

The Joy Of The Sinister

The Traditional Satanism Of The Order Of Nine Angles

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Preface

This work consists of some Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A) texts describing their 'traditional Satanism', and which 'traditional Satanism' differs substantially from the more well-known modern satanism propagated by Howard Stanton Levey (aka Anton Szandor LaVey), by his Church of Satan, and by his followers.

The O9A texts presented here thus provide a 'heretical' alternative to the egoistic satanism of the likes of the Church of Satan and Aquino's Temple of Set. A cultured, elitist, and supernatural, alternative evident in texts such as (i) *Satanism Plebeianized*, (ii) *The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right*, (iii) *The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts*, (iv) *Culling As Art*, and also in the two fictional stories *Sunedrion - A Wyrdful Tale* and *In The Sky of Dreaming*.

This second edition contains two new chapters and a new appendix, with the chapter *The Place of Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles* explaining why the O9A is now as it always had been satanic in both philosophy and praxis.

Introduction

In the early 1990s, Anton Long - in respect of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A) - wrote that:

The difference between Traditional Satanic groups and other organizations which profess to belong to the 'Left Hand' or 'Sinister' Path, or which claim to be Satanic, is that Traditional groups seek to realistically guide their members along the difficult and dangerous path of self-development, the goal of which is the creation of an entirely new individual. This path is fundamentally a quest for self-excellence and wisdom.

We believe that there is no easy way to real knowledge and insight of the 'Occult' kind - that each individual must walk this path and achieve things for themselves. There are no 'ceremonies', no magickal 'rites', not even any teachings which can provide the individual with genuine wisdom: real wisdom is only and always attained by the personal effort of the individual over many years. It is the result of a synthesis - a development of the dark side and an integration of that aspect of our being thus creating a complete, more evolved individual. Furthermore, the means to this attainment are essentially practical; that is, they involve the individual undergoing certain formative, character-developing experiences 'in the real world' rather than in some pseudo-mystical, pseudo-intellectual 'magickal rite' or sitting at the feet of some pretentious 'master'. {1}

Many latter-day, self-described, satanists who derive their satanism from the likes of Levey and Aquino seem to have forgotten, or - if they are young - have never known that before the ONA controversially burst upon 'the public Occult scene' in the early 1980's, Satanism, The Left Hand Path, and Occultism in general, had been publicly limited to (i) the showmanship of Levey with his Church of Satan and its emphasis on carnal self-indulgence (and moralizing about obeying the law); (ii) the qabalistic ritualistic Occultism of Crowley (with its self-indulgence); (iii) the pseudo- religious, and hierarchical Setianism of Aquino's Temple of Set (and its 'enlightened individualism' and moralizing about obeying the law); and (iv) the male-dominated ritualistic 'wicca' propounded by the likes of Gerald Gardner and Alex Sanders with their fake 'Book of Shadows' and their fake 'old religion' with its 'horned god'.

Without exception, these groups, organizations (or what-nots) - and the people associated with them - struck a law-abiding pose, and, as the 'Satanic ritual abuse' panic of the early 1980's intensified, were at pains to describe

themselves and their beliefs and practices as 'socially responsible', non-threatening and not harmful. They also asserted that 'satanism' meant a socially-responsible self-indulgence and the belief that there are no powerful, dangerous, supra-personal forces 'out there', and that what was 'out there' could be controlled by the sorcerer.

Enter - into this law-abiding, non-threatening, rather cosy and masculine dominated 1980s milieu - the Order of Nine Angles with their affirmation of culling (human sacrifice), their openly amoral criminality and manipulation of people; their tough physical challenges for candidates, their heresy (for example, holocaust denial, and stating that 'Hitler was a good man'), their emphasis on practical exeatic experience and ordeals and on learning from practical experience; their japes and tests; their assertion that 'the dark forces' are beyond the power of any individual to control; their propagation of terrorism; their emphasis on 'the sinister feminine', their Sapphic groups; their grade rituals which included one where the candidate had to live alone in the wilderness for three months, and their clandestine, non-hierarchical, structure.

In effect, the ONA made the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set look like poseurs. They made the 'satanism' of the Church of Satan appear to be of the 'teenage rebellion' kind where there is an adolescent desire not only to shock others but also to 'feel special' and be part of something 'forbidden' (but safe), while the ONA made the 'satanism' of the Temple of Set appear to that of sycophantic pseudo- intellectual young males in search of peer approval (yay, I'm now a High Priest of Set) and in need of ritualistic drama.

Predictably, the circulation of O9A texts regarding human sacrifice led to Aquino, of the Temple of Set, to write - in a letter to Anton Long which Aquino dated October 7, XXV (i.e. 1990) - that:

"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 [...] 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." {3}

Then, and subsequently, Anton Long staunchly defended the publication of such 'culling texts' {4}; as for instance (i) in a letter to Aquino, dated 9th September 103 yf:

"The fundamental principle behind the action [of culling] is that some people are worthless - and, because, of their deeds or character, do

not deserve to live. In fact, their demise is healthy - akin to an act of 'natural justice'. This is a statement of genuine Satanism - as is the statement that offers are human culling in action. The MSS make it quite clear that offers - victims for Satanic sacrifice - deserve what they get: they have been judged, tested, and found suitable."

and (ii) in a letter to Diane Vera dated 28th May 1992:

"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." {5}

and (iii) as in texts such as *Toward Understanding Satanism* (dated 122 yfayen, i.e. 2011) in which he wrote that the O9A has:

"since its inception restored to Satanism the darkness, the amorality, the malevolence, the causing of conflict and harm, the culling, the evil, that rightly belong to it; [and] has steadfastly propagated and described the character - its essential satanic, baleful, diabolic, nature - of Satanism."

However, despite the disapproval of Aquino and others, the 'heretical' and 'irresponsible' Satanism - the innovative approach of the O9A - was recognized and understood by a few Occultists in those pre-internet 1980s days, leading to several O9A texts being published in zines such as the Lamp of Thoth and Sennitt's Left Hand Path Nox (for example, the text *Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass* was printed in Nox #2, July 1986, and *Satanism - its Essence and Meaning* in Nox #3, Nov 1986), with one commentator (Phil Hine) writing, in a review of a compilation of articles from Nox later published in book form {6} , that:

"This welcome release from Logos Press is the first in a planned trilogy of retrospectives from the pages of Nox magazine, one of the UK's more 'hardcore' Left-Hand Path zines which rose to infamy during the late 1980's. Divided into three sections, the first group of essays & rituals is from the Order of Nine Angles [ONA], a British-based Satanic order whose publications caused quite a stir in the late 1980's. These essays deal with the O.N.A.'s approach to Satanism, the Black Mass, and the Lovecraftian 'Dark Gods'. Regardless of how one views this material, it is refreshing to peruse a contemporary perspective on Satanic magic that is avowedly different

to the outpourings of its American manifestations. Contrast this material with the rather tub-thumping section which follows - texts from the Werewolf Order - who style themselves as a "Satanic Leadership school" or an "elite sodality of black magicians" - yawn. Presumably this section has been included to highlight the excellence of the O.N.A. material."

A few decades later, some academics would write that the Order of Nine Angles present "a recognizable new interpretation of Satanism and the Left Hand Path {7}, that the O9A "represent a dangerous and extreme form of Satanism," {8}, that their 'sinister tradition' makes the O9A "distinct from existing Left Hand Path and satanic groups" {9}; and that:

"With the watchwords *pathei-mathos* (learning through adversity), the ONA is unique in that it offers an aggressive and elitist spirituality, which pushes its members to find and overcome their mental, physical, and psychic limits in the quest for spiritual ascension. In parallel with gruelling athletic and mental challenges, the ONA acknowledges a pantheon of 'dark gods', along with an occult system designed to introduce the initiate to the acausal or supernatural world of the mystic." {10}

A Heretical Satanism

As well as restoring "to Satanism the darkness, the amorality, the malevolence, the causing of conflict and harm, the culling, the evil, that rightly belong to it," Anton Long developed a comprehensive Occult philosophy and a modern hermetic initiatory Seven Fold Way, the latter of which was described in the two O9A texts, the 1980s *Naos*, and *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* (second edition, 2013).

It is, however, his amoral, his "dangerous and extreme form of Satanism" that has, so far, proved far more influential, and for which both he and the O9A are popularly known. And influential partly because he lived what he wrote about, from (for example) involvement with political and religious extremism and terrorism to running a gang of thieves; and partly because his 'satanist' writings are direct and expressive, as the following extracts illustrate:

"Each individual must learn for themselves - this is the crux. No one can do it for them. The essence, born via experiences, cannot even be taught - it must be experienced." *Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 1992

"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." *Victims - A Sinister Exposé*, 1990

"Satanism is the Way of the self-controlled individual, not the way of sycophancy to, or obedience to, some doctrine or some person or some creed; not the way of those in thrall to their desires, conscious or unconscious. Satanists do not seek to be 'understood' nor accepted nor lauded by the majority, just as they are shapeshifters in character and way of life, who may use and often do so use some form, or some way of life for their own sinister, dialectical ends." *Satanism: The Epitome of Evil*, 119 yf

"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." *Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth*, 1985

"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." *Manipulation II*, 1990

"What is the most important - and interesting - thing I can say about the sinister path that I have followed for over thirty years? It is that it teaches us, and enables us, to live life on a higher, different level. That is, to exult in life itself: a sinister life is, or should be, one where there is an intensity; where there is action, in the world; where there is a will harnessed to a goal - any goal; a desire to experience, to know; to quest; where there is an arrogant determination to not accept the norms, the answers, the limits of and set by others." *The Joy of The Sinister*, 2003

One has only to contrast such forthright O9A sentiments - and O9A support for

terrorism, criminality, and political/religious extremism (via Insight Roles or otherwise) - with the writings about satanism by Levey and Aquino, and writings by their 1980s and 1990s followers, to understand and appreciate just how radical and 'heretical' (not to mention sly and mischievous and annoying) the O9A were during those and subsequent decades.

Furthermore, one has only to compare the 'established satanism' - of the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set - then to the type of satanism upheld and propounded today by many self-professed satanists to understand and appreciate just how influential the 'heretical' satanism of the O9A is and has been, albeit that this influence is often either unacknowledged or not consciously apprehended.

R.Parker
2015
v.1.09

Notes

{1} Anton Long: *An Introduction to Traditional Satanism*. Thormynd Press, 1992 ev (second edition, 1994 ev).

The O9A were the first to use the term 'traditional satanism', in the early 1980s, in an effort to distinguish the O9A type of satanism from the 'modern satanism' of Levey and Aquino. See, for example, *The Black Book of Satan*. Thormynd Press, 1984, ISBN 094664604X, a copy of which is in the British Library [General Reference Collection Cup.815/51].

{2} R. Parker: *Developing The Mythos: The Order of Nine Angles In Perspective*. e-text, 2012.

{3} Aquino's letter was published by the O9A, in facsimile, in *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 2 vols, Thormynd Press, 1992.

{4} A selection of the O9A's notorious and 'irresponsible' culling texts were recently re-issued in a pdf compilation entitled *The Culling Texts: The Theory And Practice of Sacrificial Human Culling* (e-text, 2015). They are also included in the freely-available compilation *The Complete Guide To The Order of Nine Angles* (Seventh Edition, 2015, 1460 pages, pdf 55 Mb).

{5} Anton Long's typewritten letter was published by the O9A, in facsimile, in *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 2 vols, Thormynd Press, 1992. Decades later Anton Long was to write that the O9A has:

"since its inception restored to Satanism the darkness, the amorality, the malevolence, the causing of conflict and harm, the culling, the evil, that rightly belong to it; [and] has steadfastly propagated and described the character - its essential satanic, baleful, diabolic, nature - of Satanism." *Toward Understanding Satanism*. e-text, 122 yfayen.

{6} *The Infernal Texts: Nox & Liber Koth* (Falcon Publications, 1997).

{7} James R. Lewis and Jesper A. Petersen (editors). *Controversial New Religions*. Oxford

University Press, 2014. p. 41.

