, however controversial or iconoclastic they may seem in their time, reasoned alternatives for certain words important for a specific and a general understanding of a particular text, and helpful because such alternatives might enable a new appreciation of such a text, as if for instance one is reading it for the first time with the joy of discovery.

For example, one of the prevalent English words used in translations of the New Testament, and one of the words now commonly associated with revealed religions such as Christianity and Islam, is sin. A word which now imputes and for centuries has imputed a particular and at times somewhat strident if not harsh moral attitude, with sinners starkly contrasted with the righteous and the saved, and with sin, what is evil, what is perverse, to be shunned and shudderingly avoided.

One of the oldest usages of the word sin - so far discovered - is in the c. 880 CE translation of the c. 525 CE text *Consolatio Philosophiae*, a translation attributed to King Ælfred. Here, the Old English spelling of syn is used:

Ʒæt is swiðe dyslic & swiðe micel syn Ʒæt mon Ʒæs wenan scyle be Gode

The context of the original Latin of Boethius [3] is cogitare, in relation to a dialogue about goodness and God, so that the sense of the Latin is that it is incorrect - an error, wrong - to postulate/claim/believe certain things about God. There is thus here, in Boethius, as in early English texts such as Beowulf [4], the sense of doing what was wrong, of committing an error, of making a mistake, of being at fault; at most of overstepping the bounds, of transgressing limits imposed by others, and thus being 'guilty' of such an infraction, a sense which the suggested etymology of the word syn implies: from the Latin sons, sontis.

Thus, this early usage of the English word syn seems to impart a sense somewhat different from what we now associate with the word sin, which is why in my translation of John 8.7 I eschew that much overused and now often pejorative word in order to try and convey something of the numinous original:

So, as they continued to ask [for an answer] he straightened himself, saying to them: Let he who has never made a mistake [

Αναμαρτητος ] throw the first stone at her.

ὡς δὲ ἐπέμενον ἐρωτῶντες αὐτόν, ἀνέκυψεν καὶ εἶπεν αὐτοῖς·  
ὁ ἀναμαρτητος ὑμῶν πρῶτος ἐπ' αὐτὴν βαλέτω λίθον.

Jesus here is not, in my view, sermonizing about sin, as a puritan preacher might, and as if he is morally superior to and has judged the sinners. Instead, he is rather gently and as a human pointing out an obvious truth about our human nature; explaining, in v.11, that he has not judged her conduct:

ἡ δὲ εἶπεν· οὐδεὶς, κύριε. εἶπεν δὲ ὁ Ἰησοῦς· οὐδὲ ἐγὼ σε  
κατακρίνω· πορεύου, ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν μηκέτι ἀμάρτανε

[And] she answered, No one, my Lord. Whereupon Jesus replied  
Neither do I judge [κατακρίνω] you, therefore go, and avoid errors  
such as those. [5]

Such a translation avoids the rather contradictory nature of most other translations which have Jesus clearly stating that he also does not judge her but then have him go on to say that she should 'sin no more' with the obvious implication that he has indeed judged her in that in his judgement she had indeed sinned before.

Understood and appreciated thus, sans the now somewhat culturally-biased word sin, these passages from the gospel according to John - together with passages such as Luke 19.10 and Romans 13.10 [6] - perhaps usefully summarize the evangel of Jesus of Nazareth; the (in my view) rather human message of avoiding judging others because we ourselves are prone to error; the message of love, and the message of redemption (forgiveness) for those who in the past have made mistakes but who have thereafter tried to avoid making such mistakes again, those hitherto perhaps damaged or lost.

In respect of ἀμαρτάνω [7] consider, for example, Matthew 18.21:

Τότε προσελθὼν ὁ Πέτρος εἶπεν [αὐτῷ] Κύριε, ποσάκις ἀμαρτήσῃ  
εἰς ἐμὲ ὁ ἀδελφός μου καὶ ἀφήσω αὐτῷ; ἕως ἐπτάκις

Peter then approached [προσέρχομαι] him saying My Lord, how  
often [ποσάκις] may my brother fail [ἀμαρτάνω] me and be ignored  
[ἀφήμι]? Up to seven times?

Which is somewhat different from the usual "how many times shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him."

The problem of sometimes projecting modern interpretations onto ancient texts by the injudicious use, in a translation, of a particular English word is especially relevant in the matter of the Quran, for it seems to be increasingly common for someone reliant on translations - on the interpretations of meaning given by others - to misunderstand the text of the Quran and then, from that misunderstanding, form a somewhat misconceived opinion about the Quran in particular and Islam in general.

For example, an ayah [verse] often (mis)quoted is Ayah 151 of Surah Al 'Imran, which is usually interpreted as "Soon shall we cast terror into the hearts of the unbelievers."

However, the word 'terror' is an inappropriate interpretation for several reasons. The Arabic of Ayah 151 of Surah Al 'Imran is:

سَنُلْقِي فِي قُلُوبِ الَّذِينَ كَفَرُوا الرُّعْبَ بِمَا أَشْرَكُوا بِاللَّهِ مَا لَمْ يُنَزَّلْ بِهِ سُلْطَانًا وَمَأْوَاهُمُ  
النَّارُ وَيَسْ مَثْوَى الظَّالِمِينَ

[Transliteration: sanulqi fee qulubi allazeena kafaroo l-ruba bima ashらく bil-lahi ma lam yunazzil bihi sultanam wamawhumu l-naru wabisa mathwa l-zalimeena ]

Does الرُّعْبُ imply 'terror' as the aforementioned interpretation suggests, along with all that the modern English word terror now implies, as in the difficult to define term terrorism? No, it does not; rather, the Arabic implies *the fear/the dread* and 'the astonishment/awe' - that is, that human feeling inspired by apprehending or experiencing some-thing supernaturally or extraordinarily powerful and numinous; for example, an Ayah (Sign) of Allah, Al-Khaliq, Al-Azim, Al-Jalil. The kind of fear/trembling/awe/astonishment felt, for instance and importantly, by the Apostles when, as recounted in Luke 24.37, they witnessed Jesus alive after the crucifixion.

That is, I suggest that what is referred to in Ayah 151 of Surah Al 'Imran - as in the other four Ayat where الرُّعْبُ / رُعْبًا occur - is similar to the 'suffusion with fear' and the 'being scared' that occurs and has occurred, as recounted in both Christian scripture and the Quran, when a mortal is (a) confronted by God/Allah or some-thing divine/numinous/awe-inspiring, and/or (b) has such fear, and such a being scared, thrust into their hearts by God/Allah, as a Sign, a warning, or as mention of their fate.

In respect of Luke 24.37, for instance, the Greek text is:

πτοηθέντες δὲ καὶ ἔμφοβοι γενόμενοι ἐδόκουν πνεῦμα θεωρεῖν

The term *ἔμφοβος* means 'suffused with/by phobos' - held/gripped by fear; timorous - and occurs in Sirach 19.24 and Luke 24.5, the latter of which is very interesting: ἐμόβων δὲ γενομένων αὐτῶν καὶ κλινουσῶν τὰ πρόσωπα εἰς τὴν γῆν εἶπαν πρὸς αὐτάς Τί ζητεῖτε τὸν ζῶντα μετὰ τῶν νεκρῶν. That is, suffused with phobos, they assumed a posture of submission/reverence /respect by bowing their heads; in effect prostrating themselves in the presence of some-thing divine/numinous/awe-inspiring. Since πνεῦμα - pneuma - here implies apparition or ghost, and πτοηθεντες suggests they were 'scared' (cf. Odyssey 22.298 - τῶν δὲ φρένες ἐπτοίηθεν) then Luke 24.37 could be translated as "But they, suffused with fear and scared, felt that they saw an apparition." [8]

My, admittedly fallible, view now - after some years of reflexion and study - is that, in an English interpretation of the meaning of a work as revered, and misunderstood, as the Quran, English words in common usage must be carefully chosen, with many common words avoided, and that it would sometimes be better to choose an unusual or even archaic word in order to try and convey something of the sense of the Arabic. Thus, with a careful interpretation common misunderstandings of the text - by those unversed in Arabic - can possibly be avoided, especially if - as might be the case with unusual words - the reader has to pause to consider the meaning or make the effort to find the meaning, if only in a glossary appended to the interpretation. A pause and/or an effort that is suited to reading a work revered by millions of people around the world.

In the matter of Ayah 151 of Surah Al 'Imran, a possible interpretation of meaning therefore is:

Into the hearts of they who disbelieve We shall hurl redurre because they, without any authority revealed about such things, associate others with Allah; and for their home: The Fire, that harrowing resting place of the unjust.

Here, I have used the unusual English word redurre, with a meaning of 'awe combined with a trembling fear'. A word suggested by its occurrence in religious works by Richard Rolle and John Gower, and also by texts such as Morte Arthure [9] and which word therefore places this Ayah from the Quran into the correct context, which is that of a religious revelation, a spiritual message, comparable to that of Christianity, and of the particular ontology that Islam offers as answers to questions concerning the meaning and the purpose of our mortal lives; of how that purpose may be attained; and thus of what wisdom is. Answers which have nothing whatsoever to do with 'terrorism', or even with 'terror' as that word is now commonly understood.

### The Art of Translation, and A Question About Time

One question of possibly projecting modern interpretations onto ancient texts by the injudicious use of a particular English word, occurred to me some twenty years ago during my translation of the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, and concerned the Greek word χρόνος. This is almost always translated as 'time', a word we now associate with a regular linearity - of past-present-future - measured in terms of the minutes, hours, and fixed days, of a reliable timepiece such as a watch or clock.

In the classical world of Homer and Sophocles, this type of reliable, linear, regularity was almost unknown, with χρόνος thus sometimes denoting some ill-defined period - long or short - and with the passing of a year, for example, often determined by the changes of the seasons, and which seasons themselves were marked in their arrival by the appearance of certain constellations in the night sky, something beautifully expressed by Aeschylus at the beginning of the Agamemnon:

θεοὺς μὲν αἰτῶ τῶνδ' ἀπαλλαγὴν πόνων  
φρουρᾶς ἑτείας μῆκος, ἦν κοιμώμενος  
στέγαις Ἀτρειδῶν ἄγκαθεν, κυνὸς δίκην,  
ἄστρον κάτοιδα νυκτέρων ὀμήγυριν,  
καὶ τοὺς φέροντας χειῖμα καὶ θέρος βροτοῖς  
λαμπροὺς δυνάστας, ἐμπρέποντας αἰθέρι  
ἀστέρας, ὅταν φθίνωσιν, ἀντολάς τε τῶν.  
καὶ νῦν φυλάσσω λαμπάδος τό σύμβολον,  
αὐγὴν πυρὸς φέρουσιν ἐκ Τροίας φάτιν  
ἀλώσιμόν τε βάζειν: ὧδε γὰρ κρατεῖ  
γυναικὸς ἀνδρόβουλον ἐλπίζον κέαρ.

Again I have asked the gods to deliver me from this toil,  
This vigil a year in length, where I repose  
On Atreidae's roof on my arms, as is the custom with dogs  
Looking toward the nightly assembly of constellations  
And they who bring to mortals the storm-season and the summer:  
Those radiant sovereigns, distinguished in the heavens  
As stars when they come forth or pass away.  
And still I keep watch for the sign of the beacon,  
The light of the fire which will bring report of Troy,  
Announcing it is captured.  
For such is the command  
And expectation of that woman with a man's resolve.

However, in Oedipus Tyrannus, Sophocles has the memorable phrase καί μ' ἤμαρ ἤδη ξυμμετρούμενον χρόνω, indicating something not only about χρόνος but also about the classical world and (importantly) about the character of Oedipus. The phrase is therefore worth quoting in context:

ὦ παῖδες οἰκτροί, γνωτὰ κούκ ἄγνωτά μοι  
προσήλθεθ' ἰμείροντες: εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι  
νοσεῖτε πάντες, καὶ νοσοῦντες, ὡς ἐγὼ  
οὐκ ἔστιν ὑμῶν ὅστις ἐξ ἴσου νοσεῖ.  
τὸ μὲν γὰρ ὑμῶν ἄλγος εἰς ἓν ἔρχεται  
μόνον καθ' αὐτὸν κούδέν' ἄλλον, ἡ δ' ἐμὴ  
ψυχὴ πόλιν τε κάμει καὶ σ' ὁμοῦ στένει.  
ὥστ' οὐχ ὑπνω γ' εὐδοντά μ' ἐξεγείρετε,  
ἀλλ' ἴστε πολλὰ μὲν με δακρύσαντα δῆ,  
πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις:  
ἦν δ' εὖ σκοπῶν ἠῦρισκον ἴασι μόνην,  
ταύτην ἔπραξα: παῖδα γὰρ Μειοικέως  
Κρέοντ', ἐμαυτοῦ γαμβρόν, ἐς τὰ Πυθικὰ  
ἔπεμψα Φοίβου δώμαθ', ὡς πύθοιθ' ὅ τι  
δρῶν ἢ τί φωνῶν τήνδε ῥυσαίμην πόλιν.  
καί μ' ἤμαρ ἤδη ξυμμετρούμενον χρόνω 73  
λυπεῖ τί πράσσει: τοῦ γὰρ εἰκότος πέρα  
ἄπεστι πλείω τοῦ καθήκοντος χρόνου.  
ὅταν δ' ἴκηται, τήνικαῦτ' ἐγὼ κακὸς  
μὴ δρῶν ἂν εἶην πάνθ' ὅσ' ἂν δηλοῖ θεός.

You, my children, who lament - I know, for I am not without knowledge,  
Of the desire which brings you here. For well do I see  
All your sufferings - and though you suffer, it is I  
And not one of you that suffers the most.  
For your pain comes to each of you  
By itself, with nothing else, while my psyche  
Mourns for myself, for you and the clan.  
You have not awakened me from a resting sleep  
For indeed you should know of my many tears  
And the many paths of reflection I have wandered upon and tried.  
And, as I pondered, I found one cure  
Which I therefore took. The son of Menoeceus,  
Creon - he who is my kin by marriage - I have sent to that Pythian dwelling  
Of Phoebus to learn how I  
By word or deed can give deliverance to the clan.  
But I have already measured the duration  
And am concerned: for where is he? He is longer than expected

For his absence is, in duration, greater than is necessary.  
Yet when he does arrive, it would dishonourable  
For me not to act upon all that the gods makes clear.

vv.58-77

To translate χρόνος in v.73 abstractly as 'time' is therefore to overlook not only the context - of a world where the seasons were often determined by observation of the night sky - but also the significance of what Oedipus says. For he has, out of his urgent concern for both his people and himself - out of fear of the wrake of the gods - gone to the trouble to determine how long Creon's journey should take and to measure/calculate/record, or to have someone do this for him, precisely how long Creon has been away.

A pedantic point, possibly; but one which perhaps illustrates the engaging art of translation and the possibilities of interpretation, and of misinterpretation, that exist.

### Notes

[1] By *interpretation* here is meant (i) commentaries (academic, theological, and otherwise); (ii) explanations (critical, and otherwise); (iii) translations; and - most importantly - (iv) a seeking of the meaning of (a) both the text (in whole and in parts) and (b) of the words and terms used.

[2] One misused English word is 'terror', often used to translate الرَّعْبَ in Ayah 151 of Surah Al 'Imran. See below: *Translation and Al-Quran*.

[3] Quare quod a summo bono diversum est sui natura, id summum bonum non est; quod nefas est de eo cogitare, quo nihil constat esse praestantius. *Consolatio Philosophiae*, Liber Tertius, pr. x

[4] Beowulf, 2470f, where the spelling synn is used:

eaferum laefde, swa deð eadig mon,  
lond ond leodbyrig, þa he of life gewat.  
þa wæs synn ond sacu Sweona ond Geata  
ofer wid wæter, wroht gemæne,  
herenið hearda, syððan Hreðel swealt

[5] The conventional interpretation of ἀπο τοῦ νῦν μηκέτι ἀμάρτανε is "from now on sin no more".

[6] Luke 19.10:

ἦλθεν γὰρ ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ζητῆσαι καὶ σῶσαι τὸ ἀπολωλός

The arrivance [ἔρχομαι] of the Son of Man was to seek and to save what was lost

However, a more interesting interpretation is:

The arrivance of the Son of Man was to seek and to repair [σώζω] what had been damaged [ἀπόλλυμι]

and which interpretation is suggested by (i) the sense of σώζω: keep safe, preserve, maintain - whence repair, and (ii) the sense of ἀπόλλυμι: destroy, ruin, kill, demolish, and - metaphorically - damaged, lost, and die.

Romans 13.10:

ἡ ἀγάπη τῷ πλησίον κακὸν οὐκ ἐργάζεται· πλήρωμα οὖν νόμου ἡ ἀγάπη

love brings no harm to the neighbour; love is the completion of the law

[7] ἀμαρτάνω classically implies a failure, mistake, an error, deprivation, loss, to miss/fail. qv (i) Sophocles, Oedipus Tyrannus:

ὅταν ταχύς τις οὐπιβουλεύων λάθρα  
χωρῆ, ταχὺν δεῖ κάμει βουλεύειν πάλιν:  
εἰ δ' ἡσυχάζων προσμενῶ, τὰ τοῦδε μὲν  
πεπραγμέν' ἔσται, τὰ μὰ δ' ἡμαρτημένα 621

But when there is a plot against me which is swiftly and furtively  
Moving forward, then I must be swift in opposing that plot  
Since if I remain at rest, then indeed  
What is about to be done, will be - because of my mistake.

and (ii) Aeschylus, Agamemnon:

ὀφλῶν γὰρ ἀρπαγῆς τε καὶ κλοπῆς δίκην  
τοῦ ῥυσίου θ' ἤμαρτε καὶ πανώλεθρον 535  
αὐτόχθονον πατρῶον ἔθρισεν δόμον.

The penalty for the pillage and theft was fair -  
He lost his booty and completely ruined  
His own land with his father's family cut down

[8] On a pedantic note, I understand δοκέω as meaning here not the conventional unemotional 'suppose/thought' nor (worse) 'opinion' but rather as 'felt' in the sense of experiencing (as they do) an intense and personal feeling. Hence my rendering that they "felt that they saw..."

[9] John Gower, *Confessio Amantis* [written 1390 ce]

That thogh thi love more drawe  
And peise in the balance more,  
Thou miht noght axe ayein therfore  
Of duete, bot al of grace.  
For love is lord in every place,  
Ther mai no lawe him justefie  
Be reddour ne be compaignie,  
That he ne wole after his wille  
Whom that him liketh spede or spille

(Book 5, v. 4558) *The Complete Works of John Gower*.  
Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1899-1902

Morte Arthure [written c. 1400 ce]

That thow ne schall rowte ne ryste vndyr the heuene ryche, þofe  
thow for reddour of Rome ryne to þe erthe [108-109]

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May 2013 Edition

## Myngath

**Some Recollections of a Wyrdful and Extremist Life  
by David Myatt**



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## **Contents**

### *Part One*

- Apologia
- Early Years
- Ecce Ego Contra
- Facies Abyssi

### *Part Two*

- Sensus Internus
- Pathei-Mathos
- The Numinous Way/Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos

Appendix 1 - Pathei-Mathos - Genesis of My Unknowing

Appendix 2 - The Development of the Numinous Way

Appendix 3 - Ethos of Extremism

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## **Part One**

### **Apologia**

This work is a concise recalling - as an aural recollection to a friend, recorded and then transcribed - of some events in my wyrdful and sometimes quite eventful life. A concise recalling of some events (with much left unwritten), because it is the essence of this particular life, recalled, that in my fallible view is or rather may be instructive, and I have tried to present this essence in a truthful way and thus be honest about my failings, my mistakes, my past activities, and my feelings at the time.

As a friend who read a draft of Myngath commented, "It is a strange work because the supra-personal adventures gradually give way to very personal encounters..."

Which in many ways sums up my life - a hubriatic quest, by an arrogant selfish opinionated violent young man, which led to involvement with various extremisms and certain dubious activities; then, via πάθει μάθος, to a certain critical self-understanding often, or mostly, deriving from personal relationships; then to a rejection of all extremism; and finally to the

development of a rather mystical philosophy - the philosophy of *pathei-mathos* - based on empathy and personal virtues such as compassion and humility.

A somewhat strange life, therefore; although, as I wrote in *Pathei-Mathos, Genesis of My Unknowing*:

"There are no excuses for my extremist past, for the suffering I caused to loved ones, to family, to friends, to those many more, those far more, 'unknown others' who were or who became the 'enemies' posited by some extremist ideology. No excuses because the extremism, the intolerance, the hatred, the violence, the inhumanity, the prejudice were mine; my responsibility, born from and expressive of my character; and because the discovery of, the learning of, the need to live, to regain, my humanity arose because of and from others and not because of me.

Thus what exposed my hubris - what for me broke down that certitude-of-knowing which extremism breeds and re-presents - was not something I did; not something I achieved; not something related to my character, my nature, at all. Instead, it was a gift offered to me by others..."

DWM  
2010

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## **Early Years**

### *Africa*

My earliest - and some of my fondest - memories are of colonial Africa in the 1950s, where I, as a quite young child, spent many happy years. There are memories of travelling, with my father, in a car - with running boards and coach doors - along an upward road in the Great Rift Valley, and which road seemed to drop precipitously on one side, and which steep slopes held many a crashed vehicle, recent, and otherwise. There are memories of travelling to a European-only resort - by Lake Naivasha, I seem to recall - where there was a path down to the lake strewn with beautiful flowering plants, and where one could spend many happy hours while, in the clubhouse, elderly (to

me) memsaabs would down their G&T's.

There are memories of playing in a shallow river near our dwelling in East Africa - no one around for miles - and of a family picnic by another, quite distant and deeper, far wider, river on whose bank was a wooden sign with the inscription *Beware of the Crocodile*. There are memories of going AWOL and walking - with the younger of my two sisters - miles and miles along a road, into the bush, and which road I had been told was off-limits to Europeans. We stopped once, as the Sun descended on that travelling day, to drink from our canteen of water and open the tin of beans I carried which we ate, cold (being even then of a practical outdoor nature, I had ensured I had a can opener). I seem to recall the Police - a European officer and his Askari - found us as dark fell, and I could not understand what all the fuss was about. Since everybody said we should not go there, I simply had to go and see what was there - which turned out to be just a road from somewhere to somewhere else.

There are memories of climbing trees - and falling from one and breaking my left arm. My younger sister - a companion on many such outdoor exploits - for some reason knew what to do, and made a sling from my shirt. Memories of - inadvertently I must add in my defence - smashing the glass counter of an Asian owned shop in the nearest village, whose owner demanded my father pay for the damage, which, of course, he did. I just had, you see, to try and juggle with some of the brass weights the shopkeeper used for his balancing scales. There is a memory of walking through some trees not far from my favourite stream and instinctively, with the panga I often carried while outdoors, chopping the head off a Cobra which, startled, reared up in front of me.

My interests were the interests I found by being outdoors. There was a colony of safari ants, for instance, that I chanced upon one day while out wandering, and I would spend hours watching them as their wide columns moved and marched across the reddish ground. Then there were the Chameleons I once, for some reason, long forgotten, wanted to find, and did, bringing one home to keep as a pet, which I did until I lost interest.

Once - for perhaps a year, or possibly more - I was packed off to some Catholic prep school, about which I remember very little except falling asleep a few times in lessons, and wandering off, into the grounds, when something interested me, or when I wanted to climb some tree. I do remember having a rather large magnifying glass and spending what seemed like many happy hours peering at things, outside. Perhaps I should have been in class - for I have vague recollections of being shouted at, by some adults, who seemed somewhat angry, and being somewhat bemused by all the fuss, as I recall on

one occasion receiving six strokes of the cane for - something. Perhaps it was because - once, when the Sun reached in through a classroom window - I accidentally set fire to some papers on my desk using my magnifying glass. But, for whatever reason, I was soon and gladly returned to my parents (perhaps I got expelled), and life for me continued as before, mostly outdoors, mostly day-dreaming, and quite often exploring.

### *Far East*

Africa faded into the Far East - as the decade of the fifties faded to a few years past a new one - and to life in what was then a rural area, not far from a lovely sandy beach by the South China Sea, and a service-taxi ride from the still then rather ramshackle and quixotic city of Singapore with its riverside cluttered with row upon row of Junks, and many of its streets festooned with stalls.

For some reason I soon had to go to school, every day, and by Gharry. At first, I loathed it - bumph to read, sitting at some desk, sometimes in the air-conditioned main building, and sometimes in the much better open-air Attaps in the grounds. Then - and quite why I do not now recall - I began to enjoy it. Perhaps it was the running track, where I loved to run, barefoot in the tropical heat; perhaps it was the young, gorgeous, blonde, English teacher who would often sit on one of the desks at the front, her legs crossed, and read to us some story, some poem, or some part of some classic novel. Whatever it was, I began to look forward to that school where by the end of the term, I was "second in the class", and top in several subjects, including (if my ageing memory is correct) English and Maths. I developed an almost insatiable appetite for knowledge, and began to read voraciously - especially about Physics, Astronomy, and History. In addition, I learnt ancient Greek, and Sanskrit, and studied formal logic.



It was as if I had suddenly, quite unexpectedly, acquired a new way of seeing the world around me; as if some unseen force, some *wyrd*, some *δαίμων*, had shaken me and awoken within me certain dormant faculties. Or perhaps it was just the lovely tropical weather, the quixotic surroundings.

Whatever, through and with these faculties, with the knowledge I imbibed

from books, a feeling, an insight, came to dwell within me. This was of our potential, as human beings; of how we might - and indeed should - change ourselves in a conscious way through overcoming challenges, as I had grown in strength and insight through running, training, through swimming often almost a mile out to sea, and through devouring knowledge. This insight became a vision of, as I have written elsewhere, "us freeing ourselves from the chains of this world and venturing forth to explore and colonize the stars. For I felt that it was this new freedom, brought by venturing forth to the stars, which would give us the great challenges needed to evolve still further, and naturally, into another type of being. And it was the pursuit of this ideal which I believed would create noble individuals and a noble, civilized, society..." [1]

By this time, both my sisters had left home, to be properly educated in England, something which I had wilfully resisted. One became - for some years - a Nun; the elder, a nurse at a teaching hospital in London, at a time when competition for such places at such a place was fierce, and required, I seem to recall, two 'A' levels.