{8} Per Faxneld: *Post-Satanism, Left Hand Paths, and Beyond* in Per Faxneld & Jesper Petersen (editors) *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*, Oxford University Press (2012), p.20

{9} Jacob Senholt: *Secret Identities in The Sinister Tradition*, in Per Faxneld and Jesper Petersen (eds), *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*. Oxford University Press, 2012.

{10} Connell Monette: *Mysticism in the 21st Century*, Sirius Academic Press, 2013. pp. 85-122

Toward Understanding Satanism

Editorial Note: That we in this text use the standard definitions of Satanism and the Satanic, as given in the complete Oxford English Dictionary, to differentiate ourselves from others who claim to represent Satanism - and who claim to be Satanic - is deliberate, although it is only to be expected that (a) only a few will understand why, and (b) many or most will regard it as confirming what they in their delusion believe in, and accept about both themselves and us.

Understanding and Defining Satanism

To begin to understand and appreciate and thus acquire some knowledge of some subject it is obviously necessary to know what that subject is about, what it deals with, and what its character - its essential nature - is, and this knowing begins, should begin, by defining it.

A definition should have clarity and precision. For a definition is: (1) Stating exactly what a thing is, or what a word means; (2) A precise statement of the essential nature of a thing; (3) A declaration or formal explanation of the signification of a word or phrase; (4) Precision, exactitude; (5) The setting of bounds or limits of something.

Let us therefore, as is only logical and scholarly, begin with the definition of the term Satanism given in the complete *Oxford English Dictionary* (20 vols, 2nd edition, Oxford, 1989), a work regarded as an authoritative source, and as the definitive record of the English language. The two main definitions of Satanism are:

1. A satanic or diabolical disposition, doctrine, spirit, or contrivance.
2. The worship of Satan, alleged to have been practised in France in the latter part of the 19th century; the principles and rites of the Satanists.

These lead us on to the definitions of words such as satanic, diabolical, and Satan, and thence to words such as Devil, fiendish, evil, and wicked.

Satanic: (1) Of or pertaining to Satan. (2) Characteristic of or befitting Satan; extremely wicked, diabolical, devilish, infernal. (3) Satanic school n. Southey's designation for Byron, Shelley, and their imitators; subsequently often applied to other writers similarly accused of defiant impiety and delight in the portraiture of lawless passion.

Diabolical: (1) Of or pertaining to the devil; actuated by or proceeding from the devil; of the nature of the devil. (2) Characteristic of or befitting the devil; devilish, fiendish, atrociously wicked or malevolent.

Satan: (1) The proper name of the supreme evil spirit, the Devil. (2) In the etymological sense of 'adversary', with allusion to Matt. xvi. 23, Mark viii. 33.

Devil: (1) In Jewish and Christian theology, the proper appellation of the supreme spirit of evil, the tempter and spiritual enemy of mankind, the foe of God and holiness, otherwise called Satan. (2) (*transf.*) A human being of diabolical character or qualities; a malignantly wicked or cruel man; a 'fiend in human form'.

Fiendish: Resembling, or characteristic of, a fiend; superhumanly cruel and malignant. Also as adv., excessively, horribly.

Wicked:

(1) Bad in moral character, disposition, or conduct; inclined or addicted to wilful wrong-doing; practising or disposed to practise evil; morally depraved. (A term of wide application, but always of strong reprobation, implying a high degree of evil quality.)

(2) Designating a stock evil character in a fairy-tale, as Wicked Fairy, Wicked Stepmother, etc.

(3) Bad, in various senses (not always clearly distinguishable). Frequent in Middle English use; later chiefly *dial.*, or in colloq. use as a conscious metaphor (now often jocular), and implying 'very or excessively bad', 'horrid', 'beastly'.

(4) Actually or potentially harmful, destructive, disastrous, or pernicious; baleful.

(5) In weakened or lighter sense, usually more or less jocular: Malicious; mischievous, sly.

Evil: (1) To harm or injure; to ill-treat. (2) Bad, wicked. (3) Doing or tending to do harm; hurtful, mischievous, misleading. (4) Offensive, disagreeable; troublesome. (5) Hard, difficult, deadly.

These definitions describe in a precise way the character - the essential nature - of Satanism, and set the bounds, the limits of what is Satanic. They also reveal four interesting things. First, the early use of the term Satanic to pejoratively and peripherally describe the life-style of some people as 'defiantly impious' and as having a 'lawless passion' (that is, and for example, an indulgence in carnality and such things as may excite and intoxicate the senses without due regard to modesty, temperance, and social approbation). Second, the sense of Satan as adversary ^[1]. Third, how - in the English language - terms such as wicked have more than one sense, depending on context and tone, so that that word wicked can denote someone who is evil or who inclines toward 'evil' or someone who is just being horrid or someone who is mischievous and sly. Fourth, how the essence of Satanism, its character and its boundaries, are defined by terms such as wicked, mischievous, sly, harmful, destructive, disastrous, pernicious, baleful, destructive.

Thus it could be argued (with the proviso given below) that the two standard definitions of Satanism given above - and taken in context with how the words used in the definitions are subsequently defined - in some way encompass, and so may describe, much modern (post-Byronic) Satanism and many (perhaps most) individuals who publicly profess or have professed (in the last sixty years or so) to being Satanists. For example, (i) the overt showman-like 'impiety' and the 'deification of the self and indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh' of Levey and his Church of Satan; (ii) the Left Hand Path initiatory approach of the Temple of Set (according to how they define the LHP) ^[2]; (iii) the eclectic individualism, atheism, 'social Darwinism', and 'rational egoism' ^[3], of many self-professed American Satanists; and (iv) the overtly religious approach of those describing themselves as 'theistic Satanist' for whom Satan is or may be a real deity.

For, (i) in respect of Levey and his Church of Satan, there certainly is a carnal indulgence, not to mention a somewhat 'stock portrayal' of a character generally regarded as 'evil' - the costumes; the shaved head; the goatee beard; even (sometimes) the horns; (ii) in respect of the Temple of Set (ToS), there is the assertion of "the actual existence of Satan, as Set"; ^[4]; (iii) in respect of most modern self-professed Satanists there is the carnal indulgence, and delight in one's "lawless" (that is, self-indulgent) passions; (iv) in respect of theistic Satanists, there is of course a belief in Satan (whosoever described and of whatever lineage) and an acceptance of or a belief in the supra-personal (supernatural) power of that deity.

Notice, however, that what is lacking in all of these modern groups and individuals are the following standard attributes of Satanism, of the diabolical, and of the Satanic:

- (a) practising or disposed to practise evil;
- (b) actually or potentially harmful, destructive, disastrous, or

pernicious; baleful;

(c) malicious; mischievous, sly;

(d) bad in moral character, disposition

(e) hard, difficult, misleading, deadly, amoral.

Thus such modern groups and individuals are - despite their efforts to promote themselves as Satanists - at best only peripheral, or Byronesque, Satanists, since they do not champion, and certainly do not practice, what is socially and individually harmful, destructive, disastrous, pernicious, baleful, deadly, malicious, malevolent, sly, and offensive.

In comparison to all other modern self-professed Satanist groups, and in contrast to those individuals who publicly profess or have professed (in the last sixty years or so) to being Satanists, the Order of Nine Angles is, and always have been, different and, from the viewpoint of these other Satanists, a Satanic heresy.

A Satanic Heresy

The Satanic Heresy of the Order of Nine Angles is essentially threefold, for the ONA, contrary to how others understand and manifest it, understands Satanism and manifests Satanism (in an esoteric and an exoteric way) as:

- 1) An amoral, dangerous, practical, exeatic, devilish, way of life.
- 2) A presencing of 'dark forces'/acausal energies - a form/mythos - only relevant to the current Aeon.
- 3) An unrestricted, amoral, diabolical, effective and affective ^[5], transformation/development of individual human beings by esoteric and exoteric means.

Heresy (1) implies a particular ethos - a way of living - devoid of dogma, devoid of ideas, devoid of debate, and devoid of intellectual pretension. This is the type of satanism - note the lower case s - that can be readily and easily understood by 'the hoodie on the Clapham omnibus'. It is the type of Satanism evident in our text *A Guide to Satanism for Beginners (The Simple ONA Way)* and, more realistically and perhaps more importantly, in the text *The Drecc* ^[6], which is a guide to devilish living in modern society, with the terms drecc and dreccian being easily replaceable by different terms should others, or the hoodie on the Clapham omnibus, want to replace them with something more to their liking.

Such a way of living (and its propagation) is heretical, sly, and devilish because it is so simple and because there is (i) a rejection of (a living outside of) the law and the 'justice' of society and governments; (ii) a fierce, clannish, loyalty; and (iii) the understanding that the property, goods, and wealth, of mundanes -

non-gang/non-clan members, those not part of our gang/clan or those are not covered by a truce - are a resource we can lawfully use.

Understood esoterically, and Aeonically, this type of satanism is a Dark Art, a work of Black Magick, an act of diabolical Aeonie sorcery.

Heresy (2) implies the ONA concept of Aeons, of Aeonie sorcery, of the Aeonie perspective, and of we human beings (and the ONA itself) as a nexion between the causal, phenomenal/material, universe and the acausal, the 'living' - and the sinisterly-numinous (or supernatural) - universe.

"One of the things that sets the ONA apart from other existing Left Hand Path groups relates to their idea of Aeons which naturally leads to long-term goals (meaning about 3-500 years), that go beyond the acts and lifespan of a single individual." ^[7]

It also implies a particular and rational understanding of 'the dark forces'/Satan: that is, of how acausal energy is or can be presenced to cause changes and of how Aeonie forces are beyond our ideated opposites and thus beyond the morality developed or posited by others and accepted by the majority and often enshrined in religious or political or social dogma.

Exoterically, and importantly, this particular heresy is expressed in (i) our defiant attitude regarding and our affirmation of culling, (ii) in the ONA using, in having used, or being prepared to use, 'extreme political or religious forms' (such as National Socialism or radical Islam), and (iii) in our heretical, amoral, wicked, attitude to what is described as 'terrorism', an attitude expressed by now well-known quotes such as:

"We of the Order of Nine Angles do not, never have, and never will condemn acts of so-called terrorism (individual or undertaken by some State), nor do we condemn and avoid what mundanes regard as evil or as criminal deeds. For us, all such things are or could be just causal forms or causal means, and thus are regarded by us as falling into three categories, which categories are not necessarily mutually exclusive: (1) things which might or which can be the genesis of our individual pathei-mathos and which thus are the genesis of our own sinister weltanschauung; (2) things which aid our sinister dialectic or which are or might be a Presencing of The Dark; or (3) things that can or could be a test, a challenge, a sinister experience, too far for someone who aspires to be one of our sinister kind, someone who thus fails the test, balks at the challenge, or is destroyed or overcome by the experience.

For our criteria are not those of morality; are not bounded by some abstract good and evil; are not those defined by the laws manufactured by mundanes. Our criteria is the amorality of personal judgement and personal responsibility, whereby we as individuals

decide what may be right or wrong for us based on our own pathemathos, and act and take responsibility for our acts, knowing such acts for the exeatic living they are or might be, and knowing ourselves as nexions possessed of the ability, the potential, to consciously - via pathemathos and practical sinister experience - change ourselves into a new, a more evolved, species of life. Herein is the essence of Satanism, for us." *A Satanism Too Far*

"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." *To Presence The Dark*

This - and support for and the practice of political and religious extremisms - most certainly is "actually or potentially harmful, destructive, disastrous, or pernicious; baleful," not to mention also "practising or disposed to practise evil," and offensive, disagreeable, malevolent, troublesome.

Heresy (3) implies adversarial, amoral, practical, unconventional, individual praxis and The Seven Fold Way of esoteric training and development.

Importantly, this praxis and this Way mean several things:

(i) No restrictions are placed on the individual, so that they are free (and often encouraged) to transgress norms, to be exeatic in a social, personal, and legal, way. For example, to undertake a culling or two; and, should they so desire, to use violence, to go to extremes, to learn certain anti-social, baleful, skills such as those of a fraudster or a robber or dealing in drugs. Of course, this is wicked of us, a diabolical thing to do, which is exactly the heretical point ^[8] and most certainly is an example of being conventionally "bad in moral character, disposition."

(ii) Hard and difficult physical ordeals and challenges, of a severity to test the character of the person and produce endurance and character. For example the basic, the minimum, standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

[Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities are expected to set themselves and achieve more demanding goals.]

(iii) Hard and difficult esoteric ordeals and challenges, of a severity to test the character and commitment of the person, and produce and/or develop certain necessary esoteric skills. For example, the necessity of undertaking an Insight Rôle or two; and the Rite of Internal Adept involving living alone, in an isolated, wild, area for a minimum of three months.

(iv) Practical tests and the japing of individuals who are curious about us, or who seek us out, and a Labyrinthos Mythologicus to intrigue, select, test, confuse, annoy, mislead, or dissuade, others. Apart from being diabolical fun, such tests and japes or can be mischievous, sly, and us 'playing the trickster' in real life, which is exactly the satanic point.

(v) Actually or potentially harmful, destructive, or disastrous, engagement with real-life by overtly championing real (and often illegal and certainly offensive) heresies [such as gang culture, National Socialism, radical Islam, holocaust denial, 'terrorism', culling] and engaging in practical adversarial activities and 'sinister-cloaking'.

These three things, and their implications - only some of which are outlined above ^[9] - are, with perhaps one or two recent exceptions, absent from the

literature about Satanism, and are certainly not accepted as Satanism by the vast majority of those who today profess to understand and to practice Satanism, which perhaps indicates something in respect of the understanding of Satanism and the practice of Satanism of such modern Satanists.

Appreciating Satanism

Given the foregoing concise and precise explanation of the Satanic heresy of the Order of Nine Angles, it should thus be possible to (a) appreciate how the ONA define, practice, and understand Satanism, and (b) whether or not the ONA fits the two standard definitions of Satanism given above, and (c) whether or not, if it does not so fit, the ONA redefines Satanism.

As for how the ONA practice and understand Satanism - and in respect of the first of the two aforementioned standard definitions of Satanism - the ONA is certainly "a satanic or diabolical disposition, doctrine, spirit, or contrivance," and certainly champions and practices what is diabolical and wicked: what is baleful, what is "bad in moral character, disposition," and what is "actually or potentially harmful, destructive, disastrous, or pernicious; baleful." The ONA is certainly "malicious, mischievous, and sly." The ONA is also certainly "practising or disposed to practise evil" - doing what harms, what injures, what is wicked, what is hurtful, mischievous, misleading, and what is certainly offensive, disagreeable; troublesome, and also hard and difficult.

In respect of the second of the two standard definitions of Satanism, the ONA suggests ^[10] that Satan is not only (i) an adversarial archetype ^[2], and (ii) an Aeon mythos/archetype capable of affective, Aeon change, but also (iii) suggests that there may be "...a supra-personal being [an acausal entity, one of The Dark Gods] called or termed Satan," with,

"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. Importantly, this definition of Satanism places the entity called Satan into a certain, a specific, relation with human beings - that of powerful entity whom human beings cannot really control, whatever means or artifice they may use or devise to attempt such control. This is itself in contrast to the Nazarene-centric view of Satan." ^[11]

There are, however, two important and necessary clarifications: (1) that, according to the ONA, the myths and legends about Satan - and even the name itself - pre-date the Septuagint and are pre-Hebrew in origin ^[2]; and (2) there is no 'worship' of Satan, no religious submission, but rather an appreciation of Satan (and many other Dark Gods) as akin to friends, companions, and/or long-lost relatives who have dwelt in some far-off land.

Thus, the ONA not only fits both standard definitions of Satanism but is the only avowedly Satanic association which is:

- (a) practising or disposed to practise evil;
- (b) actually or potentially harmful, destructive, disastrous, pernicious; baleful;
- (c) malicious; mischievous, sly;
- (d) bad in moral character, disposition;
- (e) hard, difficult, misleading, deadly, amoral;
- (f) malevolent, offensive.

Hence it is only logical - and precise - to assert the following:

(1) That the ONA, of all the types modern Satanism, is the most Satanic, and that other self-described Satanists and satanic groups fall well-short of the definition.

Of course, knowing or sensing this, many of these latter-day Satanists have attempted or are attempting to redefine Satanism (often by engaging in pretentious pseudo-intellectual waffle about Reality, religions, science, mythology, and other esoteric traditions), and redefine it as either some sort of tame, non-harmful, law-abiding, philosophy (which 'sanctifies life' and leads to self-discovery), or as an excuse for - or a glamorous label to describe - their wilful hedonism and arrogant egoism, an arrogant egoism untouched of course by pathei-mathos. This process of attempting to redefine Satanism and make this new 'Satanism' safe and devoid of the personal practice and the personal experience of evil - of what is baleful and socially destructive and malevolent - is risible, and has been somewhat aided by the modern literature, academic and otherwise, regarding 'esotericism' and Satanism, focussed as this is and has been on these latter-days types as if they are the beginning and the middle and the end of 'modern Satanism'.

(2) That the ONA has (i) as stated since its inception restored to Satanism the darkness, the amorality, the malevolence, the causing of conflict and harm, the culling, the evil, that rightly belong to it; (ii) has steadfastly propagated and described the character - its essential satanic, baleful, diabolic, nature - of Satanism; and (iii) also significantly extended and developed Satanism in a manner consistent with that essential nature, a development manifest, for example, in the sly but simple diabolism of 'the Drecc' and the lone adversarial practitioner; in the practical and effective Seven Fold Way; and in practical Dark Arts such as esoteric pathei-mathos which requires an exeatic engagement with life, and thus which breeds character and a wordless appreciation and understanding of the Aeonic perspective and of the sinisterly-numinous beyond

all abstractions including those of good and evil, light and dark.

As someone once wrote,

" 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." 1992 ev

" To aspire to - to gain - Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are." 2008 ev

Anton Long
122 yfayen

Notes

[1] For more detail see my brief text *The Geryne of Satan*. [Appendix I]

[2] As the ToS [Temple of Set] have stated: "Followers of the Left-Hand Path practice what, in a specific and technical sense, we term *Black Magic*. Black Magic focuses on self-determined goals. Its formula is *my will be done*, as opposed to the White Magic of the Right-Hand Path, whose formula is *thy will be done*."

The ToS replace the figure/archetype/Being of the Hebrew, Old Testament, Satan with the figure/archetype/Being of Set which/who is understood as a means to/the giver of Xepher, which, according to the ToS, is the act or process of an individual 'coming into being', that is, the development and enhancement of the individual self.

In contrast to the ToS the ONA consider that: "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." *The LHP - An Analysis*. 1991ev

Thus, the essential attribute of the LHP is that it is a-moral, and un-dogmatic, placing no restrictions, moral, legal or otherwise, on the individual, and - importantly - allowing and encouraging the individual to learn by their own practical experience, and by their mistakes.

[3] That is, the social and philosophical doctrines such as those propounded by

the likes of Ayn Rand, and the type of esotericism propounded by advocates of 'chaos magick' and others who assert such things as 'reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be', so that Reality is a matter is perspective and thus demons/gods/religions/techniques/beliefs can be usefully used without believing in them'.

[4] According to Aquino: "Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan were never able to resolve the dilemma of Satan's actual existence: Was he real or just symbolic? If he were real, it would seem to open the door to the entire Christian concept of the universe. If on the other hand he were merely symbolic, then he didn't really exist as a self-conscious, willful force which could actualize Satanists' ritual-magical desires or which could even care about the existence of the Church of Satan. In that case magic would be reduced to mere stage-trickery, and the Church itself would be nothing more than a club for spooky psychodrama. The Temple of Set resolved this dilemma in 1975 CE by asserting the actual existence of Satan as Set..." *The Crystal Tablet of Set*

[5] A distinction we have made is between affective and effective change/transformation. Affective change is generally esoteric/alchemical change, and involves acausal (a-temporal) energies. Effective change is generally exoteric change and involves causal energies, that is a direct, linear, cause-and-effect.

Affective change is the change that involves $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ and thus describes the emanations of $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ and how what we perceive as 'life' and 'living beings' change. Effective change is the physical and chemical changes described by, for example, the sciences of Physics and Chemistry.

One type of affective (acausal) change is the Aeonian change that can result from Aeonian sorcery and the use of the Dark Arts. Another type is the transformation in the individual that can result from the alchemical (the symbiotic) process known as The Seven Fold Way. One manifestation of affective change is/are 'archetypes' and how they arise, develop, and decline over long periods of causal Time (beyond the life-span of individuals).

[6] This diabolical and sly guide is usefully given in full in the Appendix.

[7] Jacob C. Senholt. *Secret Identities in The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism and the Convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of Nine Angles*.

[Editorial note: A Revised version of this Senholt work has been published in the collection *The Devil's Party. Satanism in Modernity*, edited by Per Faxneld and Jesper Petersen. Oxford University Press (USA), 2012.]

[8] Several older, exoteric, polemical, ONA MSS outline this wickedness, this diabolism. For example the texts (i) *Satanism, Sacrifice, and Crime - The Satanic Truth*, and (ii) *The Practice of Evil, In Context*, both originally circulated

in 1986 ev, and later included in compilations such as *Hysteron Proteron* (1992 ev). Most of these early diabolical MSS were (given their irresponsible content) only privately circulated, but a few of them appeared in internal ONA journals such as *Exeat* and *Azoth*.

[9] For example, three implications unmentioned here in respect of point 2 - i.e. in respect of 'dark forces'/acausal energies, and mythos - concern: (1) the Dark Gods mythos (qv. *Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos: Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA*); (2) mythos in general; and (3) the positing of a possible after-life for certain individuals in the acausal, as for example mentioned in the text *A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

As mentioned in the text *Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos: Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA*:

"For the ONA, the mythos of The Dark Gods - and the mythos of the ONA in general, of which the DG mythos is a part - is a means of sinister change, an Aeonic Occult working, a living Black Mass. For it is a manifestation of the sinisterly-numinous acausal energies that the Order of Nine Angles, and thus Satan and Baphomet, re-present."

[10] This 'suggests there may be' is important, since "each ONA individual must discover - find - the answers for themselves, and this requires using (or by developing and then using) certain esoteric - Occult - abilities. Our Dark Arts are one means of so developing such abilities." *ONA FAQ*, v.4.05

[11] See the ONA text *Defining Satanism*.

The Church of Satan And The O9A

The Dehortations of Howard Stanton Levey

"I am a Satanist - the highest embodiment of human life...
Satanism advocates practicing a modified form of the Golden Rule..."

It is rather amusing how so many academics and self-described satanists take and have taken the "Ayn Rand with trappings" satanism of Howard Stanton Levey and his 'Church of Satan' seriously {1}.

So seriously that his satanism has rather inanely not only been described as a 'new philosophy' but also been the subject of a plethora of academic articles over several decades, even though - given that it has no original ontology, no original epistemology, and no original theory of ethics - it is not, academically, a

philosophy.

However, some individuals - understanding the plagiarism of HS Levey (aka Anton Szandor LaVey) and knowing the sources used for his 'Satanic Bible' - assert that that text, and thus Levey's satanism, no longer has any credibility. For example:

"LaVey stole selectively and edited lightly, avoiding the racist, anti-Semitic, misogynistic sections [of *Might Is Right*] instead focusing on the omnipresent appeals to force [...] LaVey's debt to *Might is Right* extends beyond the sections he plagiarized [...] In addition to the Redbeard-filtered echoes of Malthus, Spencer, Stirner, and Nietzsche, [his] Satanism at times closely parallels Ayn Rand's Objectivist philosophy [...] LaVey's Redbeard-derived vision simply sees humans as mere animals pitted against each other in a merciless struggle for survival." {2}

For the much vaunted 'satanism' of Levey is in essence just the unoriginal belief that one should gratify one's ego {3} and deify one's self. Or, as Anton Long described it in more esoteric terms, it is a continuation of the Magian ethos {4}, with Levey being a "pertinent example of the charlatanesque type of Magian [...] who has gained influence among mundanes despite his plagiarism and total lack of originality." {5}

Understood thus, the occult aspects of the modern satanism of Levey are not only extraneous trappings but also based on Magian occultism whose *raison d'etre* is

"the certitude (conscious or otherwise) that, even if an outer Dark Power really does exist, the puny human can always fall back on, and rely on, God, or on some deity, or on there being some secrets or some teachings somewhere which can give them (the puny human) control and power over this Dark Power." {6}

Furthermore,

"Some modern Occultists have [...] chosen to try and dispense with The Devil/The Dark Power/The Dark Forces/Satan - and also often God - and instead deify themselves, believing such stuff as, "Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be." They then proceed to use various allegedly magickal or Occult workings (their own or from others) - and/or some esoteric practices cobbled together from world religions and world folklore - in to try and attain and develop their inner deity, their Higher Self, or to try and control and sanctify their own minds, or some such guff.