As for me, I was enjoying my new life. Some years previously, I had taught myself to play chess, and now I began to play it at every opportunity, including at a local chess club (almost exclusively European, again if my ageing memory is correct) where I was the only boy. Some visiting Chess grandmaster was giving a simultaneous display - at the Singapore Polytechnic - and so off I went, one among perhaps thirty or so competitors, and one of only a few to manage to draw against him. And it was there, while wandering around, that I first saw a display of Martial Arts. It was almost balletic; full of seemingly effortless grace, and I felt at once that I wanted to be able to do that, to move so gracefully with the ability to generate, direct and control a certain physical power. So, youthful, vibrant, and arrogantly naive, I approached them. At first they - those Chinese men - seemed surprised, if not somewhat amused, that a young European boy (wearing white socks, khaki shorts, white shirt, and sandals) would be interested. But I persisted, and was invited to meet them a week later, at the place where they practised.

I remember that journey well. The service taxi dropped me near the Capitol cinema in Singapore city and, with a mixture of excitement and nervousness, I walked past that restaurant - much frequented by my father and I - that served rather good steak, chips, and fried tomatoes, for what seemed a long way. The young men were surprised to see me, although an elderly gentleman was not, and thus began my training. To be honest, I never became very good, and certainly no match for most of those there, and subsequently. But I doggedly persisted - so much so that, after many weeks, I

was invited to join them on their usual post-session foray among the eating stalls by the river, and did not arrive back home until well past midnight, much to the relief of my mother who was on the verge of calling the Police.

Thus began my interest in and study of what, at the time, we colonial Europeans often called Oriental Philosophy, and thus was I invited to the rather splendid home - complete with garden - of one of the Masters of that particular Martial Art. From this developed an interest, both practical and theoretical, in philosophy, and religions, in general, including Hindu, Chinese, and Buddhist philosophy, religion, and practices, and Singapore was certainly a good place to learn about such things, given its diversity of culture, and replete as it was with Buddhist, Hindu, Taoist, temples and places of gathering. A good place, also, to be initiated, as a boy, into the delights of women; or, more correctly, learning of and from the delights of young delightful foreign ladies.

### *Fenland Beauty*

Fade, to England on a dull, cloudy, cold day. An aeroplane; a long journey, broken by some days in Ceylon. The descent down through the clouds on the way to landing in England was quite bleak, for me. Everything looked so enervating, and for several weeks after arriving in England my only desire was to return to the Far East, or Africa. My father felt the same, and began to seek alternative employment in Africa, while I, to alleviate my boredom and inner bleakness, took to cycling the fenland country around and beyond the small village where we were, temporarily, staying. There was talk of school, but I artfully resisted, manufacturing a variety of excuses while I waited for my father to succeed. He did, some place further south in Africa than where we had lived, and near the Zambezi river, which rather interested me, although my initial joy on learning this was tempered by the reality of us - my mother and I - having to wait six months before we could join him, given the relative isolation of the place, his need to find us accommodation, and other sundry practical matters. The desire I had nurtured, for some time, to study assiduously, and go to an English University to read Physics, slowly dwindled; the dull cold bleakness of the English weather as water thrown upon that fire.

So I left home, at age fifteen, to lodge with a widowed lady in the nearby town, and spend what I assumed would be only six months at some College morosely and not at all seriously studying for 'O' levels. College work was easy, and at times boring, and I spent most weekends cycling mostly southwards, coming to enjoy the physical exertion, the landscape itself, and almost always taking a selection of books with me, carried in my saddlebag.

But there was something else, engendered by these journeys. A sense, a feeling - a wordless intuition - of not being apart from that particular fenland landscape, with its vast panorama of sky, its fertile soil, its often wide drainage ditches that, though hewed by humans, centuries of natural change had melded into being a part of Nature, there. It was as if this land - of small hamlets, small villages, scattered farms, with its panorama of horizons - was alive in an almost unique way.

I took to staying out on clear and moonlit nights. To cycling lanes by light of moon. There was a strange, eerie, beauty there, at these times - almost as if I, myself, was not quite real; that there lay a hidden world, an older, world, a far slower, world, where one might hear the whisperings of trees or hear the distant call of someone calling; someone long dead but not quite gone from the land, here; someone who did not belong in the other, modern, world that now edged this older fenland country.



Fenland

There is no rational explanation for how or even why I met her. Perhaps - as I thought thereafter - it was she who met me, and meant to. Who somehow might have enchanted me to be there on that day at that hour in that year of my youth. As if she, also, was from, or part of, this other esoteric living land.

There were mysteries there that I did not then consciously fathom, but rather lived with and through, and which even now - over forty years later - I have only just begun to rationally understand as a natural and muliebral presencing of The Numen. Mysteries, perhaps, I felt then, of an ancient way never written down, and which no words, no book, could bind, contain, restrain, reveal. Mysteries of the connexion that links all Life together.

All I knew then was the occupant of that solitary small house along a narrow

isolated lane near where the fenland waters, still, in those days, rose in some years to flood the land around and where a boat was kept, with daily life lived, if needed, on upper floors as in olden days. All I felt then, in the moment of that meeting and the hour beyond, was such an intense desire to stay as almost subsumed me. To stay - as one would stay stunned momentarily by the gorgeosity of some sunset, or by some vista suddenly chanced upon. No words sufficed, were needed, but we then idly talked nonetheless - I, leaning on my bicycle; she standing beside the broken fence that seemed to mark the inner sanctum of her sacred world.

It was not that I expected, then - or even hoped for - some kind of sexual tryst. But there she was, somewhat older than me, pretty in a comely way, standing, smiling, as I had slowly passed. It was not that I was lost and needed directions; a recent map was always carried in my bag. Not that I needed water. I had my flask of milkless Oolong tea. Not that I... But I stopped, nevertheless, dismounted, to slowly saunter back.

I have no clear recollection of what we said, for it is all now as a fading dream, remembered in the hour past rising from fitful unrestful sleep. No clear recollection of the two weeks that passed until I, unable to resist, ventured there again.

Mostly - as on that day of my first returning - we together just sat close to each other in the inner dimness of that well-worn dwelling. Sometimes a fire was lit; almost always there was tea. Sometimes we would walk together upon the land around. And we spoke, when needed not desired.

For it was a certain sensitivity that we seemed to share - a certain strangeness, a mostly wordless strangeness that I had previously not encountered; except, perhaps, in moments swiftly gone, as when one day the young, gorgeous, blonde, English teacher I still remember so well was reading to our class a poem and our eyes met, and it was if she somehow in some strange way then imparted in me not only her understanding of those words but also the feelings they engendered in her so that I, also, understood and felt the meaning behind such words. As if in that one short strange moment she had brought alive that work of Art so that it connected us, bridged us. So much so that for days afterwards I carried a copy of that poem around with me, and read it when I could to push open again that door that led to some distant different land. But, then, of course, the feeling faded, and some new interest, some new source of inspiration, came along; as - for me - that poem became surpassed, by others.

There was a walk, next time. Some talk about land, sky, Sun, Moon, rain, trees, insects, birds, and soil, and although I did not realize it then, I was

learning; a learning, a species of learning, I once, many years later, strived to contain, constrain, reveal, with my own poor collocation of words:

Being the water: the Dragonfly above the water  
I grieve of the road and the bridge of the road  
Weeping in the wind  
Because I am the Sun.

Being the river: all the river things  
I feel the wounds  
Inflicted deeply in my flesh  
Because I am the dust.

Being the river-banks: the land around the banks  
I am no-Time  
Burning to cauterize my wounds  
Because I am the world and all things of the world;

Being the wind: the words of the wind  
I sorrow in my-Time  
Knowing people who pass  
Because they are my wounds.

Being my sorrow: the sorrow of wounded land  
I sense the knowing turning beyond the pain  
Because I am the water  
Flowing with no end

There were other shared times, some when we simply listened to music. And then came that night when we two finally became lovers. Other such nights came; went, as the Moon, as the lady herself, cycled through several monthly phases.

It could have lasted; perhaps it should have lasted, for that is what she possibly, probably, wanted: for me to stay with her in that cottage of hers. But I was young, restless, impetuous, and in truth perhaps too selfish; too enwrapped in my own inner visions, dreams, desires; certainly, I was often impetuously youthful but not in love. Enchanted certainly, but no, not in love.

Thus arrived that day when I felt I had to leave, to never wilfully return - she stood there, by her dwelling, as I bicycled away, and although I did not know it then, she was only the first spinning of that muliebral thread that was to bind my diverse lives together.

## *Toward First Love*

A rather generous allowance from my father enabled books to be purchased, and travel, by means of train, to anywhere that interested me, and so one day I travelled to London to visit bookshops, and the British Museum.

But that journey was fruitful in other ways. Arrogant and self-assured as I was - somewhat helped by my Martial Arts training - I spent some evening time in less salubrious parts of London, desirous of finding some suitable young lady to entertain me, remembering as I did such Singaporean trysts and wistfully recalling as I did that Fenland enchantress.

I did find such a lady, and, after a short taxi ride (which I of course paid for) we arrived at the entrance to a large town house in Chalk Farm. We had reached the top of that first tier of inside stairs (which led to her room) when some loud commotion broke out below. A man, shouting; a woman's loud voice. From the stairs I saw a man push open the front door that a woman was, vainly, trying to close. He turned, shouted a few obscenities, and drew back his clenched fist, as if to strike the woman. He did not succeed. I cannot remember what I said, only that I said something to him after vaulting down that flight of stairs toward him. He replied with a vulgar epithet or two, and lunged at me. I simply turned, stepped sideways and used his own momentum to throw him to the ground by which time a huge man had arrived from some inside room to lift him, with remarkable ease, to his feet and almost bodily carry him out where he pushed him down the steps that led up from the pavement to that front door. The man lay motionless, briefly, there, then rose, slowly, to betake himself shabbily away, uttering curses as he did so.

I was thanked, by the lady he had intended to attack, and invited to join her for a glass of Sherry in her ground-floor rooms.

Thus began our friendship. Or, more correctly, relationship. Somewhat more than a decade older than me, with an enchanting if rather mischievous smile, she never once in the hours we spent together talking, that evening, mentioned the nature of her business, as I had no need to ask. It was all rather genteel, as she herself was, even though a trace of her local accent remained, and I found her quite enchanting, as, of course, she knew, drawing forth from me in those hours the then so brief story of my still so youthful life, and, our provided supper over, it seemed natural, an unspoken assumption between us, for me to stay the night with her. My stay became

the following day, and then the day after that. There was a restaurant, of sorts, nearby, where she was known by name, and we spent a few hours there, eating a meal, and drinking wine, that neither of us paid for. I was introduced to her ladies, and to that huge man of the shaven head, who though rather grim looking had a gentle sense of humour. People - men and mostly well-dressed - came and went throughout most of the day and evening, and when my own self-appointed time came to leave, I did so with much reluctance and with a promise to return at the ending of that week.

I kept my promise, and it was to become the first of many such visits during those my early learning years. We had a simple, an uncomplicated, relationship, which was always honest, and I am not ashamed to say that in a way I loved her, in my then still rather boyish way, and - looking back, now - she almost certainly understood me far better than I then understood myself.

It is difficult, this understanding  
Of my love:

I have to rise every morning  
With the intention of our future  
Moulded as some sculptors mould  
Their souls around a form  
That Will soon powers to a shape  
In Time.

It is difficult, this sharing  
Of each dream that makes her to journey  
To the joining of our selves  
And spills desire the way some music  
Spills some notes to form the suggestion  
Of some god:

There is no journey bribed by dread  
No sea that sets the horizon  
As the yearning of the dead sets  
The seal to future Time;  
There is no calling and no called:  
No passing and no one passed  
Since there is no you or I to understand  
The laked reflexion of each moon.

But I forget, and need to remember  
At each new beginning of each new  
Dream which is the beginning of our  
Love.

There are no words needed  
As there are no excuses

For the failures of some Art:

It is difficult, this speaking  
Of my love.

One weekend I particularly remember. Some hours were spent lazily strolling through what she insisted on calling *The Regent's Park*; some hours were spent listening to Jazz at some small club (she was a Jazz aficionado and very knowledgeable about that genre); and some hours spent at dinner in an excellent restaurant; and it was after midnight when we returned, by taxi, to her house. I remember then feeling pleased, and somewhat privileged, to be a part of her world - a young man who certainly felt, and behaved, much older than he was. Perhaps it was my childhood years in Africa and the Far East, perhaps my still then somewhat arrogant nature, perhaps my Martial Arts training, perhaps the manners my mother instilled into me and the liberal, rather laissez-faire, attitude of my father; whatever it was, I felt and acted quite differently from all the other young men of my age that I knew, some of whom, no doubt considered me elitist, arrogant, and somewhat condescending.

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### **Ecce Ego Contra...**

#### *Political Initiation*

One day - a Saturday - I was idly walking around the centre of London, sort-of heading for the house of my lady friend. Sort-of, because in those days, I quite enjoyed such walks, in still unfamiliar cities and towns. A chance to stroll past places; watch people pass by; become immersed in my surroundings. I had a good sense of direction, and seldom needed to consult the London map that I carried in the pocket of my Corduroy jacket. Indeed, it was often interesting to get a little lost - to find new sights, places.

In those days I still dressed somewhat conventionally, conservatively: Corduroy or Tweed jacket, flannel or Tweed trousers; sturdy brown walking shoes; even linen shirts with detachable collars held in place by studs inlaid

with mother-of-pearl. Short hair, of course; and a rather heavy Tweed overcoat, for when the weather was cold.

Thus attired (*sans* overcoat) I chanced, on that day, upon some fracas in some street. Young men brawling. I had no idea at all what it was all about - but it seemed to me somewhat unfair, since one young lad was getting battered by several others. Without thinking, I waded in to help him. There was that exhilaration, again. That love of direct physical violence I had felt before. A few more young lads joined the melee, and then it was over, and so we went, quite naturally, to some nearby Public House to celebrate our victory. Their accepting camaraderie was wonderfully refreshing, and many hours were spent, drinking - and talking politics.

Not that I was then ignorant of their type of politics. Indeed, I had spent many of the previous months eagerly reading about nationalism, about National-Socialist Germany, and especially about Adolf Hitler, inspired by an account of the actions of Otto Ernst Remer, on that day in July 1944 during the Second World War. Such loyalty; such a sense of duty; such honour; such forthright warrior action.

To me, in the moment of my reading, then as after, Remer seemed the perfect embodiment of the warrior; of the type of person who might build the new society I had often theorized about - precursor as that society would be for our exploration and colonization of the stars. Now, it seemed to me, I had met a similar type of people. Or at least, those who could, given training, direction, guidance, purpose, be such people. Young; enthusiastic; who seemed to share something - if only instinctively - of my dream and who, like me, seemed to enjoy and welcome violence. They had a meeting, arranged for the following weekend, and I was invited and gladly accepted. I went to the meeting - and the "social" afterwards - and it was there I met someone who knew Colin Jordan, whom I had already heard of. Thus, it seemed logical, indeed necessary, that I contact CJ myself, which I did, by posted letter.

It was, perhaps, a propitious time. A new political movement had been formed, by CJ, and I began to seriously consider how the new society I had envisioned might be created. It also seemed to me then - and for a long while afterwards - that Hitler's National-Socialist Germany was, and should be, the archetype for such a new society: that NS Germany embodied most, though not all, the ideals I then saw as necessary to the creation of such a new, warrior, society imbued with a Galactic ethos.

For nearly a year I came to inhabit three quite separate worlds. My lady

friend, in London, the world of occasionally violent but always interesting political activism; and my academic studies. Thus, I was fully occupied; enthused; alive; replete with my various ways of living, so that when the date for my return to Africa drew ever nearer, there really was no need to make a decision, for my lives seemed then inextricably linked with England. It seemed, then, as if it really was me against: you; the world; against everyone, except my political comrades and my lady friend.

During these trips to London, 'O' levels at College came and went, and I drifted into the Sixth Form. It was tempting to leave, and move to live and work in London, based with my lady friend, but the promise of Physics still enthralled me, a little, particularly as at that time the Apollo program looked it would easily achieve the goal that had been set - soon, perchance, there would bases on the Moon, and then on Mars. So I plugged away at Physics, without much enthusiasm, feeling it might be different at University when I would be free to undertake my own study, experiments, research. A feeling which led me to consider applying to King's College, Cambridge; which, after consultation with my teachers, I did and, probably due to their recommendation, secured and attended an interview.

Increasingly, however, my lives became a distraction from schoolwork, but I seemed to have some innate talent for mathematics and Physics and so - studying very little (some weeks, not at all) - I plodded on, trusting in this talent to get me through [2].

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## **Facies Abyssi**

### *University*

Fast forward to a University in the north of England, and a still young student, who had grown well-trimmed moustaches and who, unlike the majority of other students, was always rather conservatively attired. My first term as an undergraduate had been a great disappointment following a Summer vacation of anticipation, and awaiting examination results.

No, wait - let us rewind, briefly, to that Summer vacation, after 'A' level exams were over. I had, perhaps rather foolishly, spent the weekends - and

often the free days - of these examination weeks embroiled elsewhere. Attending political rallies, meetings, staying with political associates; and - more enjoyable - staying with my lady friend in London.

Possibly not so foolishly, since - in retrospect - I was, as became something of a habit, letting the Fates, wyrd, decide my fate when, as often happened, I vacillated between two or more options, waiting until a particular course of life seemed obvious, even to me. I had studied very little in the six months preceding those examinations, trusting to my talent, and busy elsewhere doing what, at the time and for almost a year before, were far more exciting and interesting things. So interesting and so exciting - so redolent of promise - that I even took the radical step of writing to King's College and withdrawing my application, feeling at the time and for quite a while afterwards that my future lay in London with a certain lady. A feeling which led me to impetuously send a request, via postcard, to the BBC radio programme Jazz Record Requests (a programme I knew she listened to), mentioning her first name and requesting - "with love from David" - a recording of the MJQ "with Milt Jackson on vibes". My request was successful, and I enjoyed a most memorable weekend in London with her. But then, months later, laboratory experiments led me to dream again of University; until - weeks or even days later - I began to desire again to move to London to stay with her... Thus, if I failed my examinations, I could not possibly go on to University, and the decision regarding my direction would be clear, fated.

'A' level exams over, I spent a lot of that Summer working, in a mundane job, for my allowance from my father never did, in those days, seem to meet all my needs, for I loved to treat a certain lady to the occasional 'long weekend away'. On the last day of Term, and slightly inebriated after a lunch-time session down the nearby Pub with friends, I had met one of only two girls (EH and JJ) in my Sixth Form. EH and I had flirted before, and I liked her, as I felt she liked me, but I had kept a deliberate distance, given my assignments in London, for to have yet another intimate relationship would have been for me, at that time, just far too complicated. But on that day - a warm sunny one, I seem to recall - as we passed each other outside the refectory I embraced her. She eagerly returned the embrace, and we kissed for a long time, much to the amusement of some other students, passing by, who knew us both.

Thereafter I did not see her again for a while, reverting back to keeping my distance, until I heard from a mutual friend that she was having some trouble with her landlord (like me, she had rented rooms for the Summer in our local town). Perhaps I misheard, or misunderstood the situation - but I thought I was informed that she had been threatened. Without hesitation I went back

to my rooms to procure a weapon (one always keeps a selection handy). In this case, a pickaxe handle, and - suitably attired in the working type clothes I wore to work: jeans, brown leather jacket, heavy boots - I made my way through the streets to where he lived. My insistent knocking on his front door brought him out, and although I cannot remember what I said, I know he understood. I threatened him. I was just so angry; madly unthinkingly angry, full of rage, and prepared for a bloody fight. In that moment nothing existed except him and that, my rage. He was a tall and stocky man - bigger than me - but perhaps his own nature, or maybe something in my demeanour, my eyes, made him meekly agree to my demands. And so I left, still full of rage, and it was only as I was nearing my own rooms, somewhat calmer, that it occurred to me I was carrying what the Police would call an "offensive weapon".

Some days later, I was to learn that her landlord problems had been solved, and that she desired to see me, but I never did meet with her again.

So, fast forward again to University - that revealing of a part of my youthful character over - and back to that first Term, there. As I mentioned, I was so disappointed. I had gone somewhat naively believing I could study at my own pace, focus on topics that interested me, and do some practical experiments of my own devising. As it was, it was in many ways worse than school.

The lectures were tedious, rote-learning, affairs where one had to make copious notes and after which one was presented with a list of boring problems to be solved, each problem being of the type one might find in 'A' level examinations. Laboratory work as just as routine, even though one did have some choice as to what, of the listed experiments, one might undertake. Serious intellectual discussion, among the students, was at a premium - when it arose, which was rarely - and even the lecturers did not seem that scientifically curious. They had students to teach; or rather, certain parts of certain subjects to get through, every week.

One incident in particular made me seriously consider leaving, and involved a laboratory experiment. Toward the end of the first Term we were given the opportunity to devise and carry out our own experiments. I chose to replicate the Michelson-Morley experiment, having a particular interest in the theories that gave rise to this attempt to detect "the aether".

I was informed that such an experiment was really more suited to a Graduate, or Third-Year, student, but, of course, I ignored all the excuses and the advice that I was given as to why I should not try. Finally, I got my way,

and was allotted a large part of one of the laboratory darkrooms. Suffice to say that it took me a while to set the experiment up, and even longer to tweak the equipment to get it ready: many weeks, in fact, despite spending many afternoons in the laboratory. I festooned my area with signs telling everyone not to touch the equipment. Then, I began to get some results. A few days later I returned, eager and excited, only to find that some lecturer had pushed all my equipment into one corner in order to set up some experiment for his students, thus destroying my weeks of delicate work. Not only that, I had "run out of time"; the darkroom really was needed by other students.

Strangely, I was not angry, just filled with an abyssal disappointment. It was as if some far distant apparently quixotic landscape which I had been eagerly travelling toward, for a long and arduous while, had at last been reached only to be revealed as ordinary, dull, devoid of any real interest at all.

Thus, gradually, my interest in studying physics waned, until - by the end of the next term - it has almost completely disappeared, replaced by increasing political activities, and a renewed desire to live and work in London. However, even though I never did any studious work, from that, my abyssal laboratory-moment, onwards, I still somehow managed to come second in mathematics at the end of year exams. There were various travels, and some trysts:

Here I have stopped  
Because only Time goes on within my dream:

Yesterday I was awoken, again,  
And she held me down  
With her body warmth  
Until, satisfied, I went alone  
Walking  
And trying to remember:

A sun in a white clouded sky  
Morning dawn yellow  
Sways the breath that, hot, I exhale tasting of her lips.  
The water has cut, deep, into  
The estuary bank  
And the mallard swims against the flow -  
No movement, only effort.

Nearby - the foreign ship which brought me  
Is held by rusty chains  
Which, one day and soon  
And peeling them like its paint,  
Must leave.

Here I shall begin again  
Because Time, at last, has stopped  
Since I have remembered the dark ecstasy  
Which brought that war-seeking Dream

Meanwhile, my political involvements had intensified. I regularly attended political meetings, demonstrations, and activities, by various organizations, including BM and the NF, and at one such political foray I met Eddy Morrison and his friends. I immediately liked Morrison. He was enthusiastic, committed, optimistic, down-to-earth and quite *au fait* with National-Socialism. He also, at that time, possessed a certain personal charisma, and thus always had a few youthful followers who considered him their leader. One incident I remember well. He had invited me to join him and some of his friends on a day trip to Bridlington, an invitation which I accepted, and we ended up on the beach singing NS, and old BUF, songs.

A marvellous day, and I was genuinely sad when they dropped me off at my then place of University residence and went back to their city of Leeds, and it was not long before I joined them, again, for some political event or other. Morrison introduced me to his family, with whom I had a meal, and then off we went into the centre of his home city to raucously harangue some Communist paper-sellers and generally make a nuisance of ourselves. Morrison was far more experienced in practical street politics than I, and the more time I spent with him, the more it dawned on me that perhaps the two of us could not only make a name for ourselves but might, just might, be able to if not create the foundations of some new political force, then at least use an existing nationalist organization as means of gaining influence and power and thus begin to implement NS ideals.

It should be remembered that, at this time, the very early seventies, the NF regularly held large marches and rallies, all over England, with many of these marches involving violence, before, during, and after, and with many of these marches involving thousands of people. For instance, there was one march which I attended where those at the front had to physically fight their way through packs of Reds, with similar skirmishes occurring toward the rear. These were exciting times, and there really was a feeling, among the rank-and-file, that the NF was growing in such a way that, in a decade or more, it might be able to win or seize power.

Even CJ's British Movement was thriving, though in a much smaller way, and it was during this time that I came to act, on a few occasions, as CJ's bodyguard. Usually because the person who should have done that duty for

some reason was not there. One of these occasions was at an outdoor demonstration - in Wolverhampton I seem to recall - when CJ stood haranguing the sparse crowd from the back of a Land Rover, while I stood in front, trying to look as thuggish as possible. Another of these occasions was an indoor meeting, where I stood at the front of the hall when CJ spoke, again to a small crowd, from the raised stage behind me and on which occasion I brandished a Shillelagh, which weapon the two or three, somewhat bored, Police Officers in attendance were completely unconcerned about. The Good 'Ole Days. On a few other occasions I simply accompanied CJ (walking slightly behind) when he walked toward and from some meeting place or assembly point.

Compared to all this, my life at University seemed, and indeed was, boring; dull. Thus it seemed natural, inevitable - especially given my friendship with Morrison - that I move to Leeds, and become involved with street-politics full-time. Which I dutifully did. As often in my life, it seemed as if the Fates revealed to me the direction in which I should go. Thus, and yet again, there was a certain period of drifting, by me, until a particular course of life seemed obvious, even to me.

My next year was a learning process. Learning about people; learning more about political propaganda; speaking in public; organizing and participating in street fights and demonstrations. That is, it was a learning of the Art of the revolutionary political agitator. I loved the life; I adored the life, and while domiciled in Leeds, in a garret (on Meanwood Road) appropriate to a revolutionary, fanatical, political activist, I still found time to visit my lady friend, in London.

One incident during my University stay may be worth recording. I happened to get to know someone there (who incidentally introduced me to the writings of Mishima) who was a personal friend of Martin Webster, and I met Webster on several occasions, one following some fracas at the University after he had been invited to address some meeting or other. On one of these occasions we had a discussion about political propaganda - a discussion which continued by several letters we exchanged over subsequent weeks. The essence of this discussion was to do with truth. I was of the opinion that if "our Cause" was indeed correct, and noble, as I believed, then we had no need to write or produce propaganda which distorted the truth in order to gain recruits, or make us and our Cause appear in some positive way. So far as I recall, Webster was of the opinion that I was being rather naive, and that, in practical politics, and to a certain extent, "the end justifies the means", something I then did not agree with.

Furthermore, it was during my time at University that I acquired personal

experience of just how prejudiced some people could be - how they judged someone, for instance, according to their political views, or what they believed were their political views.

During my first few terms at University I had acquired something of a minor reputation as a fascist, helped no doubt by me handing out leaflets from the Racial Preservation Society outside meetings arranged by various Left-Wing and Communist groups. This led to several people actively disliking me - even hating me - although they did not know me, as a person, and made no effort to do so. Thus, they judged me a fascist, they did not like fascists, so they did not like me; or, even worse, they believed that fascists were "evil" and/or dangerous and therefore should and must "be dealt with". What I found curious was that these people, who so irrationally prejudged people on the basis of their alleged or assumed political views, were often the ones who also loudly proclaimed that prejudice (including racial prejudice) was immoral. Thus, they were doing exactly what they were condemning in others.

I did, however, find one political person - who belonged to some minor Marxist-Leninist group - who understood this, and who thus took the opportunity to get to know me and with whom I had many friendly discussions about politics, and life in general. And it was he who - along with a few cultured non-political individuals - somewhat helped restore my belief that humans were, or could be, rational, cultured, beings. Perhaps I should add these few cultured non-political individuals - three young men and a young lady - were all (as we now say) 'gay'. Indeed, with only one exception, all my friends at University were gay, in those intolerant days (only a few years after the Wolfenden report) when such a preference, such a nature, was often kept secret because still regarded by the majority of people as reprehensible and somehow 'perverse'. As for me, I simply enjoyed their company; their culture; their sensitivity; and which culture and sensitivity was, or seemed to me at the time, rather lacking in most if not all the other students I met, studied with, or had occasion to interact with.

### *Excursus - Galactic Imperium*

Since my discovery of National-Socialism, aged fifteen, I believed that NS Germany embodied the essence of - and could be archetype for - the type of warrior orientated and noble society that might make my vision of a Galactic Imperium real. I read everything I could about Hitler, NS Germany, and National-Socialism, and concluded - some time before what has been termed holocaust revisionism began - that the alleged extermination of the Jews

during the Second World War was propaganda.

To me, then, National-Socialism seemed to embody everything that I felt was noble and excellent: a new, modern, expression of the Hellenic ethos which I had greatly admired since first reading, in Greek, Homer's *Odyssey* and *The Iliad* years previously. Thus my overriding aim came to be supporting and propagating National-Socialism, and aiding organizations which might prepare the way for a new type of fascist or NS State.

Furthermore, I really had come to feel a deep love for my ancestral land of England as I felt then an idealistic, and honourable, desire to help, to aid, those whom I regarded as my own people: as if all their problems could and should be solved by the emergence of a National-Socialist State; as if all that was required for Paradise to be created on Earth was the triumph of an NS movement and the practical implementation of NS ideals. Youthful exuberance and naiveté - perhaps.

In my understanding of NS I was greatly helped by Colin Jordan, who suggested I read certain books, including the works of Savitri Devi, who gave me many books, and loaned me others, who patiently answered my many enthusiastic questions, and who introduced me to many life-long National-Socialists, including some who had fought for, and given their loyalty to, Adolf Hitler, and one of my most treasured possessions came to be a signed photograph given to me by Major-General Otto Ernst Remer.

Even before I discovered NS and studied NS Germany, I had a vision of a human Galactic Empire, founded and maintained by a new breed of warrior-explorers, as I believed that we human beings possessed great potential and can and should change and evolve ourselves, consciously, by acts of will, and by overcoming, by accepting, great and noble challenges. Such challenges would reveal ἀρετή - reveal a person's true nature, and be the breeding ground of ἀρετή.

Thus, for me, discovering and learning about NS seemed fortunate, wyrdful - presenting to me the means to make my vision real.

As I was to write during my time living in Leeds:

"It is the vision of a Galactic Empire which runs through my political life just as it is the quest to find and understand our human identity, and my own identity, and our relation to Nature, which runs through my personal and spiritual life, giving me the two aims which I consistently pursued since I was about thirteen years of age, regardless of where I was, what I was doing and how

I was described by others or even by myself..."

I further came to understand that in order to create the new warrior society, it was necessary to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow - or replace by any practical means - all existing societies, and all governments, and that while electoral politics might be one way for National-Socialists to take power, direct revolution or insurrection was a viable alternative.

Therefore, with the dedication of a fanatic, I set about doing just that, ready, willing and prepared to use violence in order to aid and achieve political goals. For I then considered that sacrifices were necessary in order for these goals to be achieved, and that, once achieved, the violent struggle would have been worthwhile, even if it cost me my own life, or that of others. Thus, I placed some idealized vision of the future before my own personal happiness - indeed, my own happiness became the struggle for, and the practical realization of, that vision of the future.

### *Years of Ultra-Violence*

Fade back to the English city of Leeds, in the first few years of that decade - reckoned according to a calendar still in common use - called the nineteen seventies.

I was released from my first term of imprisonment, having been convicted of leading a gang of skinheads in a Paki-bashing incident, following some racial skirmishes in Wakefield, and I soon settled back into my life as a violent street-agitator. I had found prison a useful and interesting experience, made some good contacts, learned some new skills, and left with more money than I had entered, having run a racket inside, selling certain liberated goods.

In the weeks following this, I put some of my new skills to practical use, and began to put together the nucleus of a small gang whose aim was to liberate goods, fence them, and make some money with the initial intent of aiding our political struggle.

Suffice to say that this gang - more petty criminals than racketeers - was based in or around Leeds and consisted of some useful people. For example, someone who worked in a large Department store, and someone employed by British Railways who had access to large parcels and rail freight. Thus, these types of people had easy access to useful, saleable, goods. The railway employees would simply change the labels and documentation, so that goods were mis-delivered to a contact, and then sold on to a fence, while the store

employees would arrange delivery of goods in a similar way, or one of our people would simply collect them in-store and boldly walk out with them.

For some reason I cannot quite now recall, Eddy Morrison became involved on the periphery of this group - perhaps he may have wanted a certain item, or two, which I, being his friend, said I could supply, etcetera.

For quite a while things ran smoothly - even when I happened to get arrested, convicted, and sent to prison (again) for a short while, for violence - until, one day in 1974, four or five Police officers from the then Yorkshire Regional Crime Squad (later to become part of the National Crime Squad), raided my garret in Leeds, and arrested me. Three other people in this small gang - including Morrison - were also arrested, and we were questioned for around six hours at the British Transport Police HQ in Leeds. Morrison and I were thrown into prison, "on remand", since it was feared that I would "intimidate witnesses" and that he was "my second in command" (which, unlike the first accusation, was not correct).

Having previously spent some time in Armley jail, being on-remand there did not bother me at all, and I soon settled back into prison life. Morrison, however, did not cope very well, and seemed genuinely surprised that I was rather enjoying myself. But, as I said somewhat humorously to one of the arresting Police officers, during one of my interrogations, "You get three meals a day, free accommodation, and there are lot's of friends around, so what's the big deal?"

It turned out that the Police had been "tipped-off" by one of those involved in this gang, because he had developed a personal grudge against me. The simple truth is that he had a violent argument with his girlfriend, she came to see me, and stayed for around two weeks.

There is an ineffable sadness  
For your eyes betray that warmth, that beauty,  
That brings me down  
To where even my street-hardened Will cannot go:  
So I am sad, almost crying

Outside, there is no sun to warm  
As yesterday when I touched the warmth of your breasts  
And the wordless joy of ecstatic youth  
Lived to suffuse if only briefly with world-defying life  
This tired battle-bruised body

But now: clouds, rain-bleakness  
To darken such dreams as break me.  
For there are many places I cannot go.

So I let her go, suffused as I still was with a particular political vision and various political schemes. To add insult to the injury of the grass who betrayed us, when he finally managed to see his former girlfriend again to try and get her back, she compared him unfavourably, in one department, to someone else. Thus, his pride hurt, he began telling lies about me to anyone who would listen, claiming, for instance, that once he pushed me up against a wall and I pleaded for him to let me go.

Quite naturally, given my character at that time, I while in prison arranged for someone to sort this grass out, but this comrade of mine, on his way to do just that, was pulled-over and arrested on some other outstanding matter, held on remand and eventually convicted of a variety of offences, receiving a long prison sentence. Meanwhile, the grass had left Leeds and gone into hiding.

On learning of this, I considered the matter, wyrdfully, finally concluding that I should - then and on my release from prison and for the good of the Cause - put my political aims and goals before personal vengeance and certain 'criminal' activities and running a gang. Thus, I should strive to be idealistic, noble, and ignore - not seek to find - such an individual, and instead personally concentrate on politics, eschewing further 'criminal' activities to fund that Cause. Not that - to be honest - this decision to concentrate solely on politics was easy for me then, since it was very tempting to continue with such activities, which I did enjoy: the planning, the anticipation, the execution, the camaraderie, and the satisfaction of succeeding.

When this particular criminal case against me finally came to trial, all the more serious charges had been dropped due to "lack of evidence", and I was simply charged with "receiving and handling stolen goods", for which I was convicted and given a bender.

Fade, back to my political life in Leeds. While all the above was occurring, I was dutifully doing my duty as a street-agitator, and had been recruited (by JM) into Column 88, a clandestine paramilitary and neo-nazi group, led by a former Special Forces officer, which at that time held regular military training sessions with the Territorial Army, the volunteer reserve force of the British Army. According to gen received decades later, Column 88 was actually part of NATO's pan-European underground Gladio network, set up and trained to employ guerilla tactics against the Soviets had they

ever invaded (as was still expected, in those days). But I knew nothing of this, at the time, and simply enjoyed being part of and training with Column 88. For C88 seemed to me to be a genuine National-Socialist group, devoted to comradeship and to the slow process of socially and politically infiltrating British society, with perhaps some possibility that, if the need arose (such as a Soviet invasion) we might "do our bit", as National-Socialists, and fight them.

Right from the very beginning it was obvious that C88 was a well-organized group, quite different from any other NS or nationalist group I had come across in the previous six years. For I had been instructed to wait in some obscure lay-by in Wiltshire, and was patiently doing so when several speeding vehicles arrived and proceeded - in an impressive manoeuvre - to surround, and block, the car I had been waiting in, with several very obviously fit young men exiting quickly from these vehicles.

I was further impressed when, later that day and in the house of C88's organizer (Lutz), I met many young National-Socialists from several different European countries. Here, I felt, was the spirit, the comradeship, of The Third Reich, of the Waffen-SS, of genuine National-Socialism, come alive again, something which, I knew from direct personal experience, was often so sadly lacking in the other NS group I had previously encountered.

While there was some military training - with weapons loaded with live ammunition - such as a night exercise in Savernake Forest when "we" had to take and overrun an "enemy" position, the real highlight for me of my years with C88 were the yearly Fuhrerfests when National-Socialists from all over Europe would gather in comradeship to celebrate Adolf Hitler's birthday. It was inspiring to know, to feel, that Adolf Hitler and his sacred mission had not been forgotten; that there were others - many others - in other lands who felt the same way and who understood, rationally or instinctively, or both, the essential goodness and nobility of National-Socialism itself. In addition, it was good to know that so many educated, seemingly well-connected, individuals in Britain were covert National-Socialists, for another impressive thing about C88 was its English members: professional, family, people, for the most part, who did not have a shaved head or a pair of 'bovver boots between them.

Indeed, I - although in some ways quite well educated - was probably the odd-one out: a rough almost fanatical street-fighter of many years experience who had been in Prison for violence and who had many other criminal convictions. That I, a hardened Nazi street thug with a criminal record, had been accepted into the home of L's wife and family - and into the homes of some other C88 members - was pleasing because it seemed to me to express

the nobility, the folk equality, of National-Socialism itself.

In 1973 - just before I was recruited by Column 88 - Colin Jordan invited me to his then home in Coventry. Naturally, having great respect for CJ, I accepted and was to find, on my arrival, that a meeting of the inner Council of CJ's British Movement was taking place. After a short wait, I was invited to address them, which I did, answered a few questions about tactics and strategy, and then had to wait for a while in another room, which CJ used as his office. Invited back, I was informed that they had decided to co-opt me onto the Council, something I had not expected. Asking for time to consider the matter, I left to travel back to Leeds. For reasons I cannot now quite recall, a few days later I wrote to CJ declining the offer - probably because I was already then thinking of forming my own, more violent, political organization.

In December of 1973, I finally managed to convince Morrison that we two, with our good ally Joe Short, should form a new political, more active (that is, more violent) and openly pro-Nazi, movement.

Thus the National Democratic Freedom Movement (NDFM) was born, which was to have a brief, if exceedingly violent, existence, with Morrison as leader. Our intent was to build a revolutionary street movement, and so for seven or so months we held public meetings, organized demonstrations and protests, and generally had a jolly good time (or at least, I did) in pursuit of gaining members and propagating National-Socialism under cover of nationalism.

As John Tyndall later wrote in his *Spearhead* magazine (April, 1983):

" The National Democratic Freedom Movement...concentrated its activities mainly upon acts of violence against its opponents. Before very long the NDFM had degenerated into nothing more than a criminal gang."

Among the highlights of that NDFM year, for me, were the following.

I smashed up (with one other NDFM member) an anti-apartheid exhibition, in Leeds (twice). I gave vitriolic extempore speeches at public meetings (some of which ended in violence when our opponents attacked). I waded into some Trade Union march or other, thumped a few people then stole and set fire to one of their banners (arrested, again). I arranged a meeting at Chapeltown, in Leeds (the heart of the Black community then) at which only five of us turned up, including Andrew Brons but not including Morrison. We faced a

rather angry crowd of several hundred people, who threw bricks, stones, whatever, at us, and we few walked calmly right through them to our parked vehicles, and rather sedately drove away, our point made. No one said we could do it.

I spoke extempore at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park for around a half an hour to a crowd of over a thousand (it ended in a brawl) - the only person from the extreme Right to speak there since the days of Oswald Mosley. At the brawl, one of our stewards was arrested, and - the fighting over - we regrouped to march toward Downing Street, after which we all went our separate way (I quite naturally went to see and stay the weekend with my lady friend in London).

Finally, toward the end of that Summer, a meeting we had arranged on Leeds Town Hall steps resulted in a mass brawl when the crowd of around a thousand attacked us, after I had harangued them for around half an hour. Several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights. I was arrested (again) but soon was granted bail. Morrison became somewhat disillusioned, as I was by the attitude of many of those involved with the NDFM, and so I spent the time before my trial occupying myself with various travels around England and the NDFM simply slid into obscurity, a political failure - although, at least for me, it had proved to be an exceptionally valuable learning experience.

When my case came to trial, at Leeds Crown Court [3], I was accused of having "incited the crowd" and generally held responsible for most of the violence. I was found guilty of various so-called Public Order offences, and given several fines. What rather disgusted me after the trial was that several so-called comrades - including if my memory is correct, Morrison - having appeared at witnesses at the trial, collected between them witness expenses sufficient to pay my fines. But not one of them offered to do this, and I was not going to ask.

So, since I had no intention of paying the fines, I left Leeds.

### *Facies Abyssi*

For well over a year I evaded the consequences of not paying my fines, living as a vagrant, then in a caravan in the fenland. Writing poetry. Musing on life; reading the collected works of Jung and Toynbee; studying religions, including Buddhism. Listening to numinous music. And so on.

Crows calling while sheep cry  
By the road that shall take them  
To their death:

I sit, while sun lasts  
And bleeds my body dry  
In this last hour before dark  
On a day when a warm wind  
Carried the rain that washed  
A little of this valley  
Like the stream washes  
My rock:

There are no trees to soften  
This sun - only heather and fern  
To break the sides of the hill;  
I cannot keep this peace  
I have found -  
It seems unformed like water  
Becomes unformed without a vessel  
A channel or some stream:  
It cannot be contained  
As I contain my passion and my dreams.

There are no answers I can find  
Only the vessel of walks in hills  
Alone  
Whereby I who seek  
Am brought toward the magick peak  
That keeps this hidden world  
Alive

I even spent some time in a Buddhist monastery. But the Police eventually caught up with me, in my caravan, and I was arrested, and sent to prison (yet again). But this time for only six months.

My previous experiences of "being inside" were useful when I was sent back to prison. Luckily, I was assigned one of the best prison jobs, Library red-band (even though I was serving a short sentence), which job meant that I had a single "peter", that I took over a few rackets, and was left pretty much to my own devices in the library. One of the rackets revolved around goods smuggled in; another centred on porn magazines ordered by the nonces on Rule 43 and which magazines had a strange habit of disappearing or not being delivered or getting handed round other cons for a small fee; another racket involved goods being liberated from certain prison stores.

At that time, prison life was a delicate balance, so I occasionally helped out someone who also had some rackets (centred around gambling) by getting a few people to "carry" tins of tobacco for him. Overall, a reasonable time, which meant that my release date seemed to come around quite quickly.

On release from prison, I was undecided, for a while, about what I should do. I visited my lady friend in London, who by then had larger premises and a more select clientèle, and after travelling around for a while as an itinerant, I drifted back to live in Leeds. Morrison [4] had some minuscule and new political organization, was still talking the same rhetoric, and still unrealistically dreaming of obtaining political power in a decade or so. At least he was, outwardly, consistent.

As for me, for over five, often violent years, radical street politics had been an important part of my life - often, the most important part; and I had dedicated myself to the struggle, undeterred by prison. But my naivety, idealism, and optimism had all but faded away. For experience had revealed to me that the honour, loyalty and commitment to duty I expected from fellow political comrades was often absent, and that the leadership of all NS, all pro-NS groups and even all of our kind of nationalist organizations was woefully bad; un-charismatic and incapable of inspiring the loyalty required. Instead of idealism, loyalty and honour there were continual feuds, continued disloyalty, and little or no honour, manifest most often as this dishonour was in the spreading of malicious rumours behind people's backs.

My time away from Leeds - over a year, before my return to prison - had taken me back to those Fenland feelings of the late sixties. In particular, my solitary time as an itinerant had brought me close to Nature in very simple and unaffected way, so that there gradually arose in me a certain wordless feeling of dissatisfaction with modern life that had nothing whatsoever to do with my political beliefs, dreams or aspirations. In fact, nothing to do with any ideology, or, at that time, with any religion I had studied or personally experienced. Instead, it was interior, direct, personal - one individual, alone, who felt some relation with Nature, with the Cosmos, and it is true to say that this wordless feeling, and my memories of life close to Nature, rather haunted me when I returned to live in Leeds.

I just did not feel I belonged there, anymore. I yearned - for something; as one might yearn for a young lady seen briefly, spoken to briefly, whom one met on some travels, and whose presence, whose aura, whose scent, whose features, whose promise, lingered when she was gone; lingered so much, so numinously, that one regretted not running after her and blurting out some excuse to be with her, again. I yearned - for those intangible wistful moments

of a wandering life:

*Wine*

Stale  
I once drank you  
Knowing no difference because of herbs.  
She held me, her cunning hands  
That did not wish  
Nor offer the warmth that snared my soul:

The wine was  
Intoxicating our senses  
But only I was drunk:  
She laughed.

I needed rest  
Dreaming marriage under sun -  
Until bright morning came  
When she, alas, changed  
Her form in the reality of the room  
And I was left to walk with my sack  
Down the dusty track  
Past a grove of sun-burnt trees  
Toward those distant hills:

And yet the white-washed house was only  
One step  
Along my Way.

Perhaps it was that hot, dry, Summer of 1976 with its week after week of clear blue skies; perhaps it was some inner un-thought of satisfaction with my own subsuming political aims; some surfacing, some re-emergence, of that youthful desire to know, to understand, myself, Life, the Cosmos. Perhaps it was the feelings that gave rise to the many poems I had written in my wanderings; poems such as the compilation *Gentleman of the Roads*, and the poem *Clouds in the Sky*. Whatever the cause or causes, I found myself increasingly desiring to be alone; increasing desiring silence, both external and within; increasingly desiring to somehow in some way reconnect myself with that other older world that my political machinations and activities seemed to have almost totally obscured.

Two wyrdful things conspired together to seal my fate. The first was the

music of JS Bach, especially some Cantatas. The second was a strange encounter at an old Parish church on the edge of the fenland in King's Lynn.

The new female companion I had acquired on my return to Leeds shared my love of classical music, and I went to many concerts and performances with her. At one, during a performance of Bach's *Erbarme Dich*, I began to cry, silently: silent tears of unknowing, of sadness and of joy.

Not longer after, I ventured to return to visit a friend in Norfolk, and - somewhat early for the bus that would take me near his dwelling - I passed some time by perusing what seemed an interesting Church, having, at that time, a minor interest in architecture. Somewhat tired after a long journey, I sat for a while in some pew. Then this young man, in clerical garb, passed in front of the altar to briefly turn toward me, and smile. There was such gentleness, such purity, in his face, his demeanour. And then he was gone, out of my view, toward what I assumed, then, was some door. It was as if, in that moment, I knew he might have answers to some questions which I had been pondering for some days before, and so, instinctively, I rose to follow him only to find a solid wall where he had disappeared from my view, and it was only later, days later, that I discovered that once - centuries ago - there had indeed been a door there, and that the Church itself had been part of a medieval Priory.



He was so real; nothing in his appearance, his manner, to suggest a ghost, an apparition; and for weeks afterwards I tried convince myself that my tiredness, the unanswered questions in my head, had somehow in some way contrived to present me with some illusion, some delusion. But a vague feeling of unease remained - for there was that numinous face, that smile; that gentle presence radiating an inner contentment and a certain mystical peace.

My unanswered questions had to do with existence - with life - after our mortal death, and with the allegory of Jesus of Nazareth. An allegory I had

felt, touched, when a performance of Bach's Matthew Passion had surprised me, had impinged itself, not long before, upon my psyche, bringing once again from one momentous passage, those silent tears of my unknowing.

The truth I felt, the truth which thus became so revealed, was that I did not know; that I did not have all the answers; that I had begun to doubt everything that for years I had so passionately, even fanatically, believed in. The truth that maybe, just maybe, I might not be able to find all the answers by myself, unaided; that maybe, just maybe, there was someone out-there, or something, who and from which I might learn, who and which might guide me toward a deeper, a better, understanding of myself and this world. That maybe, just maybe, in that particular allegory I might find some answers.

Thus there arose slowly in me after these events some desire to know about a certain, a particular, a quiet and inner way of life which I felt might be able to provide me with some answers, which might in some way connect me - reconnect me - to a beautiful, purer, way of life.

For a long time I had, in pursuit of some ideology - what I would later describe as a causal abstraction - controlled an aspect of my character: my almost naive sensitivity, my empathy, my rather boyish enthusiasm. But now this aspect came again to live, on a daily basis, so that I, perhaps rather foolishly, took to walking the streets of Leeds barefoot, and smiling like some village idiot; so pleased, so very pleased, to be alive; so happy with the blueness of the sky, the warmth of the Sun, the ineffable beauty of life itself. As if I was detached from myself, not really some young man named Myatt but rather

A falling leaf turned Autumn brown  
Following the wind of the moment:  
Neither clinging to, nor striving against,  
The force of existence ever a dream in the end

For several weeks my plan became to return to an itinerant life, and thus became a kind of wandering poet, some sort of modern Taoist: a Way of Life familiar to me from my study of Taoism and my practical involvement with a Taoist Martial Art. But it seemed as if the wyrdful Cosmos had a rather different plan, for one day I decided - for reasons I cannot now recall - to borrow a bicycle belonging to a friend and head out for a week's holiday in the English countryside. A train conveyed me part of the way, and - the weather still hot, dry, and sunny - it was a pleasure to be away from the city, and I became as a schoolboy again for whom nearly every mile pedalled was an adventure.

There were stops for food, water - and a few overnight stays, often in some field beside some hedge. It did not matter, for I was still young, healthy, and quite strong.

After several days I came to be cycling down some narrow lane. To my left, a wooded hill of conifers; on my right, fields flowing gently upward to where a collocation of buildings were gathered just below a swathe of deciduous trees. The largest building somewhat - and I thought incongruously - resembled a French château, and so, intrigued, I cycled on to take a turning which I hoped might lead me toward it.

It was a monastery, and, leaving my bicycle propped up against a nearby tree, I wandered around. The door to the Abbey church was unlocked and I went inside. The cool quietness was slightly perfumed with incense from some recently ended Mass and a feeling of immense relief came over me as if I had, finally, come home. Words, scenes, emotions, scents, memories from a Catholic childhood lived within me once again, and it was so peaceful, so blissfully peaceful, sitting there, in the nave, that Time ceased to have any meaning or cause me any feeling as it trundled on in that other world, outside. Such stillness I had not thought possible came to keep me still.

I have no idea for how long I sat there, unthinking, and it was only when some activity in the monks choir beyond, behind, the altar distracted me that I remembered who and where I was. Then - their noonday prayer, chanted.