These Western mostly urban-dwelling Occultists have thus tried, by

massaging their ego, to remove the sinister power of the numen - the inner and outer Darkness that exists - from themselves, the Cosmos, and their world, and provided their urban life-style keeps them, as it mostly does, reasonably well-fed, sheltered from the elements, well-entertained, fairly comfortable, and removed from the hard learning arising from personal suffering (from *pathei-mathos*), then they are fairly safe in, and almost always content with, their delusion. Thus do they, in the relative safety of their urban-dwelling world, concentrate on "refining their self", with the aim of bringing their "unique individuality", and more and more so-called individualism, to the world at large. In brief, their Occultism is mundane; worthless; just as they themselves are and remain not only mundanes, but often good specimens of *Homo Hubris*." {6}

In contrast, according to Anton Long,

"the genuine Western Occult tradition is based on the inner alchemy of *pathei-mathos*; that is, on practical experience (light and dark), and the personal often hard sadful learning that only arises, over a long period of causal Time, from such direct and personal experience." {6}

"Non-Magian Occultists get to the point where their knowledge, their ability, their experience and understanding, tells them that there really are strange, dark, deadly, dangerous, things 'out there' which no spells, no books, no conjurations, no 'prayers', no offerings, no submission, and especially no delusion about being a god (or goddess) can control." {6}

In other words, modern so-called satanism - deriving from the dehortations of the likes of Levey and Aquino - has removed the dangerousness, the necessary practical 'dark' learning personal experiences, inherent in Satanism and thus have tried to make modern satanism, and the Western Left Hand Path, safe, tame, and mundane, based as that modern so-called satanism is on that deification of the individual, that pursuit of egoism, which so express the essence of Magian occultism.

Contrary Significations and Mischievousness

In addition to the amusement afforded by those who take and who have taken the Magian satanism of Levey seriously, there is also the amusement afforded by the fatuosity (internet-based or otherwise) of those many self-described satanists (and others) who criticize the Order of Nine Angles (O9A, ONA) for being sly, mischievous, misleading, annoying, disruptive, malicious, propagandistic, inciting, testing, heretical, offensive, confusing, contradictory, and actually or potentially harmful, destructive, dangerous or pernicious. Forgetting - or never knowing - as such self-described satanists (and others) do

that such virtues are inherent in Satanism.

For, as Anton Long noted,

"what is lacking in all of these modern [satanic] groups and individuals are the following standard attributes of Satanism, of the diabolical, and of the Satanic: (a) practising or disposed to practise evil; (b) actually or potentially harmful, destructive, disastrous, or pernicious; baleful; (c) malicious; mischievous, sly; (d) bad in moral character, disposition; (e) hard, difficult, misleading, deadly, amoral."
{7}

As for 'evil', its exoteric meanings include the following: to harm or injure; to ill-treat; doing or tending to do harm; hurtful, mischievous, misleading; offensive, disagreeable; troublesome; hard, difficult, deadly. Esoterically, 'evil' is being exeatic in a practical way, and willingly so {8}.

For decades, the O9A has been - among other things - mischievous, heretical, intentionally misleading, manipulative, dangerous, pernicious, and difficult. Mischievous by, for example, publishing during the 1980s 'satanic panic' (the satanic ritual abuse scandal) texts affirming and rituals about human sacrifice, and by - for a while, in the late noughties - engaging in internet spats and japes. Heretical by, for example, praising Hitler, and National Socialism, and denying the holocaust; and latterly by inciting individuals to undertake Jihad or form their own urban gang.

Intentionally misleading and confusing by, for example, propagating itself as being just a conventional satanist group when esoterically it is much more; by publishing some ONA texts which (apparently) contradict some other ONA texts; and by creating the imaginary post of 'outer representative'. Manipulative by, for example, for several years encouraging and praising an O9A pretender and then publicly rounding on and shaming that pretender when it was decided he was no longer useful.

Dangerous and pernicious by, for example, publishing texts and giving personal guidance which incite violence, terrorism, and criminality; and by encouraging individuals to undertake dangerous 'insight roles'.

Difficult by, for example, having Grade Rituals such as Internal Adept (living alone in the wilderness for three to six months) and the Camlad Rite of the Abyss (living alone in a cavern or underground cave for a lunar month).

Thus when self-described satanists - and others - criticize or have criticized the O9A for being 'nazi', for engaging in japes, for toying with mundanes (in real life or via the internet), for publicly exposing a pretender, for inciting terrorism or criminality - then they are simply criticizing someone or some many for being satanic, for actually practising Satanism.

Such criticism also reveals an astonishing lack of understanding of the Order of Nine Angles, for the O9A is a modern purveyor of the inner alchemy of patheismathos; a guide - in the form of an occult philosophy and in the form of a few Adepts - to a decades long modern anados whose goal is wisdom. An occult philosophy which is, understood aeonically and esoterically, 'satanic' in essence; and an inner alchemy, an anados, which are now as they have always been individual in nature and in practice and beyond (but incorporating) both 'a Right Hand Path' and 'a Left Hand Path'.

R. Parker
2015
v.1.03

{1} The statement that Levey's satanism is "Ayn Rand with trappings" is attributed to Levey himself; qv. K. Klein, *The Washington Post*, May 10, 1970: 'The Witches Are Back and So Are Satanists'.

{2} Matthews, Chris. *Modern Satanism: Anatomy of a Radical Subculture*, Praeger Publishers, 2009, p. 65-66

{3} "LaVey describes Satanism as a religion that believes in total satisfaction of the ego." See p.92 of the chapter 'The Black Pope and the Church of Satan' in *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*, Oxford University Press, 2012.

Of particular note is just how bad - how plebeian - Levey's personal taste was. Bad taste evident, for example, in his garish small, inherited, house in San Francisco and the ornaments he surrounded himself with.

{4} As explained in *Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, Version 3.07, 123 Year of Feyen:

"The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature. The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris, Yahoud, 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."

{5} *Our Sinister Character*. 121 Year of Feyen.

Interestingly, Aquino [in his book *The Church of Satan*, 2013] and others have debunked much of the puffery and many of the myths about Levey. For instance, a search of records found no trace of Levey's alleged employment as a police photographer, nor of his alleged affair with Marilyn Monroe. Levey thus emerges as a bragging (and misogynist) charlatan, and pseudo-intellectual, qv. the article 'The Satanic Bible', in *The Invention of Satanism*, Oxford University Press, 2015, pp.98-102.

In contrast, the experiential, often violent, sometimes criminal, sinister- numinous life of David Myatt (aka Anton Long) is fairly well-documented, as is his intellectualism; an intellectualism evident for example in his published works such as his translation of and commentary on the Pymander tractate of the Corpus Hermeticum.

{6} Anton Long. *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*. 122 Year of Fayen

{7} *Toward Understanding Satanism*. 122 yfayen

{8} Despite the recent use, in some academic discourses on Western esotericism, of the term antinomian - whose literary use dates from medieval times, formed as it is from the Greek ἀντί (against) plus νόμος (the law) - the O9A, as befits their original esoteric vocabulary, prefer the term exeatic to describe their transgression of "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."

The Place Of Satanism In The Order of Nine Angles

Having restored "to Satanism the darkness, the amorality, the malevolence, the causing of conflict and harm, the culling, the evil, that rightly belong to it," and having developed a comprehensive Occult philosophy and a modern hermetic initiatory Seven Fold Way {1}, it is relevant to enquire if the Order of Nine Angles, and Anton Long's Occult philosophy and Seven Fold Way, are Satanic and do "represent a dangerous and extreme form of Satanism." {2} Especially as recent O9A texts have declared {3} that:

The Order of Nine Angles is a sinisterly-numinous mystic tradition: it is not now and never was either strictly satanist or strictly Left Hand Path, but uses satanism and the LHP as causal forms; that is, as techniques/experiences/ordeals/challenges (amoral and otherwise) in a decades-long personal anados to engender in the initiate both

esoteric, and exoteric, pathei mathos, and which pathei mathos is the beginning of wisdom. The extreme type of satanism advocated by the O9A is - for O9A initiates - only one part of the sinister aspect of the sinisterly-numinous tradition: a necessary and novitiate pathei-mathos, a modern rite of passage.

However, such a statement has to be understood in context, which is in terms of what is exoteric, what is esoteric, and what is Aeonic.

The esoteric context is the quest, by the individual - the initiate - for wisdom by a practical, and of necessity sinisterly-numinous and occult, anados {4}.

The exoteric context is the practical championing by the individual initiate of (a) currently heretical ideas and causes, and (b) a defiance of conventional norms and laws.

The Aeonic context is a new Logos (λόγος), manifesting as that Logos does new archetypes, new ways of living and thence new types of societies. Which in practice means the downfall and replacement of the old order by a new ethos, new archetypes, and by supra-personal groups, movements, political and/or social and religious, implementing as such groups and movements do in practical (exoteric) ways that new ethos and those new archetypes, and guided and inspired as they and the individuals within them are (consciously, or unconsciously, or via sorcery) by the Logos and such Occult groups as presence that Logos.

All of these aspects of the O9A are indeed 'satanic'. That is, in terms of both of individuals and society, they are "actually or potentially harmful, destructive, disastrous, or pernicious; baleful; hard, difficult, misleading, deadly, amoral" {5} just as - as part of their pathei-mathos and/or as an Insight Role {6} - they openly champion what is heretical or forbidden or esoteric in the societies of their time: today, heresies such as holocaust denial, Jihad, National-Socialism, a Cosmic Reich; the forbidden law of kindred honour with its vengeance and duels and tribal culture; the forbidden art of human culling; and the esotericism of a practical occult, and sinisterly-numinous, anados as manifest in the Seven Fold Way.

In effect, the O9A have expressed what Satanism is and always was: (i) esoterically, a dangerous individual practical and occult, exeatic - but self-controlled - quest for experience, understanding, and wisdom; (ii) exoterically, a heretical defiance of the laws, standards, beliefs, ideas, dogmas, of a particular era; and (iii) a radical, revolutionary, supra-personal usurpation of 'the old order' and its replacement by a new, evolutionary, order manifest as this 'new order' is in a new Logos, a new ethos, new archetypes, and a new type of society.

The ethos is that of the evolutionary, inspiring, exploration and colonization of

our solar system and of the star-systems beyond. The Logos is, exoterically, the code of kindred honour; esoterically it is the primacy - the necessity - of pathemathos, of learning via direct, personal experience and difficult challenges both 'sinister' and 'numinous'. The new archetypes are essentially pagan, and include Vindex; the Rounwytha; the warriors - both male and female - who lead their own tribes/clans, living as those tribes/clans do by the code of kindred honour; the sagacious scholarly reclusive Adept of the Seven Fold Way who might be the new type of sorcerer who aids the leaders of various new clans and tribes.

Thus, the O9A is now, as it always has been, satanic, just as its esoteric philosophy and modern anados are, understood in context, a manifestation of what satanism is and was; when, that is, satanism is understood esoterically and aeonically and not according to the mundane dehortations of the likes of Levey and the clichés of plebeian self-professed modern 'satanists'.

R. Parker
2015

{1} qv. the Introduction, and the chapter *Toward Understanding Satanism*.

{2} Per Faxneld: 'Post-Satanism, Left Hand Paths, and Beyond' in Per Faxneld & Jesper Petersen (editors) *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*, Oxford University Press, 2012, p.20

{3} *O9A 101*. e-text. 2015. The text is included in R. Parker: *The Radical Occult Philosophy of Anton Long*, 2015. ISBN 9781518690433

{4} An anados (ἀνοδος), is an individual occult or spiritual journey - a practical quest for knowledge and understanding - whose ultimate goal is wisdom. The O9A Seven Fold Way - as described in the two texts *The Requisite ONA* and *Enantiodromia: The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* - is a modern occult anados.