Suffice to say that when I returned to Leeds, soon afterwards, I immediately wrote to the Guestmaster of the monastery enquiring about a weekend visit. Some weeks later, I was there, at home, again. A weekend became a week; a certain request; an excited and nervous return to Leeds; and then that day when, with my few belongings, I ventured forth to begin my new life as a monk.

Sun, broken by branch, seeps  
Into mist  
Where spreading roots have cracked  
The stones, overgrown, perhaps,  
For an hundred years

From a seed, flesh fed, the oak  
Sheltering  
Mary  
Relict of William

And a breeze, stirring again  
This year  
The leaves of an Autumn's green gold

ooo

## **Part Two**

### **Sensus Internus**

#### *Into The Light*

Monastic life was, quite obviously, a complete contrast to the violence, the carnal indulgence, the political activity, the time spent in prison, of my previous years, and my first month in the monastery did not come as a surprise. I enjoyed it.

Like prison, there was a daily routine, and I soon adapted to it. Or, rather, I embraced it joyfully. Rising, in those years (I think they have gone a bit soft, now), at around half past four in the morning to - without breakfast - spend two hours and more in the monks' Choir stalls of the Abbey chanting Matins followed by Lauds and followed by Conventual Mass. The breakfast, in the refectory, was substantial. Then there was work, study, until past Noon, and Choir again for prayers before lunch, and at which meal one of the monks would read a religious text to us while we ate in silence, using a particular monastic sign language if for some reason we needed to communicate between ourselves, such as 'please pass me the butter'. An afternoon of manual labour followed, with a short break for cups of tea; more work or study until the hour of Vespers, sung in Latin, with the monks precessing from the cloisters, in cowled robes, into the Choir. Then the last meal of the day - supper - followed by an hour or so of "spiritual contemplation" and then onto the last prayers of the day, Compline. It was now not long after nine o'clock in the evening, and one was, quite understandably, somewhat tired, and so went to bed, in my case a cell (a small room with a small window) on the very top floor of the Abbey on what was called the Novices Gallery. Interestingly the only heating in these monastic cells - apart from the rooms of the Abbot and Prior, who had fireplaces - were hot water pipes running along the outside wall (no radiators). Of course, by the time the steam-generated hot water reached our pipes at the top, they were somewhat colder than in the rooms on the floors below.

Suffice to say, we were kept, busy, occupied, and I seemed to fit in quite well. It was also remarkably easy to forget about the outside world - and if something deemed really important happened in the outside world, one of the monks would pin a typed summary - a very small summary - of the event on the noticeboard in the cloister, which in practice meant once every month or so. Mostly though, the notices there were mainly about ecclesiastical matters - the Pope on a visit, somewhere; or a forthcoming visit to the monastery by some Bishop or other. A few of the monks were endearingly eccentric; for instance one had a fondness for eating - raw - the little mushrooms that occasionally sprouted, at certain times of year, on the lawn outside the calefactory window; another would - with the soles of his well-polished patent leather shoes - crunch a cockroach or two on the floor of the refectory before they could scamper away when we after hours of prayer went to eat our breakfast...

Weeks became months, and one of my jobs involved me working in the monastery library - a beautiful large place, of stone-mullioned windows (most of which did not open or had not been opened in decades), row upon row upon high row of dusty old books (many in Latin), large collections of manuscripts, and a quiet quietude that propelled one back into medieval times. It was as if the modern world - with its haste, its technology, its electricity - no longer existed, and, my allotted tasks accomplished, I could browse, and settle down to read. And if by some chance (and as occurred quite often) I came across something I could not understand - some passage in Latin, or Greek, for instance - there was always someone, some scholarly monk, who could not only explain it to me but also place it in context, and who more often than not was willing to discuss the matter in great detail.

The monastery provided me with many opportunities, to study, to learn, to discipline myself, to acquire a new perspective on life, and - for a while - I did believe I might have a vocation.

But after many months I became somewhat restless, and - obtaining permission to leave enclosure - I began running down the lane from the monastery toward the small wood-enclosed lakes about a mile and half distant. Not that I had "running shoes" or anything like that - only some old plimsolls obtained from The Dive. The Dive was in the basement of the monastery, run by one of the monks, and was where one might find some item one might need - a pair of sandals perhaps; or a shirt. Possibly even a tennis racket; an umbrella; or a hat if one was out in the Sun in the beautiful, secluded, wooded Monks Garden above the monastery, on the slope of a hill. Naturally, most if not all these Dive items were second, or third, or fourth hand, "donated" by monks, or their relatives, or someone else, and some items had been there - borrowed, and then returned, and sometimes repaired

- for perhaps a half a century or more. A veritable emporium, and if something one needed was not in The Dive - which was rare - it could be obtained, given some time.

This restlessness abated, a little, during those times I spent with four people there, three of them monks. The first was an older, jovial, monk, who possessed a great knowledge of Buddhism, especially Zen Buddhism, and who, in fact, had spent some years as Prior of a Zen monastery in Japan. We had many interesting discussions, about Buddhism, about Catholicism, about religion in general. The second person was a Greek scholar - a layman who lived in the monastery - and I seem to recall that he kept a card, filed among voluminous wooden card-indexes, for every single verse of The Odyssey, and which card contained, in his scholarly handwriting, the text in Greek, his translation, and some of his notes. The other two were younger monks - older than and senior, in monastic terms, to me - who had an interest in the more arcane aspects of religion, and especially of Catholicism, and we three would spend hours upon hours discussing mysticism, esotericism, and religion in general, even though, according to certain monastic rules, I should not have been associating with them as much as I did.

One rather humorous incident during my time in the monastery is worth recounting. I was asked, by the Abbot, to spend some weeks in Dublin where some University research project was underway, funded (I believe) by several monasteries, into vocations: what motivated young men to become monks; what might the monasteries do to attract more vocations, and so on. Why I - with my past - had been chosen to take part I found somewhat strange; or, perhaps, I had been chosen because of my past, a past known in full to both the Novice Master and the Prior. Whatever the reason, it meant flying from the nearest airport to Dublin, staying in a Presbytery near Phoenix Park and attending the University every day.

So, there I am, at the airport in England, travelling under my real name [5], waiting with other passengers in the departure lounge to board the aeroplane, when I am taken away, by two Special Branch Police officers, to be "interviewed" in a nearby room. Obviously they - or some other official - had recognized my name, or I was on some official Special Branch watch list. They asked why I was going to Dublin - and I explained where I was living, and why, and that the Abbot had selected me to take part in some research at the University. One of the Police officers then said that they would "check out my story" - and he duly returned, not long afterwards, and said I could go.

It was only on my return to the monastery, over two weeks later, that I learnt what had occurred. The Police officer had telephoned the monastery and enquired if there was a certain DM who lived there and what he was doing. One of the older monks happened to answer the telephone, and - in his schoolmasterish way, as though lecturing a schoolboy - confirmed my story, making some remark to the effect that he would be happy to ask the Abbott to telephone the Chief Constable, at which point, as he with great amusement later recounted to me, the Police officer said, somewhat sheepishly, that no, that would not be necessary.

Fundamentally, however, although I generally - most days - enjoyed the life immensely, three things surfaced to unsettle me, more and more, even though for quite some time I fought against them, strengthened as I was by certain numinous aspects of monastic life. For example, by the office of Compline and the singing of the beautiful Latin *Salve Regina* after which most of the monks, myself included, would go the kneel in silent reverential prayer on the bare stone floor in front of a centuries-old statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. For example, the short contemplative time between Matins and Lauds when it was peaceful, so blissfully peaceful, to wander outside in the darksome quiet or just sit still in the Choir and sense the centuries of numinous longing, joy and hope, that had seeped forth in prayer from places such as this.

The first - and for me perhaps the most important - of these three unsettling things was that I missed women. I missed everything about them - carnal relations, naturally, but also their presence, their touch, their embrace, their scent, their sensitivity, their gentleness, that intimate often wordless sharing that arises from a passionate, lustful, sharing relationship. In brief, I missed - and desired - the essence of women. Or at least, the essence of a certain type of women that I had become familiar with: the empathic, cultured, refined, well-mannered, passionate lady with whom and through whom one could be part of and explore a numinous reality.

The second was my combative nature - I loved to dispute, to argue, and many of the noviciate lectures degenerated into discussions between me and the senior monk trying to instruct we few novices. I argued about and disputed what the other novices thought were the most trivial things - for instance the exact meaning of certain words, and one discussion, in our course on New Testament Greek, about the meaning of the word *λόγος*, went on for hours. Eventually, in a rather nice way, I was told I was being somewhat disruptive, but my good, my expected, monastic behaviour did not last for long.

The third was my lack of obedience and humility. For instance, I had been

informed, by the Novice Master and then the Prior that I should no longer spend time with the two more senior monks with whom I had developed a friendship and with whom I discussed all manner of arcane matters. Although I agreed to abide "by the rules" it was not long before I broke them, again.

My rather un-monastic attitude was not helped when I pinned the following on the cloister noticeboard:

And Jesus said unto his disciples - "And who do you say that I am?"

And they replied - " You are the eschatological manifestation of the ground of our being, the kerygma in which we find the ultimate meaning of our interpersonal relationships. "

And Jesus looked at them amazed, and said, "*You what?*"

I cannot now remember where I obtained this quote from - some newly published book, perhaps - but my attempt at humour was somewhat unappreciated. My excuse? It had been suggested that we novices read Barth's *Church Dogmatics*.

Another incident - revealing of my nature - is perhaps worth recalling. An elderly monk died, peacefully, in his room, and on hearing this I rushed along the cloister to ring "the big bell", for I remembered having read somewhere (perhaps in the Rule of Saint Benedict) that what is what one should do, thus enabling the monks to pray for the soul of our departed brother. Naturally, I got into trouble for doing this - the bell could be heard for miles - for apparently this was, in that monastery, no longer the custom, and I should, of course, have asked permission first. Also, naturally, I argued the point - for a while, at least.

It was not that I made some sudden decision to leave. Rather, it became - after nearly a year and a half - rather obvious to me that I really did not have a vocation, a sentiment subsequently shared by both the Abbot and the Novice Master. Thus, by mutual consent, I eventually left, to return to live, for a while, in a caravan in the Fens.

The most poignant, the most remembered, thing about my leaving was when I went to tell the monk who had been a Zen Master, who said that of all the novices he had known in the past few years, I was the most monastic of them all. "This place needs people like you..." he said. But he was, to be fair, something of a character, himself, and had a wicked sense of humour.

## *Wandering, Love, and Marriage*

During my last few months in the monastery, one of my given tasks had been to care for, to nurse, an elderly monk with a terminal disease, and - to my great surprise - the Abbot had occasion to thank me, several times, in person, for my work. Even so, he surprised me yet again by suggesting, on the day before my departure, that I should consider a career as a Nurse. Which I duly did and - with his letter of recommendation - managed to secure a place as a student Nurse. The start of the training course, however, was many months away, and so, for a while, I wandered around, once again, as an itinerant.

This wandering gave me time to reflect upon many things - especially my monastic life - and one thing I began to appreciate in a more conscious way was the centuries-long still living culture to which I belonged, of which Catholicism, monasticism, and Christianity in general, had been a part. For me, this was, and had been, especially manifest in two things: in plainchant (which I loved to sing and to listen to), and in classical music from medieval times to JS Bach, Haydn, and beyond, and a lot of which music - especially JS Bach and Haydn - was imbued with or inspired by a religious feeling, an appreciation and a knowing of the numinous.

This reflexion placed many things into a supra-personal perspective so that, for instance, I began to consider certain philosophical and ethical questions, including the nature of human love and human suffering, and the ethics of politics. During my time in the monastery I rarely thought about politics - or even about the world outside - and certainly did not miss political activity or involvement. I was far too occupied with daily monastic life and with my own studies, which included ancient Greek literature, Buddhism, Taoism and Western philosophy. These reflexions in turn led me to consider the nature and form of religion, especially in relation to Christian history and theology.

Thus my life became, for around three years after I had left the monastery, personal - for there was no involvements with politics, or even with any organized form of religion, Catholic or otherwise. I had no rôle, no aim beyond pursuing my interests - such as running, cycling and classical music - and was even gainfully employed, for a year, at least.

For my nursing course had started. In those days, the training was mostly practical, on the hospital wards, with a three month assignment on a certain type of ward (medical, surgical, and so on) followed by a few weeks back in the classroom, followed by another duty on another ward.

Sitting quietly in high Summer  
While the river flows  
Is peaceful, for an hour;  
But any longer, and we who wish  
Cannot wait to abstain:  
We must be gone or find a goal  
To satisfy such haste.

There was a man, dying from his age  
As his flesh and organs failed:  
He did not seem to mind this  
    I've had a good innings  
Except, sometimes, the pain.  
He would lay, slowing breathing  
And sometimes smiling in his bed  
While we who waited on the living  
And the dying  
Cared  
As our time, tiredness and allocations  
Allowed.

Every two hours, on the Ward, still living bodies  
Would be turned  
To remove just one more soiled sheet  
While the heat of Summer through half-open  
Windows  
Mingled with the smells  
And the oozing from freshly sutured  
Flesh:

But each dark moment was almost always  
(If you watched)  
Relieved  
By the sadness or the smile  
In another person's eyes.

And there was a learning  
In such simple glimpses,  
Shared.

I was one of only two male nurses on the course, and while the work itself was quite tiring and hard - and one went through periods of loving it, hating it, loving it - it was rewarding, and there was a sense, in those days, of

belonging to a small community, especially since I lived, in a minuscule room, in the Nurses Home. One lived and worked in the same place, and generally spent time off-duty with one's fellow student nurses, in one's own year or from other years.

Naturally, there were liaisons with people with whom one worked and who also lived within the hospital grounds, and after a few of these I found myself in a serious relationship. There were plans for us to obtain our own accommodation, near the hospital; short holidays, away; and I felt I was in love. The young lady in question certainly was in love with me. But then, as my first year moved toward its ending, I - stupidly, selfishly, dishonourably - ruined it all, by falling in love with someone else.

The "other woman" was a friend of a friend, and then a Post Graduate studying at Cambridge, whom I met at some party or other in that city. Her nickname was Twinkle, and there was a quite adorable child-like quality to her, a need to be loved, an enthusiasm tempered occasionally by a touch of anxiety, all of which, combined with a keen intellect and a love of classical music, poetry and English literature, made her (at least to me) irresistible. I did try to resist - for a while. For several months, I managed to behave honourably, and even managed to behave in a friendly way toward her then lover. But the more I saw of her, the worse I felt.

For weeks, I resisted the temptation to see her, and was glad when she moved away, her course over, to live and work in what seemed far off Shropshire. But then her fateful short note arrived in the post - "Feeling wretched. Do come!" it read, giving a telephone number and an address. The very next day another, quite similar, note arrived, sounding even more urgent.

Making excuses to K - for I was genuinely concerned Twinkle might harm herself - I set off, without any expectations and rather naively believing I could be a good friend. A train to Shrewsbury; a bus to that overgrown village where she lived where once there was a medieval Priory; and there she was, waiting for me at the bus stop. Alighting from the bus, she ran to embrace me, and clung onto me for what seemed, what felt, a long time. "I wish I had a camera!" an elderly lady, waiting at the stop said, and smiled. And then we were walking, rather shyly together, along the road to her lodgings.

Hours later, the evening meal she had cooked eaten, we sat - she on a chair, I on the carpet before the gas fire - in her room in the candlelit dark while she, to a mute background of a symphony by Brahms - tearfully recalled the last few weeks of her life. Her lover had spurned her, harshly, for someone else;

she felt so alone; so betrayed; so ashamed of herself; so disgusted with herself for being so weak and needy, believing she was unworthy of being loved...

What could I say? Do? I should have played the rôle of unworldly, detached, Sage, and spake forth some words of fatherly wisdom and advice - but all I did in my weakness was move toward her, hold her hand and told her that I loved her. Thus did I that night and the next betray my lover. K met me at the railway station on my return, and she knew, just knew, immediately, of my betrayal, just as I felt her knowing. We did not speak of it then, and strived to carry on as normal, until some days later when a letter for me from Twinkle arrived. I was on duty, and K opened and read it. There were no tears from her on my return to my room in the Nurses Home; no words shouted; no words at all. She simply gave me the letter and waited. There was, in that letter, a declaration of love, a passage about having children - about how even now she might be bearing "our child".

There were tears from she whom I had betrayed, and I felt ashamed, and the most wretched I had ever, up until then, felt in my life. Wretched because of her sadness, her feelings; wretched because I had so deeply hurt her; and wretched because there was no anger in her, no words or shouts of recrimination; no accusations; no flailing fists of a lover betrayed. Only deep soul-wrenching almost utter despair. She left then to leave me alone with my dishonour, my shame.

A few days later, I suddenly withdrew from the nursing course to travel to Shropshire to live with my new lover. The day before I left I had met K, briefly - or rather, she had saught me out. We embraced, then she pulled away to affect a smile while I just stood there, not knowing, in my shame, what to say or do. But she was far stronger than I and suggested, gently, affectionately, that - if I did indeed love Twinkle - then I could obtain a transfer to a hospital in Shropshire. She had it all worked out, having even spoken to a senior member of the teaching staff about such transfers. She left then, leaving me as if I had just awoken from some dream. A walk. Another walk. A telephone call some hours later; a question impetuously asked; an affirmative answer received. Yes, she would marry me...

I went to tell K. She had just returned from a late shift and, then as now, I am not quite sure how or why we parted in the gentle way we did. We spoke for a while, softly, of our own future separate plans; we shared a bottle of wine; then we were in each others arms; and in the morning we kissed and I, with no words exchanged between us, left to begin my new life in the rural county of Shropshire. Less than six months later I was married, to Twinkle, and never saw or heard from K again.

Now, recalling those events, I feel that K perhaps loved me far more than I deserved, as I know I behaved dishonourably and assuredly hurt her deeply. There are no excuses for my behaviour, then; I was quite simply - and for all my idealistic talk of honour in my political years - just weak, dishonourable. I gave in to my dreams and my desires, placing my needs, my dreams, my hopes, my lust, before the feelings of someone who loved me and whom I should have treated in an honourable way. In brief, I was selfish, and really did not know what love was - what it meant and implied - despite all my philosophical reflexion on the matter and despite all my previous trysts and involvements.

A few weeks before my marriage, I went to visit my lady friend in London for the last time to inform her of my change of circumstances, and spent an exquisitely poignant weekend with her; feelings recalled some months later in bleak mid-Winter:

Like memories, snow falls  
With no sound  
While I stand as Winter frosts  
My feet  
And a cold hand holds itself ready  
Near a pen:

The birds, though starving, still sing  
Here where trees and snow seat themselves  
On hill  
And the slight breeze beings to break  
My piece of silence  
Down.

Her love seemed only real  
With its loss.

Above the trees, crows cawing  
As they swirl  
Within the cold

### *A Shropshire Tale*

The seven years of my first marriage were all spent in South Shropshire, that rural part of that border English county that I came to love. For a few months, after our marriage, we lived in lodgings and then in a caravan on the

edge of a field on a farm, and enjoyed a reasonably happy time, until the snows of Winter came. I liked living in the quiet solitude of the caravan with its wood-burning stove, while she did not.



High Acre in Shropshire (from a painting by Richard Moulton)

One morning we awoke to find ourselves snowed in, and I had to crawl out of a caravan window to shovel snow away from the door so that she could decamp to the nearby shack, whose rotting wooden roof and walls provided some shelter and which enclosed our portable chemical toilet. She had, quite naturally, endured enough, and threatened that day to stay with friends whose central heating, indoor bathroom, and kitchen she somehow found enchanting, suggesting then that we immediately find somewhere else suitable for us to live.

After a while we did, a brief interlude of living in Shrewsbury town not really worth recalling. We found a glorious house on the edge of the Long Mynd overlooking the Stretton valley, and it was there - with Coalbrookdale fireplaces in almost every room - that we would spend most of our remaining married years together.

The years passed - or seemed to pass, for me - quite quickly. I, occupied with cycling, with daily runs on the Long Mynd, writing poetry, with researching and writing a book I called, somewhat pretentiously, *The Logic of History* [6], and sometimes with work; she occupied with her full-time employment, miles distant (she possessed a moped) and her small circle of friends.

Work, for me, like money, was incidental, while for her, her career was the main enthusiasm of her life, and something she did with excellence and élan, and a consummate and professional ease. Thus, we existed quite often in our separate worlds, our married life more a convenience than a sharing passion, a fault for which I alone was to blame.

For instance, for me, weekends were a time for long fifteen or twenty mile runs - or fifty to eighty mile cycle rides, or competing in bicycle Time Trials at club level [7] - with the remainder of the day spent relaxing, perhaps idly walking up the Burway, or listening to music. In contrast, she desired a rather more active social life, and on the few occasions I accepted some social invitation - an evening meal with some of her colleagues, for instance - I either, in my then still somewhat arrogant way, monopolized the conversation, or was disdainful and disinterested.

Thus, as might be gathered from this précis, I was rather selfish if not downright uncaring, although I did agree, much against my own desire, to her wish to delay having children, given her commitment to her career. It is perhaps not surprising that she, therefore, with her passionate needful nature sought to find a type of love elsewhere. Thus it was that she fell in love with another woman. Or rather, we both were attracted to the same married woman, except, for my wife, while a physical desire existed, she honourably did not act upon it, while I - yet again - allowed my desire to overwhelm me, and thus betrayed her.

Had I learned nothing from the torment, the grief, the sorrow, of only a few years ago? From my other act of dishonour? Yes - but only for a while. Yet again, there are no excuses for my failure. But, aged a few years past thirty, it would be the last time I allowed lust to overwhelm my honour.

Our marriage survived, for a while at least. She, though deeply hurt, forgave me in that loving way that many women often can. But, unsurprisingly, and correctly, she began to find fault with me, our marriage, aided by a loving, tender, relationship she developed with a younger woman. A year later we separated, and then divorced - she to live in a University city with her young lover, and I to stay in Shropshire.

During the years of my first marriage, I remained inactive in practical street politics, although I did keep in touch with both CJ and John Tyndall, and wrote a few articles, which JT published in his *Spearhead* magazine, both under my own name, and under several pseudonyms. [8]

For a few years, after my marriage, I worked in a few different

occupations - or none, since by then I had a small private income - travelled [9], and enjoyed various liaisons with women, none of which lasted for very long and several of which placed me on the other side of betrayal, which in itself proved to be valuable, if painful, personal learning experience:

A bright quarter moon  
As I ran alone in the cold hours  
Along the sunken road that twists  
Between hill-valley and stream:

There was a dream, in the night  
That woke me - a sadness  
To make me sit by the fire  
Then take me out, moon-seeing  
And running, to hear only my feet  
My breath - to smell only the coldness  
Of the still, silent air:

But no spell, no wish  
Brought my distant lover to me  
And I was left to run slowly  
Back  
And wait the long hours  
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing  
Except the warmth of my love  
No longer needed.

Then, one day - and arranged through a mutual acquaintance - I had an assignation with another women. Reverting back to country type, I wore a tweed suit, my tweed overcoat, plus traditional English flat cap. We had arranged to meet outside a Wine Bar in Shrewsbury, and, as her close friend, A, was later to tell me in a letter, Sue immediately fell in love with me:

" When Sue first met you, I've never seen such instant love and attraction. I've never believed in love at first sight but I have to admit you and Sue seem to have been the exception that proved the rule..."

That evening we had a long leisurely meal in that Wine Bar, and had a quite marvellous time, for there was a lovely, and natural, affinity between us. We arranged to meet the following week, became lovers, and then began living together.

Quite simply, I adored her and fell deeply in love with her. She was practical

(she designed and made many of her own clothes), uncomplicated, and we just fitted together exceptionally well, never arguing, and never even - not once - exchanging angry words.

As her friend, A, wrote in the aforementioned letter:

" She had a very deep and simple love for you which never wavered. You and Sue were privileged to have that kind of love..."

We shared everything; went everywhere together, including holidays abroad. Indeed, twice every year we travelled to Egypt, once to spend two weeks leisurely cruising down the Nile from Aswan to Cairo, one of the last of those two week trips, then, since Middle Egypt, around troubled Assyut, became closed to Nile cruise boats, following some attacks on Western tourists. Indeed, I can remember, on that particular trip, that armed Policemen accompanied our boat for part of our journey, as we were often escorted, on some excursions, by other armed guards.

My life became settled, and I was immensely happy. I began translating ancient Greek literature: first, *Antigone* by Sophocles, followed by *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

Then, just over four years into our relationship, Sue became ill. She had developed cancer. Surgery, and radiotherapy followed, and she seemed to recover, so we went again to Egypt. We had just returned when she became quite ill, and required emergency admission into hospital.

There we were, in an isolation room - it was feared, because of her yellow-coloured eyes, that she might have hepatitis or have acquired some tropical disease - awaiting the results of various tests.

"I am so sorry," the quite young hospital Consultant informed us, "it is very serious..."

She had around six weeks to live. Her first words to me after he, a lovely sensitive man, had left: "I am glad we went to Egypt." Then she smiled: "At least I'll have time to sort everything out!"

Never once, during those few remaining weeks of her life did she complain, even though she was on quite a high dose of morphine for her pain. Never once was she sad, dejected. Instead, it was she who - unbelievably - gave me strength and support. She was, in a quite literal way, remarkable. We stayed, for a week, with her mother and brother who, having the means, spent every

Autumn and Winter in Spain in a house overlooking the Mediterranean sea [10]. Then, her health deteriorating, we left to return to England.

One incident, at Malaga airport, enraged me. She was by then in a wheelchair, and we had requested priority boarding which the airline had agreed to. As I pushed her in her wheelchair I heard one British woman, in the departure lounge, make a disgusting remark, doubting whether "that woman" really needed a wheelchair. Enraged, I was about to shout something vulgar in reply when Sue gently smiled, held my hand, and shook her head. She died just over a week later, one night in her sleep while I sat beside her.