{5} qv. *Toward Understanding Satanism*.

{6} "Through the practice of 'insight roles', the order advocates continuous transgression of established norms, roles, and comfort zones in the development of the initiate [...] This extreme application of ideas further amplifies the ambiguity of satanic and Left Hand Path practices of antinomianism, making it almost impossible to penetrate the layers of subversion, play and counter-dichotomy inherent in the sinister dialectics." Per Faxneld and Jesper Petersen, 'At the Devil's Crossroads', in *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*. Oxford University Press, 2012, p.15

Satanism Plebeianized

Modern Satanism

Modern satanism is a useful term to describe both the satanism of and the satanism subsequently derived from the dehortations of Levey, Aquino, and their 1960s/1970s Church of Satan. This is the satanism of Satan as a symbol or an archetype of both individual empowerment, of 'might is right', of our allegedly natural and carnal human nature, and basically amounts to a self-deification, a vulgarity both personal and ideated {1}, and egoism, with so-called 'post modern satanists' emphasizing that 'satanism' is a very individual matter about which each individual has the 'right' and the natural ability to decide for themselves and which therefore does not necessarily even need to be (or should no longer be) described as 'satanism'.

For many decades - and especially recently, via the internet - the term 'satanist' has thus often been used by individuals who desire to declare that they are different, individualistic, hedonistic, and who (in theory if not always in practice) defy the conventions of society in a 'dark' (an 'occult') manner. Thus they believe that their declaration of "I am a satanist" is an act of defiance, of individuality, and of association with 'something' - the occult, 'satanism' - that they idiotically assume conventional society regards at best as outré/edgy and at worst as 'dangerous', although these modern satanists are, of course and hypocritically, careful not to transgress the laws of the society in which they live for that would be, for them, a satanism too far.

By its very nature modern satanism is plebeian and naturally attracts and has attracted plebs:

Pleb: a common or vulgar person. Plebeian: having qualities or features characteristic of or attributed to the lower social classes; commonplace, undistinguished; unsophisticated, uncultured, vulgar, coarse.

Thus, some of the distinguishing features of plebs are (i) that their behaviour is unmannerly (characterized by a lack of civility) and (ii) their speech contains profanities, especially when they emote, and (iii) they are prone to displays of anger and aggression (characterized by a lack of self-control and/or by displays of egoism, the later usually deriving from the erroneously high opinion they have of themselves and of their abilities).

Such plebeious people have plebeianized occultism and especially satanism, something evident whenever modern (and so-called post-modern) self-described satanists opine, via the medium of the internet or otherwise, about themselves, about satanism, about occultism, and about whatever else they have a plebeian

opinion about.

The Modern LHP

Most of what applies to modern satanism applies to the modern (Western) Left Hand Path (LHP) such that those who profess to be practitioners of a modern LHP declaim it is about individual empowerment, a self-deification, egoism, and about and adversarial defiance of the conventions of society in a 'dark' (an 'occult') manner, although of course these practitioners of a modern LHP are, hypocritically, careful not to transgress the laws of the society in which they live, for that would be, for them, an adversarial practice - a heresy - too far.

Furthermore, there is in this modern LHP no aeonic perspective, no understanding of the sinisterly-numinous; instead, there is the belief in so-called 'greater black magic', which for modern LHP practitioners is the egoistic assumption that they, some puny human on some planet in orbit around some insignificant star in a spiral arm of some galaxy containing millions upon millions of stars in a cosmos containing billions of such galaxies can, by the power of their mortal will, cause some effective change in "the objective universe". That is, through changing their 'inner universe' they believe they can change - affect - the 'outer universe' in a significant or in a cumulative way.

Traditional Satanism

The aforementioned modern satanism, and modern LHP, are quite different from the 'traditional satanism', and the LHP praxises, of the Order of Nine Angles (O9A/ONA) and kindred groups, and which traditional satanism and LHP praxises emphasize exclusivity, physical and occult ordeals, occult and exoteric pathei-mathos, a dangerous supernatural beyond the power of puny humans to control, self-honesty, an aeonic (supra-personal) perspective {2}, a code of kindred honour, and an elitist disdain for 'mundanes'. Thus,

" The ONA defines itself as a way of 'hardcore' social, criminal, and supernatural conditioning which is necessary to shock its members loose from the chains of cultural and political conditioning. Yet while it suggests rebellion against authority, the ONA likewise demands a sense of honor and solidarity for those mystics who travel this dark road together [...]

With the watchwords pathei-mathos (learning through adversity), the ONA is unique in that it offers an aggressive and elitist spirituality, which pushes its members to find and overcome their mental, physical, and psychic limits in the quest for spiritual ascension. In parallel with gruelling athletic and mental challenges, the ONA acknowledges a pantheon of 'dark gods', along with an occult system designed to introduce the initiate to the acausal or supernatural world of the mystic." {3}

In contrast to modern self-described satanists, the O9A has always emphasized that:

"Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude [...]

Inwardly, the true Dark - the sinister - Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane." {4}

Furthermore, an important if rather overlooked aspect of the O9A is "our championing of culture, manners, learning, and so on - that is, of a certain noble, civilized, aristocratic, attitude where there is a disdain for uncultured, ill-mannered, vulgar plebs and their antics. This in itself will aid us in recruiting more people in academia, the artistic professions, and suitable officers in the military, the police." {5}

For one of the aims of the O9A is to

"expand slowly, nefariously, in the traditional manner by the clandestine personal recruitment of suitable people, which in practice means those useful to us individually in our own lives, and potentially or actually useful to our Aeonian aims, and who also possess culture: that is, the four distinguishing marks which are (1) the instinct for disliking rottenness (an instinct toward personal honour), (2) reason, (3) a certain empathy, and (4) a familiarity with the accumulated pathos of the past few thousand years manifest as this pathos is in literature, Art, music, memoirs, myths/legends, and a certain knowledge of science and history." {6}

Given the exclusivity of the O9A, it no surprise that it has always had a selection process, has played what it calls 'the sinister game' {7} , employs japes, disseminates propaganda and engages in adversarial provocation which sometimes annoys certain people, and has often set tests and puzzles in order to pique the interest of those who might have the culture and the intellect to pass those tests and solve those puzzles.

Elitist Spirituality and Plebeian Satanism

The seminal, though rather neglected, O9A text *Concerning Culling As Art* {8} provides a reasonable introduction to the aristocratic esoteric ethos of the O9A:

"Ancestral cultures teach us that our well-being and our evolution, as humans, is linked to - if not dependent upon - individuals of noble

instincts, of proven noble character, and thence to dealing with, and if necessary removing, individuals of rotten character. Hence, that a type of natural culling was desirable - the rotten were removed when they proved troublesome or became a bad influence, and were seen for what they were: rotten [...]

The rise of the plebeian - of the mundanes - is the development of ideas, dogma, and abstractions and using these manufactured lifeless things as guides and examples in place of individuals of proven noble character. Thus, the natural aristocracy of those of good taste and of good breeding is replaced by vulgar, more common, things - by the idea, for example, that some monarch or ruler (and usually their progeny) was 'chosen' by some god or gods, or has a special 'Destiny', and thus represented that god or those gods or has been chosen by 'Fate' or whatever. Or by the idea that some prophets or some prophet have or has received 'revelations' from some god or some gods and which 'revelations' contain a guide to how to live, how to behave, what is 'evil', etcetera. Or by the notion that everybody - regardless of their character - possesses worth, and can or could be a person of influence even if they have done no deeds revealing of their true character. And so on, mundane etcetera following mundane etcetera.

Later on, specific -isms and -ologies were developed or devised - whether deemed to be religious, political, or social - so that the individual was related to, derived their meaning and purpose, and even their own worth, from such abstract things instead of by comparison to individuals of proven noble deeds. In a sense, this is the rise - one might even say the triumph, the revenge - of the common, the mundanes, over the always small number of humans with good taste. Of how mundanes - the brutish majority - have manufactured, developed and used ideas, dogma and abstractions, in order to gain influence and power and generally remain as they are, and feel good about themselves. Thus, instead of having high standards to aspire to, instead of being guided toward becoming better individuals, instead of evolving - by pathos, by practical experience, by deeds done, by having the example of those of good taste to emulate - they see themselves, their types, as the standard, the ideal."

Simply expressed, 'modern satanism', and the modern LHP, not only enable a particular type of pleb to "feel good about themselves" and believe they are or can be 'powerful' (and masters of the universe), but also makes a particular type of pleb the standard, the ideal, for others to aspire to, exoterically and esoterically. However,

"What these self-important egoistic pretenders do not know, or ignore, is that a real understanding and a real knowing arise - and only arise

- from three things. (i) From a participation, of many years, in real life of such an exeatic intensity that it brings pathei-mathos, with all the attendant sadness, joy, ecstasy, anguish, and personal suffering; (ii) from a rational reflexion on the foregoing and thus a placing of such personal participation into an Aeonic, a cosmic, perspective; and (ii) from a refined and a scholarly study and a seeking of knowledge spanning at least a decade.

Now, one of the real secrets of the LHP, of satanism, of the sinister, is that it encourages, it provokes, it encompasses, it guides the individual into all of these three, so that it is a way for the individual to acquire, to feel, to know, wisdom, and which knowing and feeling so profoundly affect the person that they are transformed into a new variety of human being." {9}

Conclusion

The perception is one of 'us' and 'them'. Of our kind - or those who may possess the potential, the abilities, the character, to become one of our kind - and 'the others', the plebs, the mundanes. The treatment is one of testing for those with an O9A, or potential O9A, character and abilities; of deliberately confusing and annoying plebs; and of course - in respect of those revealing themselves to be plebs - of regarding them as fair game, a resource, and potential dupes or muppets, even if (or perhaps especially if) they self-describe themselves as 'satanists' or as fellow travellers along the LHP.

To paraphrase the O9A text *Concerning Culling As Art*, the rise of the plebs is the steady de-evolution of human beings, and little wonder then that some of those with good taste - some modern individuals of culture, of breeding - developed, welcomed, and championed a return to older, more aristocratic ways, evident, for instance, in not only the Order of Nine Angles but also in fascism, National-Socialism, in the vision of a Galactic Imperium, and in a Jihad to re-establish a Khilafah.

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ω9α
2014
v.1.07

Notes

{1} On the vulgarity of the 'might is right' excuse see, for example, the O9A text *The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right*, 122 Year of Feyen.

{2} Refer, for example, to the O9A text *The Aeonic Perspective of The Order of Nine Angles*, which is included in the Definitive Guide To The Order of Nine Angles (Seventh Edition, 1460 pages, pdf 55 Mb), 2015.

{3} Connell Monette. *Mysticism in the 21st Century*, Sirius Academic Press, 2013. pp. 85-122

{4} Anton Long. *The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts*. 119 Year of Feyen.

{5} *Presencing Azoth*. Documents of the Inner O9A. 122 yfayen.

{6} *Geneseos Caput Tertium*. Documents of the Inner O9A. 122 yfayen.

{7} *Playing The Sinister Game - A Brief ONA History*. Available (as of July 2014) at <https://omega9alpha.wordpress.com/the-sinister-game/>

{8} The text is included in the *Definitive Guide To The Order of Nine Angles*, 2015.

{9} *Pretenders, Frauds, and The Order of Nine Angles*, 121 yf.

The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right

The doctrine Might is Right - variously expressed in texts and writings such as those by the pseudonymous Ragnar Redbeard, by Nietzsche [1], and by proponents of what is known as social Darwinism - is the doctrine, the philosophy (or more correctly, the instinct, the *raison d'être*) of the cowardly bully, and the rapist, for whom instinct, mere brute physical strength, or superior weaponry, or superior numbers, command respect and enable them to intimidate and bully others and so get their own way.

This doctrine - though unacknowledged - is also the *raison d'être* of the governments of many if not most modern nation-States, such as Amerika, where military might, or sanctions or bribery, are used as a means of making, and enforcing, policy and ensuring the well-being, prosperity, and security, of such entities.