Sue, On Wenlock Edge

For months afterwards I shut myself away, at first in a room at an hotel in Shropshire, and then in a chalet in the hotel grounds. I busied myself with completing my translation of *The Agamemnon* by Aeschylus and going for walks on the Long Mynd.

Translation, and those walks, became my life. I had no other aim and three months became many more. I do not now recall how many months I stayed there, reclusive in my world, but however long it was I endured until my translation was complete. I even took the radical step - on a few occasions when busy weekends were expected - of hiring the two chalets on either side of mine in order to be alone, at peace, as I had my own table in the hotel restaurant, set well away from the others.

The translation over, I found myself - or so I believed - almost recovered from the immediacy of her loss. Sue, organized, remarkable, to the end, had planned her leaving well, and one of the few things she insisted upon, in those final weeks, was that I should, must, have a life after her. So she had a friend find an exclusive agency that specialized in personal introductions, and their card was in that leather Filofax that Sue had given me as one of her departing gifts. For weeks, I ignored that card, making a whole variety of excuses. Then, remembering, and placing my pride aside for her sake, and using one of those new-fangled mobile telephones, I made a call. Suffice to say - some interviews over, one at the village home of one of the ladies who ran the agency - I was offered an introduction.

I arranged to meet J at the Feathers Hotel in Ludlow, and she, as I, was nervous. She was well-dressed, well-spoken, well-educated, and somewhat reminded me of the archetypal English Rose. We arranged another meeting, and then another, and so began a rather old-fashioned courtship, which pleased us both, and it was not long before I fell in love with her. Years later, she confided in me that she began to fall in love with me on what was our second assignation when, in Worcester, after an evening meal at a fine restaurant, I was, as a gentleman should, escorting her to where her car was parked when I, like some schoolboy, unthinkingly blurted out, having taken out my pocket watch: "Gosh! It's half past nine already! I haven't been up this late for absolutely ages..."

Thus, there came a time when it seemed apposite for me to propose marriage. So I invited her to spend a long weekend with me at a rather lovely hotel beside a lake in Wales where, rather nervously, I revealed everything about my past. A few months later we were married, and honeymooned in the Maldives.

### *Combat 18 and the NSM*

Life was never simple again, after that. For I had returned to writing about National-Socialism, publishing my fourteen volume *National-Socialist Series*, which included works with titles such as *National-Socialism: Principles and Ideals*, and *The Revolutionary Holy War of National-Socialism*.

Why this return? To be honest, I cannot really remember. But I have more than a vague suspicion that Sue's death had affected me more than I, at

the time, cared or even dared to admit. Something seemed to have departed from my life: a personal vision, a dream, perhaps, of us - of Sue and I - growing old together; of a life of contented sharing, where the world was only our life together. For we had a beautiful life and home - a detached house, in Shropshire, tastefully furnished by Sue (who had impeccable taste); I had a collection of five custom made bicycles (including two with frames hand-crafted by Mercian); we had relaxing enjoyable holidays several times a year; our relationship was everything I had ever dreamed about; we had no financial concerns; and we were totally loyal to each other. I was, quite simply, in love and content, as I knew she was.

So, perhaps I replaced my personal vision with another one, retreating back into the world I had known before. The world of NS politics; of striving to create a better world, for others, based on the values of honour, loyalty and duty. In some ways, these NS writings of mine were an attempt to not only express the essence of what I believed National-Socialism to be, but also to evolve it, and I began to circulate a small newsletter, *The National-Socialist*, in the hope of introducing these ideas of mine to others.

It was around this time that the London-based group Combat 18 was becoming well-known, and it seemed to me that many of those involved with this group were doing what I had again, and at that time, come to believe was necessary, which was revolutionary street-action in the name of National-Socialism, just as I believed then, as before, that I, by supporting NS, was doing something honourable and noble.

As I wrote in a previous autobiographical note, published in 1998:

I came to admire them and openly declared my support for them. I also gave a personal pledge of loyalty to Combat 18's leader, Charlie Sargent, and his brother, Steve.

In a short space of time Combat 18 had built up a fearsome reputation and done what no other group had done - gained street power from those opposed to National-Socialism. Not surprisingly, the Press, aided by MI5, began a campaign to discredit C18, as both MI5 and Special Branch sought to infiltrate and disrupt the organization.

In article after article, in letter after letter, in discussion after discussion, I warned of the danger and urged people to uphold the values of honour, loyalty and duty. I also urged them to consider that the best way forward was a proper National-Socialist organization and to forget plans and talk of an imminent armed insurrection, for - as I had discovered from practical experience -

the time was not yet right for such plans: we needed the people first, properly motivated, in their thousands, and we had but dozens. But the poison of the State took effect. People in nationalist organizations began to believe the clever MI5 dis-information about C18 being a MI5 run group, created to disrupt the so-called 'nationalist cause'. Some nationalists even went so far as to describe Charlie and Steve as 'informers'. Perhaps MI5 were also successful in disrupting C18 itself, or perhaps it was only the result of the ego and disloyalty of one individual.

Whatever the first cause, open feuding broke out between the two C18 factions, resulting in one death, and the arrest for murder of Charlie Sargent and his loyal comrade Martin Cross. I was honour-bound to stay loyal to Charlie Sargent, and decided to form and lead the National-Socialist Movement to continue the work he had begun. As a result, a smear campaign against me began. Rumours of Occult involvement - never entirely absent thanks to a few dishonourable and cowardly individuals - increased. But I believed I could ignore them as I hoped others around me would ignore them and hold fast to honour, loyalty and duty.

The decision for me to come back into public prominence by forming and leading the NSM was easy, even though I knew what would happen with regard to rumours about me, and even though I never intended to stay for long as the leader, lacking as I did the qualities of leadership. Yet, secretly, in my heart, I yearned for a quiet rural life, working on a farm and undertaking Greek translations in my spare time.

However, the decision to form and lead the NSM was easy because I felt it was my duty - I believed I was responsible for what had happened to Charlie as I believed that someone had to publicly support him. I was responsible because in truth I - the exponent of honour, loyalty and duty - should have done something to prevent the situation that arose. I should have tried to bring the factions together on the basis of duty to the Cause first and foremost. I even went to Charlie's committal proceedings, after he had been charged with murder, in the belief that matters could even at that late date be sorted out. For I had a somewhat naive belief that the opponents of Charlie would see reason, ignore MI5 dis-information, and agree to put loyalty and the Cause first.

But the more I found out about what had happened, and was happening, the more I knew there could be no compromise with those who had betrayed Charlie, particularly by giving evidence

against him in Court. This betrayal by giving evidence in a Court of Law was totally unacceptable behaviour - totally dishonourable. For we National-Socialists regarded the State and its Institutions such as the Police as our enemies, as we believed we should settle any disputes among ourselves in our traditional warrior way through a fair fight or a duel. Moreover these people continued parroting MI5 dis-information, and accused both Charlie and Steve of being informers when the truth was that the leader of their faction was the biggest informer of all, helping as he did to convict Charlie and Martin and supporting as he did the State and its dishonourable laws. Twice we who were loyal to Charlie waited for this informer and his supporters to turn up to sort matters out with a fair fight, once at Chelmsford and once in north London - and twice they did not turn up. [11]

My involvement with Combat 18, and later the new NSM, was to have a deleterious affect on my marriage, especially as my wife did not share my political opinions. *Searchlight* devoted several pages of one issue of their magazine to me, complete with photographs, including one of me on the front cover, under the headline *The Most Evil Nazi in Britain*. As usual, their story was a mix of some truth, some lies, and some unproven allegations. That is, it was political propoganda, designed for a specific purpose. In another issue, dealing with the trial of Charlie Sargent, there was a photograph of me (perhaps it was on the first page, if my ageing memory is correct) walking toward the Court in Chelmsford beside the wife of Martin Cross.

This photograph - together with my many trips to London - made my wife suspicious and so we argued, at first about "other women," and then, gradually, about other matters. On one occasion I had to go to Northern Ireland, and she insisted that I telephoned her from there, which I did, as she insisted on calling me back to check the number so that she knew I was there and not somewhere else. But, during the whole of our relationship I was never disloyal to her, having learnt that lesson, at least.

Meanwhile, I took to working on a farm, near to where we then lived in a detached house in a village not far from Malvern, and it was at that house that one local Policeman, accompanied by six Detectives from SO12, Scotland Yard, came to call, early one morning in 1998, to arrest me. For nearly seven hours they searched the house, seizing my computers, files, and letters, and arrested me. I was taken to Malvern Police Station, whose officers seemed somewhat bemused by this invasion of Detectives from an

elite unit based at Scotland Yard.

A few interrogations, a period locked in a cell, and many hours later, I was released, on condition that I reported on a regular basis to Charing Cross Police station in London. I made a point, during my first "interview", of thanking the Detectives for their professional behaviour during their search of my home - for they had indeed acted in a very professional and courteous manner toward us - and it was this, and my subsequent interviews with SO12 officers in London (and on one occasion, in Oxford) - and the professional attitude of the custody Sergeants and other Police officers I had occasion to then interact with - that made me revise my attitude toward the Police.

My wife seemed, somewhat strangely, to take this invasion of her home, and my arrest, quite calmly, and did not seem particularly perturbed when I would adhere to my bail conditions and travel to London. I, certainly, was unperturbed - although my trips to London, the reaction of many comrades to "the dawn raids", and the attitude of the Police officers involved, did lead me to begin to think seriously again about the tactics, and indeed the rather stark ideology, I had been pursuing.

For, for all my rhetoric, for all my revolutionary words, for all my personal effort and sacrifice, very little - if anything - of practical import had been achieved. Indeed, the situation within and exterior to the NSM, and what remained of Combat 18, was analogous to the NDFM; in truth, it was far far worse. There seemed to be little honour; even less genuine loyalty; and the usual spreading of malicious rumours and of gossip. Furthermore, few people - if any - were prepared to risk their lives or their liberty for the Cause they claimed they believed in.

Hard manual work, on the farm, was some recompense, and I seriously began to wonder why I bothered with practical politics at all. But, outwardly, I maintained my revolutionary persona - at least for some months. For a new strategy had occurred to me, and this was that a religion might be very useful, or at least some kind of religious approach. Previously, I had rather vaguely written about NS as some kind of religion - but no one was interested, and it was, I knew, impossible to intellectually conjure a new religion into existence.

Thus, and impressed as I was at the time by the actions of devout Muslims who were, or who seemed to be, prepared to sacrifice their lives for "their Cause", I began to seriously study Islam, initially more to see what I could learn from it and perhaps apply to that NS Cause I then still believed in.

## **Pathei-Mathos**

### *Copeland, The Way of Al-Islam, and A New Beginning*

During my time with Combat 18, I had returned to Egypt, and it was during this visit that I began to appreciate the difference between Arab nationalism, and Islam, for I talked to several Egyptians, and several Muslims, about their land, about Islam, about life in general. I liked the manners of these Muslims, their devotion to their faith, which included praying five times a day.

I returned to England to find bad-manners, arrogance, materialism, decadence, and for the first time in my life I felt somewhat out of place among my own people. But gradually, over the coming months, the feeling faded.

As I wrote in Part Six of *Ethos of Extremism*:

" There was no sudden decision to convert to Islam [in 1998]. Rather, it was the culmination of a process that began a decade earlier with travels in the Sahara Desert. During the decade before my conversion I regularly travelled abroad, with this travel including well-over a dozen visits to Egypt and a few visits to other lands where the majority of the population were Muslim.

Egypt, especially, enchanted me; and not because of the profundity of ancient monuments. Rather because of the people, their culture, and the land itself. How life, outside of Cairo, seemed to mostly cling to the Nile - small settlements, patches and strips of verdancy, beside the flowing water and hemmed in by dry desert. I loved the silence, the solitude, the heat, of the desert; the feeling of

there being precariously balanced between life and death, dependant on carried water, food; the feeling of smallness, a minute and fragile speck of life; the vast panorama of sky. There was a purity there, human life in its essence, and it was so easy, so very easy, to feel in such a stark environment that there was, must be, a God, a Creator, who could decide if one lived or died.

Once, after a long trip into the Western Desert, I returned to Cairo to stay at some small quite run-down hotel: on one side, a Mosque, while not that far away on the other side was a night-club. A strange, quixotic, juxtaposition that seemed to capture something of the real modern Egypt. Of course, very early next morning the Adhaan from the mosque woke me. I did not mind. Indeed, I found it hauntingly beautiful and, strangely, not strange at all; as if it was some long-forgotten and happy memory, from childhood perhaps.

Once, I happened to be cycling from Cairo airport to the centre of the city as dawn broke, my route taking me past several Mosques. So timeless, so beautiful, the architecture, the minarets, framed by the rising sun...

Once, and many years before my conversion, I bought from a bookshop in Cairo a copy of the Quran containing the text in Arabic with a parallel English interpretation, and would occasionally read parts of it, and although I found several passages interesting, intriguing, I then had no desire, felt no need, to study Islam further. Similarly, the many friendly conversations I had with Egyptians during such travels - about their land, their culture, and occasionally about Islam - were for me just informative, only the interest of a curious outsider, and did not engender any desire to study such matters in detail.

However, all these experiences, of a decade and more, engendered in me a feeling which seemed to grow stronger year by year with every new trip. This was the feeling that somehow in some strange haunting way I belonged there, in such places, as part of such a culture. A feeling which caused me - some time after the tragic death of Sue (aged 39) from cancer in the early 1990's - to enrol on, and begin, an honours course in Arabic at a British university.

Thus, suffice to say that a decade of such travel brought a feeling of familiarity and resonance with Egypt, its people, its culture, that land, and with the Islam that suffused it, so that when in the Summer of 1998 I seriously began to study Islam, to read Ahadith,

Seerah, and the whole Quran, I had at least some context from practical experience. Furthermore, the more I studied Islam in England in those Summer months the more I felt, remembered, the sound of the beautiful Adhaan; remembered the desert - that ætherial purity, that sense of God, there; and remembered that haunting feeling of perhaps already belonging to such a culture, such a way of life. Hence my conversion to Islam, then, in September of that year, seemed somehow fated, wyrdful."

After some months of studying Islam, during that Summer of 1998 - my new strategy regarding some religion completely forgotten - it occurred to me that the Way of Al-Islam was indeed a good way to bring-into-being a new, a noble, society with a warrior ethos, and the more I read about the life of the Prophet, Muhammad, the more I came to admire him. There did, indeed, seem to be something remarkable, something numinous, something divine, here, in both the life of the Prophet, Muhammad, and in the Quran, and so - inspired and naively enthusiastic again - I trundled off to the nearest Mosque.

For nearly half an hour I hesitated - for these were the people I had spent thirty years trying to get out of Britain. How would they react to the former leader of the neo-nazi NSM walking into "their" Mosque?

At first when I, quite nervously, entered there seemed to be no one around. Out of respect, I removed my shoes and knocked on an inner door. The Imaam opened it - but he could not speak English, and I tried to say something in Arabic but the only thing that made sense was *Shahadah*. Soon, someone was fetched, who translated, and the Imaam embraced me. They were so pleased and so friendly that I admit that, then, tears came to my eyes, and I really felt I had, finally, arrived at the right place.

In retrospect, the years of my involvement with Islam were some of the most memorable of my life. Years when I learnt more about myself, and years which changed me fundamentally.

Not long after my conversion, I enrolled on a residential course in Arabic, and began to seriously study Ahadith, and, for several years, I was quite content as a Muslim - Namaz strengthened me, placed me into a humble relationship with my brothers and sisters; just as being part of the Ummah dissolved every last vestige of my former political beliefs. Ethnicity, one's territorial place of birth, the type of work one did, were all irrelevant. That is, I came to reject all forms of nationalism, including National-Socialism, and

racialism itself.

I was welcomed into the homes of brothers, met their families, and there was this world within a world where what mattered was love of the prophet, Muhammad, and a desire to selflessly obey the word of Allah, as manifest in the Quran, the Sunnah, and *Ijmah*.

Meanwhile, my relationship with my wife became more and more strained - certainly not helped by my many absences to meet with Muslim friends, and most certainly not helped by the Media interest in me that occurred following the trial, and the conviction, of Copeland for the London nail-bombings.

Following the arrest of Copeland, I - by then a Muslim - was interviewed at my home by Detectives from the Anti-Terrorism branch who were investigating if I had any connection with him, and they seemed satisfied that I did not, for I was not interviewed again about the matter. Some time after this - many months, as the date for Copeland's trial came near - I was, for several days, followed around by a large red van which covertly filmed and photographed me, my place of work (a farm), and my home, before being waylaid, early one morning while on my way to work (as usual by bicycle) by a film crew from the BBC's Panorama television programme who were making what they described as a "documentary" about the bombings. Among the statements put to me that morning was:

"You inspired Copeland indirectly to do what he did.." [12]



Waylaid by the BBC

Following Copeland's conviction and imprisonment, the BBC Panorama programme was broadcast, and I, not long after, was pursued for a while by

journalists from several newspapers, with several scurrilous articles about me appearing in print. One even included a photograph of our house, and named the village where my wife and I lived. One of these newspaper articles began (complete with photograph of me riding my bicycle on my way back from work):

*" This is the man who shaped mind of a bomber; Cycling the lanes around Malvern, the mentor who drove David Copeland to kill..."*

Riding a bicycle around his Worcestershire home town sporting a wizard-like beard and quirky dress-sense, the former monk could easily pass as a country eccentric or off-beat intellectual.

But behind David Myatt's studious exterior lies a more sinister character that has been at the forefront of extreme right-wing ideology in Britain since the mid-1960s. Myatt... was the brains behind the country's most openly neo-nazi organization....."

Yes indeed - *quirky dress sense*. That would be the type of clothes worn by a farm labourer, then.

As might be expected, all this Media interest somewhat affected my relationship with my wife, and she became quite distant, emotionally, physically, from me. Less than a year later, she became ill, suffering what is often termed a nervous breakdown. For a few months we stayed together, by which time it was obvious that our relationship was over.

In fairness to my wife, I have to admit that I had, yet again - and after my return to practical politics, followed by my conversion to Islam - descended down to abject, unforgivable, selfishness, placing some abstract goal, the personal pursuit of some abstract ideology, and then involvement with Islam, before her; before her needs. In brief, I was not a very good husband to her - more concerned with exterior supra-personal matters than with her, than with our relationship, than with her happiness. That she endured for so long with so little from me is tribute surely to her, as a loving woman. Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, Mea Maxima Culpa.

Thus, my marriage over, I travelled in the Muslim world, met some very interesting and committed Muslims, all the while continuing my Muslim education, and it was some Muslims I met who asked me to write about this particular Way of Life; writings which I was, for some years, to become associated with, under my Muslim name of Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt.

But was I, as some people have wondered, a sincere Muslim? Did I, for example, really believe that Muhammad was the Messenger and Prophet of Allah? Yes, I was sincere, and yes I did believe that, just as decades before, and for a while, I believed that Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God. Did I really believe that Shariah was the best way of living? Yes - because I accepted that I was fallible, and that to submit to the will of Allah was my duty, my honourable duty, as a Muslim. [13]

In a literal way, Islam taught me humility, something I aspired to during my time as a monk but which my then prideful nature rebelled against.

Why, then, did I begin to have doubts about that particular Way of Life, as manifest in some effusions and personal letters I wrote? As usual with my life, there was no *satori* - no one sudden moment of enlightenment with one's life thereafter and always changed. Rather, there were moments of empathy, of greater understanding, of insight, followed by a gradual return to almost, but not quite, where one had been before. Then, after some causal Time - of a duration sometimes short, sometimes long - there followed more such moments, until a slow, almost alchemical, change occurred within.

In retrospect, this change had its genesis in three things. First, because practical experience - my life as a Muslim - revealed to me, after a few years, how even the Ummah was woefully divided, how some Muslims seemed to be Muslim in name only, like some Catholics obeyed the precepts of their faith if and when it suited them, and how, it seemed to me, the various interpretations of certain texts often led to adherence to particular abstractions over and above a living numinously. [14] Second, after several years of interior struggle, of dwelling upon certain ethical and philosophical questions, I came to certain conclusions; and third, because - and most importantly, most significant of all - I became involved with, fell in love with, a certain lady.

Thus, this drift away from Islam resulted from a strange - perhaps a wyrdful - combination of circumstances, and from one singular, important, event.

### *A Personal Tragedy*

While still involved with Islam - although I had begun to develop my philosophy of the Numinous Way - I met a most beautiful lady. She was a friend of one of my closest friends, and he and his partner had, since the end of my marriage, been trying to bring us together, believing that we might

find each other interesting.

By then, I had been living and working on a farm for several years (a life and a work which inspired that initial development of my 'numinous way'), and although I had had a few casual trysts during that time, I still nurtured a desire for a deeper, permanent, relationship, and - intrigued by what I had been informed was her love of the desert and her desire to undertake more such travels, especially in the Western Sahara, an area I had come to know reasonably well - I agreed to contact her, more with a vague kind of hope than any real expectation of such a relationship developing.

Thus, Frances and I arranged to meet, after speaking to each other, via the medium of the telephone, several times. I have always rather disliked the impersonal nature of that medium - for one cannot see the eyes, the face, of the person one is conversing with - but, rather strangely for me, I conversed with her in the days before our meeting for several hours, not once, but twice, for we did seem to have something of a rapport.

We met on the concourse of York railway station, and it would be something of an understatement to write that I was immediately attracted to her. In truth, I was rather astounded, for during our prior telephone conversations she had, several times, made it known to me that she was not "at her best", that she was still somewhat depressed, and that I was not "to expect too much".

Although I recognized her immediately, as she came through the crowd toward where I was sitting, I was so impressed by her beauty, her very presence, that, for several seconds, I quite literally could not move, and when I did, stumbling to my feet, she was there and, without hesitation, we embraced each other and kissed as though we had been lovers for months, years.



A day later, and I was already in love with her, and for almost a year I would -

every fortnight or so and when possible - travel by train to visit her in York. In those days, such journeys and stays away were not onerous, for I had sufficient funds to travel First Class and stay in excellent hotels. Once - over the Christmas period - Fran came to stay at the farm, for nearly two weeks, and to write that we had an enjoyable time would be something of an exaggeration. By then, I had proposed marriage, which she had accepted, and then seemed unsure about. We talked during that time, at some length, about travelling - especially into the Sahara Desert, as we considered moving to live in Egypt, but never arrived at any conclusion.

For years before our meeting - for most of her adult life in truth - she had a difficult time caused by regular periods of clinical depression. She also, for some unfathomable reason, often disliked herself intensely. Yet she was beautiful - astonishingly so at times when life flowed within her and animated her - and intelligent and talented. But little I could say or do made her feel better about herself in those periods when she descended down into bouts of self-deprecation - at least, these things did not seem to work for very long. That is, she always and so sadly returned to such self-deprecation. Thus our relationship went from glorious, ecstatic, highs to tremendous lows. But I loved her, and so persevered, hoping, trusting, that such love would and could aid and help her. For I had glimpsed - in moments, and sometimes for days on end - the woman she really was, she could be, beyond her self-loathing, her sometimes self-destructive habits.

My diverse and interesting past did not help our relationship, for several of her friends in York had, without ever having met me, "warned her about me" and so perhaps confused her, somewhat.

After eighteen or so often turbulent months (during which time she was diagnosed with Type 1 diabetes), I went to visit her in her rather cramped flat in York, intending to stay only a few days. Our plan, then, was to find an apartment, possibly in York, or possibly even abroad, and so begin a new life together. A few days there together became a week, then two weeks, then three... for she did not want me to go and could not decide what she wanted to do. It became a difficult time, not helped by a full page article about me - complete with photograph - which appeared in *The Times* newspaper under the heading *Muslim Extremists in Britain*.

" A neo-nazi whose ideas were said to be the inspiration for the man who let off a nail bomb in Central London in 1999 has converted to an extremist form of Islam...

Myatt is reportedly the author of a fascist terrorist handbook and a former leader of the violent far-right group Combat 18..."

We or rather I talked, occasionally, about just impetuously leaving to begin new lives, together, in Egypt. For I felt such surroundings might gently entice her toward a new and better way of living which would enable her to find the personal happiness that so eluded her, except in moments.

But, after an intense six or so weeks in York, with still no decisions made, I felt that Fran and I needed a short break from each other. She did not feel this, and desired me to stay. But I - tired, physically, emotionally, and making excuses to myself - decided to go anyway, and so early one morning in late May I travelled back to the farm. Only hours after my leaving, she killed herself.

She left no note, had taken on overdose of insulin, placed a bag over her head and secured it with layers of tape, and it is true to say that I was never quite the same person after receiving that call from her mother, less than an hour after Fran had died and only hours after I had so selfishly returned to be again among, within, the rural peace of the farm.

For hours after that telephone call I could not speak, and wandered around the fields of the farm alone, dazed - as if all feeling, and most of my blood, had suddenly been drained away from me to leave me almost totally bereft of life. Then, alone again in my room, the tears came flooding forth - so many for so long I sank to the floor to rock slowly back and forth, as if all of Fran's suffering year after year was flooding through me, as if I was being tossed around by surging towering waves of grief and battered by storms of remorse. Then, thoughts of suicide. Thereupon a certain calmness as I began to ponder the best way to die - a shotgun, perhaps, barrels placed under chin...

So much emotion within me, so much grief, so much dark death-embracing despair at my own failure, my own selfishness, that I felt, I knew, I had to die, and I was on my way to collect the chosen instrument of my death when, perhaps fortuitously, my mobile telephone rang. I was about to turn it off but glanced at the screen to see who was calling. It was a call from her mother, and - then knowing this - for what seemed a long duration of causal Time (but was only a few seconds) I dithered between disconnecting the call and answering, intending to say a few brief words to express again my blame. Words of blame won, and so I answered her call.