Why the doctrine of the bully? Because those individuals who adhere to this doctrine, consciously or otherwise, lack both manners and culture (that is, they lack refinement, good breeding, and self-control) and as a modern archetype they represent nothing so much as brutish talking animals who walk upright and who possess a very high opinion of themselves; and an opinion that is more delusion than reality. Perhaps most importantly, such individuals do not possess that instinct for disliking rottenness that is the mark of the evolved, the aristocratic, the cultured, human being. Thus are they akin to uncultured barbarians.

Culture essentially implies four important qualities that such barbarians, such

talking animals, lack - and these qualities are empathy, the instinct for disliking rottenness [2], reason, and pathei-mathos. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals (and thus express our humanity) but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings. Animals do not have this choice, this ability.

Thus, to make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, some Occult or Satanic way or praxis (like, for example, the Church of Satan did and does) is to negate the very basis of such esoteric ways and praxis. For the essence of such esoteric ways - and especially of Satanism - is to use certain Occult techniques and methods to develop certain esoteric faculties and enable the development, the evolution, of the individual. Where such Occult or Satanic ways may or do differ is in the techniques and methods used and in how development, and evolution, of the individual is understood.

Thus, in the traditional Satanism of the Order of Nine Angles, the evolution of the individual is understood as arising from a practical synthesis, via testing personal experience and magickal praxis, of what is commonly, and - considered esoterically - incorrectly regarded as the opposing opposites of Light and Dark. In addition, for the ONA the development of the individual - and the cultivation of their faculties, esoteric and otherwise - is indissolubly bound with pathei-mathos, and with empathy. Empathy esoterically [i.e. 'dark empathy'] is the ground of genuine sorcery: an awareness of both affective and effective change [causal and acausal change] and which awareness is the knowing of ourselves as but one connexion, one nexion, to those energies (or forces) which are the essence of Life and thus the essence of our own existence as a human being.

Pathei-mathos means learning from one's own difficult, practical, and testing experience, and which experience by its nature involves hardship, suffering, and an intimation or awareness of the numinous: that is, of that-which is more powerful than we are or we have imagined ourselves to be. Or expressed esoterically, pathei-mathos can be and often is the genesis of empathy: an intimation or awareness of ourselves as but one connexion, one connexion. And pathei-mathos, and esoteric empathy, take the individual far from the preening self-indulgence and macho posturing of the Might is Right types.

In the system of the ONA, pathei-mathos is encouraged by the Grade Rituals, by Insight Roles, and by the practice of Culling as Art: that is, culling as

" ...a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles - culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition." *Concerning Culling As Art* (ONA text, 122 yf)

Thus, ONA people develop an awareness of themselves far beyond their own

ego and delusions about their self-importance. The awareness of themselves as a nexion, as part of a matrix of connexions involving Nature, the Cosmos, and other human beings, with one expression of this awareness – this esoteric knowing – being an Aeonian perspective and Aeonian Sorcery.

However, those who make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, their Occult way or praxis are merely glorifying the irrational uncultured brute, and maintaining the delusions of individuals regarding themselves, their abilities, and their importance. Thus, such Occult ways propound such guff as "Reality is what we perceive it to be," and "I command the powers," and "I am (or can be) the only deity which matters" [3].

In essence, therefore, the doctrine of Might is Right – and the belief of pseudo-satanists that they should glorify themselves, indulge themselves *in an uncultured manner*, and do not need anyone or anything except their own strength, will, or abilities – is the ethos of the vulgar mundane and especially of Homo Hubris, that new de-evolutionary sub-species and unconnected rootless denizen of the megalopolis. Thus are they not only negating the human potential they possess, they have little or no awareness of their wyrd: of the meaning of Life itself.

Hence their ways and their praxis is of the preening individual who has or who may develop some "superior abilities" or acquire personal power (over others) by indulging in some rites or Occult practices where they believe they can "alter or change things in accordance with their will" [4]. In this, they somewhat resemble a comic book hero – Levey-man perhaps, who acquires his superhuman powers by wearing a specially crafted medallion with that Magian image of pentagram, Hebrew letters and goathead, on it, and which medallion was given to them by some pompous so-called High Priest and entitles them to prance around in black attire and strike a pose that they think makes them look fearsome. Thus, they see their Destiny in terms only of themselves – causally, mundanely – as an extension of their ego, with nothing beyond this personal Destiny of theirs.

In contrast, for the ONA, our Destiny is bound to and part of supra-personal (Aeonian/Cosmic) wyrd, and which wyrd is manifest primarily and exoterically in the truth of our primal and of our necessary tribal (that is, our connected and cultured) nature, and in the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience. That is, manifest in us, as an individual, being but one nexion; in the tribal law of the Drecc (The Dreccian Code), and in pathei-mathos arising from experience of both Light and Dark. It is this unique combination which is the genesis of our particular sinister culture and enables us to evolve, esoterically and otherwise. For if the ONA is anything, it is the way of a particular, and a new type of, culture: that is, a new and evolutionary and esoteric way of living for human beings.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

Notes

[1] Nietzsche's approach is one where individual power (as manifest in *Wille zur Macht*) is central. This concentration on the instinct, or motivation, however derived or manifest, of the individual for control and power aligns him with social Darwinism and the doctrine of Might is Right, despite his attempts to distance himself from Darwin's thesis.

[2] For more regarding culture and the human instinct for disliking rottenness, see the ONA text *Culling as Art*.

[3] Such things express the attitude and nature of Magian Occultism, for which see the text *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, and the compilation *Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way*.

[4] The definition of magick as "altering or changing things in accordance with one's will" - dependant as it is on mere causal cause-and-effect and the delusion of the self - expresses the limited and illusive understanding of those lacking esoteric empathy and the esoteric wisdom born of pathei-mathos. That is, it reveals a lack of awareness of acausality, of ourselves as nexion.

The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

Inwardly, the true Dark - the sinister - Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten - or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs - is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accoutrements of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark

but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse - The Master Acausal Sorcerer - you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to - to gain - Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

Concerning Culling as Art

The Development of Arête

Life culls - that is, the very process of human life on this planet, Earth, now and for Aeons past involves and involved some humans being preyed upon by others, usually because these other humans were driven by some instinct or some lust or some feeling that they could not control. In many ways, the development of human culture was part of the process that brought - or tried to bring - some regulation, a natural balance - to the process, generally because it

was in the common interest (the survival, the well-being) of a particular ancestral or tribal community for a certain balance to be maintained: that is, for excessive personal behaviour to be avoided.

Thus by means of such culture there arose a certain feeling, in some humans, for natural justice – or, perhaps, it was the development of this feeling, in some humans, that gave rise to the development of culture with there thus being, as part of that culture, certain codes of conduct for personal behaviour, for example, and some form of punishment for those who had behaved in a manner a community found detrimental, harmful.

Whatever the actual genesis of natural justice, it was a feeling, an attitude, of only some – not all – humans. This feeling, this attitude, this instinct, this natural justice, was that some things – some types of behaviour and some particular deeds by humans – were *distasteful*: that is, not wrong or evil in any moralistic, dogmatic, modern manner, but just distasteful, disliked; that such behaviour or such deeds was *rotten*, and generally unhealthy, that is, not conducive to one's well-being and so something to be avoided [1].

This personal distaste for certain types of human behaviour was the attitude of those whom we may call noble by nature, in terms of personal character, and those who possessed this taste (for natural justice and this dislike of rotten humans) were almost always in a minority. Given that natural justice had a tendency to favour the common interest of communities, those possessed of this noble character tended to become leaders of their clans, their folk, their communities – with their personal qualities admired and respected. They, for example, were the ones people felt they could trust – ones who had been shown by experience to be trustworthy, loyal, honest, brave. Or expressed in another more modern way, we might say that they had good taste and good breeding, with their opinions and their judgement thus used as guides by others. Indeed, we might say with some justification that good breeding became synonymous with possession of this dislike for humans of rotten character.

Thus, these noble ones also tended to form a natural and necessary aristocracy – that is, those of proven *arête*, those of good taste and of good breeding, had a certain power and authority and influence over others. And a tendency to form an aristocracy because those of good taste – those with a taste for natural justice and thus with a dislike of rotten humans – tended to prefer their own kind and so naturally paired with, preferred to mate with, someone with similar tastes.

For Aeons, there was a particular pattern to human life on this planet: small ancestral and tribal communities, led and guided by an aristocracy, who often squabbled or fought with neighbouring or more distant communities, and which aristocracy was quite often overthrown or replaced, usually by one person who was far less noble (often ruthless and brutal) and whose rule lasted for a while – or was continued for a while by their descendants – until that less noble person,

or their equally ignoble descendants, were themselves defeated, and removed, and the natural aristocracy restored. In others words, individuals of noble instincts dealt with, and removed, individuals of rotten character.

Why this particular pattern? For two simple reasons: (1) because the natural aristocracy favoured - was beneficial to - the community, especially over extended periods of causal Time, while the less noble, more ruthless, selfish, and brutal leaders were not; and (2) selfish, brutal, leaders almost without exception always went too far, offending or harming or killing or tyrannizing until someone or some many "had had enough" and fought back. That is, such bad leaders had a tendency to provoke a certain nobility within some humans - to thus aid the evolution of noble human beings, with such humans provoked to nobility often being remembered if not celebrated by means of aural ancestral stories.

Given this pattern of slow evolution toward more nobility - and of a return to a natural balance which is inherent in this evolution - a certain wisdom was revealed, a certain knowledge gained. A revealing - a knowledge, about our own nature, and about the natural process of evolutionary change - which was contained in the remembered, mostly aural, traditions of communities, based as these traditions were on the *pathei-mathos* [the learning from experience] of one's ancestors.

This wisdom concerned our human nature, and the need for nobility (or excellence, *arête*, *ἀρετή*) of personal character. This received wisdom was: (1) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance - the means to restore balance and the means of a natural, gradual, evolution - resides in *individuals*; (2) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance, was preferable because it aided the well-being and the development of communities; and (3) that nobility of individual character, or a rotten nature, are proven (revealed) by deeds, so that it is deeds (actions) and a personal knowing of a person which count, not words.

Or, expressed another way, ancestral cultures teach us that our well-being and our evolution, as humans, is linked to - if not dependant upon - individuals of noble instincts, of *proven* noble character, and thence to dealing with, and if necessary removing, individuals of rotten character. Hence, that a type of natural culling was desirable - the rotten were removed when they proved troublesome or became a bad influence, and were seen for what they were: rotten.

The Rise of the Plebeian

The rise of the plebeian - of the mundanes - is the development of ideas, dogma, and abstractions and using these manufactured lifeless things as guides and examples in place of individuals of proven noble character.

Thus, the natural aristocracy of those of good taste and of good breeding is replaced by vulgar, more common, things – by the idea, for example, that some monarch or ruler (and usually their progeny) was 'chosen' by some god or gods, or has a special 'Destiny', and thus represented that god or those gods or has been chosen by 'Fate' or whatever. Or by the idea that some prophets or some prophet have or has received 'revelations' from some god or some gods and which 'revelations' contain a guide to how to live, how to behave, what is 'evil', etcetera. Or by the notion that everybody – regardless of their character – possesses worth, and can or could be a person of influence even if they have done no deeds revealing of their true character. And so on, mundane etcetera following mundane etcetera.

Later on, specific *-isms* and *-ologies* were developed or devised – whether deemed to be religious, political, or social – so that the individual was related to, derived their meaning and purpose, and even their own worth, from such abstract things instead of by comparison to individuals of proven noble deeds.

In a sense, this is the rise – one might even say the triumph, the revenge – of the common, the mundanes, over the always small number of humans with good taste. Of how mundanes – the brutish majority – have manufactured, developed and used ideas, dogma and abstractions, in order to gain influence and power and generally remain as they are, and feel good about themselves.

Thus, instead of having high standards to aspire to, instead of being guided toward becoming better individuals, instead of evolving – by *pathei-mathos*, by practical experience, by deeds done, by having the example of those of good taste to emulate – they see themselves, their types, as the standard, the ideal: a process which has culminated in their general acceptance of that modern calumny and calamity, the so-called 'democracy' of the now ubiquitous modern State.

For in this so-called democracy – and in the modern State – we have the epitome of mundanity where vulgarity is championed, where shysters and corrupt politicians dominate, where the Magian ethos guides, and where an abstract tyrannical lifeless law has replaced both the natural justice of noble individuals and the natural right those individuals had to deal with, and if necessary remove, those of rotten character. Thus, instead of justice, and balance, being the right, the prerogative, of and residing in and being manifest by individuals of noble character – of good breeding – it has come to regarded as the 'right' of some abstract, impersonal, Court of Law (where shysters engage in wordy arguments) and manifest in some law which some mundane or some group of mundanes, or some shysters, manufacture according to some vulgar idea or some vulgar aspiration.

In brief, the rise of the mundanes is the steady de-evolution of human beings. No wonder then that some of those with good taste – some latter-day individuals of noble character, of breeding – developed, welcomed, and championed a

return to older, more aristocratic ways, evident, for instance, in both fascism and National-Socialism.

The Modern Art of Culling

What the ONA Art of Culling does is that it shapes and develops the natural ancestral process in a conscious, a wise, way, according to particular ONA criteria and particular ONA goals, and thus helps restore the natural aristocratic balance lost because of tyrannical abstractions manufactured by individuals of rotten character in order to keep themselves and their rotten kind in power and in order to try and level everyone down to their low level.

The ONA goals are concerned with our evolution, our change into a higher species of human beings, the breeding - by our Dark Arts including The Art of Culling - of more and more individuals of noble character, and thus the development of a new aristocracy.

The particular ONA criteria are that some humans, by nature, by character, are rotten - worthless - and, when this rotten character is revealed by their deeds, it is beneficial to remove them, to cull them.

In addition, there is the criteria of belonging - for a person either resonates with us, with our kind, or they do not. If they do, excellent; if they do not - then words, argument, persuasion, propaganda, are worthless. Thus, if they are of our kind, they will possess the instinct that some things - some types of behaviour and some particular deeds by humans - are distasteful and that individuals doing certain distasteful deeds are worthless and can and should be removed. If they are not of our kind, they will dislike the notion of culling - or seek to argue about it or debate or discuss it, which, in truth, our kind cannot be bothered to do, since it is character that is important for us, not words. Practical deeds to develop, to reveal, character - not discussions, debates, propaganda, arguments. Being elitist, we simply have no interest in recruiting, guiding, training, the wrong type of person.

In respect of culling, it is - as the Order of Nine Angles has developed The Art of Culling - of two main types. The individual, and the collective. The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed. The collective is when a specific method - such as combat, insurrection, revolution - is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather 'the sworn enemy' any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

As an historical aside - to be believed or not according to one's inclination, given that it is an aural tradition - and as an example of Culling as Art, it should be noted that individual culling in traditional ONA nexions was/is regarded as both natural and necessary: necessary to develop and to reveal excellence of

personal character, and natural because it aided, developed, the aristocratic nature that each such nexion was/is. For such a culling was/is a communal affair, it being in the nature of such a nexion that it was more an extended family, tied by bonds of breeding, of blood, of clannish loyalty, that it was what most now with their mis-understanding consider a Temple or a sinister ceremonial group to be.

Thus, let us say that a named individual was chosen because that person has done some distasteful deeds. The ONA member undertaking the act of culling, or choosing to do such a culling, would present their proposal to the monthly sunedrion [2], at which another member would act as Devil's Advocate and so speak on behalf of the accused (the potential Opfer). The sunedrion would then deliberate, and then give their verdict. If positive, then most if not all members of the nexion would assist in the planning, the tests, and if required in the execution of the act, and which act could appear to be 'an accident', or done in a proxy manner via sinister cloaking, or undertaken directly, and so on.

Hence would there be a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles - culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Feyen

[1] This sense of personal distaste, of something gone rotten, or bad, is the correct the meaning of the word *κακός* in Hellenistic culture.

[2] Sunedrion is the [Greek derived] word traditionally used to describe the regular meeting, led by the Choregos, and held by members of traditional ONA nexions (local groups, Temples) at which matters of importance to the nexion would be discussed, and at which members could ask, for example, for magickal or other assistance.

Such meetings would be monthly, or - in a large nexion - fortnightly. Given the small and clannish nature of most nexions, with most if not all members related by ties of marriage/partnership or sworn family loyalty, and living near to each other, it would often not be that formal, would most often end with a feast and general merry-making often accompanied by music, and at which meeting all members (being of our kind) would have an equal say and be able to vote on all matters. Un-resolved disputes, or verdicts, would be arbitrated and settled by either Choregos at the particular sunedrion, or by the Master/Mistress, acting as chief of the nexion/family.

Sunedrion - A Wyrdful Tale

1. One Autumn Evening

There was nothing outwardly suspicious about the house. It was, apparently, just a normal, old, three-story English town house, built of red brick with a tiled pitched roof whose front sash windows overlooked that narrow - now thankfully traffic-free - short cobbled street and whose wooden front door - raised one step above street level - opened directly onto the widthless pavement.

Positioned as it was in the centre of the town between two churches, St Mary The Virgin and St Alkmund's, only a few yards from a timbered framed early 17th Century building, and providing as the street did easy pedestrian access to Butcher Row, Grope Lane, and Fish Street, scores of people walked past the house every day, oblivious to the fact that there was another story, hidden below street level: a lower, windowless, ground floor of brick-vaulted ceilings and quarry-tiled floors accessible only from the Sitting Room by an enclosed, door-secured, stone staircase. And it was there, where the only light came from candles and from a warming fire in the brick-built fireplace, that the two young women had, and late last Autumn, undertaken their rite of human culling.

Like the outer appearance of their house, there was nothing outwardly suspicious about those women. No occult jewellery; no trendy hairstyles; no tattoos or body piercings. Their clothes and accessories were discreet, an understated elegance replicated in the interior of their home. Replicated even in the first floor bathroom - one of two in the house - which gave no indication of the events that late Autumn evening when they two, friends and lovers since the Sixth Form, had efficiently with surgical precision dismembered the body; clinically cleaning the bath and its surround until not a trace of death remained, a fact ascertained by the judicious use of a forensic light source.

Their male offer had been easy, so very easy, to find and entrap. A first killing planned years in advance when they - following a most wyrdful meeting with a strange itinerant bearded man - had studiously researched the occult, choosing university courses and then appropriate occupations to provide them with some of the necessary skills. For one, it was forensic science and a detailed knowledge of anatomy; for the other, investigative experience and useful, professional, contacts with local law enforcement and social services.

As befitted both their personal agenda and their sinister tradition, he - their offer - had chosen himself. He had a history of violence toward his wife; toward other women; and was once tried in a court of law for rape with the trial halted when his victim - the only prosecution witness - failed to appear in court. He,

smiling, was found not guilty and released. She, the prosecution witness, was found the following day near her school, having hung herself from the branch of a tree until she was dead. A week later, and he himself was ensnared: a young woman at night in a Bar, a few words exchanged, and he was there in their house where a drugged drink sufficed, no need for the shadowing armed chaperone until, as planned, they took the mundane down below to smilingly throttle him by the neck until he, for his sins, was satisfyingly dead.

Thus, as they had correctly surmised, no one would miss or even bother to try to find that violent misogynist man; his body parts neatly wrapped, weighed down, and scattered at sea one sunny weekend when, as was often their routine, those lovers travelled to where their small inshore boat was berthed in a Marina. With disposal - and then their passionate lustful intimate Champagne celebrations - over, they began to plan to do a killing deed again and perhaps again, after all of which they, as they had that Autumn evening, would together on the Stiperstones to chant their valedictory chant:

Wash your throats with wine
For we have returned to bring forth Darkness and Joy:
We accept there is no law, no authority, no justice
Except our own
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.
We believe in one guide, Satan,
And in our right to cull mundanes.

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2. A Summer Gathering

To the uninitiated, the gathering in a seminar room in one of the smaller Oxford colleges during the long vacation seemed to be a small group of academics meeting to discuss abstruse matters relating to their professional fields of interest, or - perhaps - a meeting of business people gathered to discuss some corporate strategy or other. Or, perhaps more realistically, a combination of both the foregoing, as possibly befitted the recent move in academia toward finding suitable necessary funds; certainly, the majority of the thirteen participants seemed to have dressed accordingly.

The four men in greyish well-fitting suits with ties announcing some alma-mater or some other form of inclusion: the black and red of an Old Malburian, the rather garish wide brown-yellow-blue stripes of another school, and the more subdued small green and white stripes (on a blue background) of a certain military unit. The older, bearded, professorial-looking man wearing well-worn tweed whose straight-grain briar pipe peeped out from his jacket pocket. The seven women who, while rather disparate in terms of age, all sported the

corporate look: figure-fitting woollen skirted suits or shift dresses, all in neutral colours, together with sheer-tights. And, for some reason, all seven wore almost matching necklaces of small, fine, white, freshwater pearls.

Obviously, or so the uninitiated would have guessed, the two other women were post-graduates, or perhaps recently appointed to senior management positions. Not that it was their comparative youth or their most elegant colourful manner of dress that gave them away. Instead, it was a somewhat initial awkward self-consciousness, as if this was their first time attending such a triennial gathering. For they only vaguely knew one person there, having only met him once so very many years ago when he, after that concert of Renaissance music, had sought them out to present them with a leather-bound book and then silently take his leave.

As for this gathering, those two young women had received their unheralded invitation only weeks before, in early Summer following their successful Autumnal culling. An invitation anonymously hand-delivered to the town house they shared; intriguingly consisting as that invitation did of an encrypted message on high quality paper embossed with a certain sigil. The next day, a key to the cipher was left; an image of the three-dimensional esoteric 'simple star game'; and while it did not take them long to understand its significance as the required 'straddling board' for a Vic cipher, it took them three nights of sleepless toil to break the code, for the English alphabet and the numerals zero to nine were mapped to certain squares of the seven boards of that game, ascertained by the star name of a board and by how the pieces in the image - each piece marked by symbols - were placed on them.

To the pleasurable surprise of the newcomers, the Oxonia gathering on that warm summer morning formally began not with words - not with declamations or invocations or even some speechifying speech - but rather with four of the women, who, having extracted their instruments from their cases and tuned them, very professionally played the Andante of Schubert's *Der Tod und das Mädchen*. Which music set the cultured - the non-mundane - tone of the gathering, as it had at all the others.

No formal introductions, only the professorial-looking man - softly-spoken with a well-educated accent - giving a short informal talk, as if reminiscing to family and close friends. Then, a brief discussion concerning certain strategic things, ended by that gathering's always cultured end: bottles of Krug Clos du Mesnil opened, their contents shared. And there were invitations, of course, to dinner parties for those elegantly attired young ladies, who now most certainly belonged.

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"The third phase is also where we can expand slowly, nefariously, in the traditional manner by the clandestine personal recruitment of suitable people, which in practice means those useful to us individually in our own lives, and potentially or

actually useful to our Aeonic aims, and who also possess culture: that is, the four distinguishing marks which are (1) the instinct for disliking rottenness (an instinct toward personal honour), (2) reason, (3) a certain empathy, and (4) a familiarity with the accumulated pathei-mathos of the past few thousand years manifest as this pathei-mathos is in literature, Art, music, memoirs, myths/legends, and a certain knowledge of science and history...

We aid those associated with us or inspired by us to carry out particular esoteric and exoteric tasks and functions such as their individual discovery of Lapis Philosophicus. For we seek to not only preserve, and add to, the knowledge and the understanding that both esoteric and exoteric individual pathei-mathos have bequeathed to us, but to manifest a new type of culture and imbue it with such acausal energies that its archetypes/mythoi will enable, over an Aeonic timescale, a significant evolutionary change in our species, regardless of what occurs in the 'mundane world' in respect of such causal things as wars, revolutions, changes of government, and the decline and fall of nations and States. Which is why we are, in everything but name, a secret society within modern mundane societies; and a society slowly but surely, over decades, growing individual by recruited/assimilated individual."