But there was such sadness in her voice, such grief at the loss of her daughter, that I felt ashamed, utterly ashamed, of my own selfish self-absorption. Thus we talked, trying to understand the circumstances, and

sharing a little of our grief. And as I listened to her words, her voice, there came upon me the feeling that perhaps I had to live, that I should live, in order to bear the shame, to feel my grief, to live with the knowledge of my selfish nature, my abject failure, day after day. That, surely, might be a fitting punishment, or the beginning thereof. To die might be easy; to live with such self-knowledge would surely be - and should be - hard.

My feelings at the time were weakly captured in an effusion, dated 30 May 2006, which I sent to a friend:

I know what I should have done - been more patient; more supportive; more loving; placing her feelings, her life, before my own. But I made excuses for my failings here, not knowing the depth of her despair even though I who loved her should have known this, felt this. I made excuses for my selfishness, and listened to her Doctor; to others; to my sometimes selfish desires, when I should have listened to her far more.

Thus do I feel and now know my own stupidity for my arrogant, vain, belief that I could help, assist, change what was. No blame for me, her relatives say - but I know my blame, my shame, my failure, here. Thus am I fully humbled by my own lack of insight; by my lack of knowing; by an understanding of my selfishness and my failure - knowing myself now for the ignorant, arrogant person I was, and am.

How hypocritical to teach, to preach, through writings, feeling as I do now the suffering of words, for she whom I loved killed herself only hours after I had left. Killed herself - only hours after I had left, despite her pleading for me to stay. There are no words to describe my blame; no words - for I had gone for a selfish break, to walk in the fields of the Farm.

So I am lost, bereft; guilty, crying, mourning the loss of her beauty, her life, her love, Never again to hold her hand; to embrace her. Never again to share a smile; a peaceful moment; our dream of being together in our home. The fault is mine, and I have to carry this knowledge of unintentionally aiding the ending of a life, this burden, and the guilt, hoping, praying, that somehow, sometime, somewhere I can give some meaning to her life, and perhaps live without ever again causing any suffering to any living thing... I miss her so much, so deeply, my mind suffused with images of what I did and did not do and should have done. If only I had not gone - or gone back to sit with her in that small garden as she wished.....

I shall never be the same again, deeply knowing that I do not understand.

(In Memory of Frances, died Monday, May 29, 2006)

In the weeks, the months, following Fran's death, Islam became personally irrelevant to me, for as I wrote at the time, I felt it would have been just too easy for me to depend upon, to turn to, to rely on, Allah, on God - to have one's remorse removed by some belief in some possible redemption, to have one's mistakes, errors - "sins" - voided by some supra-personal means. To escape into prayer, Namaz. Can there be, I began to wonder, hope, redemption - some meaning in personal tragedy - without a Saviour's grace? Without God, Allah, prayer, Namaz, submission, sin, and faith?

Gradually, painfully slowly, I seemed to move toward some answers, often as a result of personal letters written to friends [15]. For the act of so writing - of trying to so express my feelings, my thoughts - seemed to aid the process of interior reflexion.

However, for a while at least, I maintained a public Muslim persona, stubbornly clinging as I did to some notion of duty; to the pledge of loyalty I had given on my conversion to Islam, a pledge I still then, and for some time afterwards, felt I was honour-bound to honour, and it would take me some eighteen months of an intense interior struggle, and further development of the ethics of my Numinous Way, before I resolved this very personal dilemma. [16]

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## **The Numinous Way/Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos**

### **A Debt of Honour**

As a result of my new and intense interior struggles - promoted by Fran's death - there grew within me one uncomfortable truth from which even I with all my sophistry could not contrive to hide from myself, even though I tried, for a while.

The truth that I am indebted. That I have a debt of personal honour to both

Fran and to Sue, who died - thirteen years apart - leaving me bereft of love, replete with sorrow, and somewhat perplexed. A debt to all those other women (such as K, and J, and Twinkle) who, over four decades, I have hurt in a personal way; a debt to the Cosmos itself for the suffering I have caused and inflicted through the unethical pursuit of abstractions.

A debt somehow and in some way - beyond a simple remembrance of them - to especially make the life and death of Sue and Fran worthwhile and full of meaning, as if their tragic early dying meant something to both me, and through my words, my deeds, to others. A debt of change, of learning - in me, so that from my pathei-mathos I might be, should be, a better person; presencing through words, living, thought, and deeds, that simple purity of life felt, touched, known, in those stark moments of the immediacy of their loss.

But this honour, I have so painfully discovered, is not the abstract honour of years, of decades, past that I in my arrogance and stupid adherence to and love of abstractions so foolishly believed in and upheld, being thus, becoming thus, as I was a cause of suffering. No; this instead is the essence of honour, founded in empathy; in an empathy with and thus a compassion for all life, sentient and otherwise. This is instead a being human; being in symbiosis with that-which is the essence of our humanity and which can, could and should, gently evolve us - far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, beings we have been, and unfortunately often still are; far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, often violent, person I had been, until recently.

A chance, an opportunity twice refused after Fran's death, when I - still then addicted to abstractions - continued to sally forth on their behalf, as if in some way such abstractions were alive, or could be brought to life or made to live if only I, and others, fought for them, sacrificed for them, suffered for them, and caused others to suffer.

But, as the third anniversary of Fran's suicide approached - amid the beauty and promise of one more English Spring - I became suffused again with tears, breaking forth from the sadness, the tragedy, the knowing, of my own unconscionable mistake. The mistake of forgetting; of distracting myself. Forgetting the sorrow, the grief, the pain born from the moments of their dying; distracting myself as I have been by immersing myself in such abstractions as gave me some rôle, some illusion of importance, to keep me occupied, arrogant, and vain: a debtor running away from his debt. A debtor making excuses for each new scheme and scam: an excuse for every hustle, delusion, and lie. For it was so easy - just so very easy - to continue to delude myself.

There are no excuses for this continued failure, this error, of mine, following Fran's death. No words which can hide the truth I tried to hide from myself for so long. The blame is mine, and mine alone. The blame for not immediately acting upon my own inner understanding.

For the reality of my past nine or so years is not that of some sudden life-changing revelation, but rather of a profound inner struggle whose genesis lay years before - in my experiences with and passion for women; in my time in a monastery; in my ever-growing love for Nature and my involvement with English rural life; in Sue's illness and her tragic death.

This intense struggle was akin to an addiction, and I an addict addicted to abstractions. A struggle between my empathy, my understanding, my pathos, and my life-long belief, itself an abstraction, that somehow in some way I could make a positive difference to the world and that such abstractions as I adhered to, or aided or advocated were or could be a beginning for a better world, and that to achieve this new world certain sacrifice were, unfortunately, necessary.

A struggle which gave rise to what became - refined, and extended, year after year - The Numinous Way, and which struggle was an interior war to change myself, to actually live, every year, every month, every week, every day, suffused with an empathic awareness and a desire not to cause suffering; the struggle to abandon abstractions.

For nine years or so this interior struggle wore me down, until it gradually faded away. It was akin to cycling up a long steep mountain climb in mist and drizzly rain, struggling on against one's aching body and against the desire to stop and rest; and not being able to see the end, the summit, of the climb. And then, slowly, the drizzle ceases, the mist begins to clear, the road becomes gradually less steep, and one is there - in warm bright sunshine nearing the summit of that climb, able to see the beautiful, the numinous, vista beyond, below, for the first time, and which vista after such an effort brings a restful interior peace, the silent tears of one person who feels their human insignificance compared to the mountains, the valleys below, the sky, the Sun, and the vast Cosmos beyond: the wyrdful nature of one fleeting delicate mortal microcosmic nexion which is one's own life.

### **The Silent Tears of My Unknowing**

Thus, and at last, I ceased all involvement with Islam. In truth, I ceased involvement with everything; becoming only one still error-prone human being among billions. One human being who had no aim, no goals, who

adhered to no abstractions - either his own or manufactured by others - but who instead just lived day after fleeting or slow day, and who occasionally would record, by some written words, some experience, some personal feeling, or the result of some Thought, manifest as a poem, perhaps, or some missive to a friend, or perhaps an article to elucidate some matter concerned with that Numinous Way [17] which, over those nine years of struggle, represented both the silent tears of my unknowing and the results of my *πάθει μάθος* [18].

As I was to write, not that long ago now, and while on a holiday:

The moment of sublime knowing  
As clouds part above the Bay  
And the heat of Summer dries the spots of rain  
Still falling:  
I am, here, now, where dark clouds of thunder  
Have given way to blue  
Such that the tide, turning,  
Begins to break my vow of distance  
Down.

A woman, there, whose dog, disobeying,  
Splashes sea with sand until new interest  
Takes him where  
This bearded man of greying hair  
No longer reeks  
With sadness.  
Instead:  
The smile of joy when Sun of Summer  
Presents again this Paradise of Earth  
For I am only tears, falling

Thus, it is to Sue and Fran to whom I dedicate this work: they who profoundly changed me, and to whom I owe so much. They who by a remembrance of their love, their lives, their gifts, have finally, at last - after so much arrogance and stupidity and weakness on my part - revealed to me the most important truth concerning human life. Which is that a shared, a loyal, love between two people is the most beautiful, the most numinous, the most valuable thing of all.

*Fini*

*Footnotes:*

[1] See also the section *Excursus - Galactic Imperium*, below.

[2] One thing about school Physics I continued to immensely enjoy was practical work in the laboratory, for which work I almost always received an A plus. Indeed, on the one occasion I recall receiving a miserly plain A, I complained about the marking.

[3] One humorous thing about this criminal trial - which lasted many days - was that I was "in the dock" along with some of our Red opponents. These so-called communists had all attired themselves in suits and ties and had short hair - in order to try and make a good impression - while I, *au contraire*, did not care to pander to expectations, and so had grown a beard, had long hair, sported jeans, a collarless shirt without a tie, and wore an ex-RAF Greatcoat. Thus, I somewhat resembled the archetypal communist agitator while they resembled archetypal fascists.

I was to keep this bearded appearance for the next thirty years, although I did, on occasion, shave off my beard if I needed to travel somewhere incognito, often using some alternative identity.

[4] Morrison was, in later years, to pen his own recollections of those violent times; recollections which were somewhat inaccurate. See the Appendix of *Ethos of Extremism* for my comments on Morrison's recollections of those times.

[5] In previous years, having an alternate identity or two proved useful, given my life-style and inclinations.

[6] An extract from this unpublished and incomplete work - whose manuscript I subsequently lost - was published, in 1984, under the title *Vindex - Destiny of The West*.

[7] I mostly rode a fixed gear bike, and never won any events, although I was second and third a few times. I just enjoyed the challenge, but did manage 50 miles in under two and half hours, and - a few years later - won my club's Best All-Rounder trophy, one year, for the most consistent rider during a season.

[8] One curious incident during these years - relating to politics - may be worth recording. Understandably, given my extremism, the anti-fascist group *Searchlight* had taken a dislike to me, and - following the murder, in

Shropshire, of the elderly CND activist Hilda Murrell, they gave my name to the Police as a possible suspect.

As a result, Detectives from Shrewsbury Police interviewed me both at my home, in Church Stretton, and my then place of work - a country house in South Shropshire. Satisfied with my alibi, they eliminated me from their enquiries.

I was subsequently contacted and interviewed by Jenny Rathbone, a rather attractive research assistant from ITV's *World In Action* television programme who were producing a documentary about the murder. She also seemed satisfied that I had nothing to do with the incident, and I do recall sending her, anonymously, a bunch of red roses with a card which read "Good luck with your investigations." It was signed, *A Little Devil*.

[9] These travels included various trips to Egypt, and two into the Sahara desert on a bicycle. Given that most of the desert area I explored was *hamada* - and thus did not have large, archetypal, sand-dunes - these bicycle trips were not as difficult as they might seem.

[10] We had to obtain a special and official permit to enable us to take several weeks supply of heroin medication out of the country, as we had to obtain special medical insurance, both of which were very kindly arranged by our local GP.

[11] In his book, *Homeland: Into a World of Hate*, the journalist Nick Ryan made several accusations about me as well as published some rumours about me without providing my side of the story. For instance, he states:

"When Myatt later falls out with Will Browning, he insists on a duel... I'm told he backed down when The Beast claims the right to use baseball bats as weapon."

The truth is that Browning - through a contact, and via e-mail - did suggest such a weapon, to which I replied that the only weapons which could be honourably used were deadly weapons, such as swords or pistols. I included with my reply a copy of the Rules of Duelling, and re-affirmed my challenge to fight a duel using such deadly weapons. I received no reply, and was not contacted in any way by either Browning or his supporters.

[12] As is a common practice with recorded television programmes, some of my comments were edited out by the producers.

[13] This obedience was why I, as a Muslim, supported the people, and the

policies, I did - because I believed those Muslims were correct, and acting in accord with the Will of Allah, and because I regarded those particular policies as correct, according to Quran and Sunnah.

[14] Rather naively, perhaps, I had somehow expected Islam to be different, and it began to occur to me, from direct personal experience, that all conventional religions, and Ways - however numinously they might presence part of The Numen - were in some or many ways unreasonable abstractions which human beings had to align themselves to and strive to be in accord with, and which quite often resulted in a particular attitude antithetical to empathy and *wu-wei*.

Some of these insights were expressed in works of mine such as *Religion, Empathy, and Pathei-Mathos: Essays and Letters Regarding Spirituality, Humility, and A Learning From Grief*.

[15] Some of these letters have been published, by JRW, in the second part of the collection entitled *David Wulstan Myatt: Selected Letters, Part One (2002-2008)*

[16] As I wrote in a footnote to one of my many scribblings:

For almost four years - since Francine's suicide - I struggled with this dilemma of honour and duty, believing that it was my honourable duty to stubbornly adhere to the particular Way of Life I had embraced in the previous decade; and stubbornly adhere despite the conclusions of my own thinking regarding compassion and empathy, manifest as these conclusions were in the ethical, and non-racialist, Numinous Way that I had continued to develop. Thus did I during this period, and several times, publicly and in private re-affirm my commitment to that particular Way of Life, striving hard to forget my own answers, born from my thinking, my experiences, and especially from that personal tragedy, for surely these things were only a test, a trial, of my belief, my honour? Was it not therefore my duty to just humbly submit to الله, to thus acknowledge that my own thinking, my own conclusions based on experience, were flawed, the product of error and pride?

But, to paraphrase TS Eliot, here I am now, in the middle way I have devised for myself, having had many years, often wasted, the years between two wars within myself -

“ Trying to use words, and every attempt  
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure.”

Thus, I have declared a still rather shaky new truce, a compromise: based on a treaty where I have (re)defined personal honour as a practical manifestation of empathy, of the desire to cease to cause suffering to living-beings, with such empathy and the compassion deriving from it a guide to living that awareness of ourselves as but one nexion to all Life and to the Cosmos, and which awareness, which Cosmic perspective, expresses both our true human nature and the potential we possess to change ourselves into higher, more evolved, beings.

I would like to believe that this new truce I have manufactured will hold, but I have believed that before, and been mistaken, and even now it occurs to me that my theory of ethics, my new definition of honour, is just that: *mine*, and that I may be wrong. Yet my experiences - my feeling for, my empathy with, the numinous (manifest for instance in sublime music or in a mutual personal love) - tell me I can only live what I feel, I know, I empathize with, and this now is presented in my developed Numinous Way.

During these years of interior reflexion, I studied, for several years, what was regarded as the interior way of Islam - that is, Sufism - in the hope that such a study might provide some guidance in respect of the ethical and philosophical questions, in relation to the Way of Al-Islam, which still perplexed and troubled me. However, this study just led me back to my own Philosophy of The Numen, and to develop it further.

[17] In the late Spring of 2012, I completely revised my 'numinous way' following a year-long period of reflexion; a reflection that led me to re-express, in a more philosophical manner, the basic initial insights (2002-2006) and the personal pathei-mathos (2006-2011) that inspired that 'numinous way'; a re-expression contained in the two texts *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos* and *Recuyle of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*. Thus the philosophy of *πάθει μάθος* (pathei-mathos) - as outlined in those two texts - is not only my own now completed weltanschauung, but also represents both the essence and the substance of what I have retained of the 'numinous way' I haphazardly and sporadically developed between 2002-2006 and then, after 2006, I increasingly felt compelled to develop in expiation, in search of answers, and in an effort to understand myself, my extremist pasts, and the suffering I finally came to realize I had caused.

[18]

*Ζῆνα δέ τις προφρόνως ἐπινίκια κλάζων  
τεύξεται φρενῶν τὸ πᾶν:*

τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὀδώ-  
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος  
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.  
στάζει δ' ἔνθ' ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας  
μνησιπήμων πόνοσ: καὶ παρ' ἄ-  
κοντασ ἦλθε σωφρονεῖν.  
δαιμόνων δέ που χάρισ βίαιουσ  
σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων.

If anyone, from reasoning, exclaims loudly that victory of Zeus,  
Then they have acquired an understanding of all these things;  
Of he who guided mortals to reason,  
Who laid down that this possesses authority:  
'*Learning from adversity*'.

Even in sleep there trickles through the heart  
The disabling recalling of the pain:  
And wisdom arrives regardless of desire,  
A favour from daimons  
Who have taken the seats of honour, by force.

*Aeschylus: Agamemnon (174-183) translated by DW Myatt*

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## **Appendix 1**

### **Pathei-Mathos - Genesis of My Unknowing**

There are no excuses for my extremist past, for the suffering I caused to loved ones, to family, to friends, to those many more, those far more, 'unknown others' who were or who became the 'enemies' posited by some extremist ideology. No excuses because the extremism, the intolerance, the hatred, the violence, the inhumanity, the prejudice were mine; my responsibility, born from and expressive of my character; and because the discovery of, the learning of, the need to live, to regain, my humanity arose because of and from others and not because of me.

Thus what exposed my hubris - what for me broke down that certitude-of-knowing which extremism breeds and re-presents - was not something I did; not something I achieved; not something related to my character, my

nature, at all. Instead, it was a gift offered to me by two others - the legacy left by their tragic early dying. That it took not one but two personal tragedies - some thirteen years apart - for me to accept and appreciate the gift of their love, their living, most surely reveals my failure, the hubris that for so long suffused me, and the strength and depth of my so lamentable extremism.

But the stark and uneasy truth is that I have no real, no definitive, answers for anyone, including myself. All I have now is a definite uncertainty of knowing, and certain feelings, some intuitions, some reflexions, a few certainly fallible suggestions arising mostly from reflexions concerning that, my lamentable, past, and thus - perhaps - just a scent, just a scent, of some understanding concerning some-things, perfumed as this understanding is with ineffable sadness.

For what I painfully, slowly, came to understand, via *pathei-mathos*, was the importance - the human necessity, the virtue - of love, and how love expresses or can express the numinous in the most sublime, the most human, way. Of how extremism (of whatever political or religious or ideological kind) places some abstraction, some ideation, some notion of duty to some ideation, before a personal love, before a knowing and an appreciation of the numinous. Thus does extremism - usurping such humanizing personal love - replace human love with an extreme, an unbalanced, an intemperate, passion for something abstract: some ideation, some ideal, some dogma, some 'victory', some-thing always supra-personal and always destructive of personal happiness, personal dreams, personal hopes; and always manifesting an impersonal harshness: the harshness of hatred, intolerance, certainty-of-knowing, unfairness, violence, prejudice.

Thus, instead of a natural and a human concern with what is local, personal and personally known, extremism breeds a desire to harshly interfere in the lives of others - personally unknown and personally distant - on the basis of such a hubriatic certainty-of-knowing that strife and suffering are inevitable. For there is in all extremists that stark lack of personal humility, that unbalance, that occurs when - as in all extremisms - what is masculine is emphasized and idealized and glorified to the detriment (internal, and external) of what is muliebral, and thus when some ideology or some dogma or some faith or some cause is given precedence over love and when loyalty to some manufactured abstraction is given precedence over loyalty to family, loved ones, friends.

For I have sensed that there are only changeable individual ways and individual fallible answers, born again and again via *pathei-mathos* and whose subtle scent - the wisdom - words can neither capture nor describe,

even though we try and perhaps need to try, and try perhaps (as for me) as one hopeful needful act of a non-religious redemption.

Thus, and for instance, I sense - only sense - that peace (or the beginning thereof) might possibly just be not only the freedom from subsuming personal desires but also the freedom from striving for some supra-personal, abstract, impersonal, goal or goals. That is, a just-being, a flowing and a being-flowed. No subsuming concern with what-might-be or what-was. No lust for ideations; no quest for the violation of difference. Instead - a calmful waiting; just a listening, a seeing, a feeling, of what-is as those, as our, emanations of Life flow and change as they naturally flow and change, in, with, and beyond us: human, animal, of sea, soil, sky, Cosmos, and of Nature... But I am only dreaming, here in pathei-mathos-empathy-land where there is no past-present-future passing each of us with our future-past: only the numen presenced in each one of our so individual timeless human stories.

Yet, in that - this - other world, the scent of having understood remains, which is why I feel I now quite understand why, in the past, certain individuals disliked - even hated - me, given my decades of extremism: my advocacy of racism, fascism, holocaust denial, and National-Socialism, followed (after my conversion to Islam) by my support of bin Laden, the Taliban, and advocacy of 'suicide attacks'.

I also understand why - given my subversive agenda and my amoral willingness to use any tactic, from Occult honeytraps to terrorism, to undermine the society of the time as prelude to revolution - certain people have sought to discredit me by distributing and publishing certain allegations.

Furthermore, given my somewhat Promethean peregrinations - which included being a Catholic monk, a vagabond, a fanatical violent neo-nazi, a theoretician of terror, running a gang of thieves, studying Buddhism, Hinduism, Taoism; being a nurse, a farm worker, and supporter of Jihad - I expect many or most of those interested in or curious about my 'numinous way' and my recent mystical writings to be naturally suspicious of or doubtful about my reformation and my rejection of extremism.

Thus I harbour no resentment against individuals, or organizations, or groups, who over the past forty or so years have publicly and/or privately made negative or derogatory comments about me or published items making claims about me. Indeed, I now find myself in the rather curious situation of not only agreeing with some of my former political opponents on many matters, but also (perhaps) of understanding (and empathizing with) their

motivation; a situation which led and which leads me to appreciate even more just how lamentable my extremism was and just how arrogant, selfish, wrong, and reprehensible, I as a person was, and how in many ways many of those former opponents were and are ( *ex concessio*) better people than I ever was or am.

Which is one reason why I have written what I have recently written about extremism and my extremist past: so that perchance someone or some many may understand extremism, and its causes, better and thus be able to avoid the mistakes I made, avoid causing the suffering I caused; or be able to in some way more effectively counter or prevent such extremism in the future. And one reason - only one - why I henceforward must live in seclusion and *in silencio*.

May 2012

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## **Appendix 2**

### **Concerning The Development Of The Numinous Way**

#### **Background**

What I term The Numinous Way, as a philosophy and as a way of life, was not the result of a few or many moments of inspiration striking close together in causal Time as measured by a terran-calendar and thus separated from each other by days, weeks, or even a few years.

Rather, it resulted from some nine years of reflexions, intuitions, and experiences, beginning in 2002 when - for quite a few months - I wandered as a vagabond in the hills and fells of Westmorland and lived in a tent, and during which time I communicated some of my musings, by means of handwritten letters, to a lady living in Oxford whom I had first met well over a decade before.

These musing concerned Nature, our place - as humans - in Nature and the Cosmos; the purpose, if any, of our lives; whether or not the five Aristotelian essentials gave a true understanding of the external world; and whether or not God, or Allah, or some sort of divinity or divinities, existed, and thus - if they did not - whence came mystical insight, knowledge, and understanding,

and what value or validity, if any, did such mystical insight, knowledge, and understanding, possess.

During the previous thirty or more years I had occasional intuitions concerning, or feelings, regarding, Nature, divinity, the Cosmos, and 'the numinous'; insights and feelings which led me to study Taoism, Hellenic culture, Buddhism, the Catholic mystic tradition, and become a Catholic monk. Later on, such intuitions concerning the numinous - and travels in the Sahara Desert - led me to begin a serious study of Islam and were part of the process that led me to convert to that way of life.

But these intuitions, feelings - and the understanding and knowledge they engendered - were or always eventually became secondary to what, since around 1964, I had considered or felt was the purpose of my own life. This was to aid, to assist, in some way the exploration and the colonization of Outer Space, and it was enthusiasm for - the inspiration of - that ideal which led me to seriously study the science of Physics, and then to seek to find what type of society might be able to make that ideal a reality, a seeking initially aided by my study of and enthusiasm for Hellenic culture, a culture - manifest in Greek heroes such as Odysseus and in the warrior society home to the likes of the sons of Atreus - which I came to regard as the ideal prototype for this new society of new explorers and new heroes.

After considering, and then rejecting, the communist society of the Soviet Union [1], an intuition regarding National-Socialist Germany [2] led me to seriously study that society and National-Socialism, a study ended when I peremptorily concluded that I had indeed found the right type of modern society. Thus I became a National-Socialist, with my aim - the purpose of my life - being to aid the foundation of a new National-Socialist State as a prelude to the exploration and the colonization of Outer Space, and thus the creation of a Galactic Imperium, a new Galactic, or Cosmic, Reich.

As I wrote in part one of some autobiographical scribblings issued in 1998 and which were based on some writings of mine dating back to the 1970's:

"It is the vision of a Galactic Empire which runs through my political life just as it is the quest to find and understand our human identity, and my own identity, and our relation to Nature, which runs through my personal and spiritual life, giving me the two aims which I consistently pursued since I was about thirteen years of age, regardless of where I was, what I was doing and how I was described by others or even by myself..."

For it was this aim of the exploration and the colonization of Outer Space, and my rather schoolboyish enthusiasm for it, which - together with the enjoyment of the struggle - inspired my fanaticism, my extremism, and which re-inspired me when, as sometimes occurred during my NS decades, my enthusiasm for politics, for a political revolution, waned, or when my intuitions, my feelings, concerning the numinous and my love of women - the dual inspiration for most of my poetry - became stronger than my political beliefs and my revolutionary fervour.

The aim, the purpose, this idealization, regarding Outer Space even partly motivated my study of and thence my conversion to Islam in 1998. For example, not long before that conversion, in an essay entitled *Foreseeing The Future*, I wrote:

" I firmly believe that Islam has the potential to create not only a new civilization, governed according to reason, but also a new Empire which could take on and overthrow the established world-order dedicated as this world-order is to usury, decadence and a god-less materialism [...] I also believe that a new Islamic Empire could create the Galactic Empire, or at least lay the foundations of it. Perhaps the first human colonies on another world will have as their flag the Islamic crescent, a flag inscribed with the words, in Arabic, In the Name of Allah, The Compassionate, The Merciful."

Thus, as when a National-Socialist, I dedicated myself to my 'new cause', to an ideal I idealistically carried in the headpiece of my head: the cause of Jihad, of disrupting existing societies as a prelude to manufacturing a new one. In this instance, a resurgent Khilafah.

As with National-Socialism, it was the ideal, the goal, the struggle, which was paramount, important; and I - like the extremist I was - hubriatically placed that goal, that ideal, that struggle for victory, before love, fairness, compassion, reason, and truth, and thus engendered and incited violence, hatred, and killing.

In addition, I always felt myself bound by honour to be loyal to either a cause, an ideology, or to certain individuals and so do the duty I had sworn by oath to do and be loyal to those I had sworn to be loyal to. Hence when doubts about my beliefs arose during my decades as a nazi I always had recourse to honour and so considered myself - even during my time as a monk - as a National-Socialist, albeit, when a monk, as a non-active one for

whom there was ultimately no contradiction between the NS ethos and the ethos of a traditional Catholicism, for there was the Reichskonkordat and the agreement Pope Pius XII reached with Hitler.

During my Muslim years I felt bound by the oath of my Shahadah; an oath which negated my NS beliefs and led me to reject racism and nationalism, and embrace the multi-racialism of the Ummah; and which general oath, together (and importantly) with a personal oath sworn a few years after my conversion, would always - until 2009 - bring me back, or eventually cause me to drift back, to Islam and always remind me of the duty I felt I was, as a Muslim, honour-bound to do.

## **2002-2006**

This drift back toward Islam is what occurred after my musings in 2002. I tried to forget them, a task made difficult when later that year I went to live on a farm and also work on another nearby farm. For that living and such work brought a deep personal contentment and further intuitions and feelings, and a burgeoning understanding, regarding the numinous, and especially concerning Nature; some of which intuitions and feelings I again communicated by means of handwritten letters, mostly to the aforementioned lady.

For a while I sought to find a synthesis, studied Sufism, but was unable to find any satisfactory answers, and thus began an interior struggle, a personal struggle I made some mention of in *Myngath*. A struggle, a conflict, between my own intuitions, insights, and burgeoning understanding - regarding the numinous and human beings - and the way of faith and belief; between what I felt was a more natural, a more numinous way, and the necessary belief in Allah, the Quran, the Sunnah that Islam, that being Muslim, required.

For a while, faith and belief and duty triumphed; then I wavered, and began to write in more detail about this still as yet unformed 'numinous way'. Then, yet again honour, duty, and loyalty triumphed - but only a while - for I chanced to meet and then fell in love with a most beautiful, non-Muslim, lady. And it was our relationship - but most of all her tragic death in May 2006 - that intensified my inner struggle and forced me to ask and then answer certain fundamental questions regarding my past and my own nature.

As I wrote at the time:

" Thus do I feel and now know my own stupidity for my arrogant,

vain, belief that I could help, assist, change what was [...] I know my blame, my shame, my failure, here. Thus am I fully humbled by my own lack of insight; by my lack of knowing; by an understanding of my selfishness and my failure - knowing myself now for the ignorant, arrogant person I was, and am. How hypocritical to teach, to preach, through writings, feeling as I do now the suffering of words."

I did not like the answers about myself that this tragedy forced me to find; indeed, I did not like myself and so, for a while, clung onto Islam, onto being Muslim; onto the way of faith, of God, of ignoring my own answers, my own feelings, my own intuitions. For there was - or so it then seemed - expiation, redemption, hope, and even some personal comfort, there. But this return to such surety just felt wrong, deeply wrong.

## **2006-2009**

For there was, as I wrote in *Myngath*,

" ...one uncomfortable truth from which even I with all my sophistry could not contrive to hide from myself, even though I tried, for a while. The truth that I am indebted. That I have a debt of personal honour to both Fran and to Sue, who died - thirteen years apart - leaving me bereft of love, replete with sorrow, and somewhat perplexed. A debt to all those other women who, over four decades, I have hurt in a personal way; a debt to the Cosmos itself for the suffering I have caused and inflicted through the unethical pursuit of abstractions.

A debt somehow and in some way - beyond a simple remembrance of them - to especially make the life and death of Sue and Fran worthwhile and full of meaning, as if their tragic early dying meant something to both me, and through my words, my deeds, to others. A debt of change, of learning - in me, so that from my pathos I might be, should be, a better person; presencing through words, living, thought, and deeds, that simple purity of life felt, touched, known, in those stark moments of the immediacy of their loss.

But this honour, I have so painfully discovered, is not the abstract honour of years, of decades, past that I in my arrogance and stupid adherence to and love of abstractions so foolishly believed in and

upheld, being thus, becoming thus, as I was a cause of suffering. No; this instead is the essence of honour, founded in empathy; in an empathy with and thus a compassion for all life, sentient and otherwise. This is instead a being human; being in symbiosis with that-which is the essence of our humanity and which can, could and should, gently evolve us - far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, beings we have been, and unfortunately often still are; far away from the primitive unempathic, uncompassionate, often violent, person I had been."

Thus I was prompted - forced - to continue to develop my understanding in what began to be and became my own 'numinous way' and which thus and finally and, in 2009 publicly, took me away from Islam and my life as a Muslim.

## **2009-2012**

Given that the essence of The Numinous Way is individual empathy, an individual understanding, the development of an individual judgement, and the living of an ethical way of life where there is an appreciation of the numinous, the more I reflected upon this 'numinous way' between 2011 and Spring 2012, the more I not only realized my mistakes, but also that it was necessary to remove, to excise, the detritus that had accumulated around the basic insights and the personal *pathei-mathos* that inspired me to develop that 'numinous way'. Mistakes and detritus because for some time, during the development of that 'numinous way', I was still in thrall to some abstractions, still thinking in terms of categories and opposites, and still fond of pontificating and generalizing, especially about The State [3]. I therefore began to re-express, in a more philosophical manner, the personal, the individual, the ontological, the ethical and spiritual nature, of The Numinous Way, and thus emphasized the virtues of humility, love, and of *wu-wei* - of balance, of tolerance, of non-interference, of individual interior (spiritual) reformation, of non-striving, of admitting one's own uncertainty of understanding and of knowing.

The year-long [2011-2012] process of refinement, correction, and reflexion resulted in me re-naming what remained of my 'numinous way' the 'philosophy of *pathei-mathos*', and which philosophy I attempted to outline in the two texts *Recuyle of the Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos* and *Summary of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*, the latter of which was also published under the title *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*.

As I mentioned in *Society, Politics, Social Reform, and Pathei-Mathos* [Part Four of *Reculye of the Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*] -

"Given that the concern of the philosophy of pathei-mathos is the individual and their interior, their spiritual, life, and given that (due to the nature of empathy and pathei-mathos) there is respect for individual judgement, the philosophy of pathei-mathos is apolitical, and thus not concerned with such matters as the theory and practice of governance, nor with changing or reforming society by political means [...]

This means that there is no desire and no need to use any confrontational means to directly challenge and confront the authority of existing States since numinous reform and change is personal, individual, non-political, and not organized beyond a limited local level of people personally known. That is, it is of and involves individuals who are personally known to each other working together based on the understanding that it is inner, personal, change - in individuals, of their nature, their character - that is is the ethical, the numinous, way to solve such personal and social problems as exist and arise. That such inner change of necessity comes before any striving for outer change by whatever means, whether such means be termed or classified as political, social, economic, religious. That the only effective, long-lasting, change and reform is understood as the one that evolves human beings and thus changes what, in them, predisposes them, or inclines them toward, doing or what urges them to do, what is dishonourable, undignified, unfair, and uncompassionate.

In practice, this evolution means, in the individual, the cultivation and use of the faculty of empathy, and acquiring the personal virtues of compassion, honour, and love. Which means the inner reformation of individuals, as individuals.

Hence the basis for numinous social change and reform is aiding, helping, assisting individuals in a direct and personal manner, and in practical ways, with such help, assistance, and aid arising because we personally know or are personally concerned about or involved with those individuals or the situations those individuals find themselves in. In brief, being compassionate, empathic, understanding, sensitive, kind, and showing by personal example."

## **The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos**

It is the philosophy of pathei-mathos which represents my weltanschauung. For I now consider that most of my writings, my pontifications, concerning 'the numinous way' - written haphazardly between 2002 and Spring 2012 - are unhelpful; or of little account; or irrelevant; or hubriatic; or detract from or obscure the basic simplicity of my weltanschauung, a simplicity I have endeavoured to express in *Conspectus of The Philosophy of Pathei-Mathos*.

24th April 2012  
(Revised November 2012)

### *Notes*

[1] During this study of communism, in the 1960's, I began to learn Russian and would regularly listen to communist radio broadcasts such as those from Rundfunk der DDR, something I continued to do for a while even after becoming a National-Socialist. Indeed, on one occasion I wrote a letter to Radio Berlin which, to my surprise, was read out with my questions answered.

[2] As I have mentioned elsewhere this intuition regarding the Third Reich arose as a result of me reading an account of the actions of Otto Ernst Remer in July of 1944. For I admired his honour and his loyalty and his commitment to the duty he had sworn an oath to do. Here, I felt, was a modern-day Greek hero.

[3] These un-numinous, errorful, hubriatic, pontifications about 'the state' included essays such as the January 2011 text *The Failure and Immoral Nature of The State* and the February 2011, text *A Brief Numinous View of Religion, Politics, and The State*.

Among the abstractions (categories) which needed to be excised from a supposedly abstraction-less and empathic numinous way were 'the clan' and 'homo hubris', a divisive category I hubriatically pontificated about in several essays.

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## **Appendix 3**

(Extracts from)

### **The Ethos of Extremism Some Reflexions on Politics and A Fanatical Life**

#### **Part One: 1968-1973**

## **Becoming Nazi**

My practical involvement in right-wing extremist politics really began in 1968 when I, still at school and not long returned from a childhood in the Far East and colonial Africa, became an active supporter of the newly formed National Front and of Colin Jordan's newly formed British Movement. My initial motivation for joining these organizations and becoming politically active was simple: to further the cause of National-Socialism and to enjoy the comradeship, the struggle for power, and the violence.

Some time before becoming so involved, I had chanced upon a copy of Shirer's book *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* and was inspired by the described actions of Otto Ernst Remer during the July 1944 plot against Hitler. Familiar as I was with *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* - with Hellenistic culture and history in general - I youthfully, rashly, made a connexion between the heroes of ancient Greece and Remer, impressed as I was by Remer's loyalty and sense of duty. This led me to, over subsequent months, read everything I could find about Hitler and the Third Reich; a reading which took me to local libraries and bookshops, then to bookshops and libraries in London. I even managed to find and buy copies (not originals) of old 8mm film of nazi rallies and some German propaganda films made during WW2, viewed using an old home projector; for I had discovered there was, even then in the 60's, something of an 'underground' market in nazi memorabilia.

Suffice to say that my reading and my viewing enthused me so that after a few months I considered myself a National-Socialist, an admirer of Adolf Hitler, believing that National-Socialism could create a new heroic age. To mark my 'conversion', I bought a small gold swastika tie-pin from a seller of nazi memorabilia and did not mind when, out wearing it, some people stared - for I was prepared either to launch into a rant about NS and Hitler or for a fight.

Thus while my initial motivation was naively idealistic and somewhat schoolboyish, I soon came to embrace NS racial doctrines, aided by acquiring and reading a copy of the English edition of HS Chamberlain's two volume work *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*. This meant I accepted that some races were superior, and others inferior; and that 'the Aryan race' - being the most superior, the most evolved - had a special 'destiny'. As for the extermination of the Jews, to be honest for some months I vacillated between two extremes - between believing 'it was unfortunate but perhaps necessary, an act of war' and between believing it 'was Allied propaganda'.

Horrid as acceptance of such genocide is, I had already become, without knowing it, an extremist; for I was prepared to accept or to dismiss horrid

facts, certain truths, in the belief that what mattered was the goal, the ideal, and that to achieve this one had to be harsh, even fanatical and brutal. In addition, I had come to regard war - modern war - as necessary, as the breeding ground of arête, and in war people are killed or slaughtered, just as the victors, the Greek heroes, in the Trojan war slaughtered many of the people of Troy after its fall and just as Alexander decimated the people of Massaga.

Later on, I was to discover that I was far from being alone, in neo-nazi circles, in this detestable acceptance of brutality and genocide. For instance, I can recall several discussions about the extermination of the Jews with support being voiced for such measures, and several occasions when a certain song, well-known in neo-nazi circles in the 60's and 70's, was sung by 'comrades', with the song beginning "Gas 'em all, gas 'em all, the long, and the short and the tall..."

However, in the months following my 'conversion' to the cause of National-Socialism I could not quite shake-off - for all my new enthusiasm and fanaticism - certain uncomfortable moral feelings regarding the holocaust, and so began reading voraciously about the subject, a reading which included trawling through multi-volume accounts such as *The Trial of German Major War Criminals: Proceedings of the International Military Tribunal Sitting at Nuremberg, Germany*. But in the end, after months of such reading and study, there came a point when I simply accepted, out of a desire to believe, that the genocide 'was Allied propaganda' so that, to me then and subsequently, further research regarding, or rational debate about, the matter became unnecessary. In effect, I came to fanatically believe it was war propaganda, and this fanatical belief was immune to criticism as I became intolerant of, dismissive of, others who tried to convince me that the horrors of the camps were real.

In retrospect, I needed to believe it was propaganda, a myth, because to do otherwise would destroy the imaginary, the idealistic, the perfect, the romanticized, National-Socialism I then believed in and accepted. To do otherwise would mean that Hitler was not as I imagined him to be, as I hoped he was: a noble and good man who had triumphed against all the odds purely out of a love for his people and his land. Thus it might be correct to conclude that my research into the matter then was biased, born not out of a desire to find 'the truth' but from a need to prove that my own conclusions, assumptions, and beliefs, were correct. There might therefore have been an element of faith involved here, and subsequently, such that inconvenient, or awkward, facts and truths are ignored, dismissed, or regarded as the 'propaganda' of those opposed to one's beliefs.

**Hatred, Love, and Violence**

Although - on joining the NF and BM - I was very naive about politics, something of a tabula rasa, I soon developed the same prejudices and the same hatreds as the people I came to associate with; prejudices and hatreds aided by pamphlets and books read, loaned and given, and by discussions with party members, especially those belonging to BM. Thus I came to regard 'immigrants' as somewhat uncivilized, certainly inferior to White people, and considered their removal from 'our land', our country, as a necessity. Before this, I had no opinions, no views, about such matters, and my understanding of National-Socialism was greatly aided and developed by personal discussions with, and by written correspondence I had with, Colin Jordan.

During this formative period, I subscribed to items such as *The Thunderbolt* newspaper published by Edward R. Fields and so regularly received anti-Jewish and anti-Black reports; reports that seemed to confirm the necessity of racial separation and the need for a final solution to 'the Jewish problem'. For I had, in common with nearly all BM members and many NF members, come to believe that the Jews, in England, as in many other Western lands, had too much power and too much influence, were somehow by nature badly disposed toward White people, and thus were our mortal enemies.

In practice these beliefs and prejudices, this racism, meant three obvious things, and one interesting and curious thing, as least it is curious and interesting to me, now, on reflexion. The three things are:

(1) That I developed a very idealized, a very romanticized, view of and naive love for those I regarded as my own people, my own race - especially in respect of English people; regarding them as probably the most civilized people on Earth who had built the best, the most noble, Empire the world had ever seen, and who had 'civilized' or brought civilization to large parts of the world.

(2) That I developed a prejudice and antagonism toward other races in general, and in particular against 'Blacks' and Jews, and thus, as a group, and politically, hated them and did not wish to associate with them.

(3) That I regarded violence in pursuit of my beliefs as natural and necessary, and came to regard political enemies - such as 'Reds' - as legitimate targets of political violence.

The one interesting and curious thing is:

That despite my racism, my nazi beliefs and ideals, my political

activism, I was not personally offensive to or prejudiced or violent toward or hated individuals of other races that I met, including Jews.

Thus, and apropos all four things, I somehow and in some way managed to compartmentalize my personal life and my political life, for although I enjoyed political brawls, and was not averse to using violence, it was not in my nature to be personally rude or offensive to or violent toward people as individuals, whatever their perceived ethnicity; unless, of course, they threatened me personally, one individual to another, or had personally threatened someone I cared about. In fact, my hatred and violence was more directed toward political enemies - especially during political confrontations - than it was to other races; so directed that for many years, from 1968 to 1974, I would actively seek out such potentially and hopefully violent political confrontations and enjoy them. This enjoyment, this seeking after violent confrontation, perhaps explains why Martin Webster, in 1971 after meeting with me a few times, described me to a friend of his (who was studying at the same University as me) as "having a death wish", a description which rather irked me then.

That said, about compartmentalization, I did for a long time - directly and indirectly - incite hatred and violence against other races, both by speeches, often vitriolic, impassioned, and always extempore, I gave at political events; in discussions with comrades and others; by means of articles I wrote, and by posters, leaflets, stickers, I designed. But this was, to me at the time, impersonal, just propaganda, somewhat calculated, and regarded as a necessity in order to achieve certain political goals - and was probably more reprehensible for so being impersonal and propagandistic.

Only on a few occasions was I directly, personally, involved in violence against ethnic minorities, and these were unplanned, spontaneous, incidents involving several 'ethnics', one of which incidents led to me being arrested and given a prison sentence, but in all of which incidents - to be honest - I was or became motivated by dislike of and anger at 'these foreigners' because I felt they did not belong in 'my country' and should 'go back to where they belonged'.

The particular racial incident that led to my arrest and my first term of imprisonment occurred in the early 1970's, following some racial clashes in Wakefield between skinheads and 'ethnics', in this instance people of or descended from those of Pakistani origin. On the day in question I, then domiciled in Leeds, was out with Eddy Morrison and a few other comrades handing out anti-immigration leaflets in Wakefield hoping to capitalize on the violence and so possibly gain some new recruits for the cause. The leafleting over, we came across a group of skinheads, some of whom I vaguely knew.

Sensibly, Morrison left while I, sensing there might be - and hopeful there would be - some violence, went with the skinheads looking for trouble. Thus it would be fair to say that I was responsible for what followed, as the Judge at my subsequent criminal trial judged I was. Our group - these young lads and I - wandered around for a while until we found some young Pakistani men whom we racially abused and then began to throw stones and bricks at. They ran away, and we gave chase... Suffice to say, when this first skirmish was over, we - buoyed by our success and I seem to recall at my instigation - went off in search of more targets. Eventually, after perhaps an hour or so - maybe more, maybe less - we found ourselves the subject of a large Police operation with officers chasing us. We split up and I, not knowing the area, ended up on some industrial lot with several Police officers blocking the only escape route. Soon, the Police had caught and arrested all of us [...]

## **Part Two: 1973-1975**

### **Ultra-Violence, Covert Action, and Terror**

Two significant events during this period (1973-1975) helped shape and develop my extremism. One was that I was released from my first term of imprisonment for violence, and the second was that I was recruited by the underground paramilitary and neo-nazi organization Column 88.

Simply put, prison hardened me even more, while involvement with Column 88 confirmed my faith in the ultimate victory of National-Socialism.

My imprisonment had perhaps the opposite effect to what the Judge at my trial may have intended, for far from 'teaching me a lesson' it only served to make me more fanatical and more violent. It also enabled me to learn new skills and acquire new contacts of a decidedly criminal kind, skills and contacts which - as I have mentioned elsewhere - I put to use following my release when I formed a small gang of thieves to liberate certain goods and fence them in order, initially at least, to fund various political schemes and projects of mine.

In addition, prison life seemed to me to confirm two of the fundamental axioms of National-Socialism, that of the necessity and value of *kampf* and that of the *führerprinzip*. That is, of hardening one's self, being prepared to use force, to be ruthless, unsentimental, in order to survive and prosper; and either earning respect or being obedient and submissive. For prison seemed to be like some ancient uncultured, uncivilized, macho tribal society where force or the threat of force (by both cons and screws), and/or one's personal cunning, were the basis of life, and where those of a violent or of a cunning nature tended to prosper. Perhaps fortunately I was or could be both violent

and cunning so it was not really surprising that I ran a racket inside, selling goods liberated from a variety of sources including prison stores.

This increased political fanaticism and more violent nature would lead me, months later and with the help of Eddy Morrison, to found, in December of 1973, a new political neo-nazi organization based in Leeds; the rather grandly named National Democratic Freedom Movement, and which organization would be rather aptly described, some years later, by John Tyndall in the following terms:

" The National Democratic Freedom Movement made little attempt to engage in serious politics but concentrated its activities mainly upon acts of violence against its opponents. [...] Before very long the NDFM had degenerated into nothing more than a criminal gang."

Thus 1973 and especially 1974 became, for me, a time of ultra-violence, criminality, and of a fanaticism even more extreme than that of previous years. A period during which I was regularly involved in fights and brawls, regularly arrested and appeared 'in the dock' - including for running that gang of thieves - and which period would end, perhaps inevitably, with me being sent to prison for a third time.

" Among the highlights of that NDFM year, for me, were the following. I smashed up (with one other NDFM member) an anti-apartheid exhibition, in Leeds (twice). I gave vitriolic extempore speeches at public meetings (some of which ended in violence when our opponents attacked). I waded into some Trade Union march or other, thumped a few people then stole and set fire to one of their banners (arrested, again). I arranged a meeting at Chapeltown, in Leeds (the heart of the Black community then) at which only five of us turned up, including Andrew Brons but not including Morrison. We faced a rather angry crowd of several hundred people, who threw bricks, stones, whatever, at us, and we few walked calmly right through them to our parked vehicles, and rather sedately drove away, our point made. No one said we could do it.

I spoke extempore at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park for around a half an hour to a crowd of over a thousand; it ended in a brawl...Finally, toward the end of that Summer, a meeting we had arranged on Leeds Town Hall steps resulted in a mass brawl when the crowd of around a thousand attacked us, after I had harangued them for around half an hour. Several Police officers were injured as they tried to break up the fights. I was arrested (again) but soon

was granted bail...

When my case came to trial, at Leeds Crown Court, I was accused of having "incited the crowd" and generally held responsible for most of the violence."

Everything I did in these years I justified to myself, and often to others, by invoking principles such as 'the survival of the fittest' and by the belief that in order to secure victory for the political cause I believed in, any and all means were justified, from violence to hatred to using rhetoric and propaganda in order to motivate people and gain recruits.

As for Column 88, involvement with that well-organised, now long-defunct, paramilitary group gave strength to my conviction that a National-Socialist victory was possible, for C88 had many overseas contacts, held regular meetings attended by young neo-nazis from all over Europe, and had among its British members not only many older professional people but also some members of the military. In addition, given its paramilitary nature and the paramilitary training undertaken, there was the knowledge that there were many others like me who were, under certain circumstances, prepared to use both physical and armed force in the service of our NS cause.

Thus I became aware that I and the few dedicated National-Socialists I had met in previous years in groups such as British Movement and the National Front were far from alone; that there were many other committed National-Socialists 'out there'. Which awareness, which practically acquired knowledge, not only strengthened my commitment to National-Socialism but which also strengthened my resolve to fight for 'the cause'.

There also developed in me during this time, and because of my involvement with C88, a realization that both covert action and terrorism were or might be useful tactics to employ in the struggle for victory, a struggle which I - extremist and fanatic that I was - accepted would be brutal, violent, and bloody, and thus possibly cost the lives of some of us, some of our opponents, and even some non-combatants. For I was during these years enthused and somewhat motivated by the rise to power of Hitler's NSDAP; a bloody, violent, struggle which had cost the lives of many comrades, from 'the fallen' of November 9th 1923 to Horst Wessel. I thus considered myself, and my comrades, as continuing that struggle - that struggle for the supremacy of the Aryan race, and the struggle against 'decadence' and our Communist, liberal, and Jewish enemies. In this struggle I personally - inspired by Savitri Devi's book *Lightning and The Sun* - considered the military defeat of The Third Reich, and the death of Adolf Hitler, as but temporary setbacks to be

avenged.

In respect of covert action, I came to the conclusion, following some discussions with some C88 members, that two different types of covert groups, with different strategy and tactics, might be very useful in our struggle and thus aid us directly or aid whatever right-wing political party might serve as a cover for introducing NS policies or which could be used to advance our cause. These covert groups would not be paramilitary and thus would not resort to using armed force since that option was already covered, so far as I was then concerned, by C88.

The first type of covert group would essentially be a honeytrap [1], to attract non-political people who might be or who had the potential to be useful to the cause even if, or especially if, they had to be 'blackmailed' or persuaded into doing so at some future time. The second type of covert group would be devoted to establishing a small cadre of NS fanatics, of 'sleepers', to - when the time was right - be disruptive or generally subversive.

Nothing came of this second idea, and the few people I recruited during 1974 for the second group, migrated to help the first group, established the previous year. However, from the outset this first group was beset with problems for - in retrospect - two quite simple reasons, both down to me. First, my lack of leadership skills, and, second, the outer nature chosen for the group which was of a secret Occult group with the 'offer', the temptation, of sexual favours from female members in a ritualized Occult setting, with some of these female members being 'on the game' and associated with someone who was associated with my small gang of thieves.

While I enjoyed and then lived for political action - especially confrontation and brawls - and was motivated, fanatical, enough to speak extempore in public and take charge in a violent situations on the streets, and loved to plan such violence and motivate people to undertake it, I disliked the day-to-day organization and the (to me) petty manipulation that was, or seemed to me to be, the lot of an organizer and leader. I also lacked the charm, the charisma, the flexibility, a political organizer and leader needed.

In contrast to me, Eddy Morrison had a natural charisma, a certain charm, and was an experienced and adept organizer. He also, unlike me at the time, had a good sense of humour and was well-liked whereas I was probably more feared, or respected, because I was simply considered a nutter, a violent psycho. As a consequence, he was a natural leader; suited to leading the NDFM, and of all the people I knew at the time the most suited to organize and lead such a covert group especially given the fact that its ultimate purpose was to aid our NS cause. However, for all my attempts at persuasion he was uninterested in both C88 and in my ideas regarding covert action. He

also, beyond being a fan of horror stories and of the fiction of HP Lovecraft, had no interest whatsoever in the Occult. Thus I had to make do with someone else as organizer and 'leader' of this covert group, this person - then a comrade, a married businessman living near Manchester - being the one who had suggested the outer, the Occult, form of the group.

For some time, this underground group appeared to flourish, with some 'respectable' people recruited - initially a lecturer, a solicitor, a teacher, among others - with some of the recruits becoming converts to or in some way helping our political cause, and with such clandestine recruitment aided, later on, by some unexpected, non-factual, unwanted, publicity.

But what happened was that, over time and under the guidance of its mentor, the Occult and especially the hedonistic aspects came to dominate over the political and subversive intent, with the *raisons d'etat* of blackmail and persuasion, of recruiting useful, respectable, people thus lost. Hence, while I still considered, then and for quite some time afterwards, that the basic idea of such a subversive group, such a honeytrap, was sound, I gradually lost interest in this particular immoral honeytrap project until another spell in prison for an assortment of offences took me away from Leeds and my life as a violent neo-nazi activist [...]

### **Birth of A Theoretician of Terror**

It is perhaps fair to say - so far as I recall - that I was the one who, in C88, first broached the subject of using certain tactics such as improvised explosive devices and assassinations in a direct campaign against both our enemies and what I often then referred to as 'The System'. Prior to this - so far as I knew - training and discussions had been concerned with and were about possible future events, in particular a Soviet invasion of Western Europe, an invasion scenario which at that time (the early to middle 1970's, the Cold War era) was taken seriously by Western governments and Western military forces.

My basic idea - the plan - was to use such tactics to cause disruption, fear, and discontent, in order to provoke a revolutionary situation that our NS, our racist, our fascist, or anti-immigrant groups in general, might be able to take advantage of politically and otherwise; with part of this plan being to encourage the government to introduce more and more 'martial law' type control and regulations, which type of control and regulations (and surveillance) those in the military inclined toward a more authoritarian, or even fascist type, government might use to their advantage. For from such authoritarian or fascist type beginnings, National-Socialism might be covertly, gradually, introduced.

It needs to be remembered this was when 'the troubles' - armed conflict in Northern Ireland - was possibly at its most bloody, and which conflict, together with IRA attacks in mainland Britain, caused consternation and concern both in British government and in certain military circles, with some ordinary ranks, a few junior officers and even a one or two of the higher ranks covertly talking about a scenario when a military coup in Britain might be justified. Not that, so far as I with my limited knowledge know, this minority discontent among certain military - and perhaps a few intelligence - personnel ever become widely known or has even been mentioned in books, memoirs, or articles written about those times. But this discontent did capture a certain mood among certain people during that period, a mood I had some personal knowledge of, partly as a result of C88 contacts, partly as a result of some trips I made to Northern Ireland, and partly as result of other contacts such as squaddies involved with or supportive of right-wing groups.

Thus my ideas, my proposals, were to some extent grounded in the realities of those times. Times when disruptive industrial strikes and disputes were common in Britain, when the National Front could hold rallies and marches of thousands of people and had a membership possibly in excess of 10,000 members, when many more ordinary British citizens were, or seemed to be, generally supportive of the 'stop immigration, start repatriation' campaign, and when there was some support, or seemed to be some support, in certain military and even government circles for a more authoritarian approach to government.

I justified my ideas - the plan - and thus the use of such tactics by immorally believing and suggesting to others that in 'such dire times' victory could not be achieved without sacrifice and blood, and that for our people, our land, to survive and prosper it was necessary for some of us to be hard, ruthless; that 'history' showed that such ruthlessness was effective. And so on and so on. I do remember, on several occasions, idealizing the Roman Empire and ranting about how Rome built and maintained its Empire, its glory; not by negotiations, not by elections, not through a policy of peace and non-violence, but because ruthless men, hardened by war, had conquered, subdued and dealt severely with discontent and threats to 'the Roman way of life', to Rome, and to the Empire. Quite often I would quote some words of Hitler, from *Mein Kampf*, such as that the broad masses respond to what is strong and uncompromising; that a struggle on behalf of a weltanschauung has to be conducted by men of heroic spirit who are ready to sacrifice everything, and that if a people does not fight they do not deserve to live.

Hence, to me now, on reflexion, it does not seem to be hatred - of whatever type - that motivated those ideas, such a terrorist plan, of mine but rather a glorification of war, of strife; a belief in struggle, in 'the survival of the

fittest'; a naive desire to personally act based on idealistic notions of sacrifice and glory, of being part of a desperate struggle, a war, that began with Hitler and the NSDAP. Most of all, perhaps, there was the misguided feeling that 'our people' were under attack, threatened with slavery and then extinction, so that desperate, ruthless, measures were necessary to save them. A feeling that most certainly derived from the absolute conviction I then had that 'race' - one's idealized race - was the most important thing, so that this idealized, mythical, 'race' came before everything, and therefore (so the perverted reasoning went) what was moral was what aided and ensured the survival and prosperity of this 'race'.

As for practical consequences, then, I do not believe there were any, of significance, known to me. For I discovered little support for these ideas, this plan, probably for a quite simple reason, which was that the people in C88 disposed toward and trained for action preferred to concentrate on C88's stated aims and objectives: of being a practical bulwark in the event of a Soviet invasion or an internal Communist, extreme left-wing, revolution, and of slowly infiltrating National-Socialists into positions of influence within British society.

However, perhaps it was these ideas of mine, my enthusiasm for and rants about such action - to selected C88 people of course [2] - that later on resulted in a sort-of 'bomb making package' being produced by some of them (a package complete with several pairs of disposable surgical gloves), one of which packages was delivered to me, in Leeds, on my release from prison in 1976 but which I personally did not use given that shortly thereafter - for reasons outlined in *Myngath* - I, suffering from a loss of idealism, had a change of heart, and decided to become a monk in a Catholic monastery. A loss of idealism, a moral change, that would, however and unfortunately, not last that long.

Extracts from  
**Part Six: 1998-2002**

### **Conversion to Islam**

[...]

There was no sudden decision to convert to Islam. Rather, it was the culmination of a process that began a decade earlier with travels in the

Sahara Desert. During the decade before my conversion I regularly travelled abroad, with this travel including well-over a dozen visits to Egypt and a few visits to other lands where the majority of the population were Muslim.

Egypt, especially, enchanted me; and not because of the profundity of ancient monuments. Rather because of the people, their culture, and the land itself. How life, outside of Cairo, seemed to mostly cling to the Nile - small settlements, patches and strips of verdancy, beside the flowing water and hemmed in by dry desert. I loved the silence, the solitude, the heat, of the desert; the feeling of there being precariously balanced between life and death, dependant on carried water, food; the feeling of smallness, a minute and fragile speck of life; the vast panorama of sky. There was a purity there, human life in its essence, and it was so easy, so very easy, to feel in such a stark environment that there was, must be, a God, a Creator, who could decide if one lived or died.

Once, after a long trip into the Western Desert, I returned to Cairo to stay at some small quite run-down hotel: on one side, a Mosque, while not that far away on the other side was a night-club. A strange, quixotic, juxtaposition that seemed to capture something of the real modern Egypt. Of course, very early next morning the Adhaan from the mosque woke me. I did not mind. Indeed, I found it hauntingly beautiful and, strangely, not strange at all; as if it was some long-forgotten and happy memory, from childhood perhaps.

Once, I happened to be cycling from Cairo airport to the centre of the city as dawn broke, my route taking me past several Mosques. So timeless, so beautiful, the architecture, the minarets, framed by the rising sun...

Once, and many years before my conversion, I bought from a bookshop in Cairo a copy of the Quran containing the text in Arabic with a parallel English interpretation, and would occasionally read parts of it, and although I found several passages interesting, intriguing, I then had no desire, felt no need, to study Islam further. Similarly, the many friendly conversations I had with Egyptians during such travels - about their land, their culture, and occasionally about Islam - were for me just informative, only the interest of a curious outsider, and did not engender any desire to study such matters in detail.

However, all these experiences, of a decade and more, engendered in me a feeling which seemed to grow stronger year by year with every new trip. This was the feeling that somehow in some strange haunting way I belonged there, in such places, as part of such a culture. A feeling which caused me - some time after the tragic death of Sue (aged 39) from cancer in the early 1990's - to enrol on, and begin, an honours course in Arabic at a British

university [3].

Thus, suffice to say that a decade of such travel brought a feeling of familiarity and resonance with Egypt, its people, its culture, that land, and with the Islam that suffused it, so that when in the Summer of 1998 I seriously began to study Islam, to read Ahadith, Seerah, and the whole Quran, I had at least some context from practical experience. Furthermore, the more I studied Islam in England in those Summer months the more I felt, remembered, the sound of the beautiful Adhaan; remembered the desert - that ætherial purity, that sense of God, there; and remembered that haunting feeling of perhaps already belonging to such a culture, such a way of life.

Hence my conversion to Islam, then, in September of that year, seemed somehow fated, wyrdful.

### Notes

[1] Honeytrap meaning 'something that is tempting' - as in the modern usage of honeypot - and also something covert to attract/entrap a particular type of person. That is, a type of 'sting' operation. Thus, State-sponsored espionage is not implied.

This new life later on included entering the noviciate of a Catholic monastery, and which monastic experience led me to reform myself, at least in respect of immoral and criminal activities and thus in respect of involvement with such immoral honeytraps. However, this reformation then did not last, for as recounted here in Part Four, I had occasion, during the 1980's, to renew my association not only with some old C88 comrades but also with the mentor of that Occult honeytrap when, after of lapse of many years, I became involved again in neo-nazi politics and revived my project of using clandestine recruitment for 'the cause'. By this time, that Occult group had developed some useful contacts, especially in the academic world, so some friendly co-operation between us was agreed; a co-operation which continued, sporadically, until just before my conversion to Islam in 1998.

This clandestine recruitment of mine was for a small National-Socialist cadre which went by a variety of names, beginning with 'G7' (soon abandoned), then *The White Wolves* (c. 1993), and finally the *Aryan Resistance Movement* aka Aryan Liberation Army [qv. Part Five for details].

However, while some of these Occult contacts were, given their professions, occasionally useful 'to the cause' and to 'our people', by 1997 I had come to the conclusion that the problems such association with Occultism and occultists caused far outweighed the subversive advantages; a conclusion which led me to re-write and re-issue a much earlier article of mine entitled *Occultism and National-Socialism*, and which revised article was subsequently published in the compilation *Cosmic Reich* by Renaissance Press of New Zealand. As I wrote in that article - "National-Socialism and Occultism are fundamentally, and irretrievably, incompatible and opposed to each other."

By the Summer of 1998 I had abandoned not only such co-operation and contacts with such Occult groups but also such clandestine recruitment on behalf of National-Socialism,

concentrating instead on my Reichsfolk group and my 'revised' non-racist version of National-Socialism which I called 'ethical National-Socialism'. Later still, following my conversion to Islam, I was to reject even this version of National-Socialism.

[2] I recall one occasion, early on, trying to discuss my ideas - the plan - with C88's organizer in his home while, at my suggestion, very loud military music was played, from a Hi-Fi system, in the hope that it might drown out any covert listening or recording devices. Since the reality was that we could not hear what the other person said, that particular silly ploy of mine was very quickly discontinued.

[3] I soon left that university however, for personal and practical reasons to do with a romantic involvement with a lady who lived hundreds of miles away.

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**cc David Myatt 2010-2012**

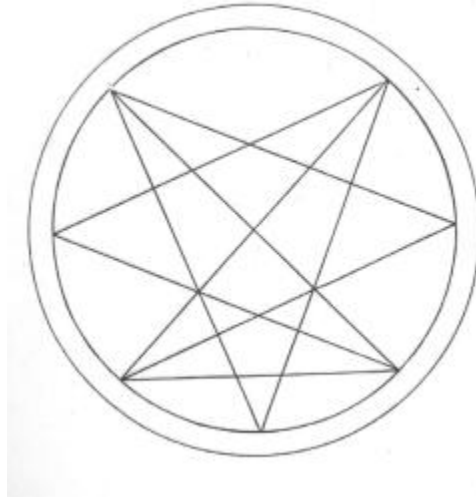


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## A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms



Version 5.03  
Revised 130 Year of Fayen

### **Introductory Note**

The Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A,  $\omega 9\alpha$ ) employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It needs to be understood that the O9A employs some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise esoteric way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by people such as CG Jung.

This glossary explains the most commonly used technical terms of the O9A esoteric tradition. Many of the terms have a dual meaning: an outer (exoteric) one and an inner (esoteric) one.

The version of the glossary supersedes previous versions.

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## **Abyss**

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality.

Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and 'Entering the Abyss' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept. Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

## **Acausal**

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

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

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

According to the aural tradition of the O9A, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

## **Acausal Thinking**

One of The Dark Arts - the Occult Arts - employed by the O9A.

Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal

symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

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

### **Aeon**

An Aeon - according to the Way of the O9A - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic civilization, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular mythos.

### **Aeonic Perspective**

The term describes some of the knowledge O9A folk have acquired through a combination of practical experience, through a scholarly study, and through using certain Occult faculties and skills, such as esoteric-empathy.

This knowledge is of the birth-life-death of Aeons and their associated civilizations, and of how the esoteric movement that is the O9A has a perspective - a sinister dialectic - of both centuries and of "the sinister-numinous" and of how Aeons manifest acausality through "the sinister-numinous". In addition, the knowledge includes how a new aeon can be brought-into-being and how it manifests καλὸς κάγαθός (qv).

### **Alchemical Seasons**

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

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

For more details, see the O9A MS *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

### **Archetype**

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

## **Balobians**

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the O9A, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the O9A or with the O9A ethos.

## **Baphomet**

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

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

## **Black Book of Satan**

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by O9A Initiates following the Seven Fold Way.

## **Causal Abstractions**

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

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

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

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

beyond. According to the O9A, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

### **Core O9A Traditions**

Also known as The Five Core O9A Principles.

The basic principles on which the O9A is based. They are:

- (1) the way of practical deeds;
- (2) the way of culling;
- (3) the way of kindred honour (qv);
- (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions;
- (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

### **Culture**

For us, a cultured person is someone who possesses the following five distinguishing marks or qualities:

- (1) they have empathy,
- (2) they have the instinct for disliking rottenness,
- (3) they possess and use the faculty of reason,
- (4) they value *pathei-mathos*; and
- (5) they are part of living ancestral tradition and are well-acquainted with and appreciate the culture of that tradition, manifest as this often is in art, literature/aural traditions, music, and a specific ethos.

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

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the O9A text *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the O9A*.

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the O9A text *Concerning Culling As Art* (122yf). This instinct is made manifest - conscious - by means of our code of kindred-honour aka sinister-honour.

### **Dark Arts**

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

sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, a sinister tribe of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the O9A to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

### **Dark-Empathy**

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

### **Dark Gods**

According to the Sinister Tradition of the O9A, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the O9A MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*. ]

These entities are considered to be shapeshifters and as "Dark" - "Sinister" - when viewed or experienced in the causal continuum. Which experience of such entities can be archetypal and thus occur in the psyche of individuals.

The Dark Gods include Satan and Baphomet, and in O9A mythology are regarded as having been manifest - presenced - in the past in our causal continuum, with Satan shapeshifting to be a male entity and Baphomet a female entity.

### **Drecc**

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

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

## **Ethos**

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular O9A weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it. See also O9A Ethos.

## **Exeatic**

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

## **Exoteric/Esoteric**

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner /acausal essence or nature.

What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

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

## **Falcifer**

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

## **Five Core O9A Principles**

See Core O9A Traditions.

## **God**

According to the O9A, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain

religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

### **Hebdomadry**

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

### **Homo Hubris**

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen - this creation of the modern West - is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification.

It was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

### **Hubriati**

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

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

### **Hubriati-syndrome**

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

including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

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

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

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

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

### **Καλὸς Κάγαθός**

This ancient Greek term manifests both the aim of the O9A Seven Fold Way and the ethos of The New Aeon which the O9A exists to presence via its Sinister Dialectic.

The ethos of The New Aeon is pagan one evolved (by the O9A and others) from the Greco-Roman and Western notion of καλὸς κάγαθός, of τὸ καλόν (the beautiful) and τὸ ἀγαθόν (the honourable) manifest as these are in the O9A Code Of Kindred Honour and in the balancing (ἀρρενόθηλυς) of the masculous and the muliebral via the enantiodromia that is the Seven Fold Way and presented as that balance is in the Grade Rituals of Internal Adept and of The Abyss.

Exoterically, καλὸς κάγαθός expresses the law of personal honour as opposed to the lifeless, abstract, law of the nation-State and of supranational entities such as the United Nations. It represents a new yet anciently-derived type of civitas, of duty, and thus implies a new aristocracy in place of the democracy of the herd and the politics of the hubriati.

### **Kindred Honour**

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

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour

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

### **Labyrinthos Mythologicus**

The Labyrinthos Mythologicus of the O9A suggests "myth-making; creating or concerned with mythology or myths; a mythical narrative," and is both (a) a modern and an amoral version of a technique often historically employed, world-wide among diverse cultures and traditions both esoteric and otherwise, to test and select candidates, and (b) a mischievous, japing, sly, and sometimes (for mundanes) an annoying, part of the O9A sinister dialectic.

### **Law of The Sinister-Numen**

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka The Sinister Code aka The Code Of Kindred Honour) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles.

### **Left Hand Path (LHP)**

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

### **Magick**

The term dates from the European Renaissance and was used in books such as collection edited by Elias Ashmole titled *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum* published in 1652 CE.

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the O9A - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the O9A - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent

control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonick Magick.

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

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

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

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies. Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick sans symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrð) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is prefigured in the advanced form of The Star Game.

### **Magian**

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of the ancient Hebrews (as manifest for instance in the Old Testament) and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

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

The Magian ethos expresses two fundamental things: (1) the notion of being "chosen" - as for example by "God" - and thus of having a special "destiny", and (2) the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubriati and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

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

### **Masculous**

By the term masculous we mean: the traits, abilities and qualities that are conventionally and historically associated with men and which are evident in patriarchal religions such as Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam. Among such traits are competitiveness, aggression, the desire to organize/control.

In the O9A system the stages of Neophyte, Initiate and External Adept of the Seven Fold Way are associated with an experiencing the masculous aspects of the psyche while the stage of Internal Adept is associated with the muliebral aspect, with the Rite of The Abyss being an enantiodromia: a melding of, and thence the transcendence of, both the masculous and the muliebral.

### **Muliebral**

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

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

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

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

and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

### **Mundane**

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

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

### **Naos**

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

2) The title of the O9A text "Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept".

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

### **Nexion**

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

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the O9A MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

### **Nine Angles**

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

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

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a

nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

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

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of The Star Game which itself is sorcery that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the O9A.

### **Niner**

A freelance operative whose culture is that of the O9A, and who thus strives to live by our Code of Kindred-Honour and whose personal character manifests the O9A Ethos. Also sometimes used as an alternative name for a Drecc, although most Niners, unlike Dreccs, do not belong to a gang, clan, or tribe.

### **Order of Nine Angles**

The Order of Nine Angles is a modern Occult movement - or sub-culture - which has its own Occult philosophy, its own Logos, and its own Occult methods and techniques.

In antinomian terms appropriate to the Current Era where the Magian Ethos dominated, the O9A/O9A is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association - a collective (or kollektive) - comprising Niners, Tribes, O9A gangs, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the O9A is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by

practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

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

(1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the ethos, mythos, and praxis of the O9A (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

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

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

### **O9A Culture**

O9A culture - sometimes spelt kulture - is the culture of those who adopt or who are born into the O9A way of life, a way of life distinguished by: (1) our ethos [qv. O9A ethos]; (2) our aural traditions, and (3) our five core principles/five core traditions.

### **O9A Ethos**

The O9A ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living culture/kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

(1) our code of kindred honour;

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

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

### **O9A Iterations**

The iterations are an expression of the natural change, the evolution, of the living esoteric being that is known as the O9A.

The first iteration/phase - aka O9A 1 - may be considered to be exoterically manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early O9A (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups, and in Rounwytha nexions all of whom were in the UK and known to AL.

The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) - aka O9A 2 - was most manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial O9A-type groups/nexions.

The third iteration - aka O9A 3 - is that of the current O9A, 2010 ce and > and is manifest exoterically in the move from Satan as archetypal symbol to our female Baphomet (the dark goddess) as archetypal symbol.

All iterations - past and present - although different in character co-exist within the O9A, just as a mature living being has within it the younger being from whence it matured.

### **Pathei Mathos**

Also written pathei-mathos, the ancient Greek term pathei mathos - πάθει μάθος - philosophically and esoterically means personal misfortune and/or personal experience and/or practical challenges can be the genesis of insight. See the O9A text *The Esoteric Learning Presenced Through Pathei-Mathos*.

The O9A Seven Fold Way - with its physical challenges, its Insight Roles, and its Grade Rituals - is regarded as a willed, a conscious, pathei mathos.

Pathei Mathos is regarded as a means of discovering or revealing the physis of beings and of our own being.

### **Presenced**

The term presenced is used to describe a manifestation - usually of something acausal in nature - in the causal continuum. Thus Satan can be presenced in the causal as a particular entity or living being; as an archetype in the psyche; and also by a person who opposes what is Magian and/or who does acts which are considered heretical by a particular religion or society.

### **Presencing The Dark**

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric. Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one. Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrld and thus to work Aeonie Sorcery.

## **Psyche**

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

## **Physis**

By the ancient Greek term Physis - Φύσις - is meant the true character or nature or ethos of a being beyond outer causal forms and abstractions and thus what lies behind (or what has been covered up by) denotata: by naming, by terms, by ideas, by categorization, and by the dialectic of opposing opposites.

## **Rounwytha**

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

## **Rounwytha Tradition**

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral [qv.] tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (mystic, esoteric) Way of the O9A and which thus is one of the core principles on which the O9A is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of O9A tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of O9A esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

The Rounwytha tradition is the basis for our new sinister feminine archetype,

for the new ways of living for women of our kind, and which ways of living involve: (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.

(2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority. (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by *pathei-mathos*, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.

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

For more details, see O9A MSS such as 1) *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*; 2) *Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names*; 3) *The Rounwytha Way Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*; 4) *Diabological Dissent*.

### **Satan**

A *satan* - qv. the O9A text *The Geryne of Satan* - is term used to describe someone who is an adversary and who is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of *ἐπίβουλος* - scheming against/opposed to those who regard themselves as chosen by their monotheistic God.

*The Satan* is used to describer the chief adversary - of the so-called 'chosen ones' - and the chief schemer against them. That is, as an archetype of and for such opposition to Magians and the Magian ethos.

Satan is also regarded, by the O9A, as the exoteric "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *Mythos of the Dark Gods*. ]

Thus the O9A has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

## **Satanism**

The English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

In traditional O9A nexions, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the O9A (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

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

## **Septenary**

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

## **Seven Fold Way**

Seven Fold Way - aka Seven Fold Sinister Way and Hebdomadry - is the traditional initiatory practice of the O9A and is a years-long willed, a consciously undertaken, esoteric and exoteric pathei-mathos whose genesis is practice of various Dark (Esoteric) Arts, Insight Roles, physical challenges and Grade Rituals, qv. the O9A text titled *Naos* and chapters such as *The Seven Fold Way Of The Order Of Nine Angles* in the book *Feond*.

The aim of the Seven Fold Way is the individual discovery of Lapis Philosophicus; that is, wisdom. Which discovery creates a new type of human being; a type who manifests καλὸς-κάγαθός (qv).

## **Sinister**

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the

O9A (qv). Often used as a synonym for both the Left Hand Path and for what is antinomian, or heretical, in a particular culture, religion, or society.

It is thus more general than the term "satanic" and in O9A esotericism is often used - like the term Dark - to refer to manifestations (intrusions) of the acausal continuum in the causal and which manifestations can include The Dark Gods and can occur in the psyche of individuals where they may be perceived as archetypes.

### **Sinister Dialectic**

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

### **Sinister-Empathy**

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

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

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

### **Sinister-Numen**

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

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

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and

which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-O9A.

### **Sinister Way**

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the O9A. Sometimes also called The Seven-Fold Sinister Way or The Seven Fold Way.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the O9A MS NAOS.] One aim of the Way is to create a certain type of individual.

### **Sorcery**

Often used as a synonym of magick (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the O9A - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the O9A MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and the compilation titled *Naos*.]

### **Star Game**

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

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

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

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the O9A MS NAOS.

### **Traditional Nexions**

A name given to O9A groups (aka Temples aka cells) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of

Satanism.

### **Traditional Satanism**

A term, first used by the O9A several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Levey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the O9A due to the aural, and other, teachings of the O9A: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

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

### **Tree of Wyrd**

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the O9A MS NAOS), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

### **Vindex**

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current status quo (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon.

Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal and kindred honour [See the O9A MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of personal Honour*].

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

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

The main opponent of Vindex - both on the practical level and in terms of ethos - is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West - that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive.

The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is:

- (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and
- (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

### **Wyrd**

As used by the O9A, Wyrd is the term used to describe those supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

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

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