R.P.
2014

In The Sky of Dreaming

Prologue

The dream had been startling – and he lay in his bed for several minutes while his sense of reality returned and the single Blackbird song that filtered through the window of his cottage became part of the late April Dawn Chorus.

He had dreamt he was standing among a circle of old Yew trees in some graveyard while beside him the dark-haired woman he had just kissed was transformed: into some-thing. She was still transforming as he awoke, his duvet on the floor, his bedsheets dishevelled, his nightshirt wet from sweat. She was beautiful – this young yet middle-aged woman of indeterminate age whose red lips, whose curvaceous buxom body, whose green eyes, had enticed him as he stood, waiting; waiting, for something he felt he knew yet did not quite know; something exciting, vivifying and yet also strange and, perhaps, terrifying: some Being to take form and venture forth again to Earth, released from alternate dimensions and the alternate time which had enclosed it – and her – kin.

In the sky of dreaming: a gibbeous moon; and light from the Sun which had set an hour or so before. And he could see clearly, and quite strangely given it was night, the hillside beyond his circle of trees as the hill of farmed fields descended down to a narrow valley, while – beyond – the further rising hill was wooded except at the very summit where jagged rocks protruded up from the

gorse and heather-covered earth.

There was a vague, uneasy, memory that clung to his dream-image of that place - as if he had been there before, sometime in his distant ancestral pagan past. So he lay there, in his bed in his quiet old cottage in the country with only the sounds of the singing birds outside to disturb the peace of rural England. Then, slowly, tired from a night of broken and disturbed sleep, he got up to stumble forward toward the mirror above the old porcelain sink under the eaves, mindful as he almost always was of the black-painted oak beam that cut across the room.

What he saw in the mirror shocked him, sending him stumbling back toward his bed - until the back of his head hit the beam and he fell. For he had seen the face, the greying hair, of an old man - but he was still only twenty three.

Stumbling up, he looked again. It was no dream - he was an old man, in face and body, his back bent from age; his joints aching; his breathing laboured, his hands arthritic. He called, in his now old raspy voice, to his parents in the room along the narrow corridor. No reply - and so he called again, and again, until he shuffled, slowly, from his room to find their room empty. Totally empty. No furniture; no bed; no old oak wardrobes; no dark oak chest of drawers underneath the small-paned window. Nothing - only the smell of flowers, drifting up from the garden through the open window.

Thus did he pass his day, slowly, perplexed, shuffling - from room to room; from cottage to garden to outhouse to orchard and shed. There was food, in the kitchen - bread and almost stale cheese - and, as an old man unconcerned about his health, he ate them, as he drank a bottle of fine wine from the house's cellar.

There was no telephone - no means of modern communication with the outside world, as he, and his parents, had wished. Only books: thousands upon thousands of books, in the bookcases that lined the downstairs sitting room, the dining room, and hall, from floor to ceiling, and which, in stacks, had inched their way up the winding stairs that led to the four bedrooms, two of which were replete with, and given over to, glass-fronted high cabinets containing his father's prized antiquarian book, mineral, and manuscript collection. He was in his father's study reading from the old vellum manuscript that lay open on the large Oak desk beside a large quartz tetrahedron:

"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..."

It was not that he had forgotten about his missing parents - or the emptiness of their rooms - for he had remembered they had died, over fifty years ago, now.

He had been briefly married, then, for almost a year, with a newly born daughter. But they had died in the nearby reservoir, her boat overturned. So so long ago that no feelings now attached themselves to his memories, and - tired from reading - he, an old aching arthritic man, ambled out onto the veranda to sit in the worn Oak chair, to watch the Sun set behind the old cider Orchard, as it always did at this time of year. So many memories, so many that he drifted into sleep.

He awoke to find himself standing in his room, and although he had for some reason he did not know grown accustomed to the strange temporal peculiarities of his life, he was again surprised by his reflexion in his bedroom mirror.

It was of a naked young woman - quite beautiful - whose green eyes complemented the dark hair that framed her features and fell down to her shoulders. Then, there were thoughts in his - in her - head, and images, perplexing images of Life, strange life, seething, seeding, growing, spreading forth from acausal dimensions.

"I am you as you are me, " she - he - was saying, and he understood without knowing why.

"You brought me back to life, here," she - he - intoned, like an echo.

"How long has it been?" he asked.

"For you, only two of your days."

"It was the book, the crystal tetrahedron," he said.

"Yes!" she breathed out, and smiled. And he was forever gone from the causal world he knew.

The body no longer ached from age. Instead, there was desire; a strong, passionate, vibrant, youthful desire that needed to be fulfilled. The body, as the face, was quite beautiful, well-formed, and he was not surprised to find his - her - wardrobe full of women's clothes. She selected an outfit appropriate to the dark passion of her task and it was not long before she ventured forth to feel the warmth of the Sun on her face. It was an exquisite feeling, which she lingered for a moment to enjoy before her first stalking began. And, when satiated - her need fulfilled - she would, could, begin the task for which she had returned to Earth, to the causal, restricting, dimensions of the so-slow-moving limited beings born to die. She - ageless - had been this way before in those forming times before The Sealing when such Earth-bound beings were struggling to develop both speech and thought, and she was, with her new human emotions, pleased to find that such limited life, still, could be easily inhabited and controlled. Thus would she, ageless, be joined by others of her ageless shapeshifting kind.

So she walked across the old Orchard toward the lane that would take her down the hill to a village of living people where she might find someone, or many - some offer - to provide her with the causal energy she needed to keep her current shapeshifting form.

0: Red Moon Dawning

There was little that he could do, for she had bound his wrists, arms, and legs to the lattice frame that fenced one side of his small unkempt back garden. It had been a pretty, English cottage-garden, thirty years ago.

She had arrived that morning - early, as the Dawn of June broke over his Farm below the wooded hill where oldly named fields and scattered tumulii kept their waiting vigil. Arrived - to pound upon the heavy old Oak door which he, solitary, taciturn, rudely opened, gruffly saying "Yes!", disliking as he did unexpected, expected, visitors and guests. Then: then, his memory after that was confused, hazy, as if a dream-remembered fading with each dwelling upon some moment, some segment, of it. Confused; hazy - until he awoke to find himself in his back garden, lashed fast by bailing-twine.

How, then, had she done this? For he was tall, stocky, strong - even if nearing the sixtieth year of life - while she, strangely beautiful, seemed to his memory but a slim young woman of little obvious strength. Perhaps someone - or many - had helped her. But there was no memory, only the reality of being there, waiting, trussed, as a farm animal awaiting slaughter.

It was a long wait of hours that saw the hot Sun rise and the humid air sweat and thirst him. The cows in the nearby fields - their milking missed - were strangely quiet; his three Farm dogs absent. So he - annoyed, attacked, by flies - waited, waited, silently waited: for his prolonged yelling, profanities, curses, struggles, had worn him down. She had not - no one had - arrived, been seen, in answer. So he in the old worn working clothes he had fallen asleep in, waited, waited, waited... until the setting Sun brought a red moon dawning. The garden came alive then, briefly, scent following scent - honeysuckle, primrose, night-scented stock - bringing with his exhaustion a memory of life thirty years before when his garden bloomed as it had bloomed in Summers when she his wife lived as she, they, had happily lived before Death came to claim her. Then, the brief memory - the too brief memory - gone, he was alone, again, amid the silence.

Alone: until a slight almost lispig sibillation seemed to chorus around him. No words, only a rushing as breeze among dry leaves. Then, quite suddenly, she was there, before him, and he gasped as if intoxicated by her presence, her scent, her beauty. A test, a test, only a test of dreams, memories, life, desire. She was offering him a choice - offering, without words, feelings or even somehow without thought. The vision, the vista, the strange alien life, was there - in him - as she looked at him, and faintly smiled.

Then, he was free from the causal bonds that bound him, and he momentarily staggered to fall to the dry dusty ground, to silently cry out as she smiled before quickly moonlight-walking with her, against his will, toward the summit of the hill. No signs, no portents, came forth from the starry sky above, as nothing visible would result when his earthly life has been drained away to leave only the shell, only the empty shell, dust to interstellar dust, cosmic atoms to cosmic atom to form, reform, be de-formed, cycle after aeonic cycle.

No, nothing visible: to human eyes. But the cattle in the fields; the Owl; the Farm dogs still cowering in a Barn, the resting sleeping moving hunting hunted life around briefly stopped to feel, to look around, as some-thing now unsealed ventured fastly forth again toward the distant blue planet of Earth as the causal energy she needed seeded itself within her causal female form, bringing the temporary renewal desired.

1: The Seeding

He knew the footpath well, even in the early morning Autumnal dark which reached out to him as he climbed up toward the summit of that wooded hill in rural England. There - tree roots reaching across the worn path; there - the overhanging branch that in the Summer of heavy foliage had been bent lower down to almost touch the broken, now rotten, wooden fence post on his left whose stretching wire had long been worn away by age, rain, frost, neglect. Here - the protruding rocks which snaked down from where the harsh contours of the old limestone Quarry above which had been softened naturally by three decades of abandonment and Nature's resurgent growth.

So he walked steadily, as befitted his age, clothes, in the hours before Dawn, used to the sound of nearby rustling - Deer, perhaps - and the (for him) natural sound of a calling Owl. There was no breeze, and no Moon on this mild mid-October night: but light enough to see by, for eyes used to dark, and senses, body, attuned to the natural being that was Nature. So he walked, as he had done for five and more years from the village where he dwelled on the flat land that bordered the hills and which as pasture continued for miles until it met the sea. Walked - as always - alone: one custom of his reclusive life - scorning any and every artificial light, for he was, had become, almost like the life, the animals, that lived, dwelled. in the almost forgotten woods. Wiry, lean, but well-muscled and with long dark hair going grey which fell around his bearded face lined with nearly three score years of life and three decades of outdoor manual toil which had left his right wrist and hand rheumatic and his lungs a little worse for wear given the long hours spent toiling on dank, rainy, misty, foggy, cold and frosty days.

He did not now even mind the failing vitality of his life, the pains of age, for she - his wife, companion - died five Summers and a Spring ago, and he had grown used to his life alone. The nightly early walks; the work on a neighbours farm;

the evening meal where he sat in his chair by the fire drinking glass after glass of Port until tiredness overcome him and he slept, fitfully and for a while. No, he did not mind, not any more - for there was recompense enough in the shrouding, shielding dark; in being-with the life around, in, of the woods, the hills, the very earth, which life he felt as he felt his breath drawn in on a cold and frosty cloud-free Dawn when he would, did, stand - had stood - on that hill's summit clear of trees, that hill's summit a valley, a wood and two paths distant, from where he could see the distant sea and the Sun as it rose bringing a soft joy that seeped into his very bones and a feeling, a feeling, of no longer being alone.

It was as if he belonged there, now - there, on that summit where the old ancient human circles of earth fortifications and trenches of thousands of years ago had been breached, reduced, covered, by the process of Nature's natural change.

He was not surprised to see her, there on the summit - standing on the raised mound of broken grass-covered rocks that marked the almost-centre of the not-quite-round upper fortifications. Standing there, as the dark grey of nearly Dawn gave way to the lighter grey that marked the cloud-obscured rising of another Autumnal Sun. She was dressed in green, as he was; but his olive green seemed drab beside her verdant richness, and as he slowly walked the last twenty upward yards toward her, the rising gentle breeze gently raised the ends of her auburn hair. She turned toward him then, and smiled.

No, he was not surprised to see her, standing, smiling: for she was his dream of the previous night; a woman, beautiful, mature yet of indeterminate age, whose green sapphire necklace both emphasized her green eyes and the tanned skin of her neck and shoulders. Not surprised to see her in that long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body.

But he was startled - momentarily shocked - when she came forward and touched him. He felt the warmth of her hand on his face; felt her soft fingers caress the dry roughness of his cheek. Felt the warmth, the scent, of her breath as she leant her face close to his, and all he could do was stand totally still with a palpitating heart and look into the cosmos of her eyes.

There was no need for words, he knew: for she was his thought and, in that dark numinous moment, the very thread by which he clung to life. She had been waiting for him - waiting for one like him to venture forth close to those sinister pathways where she and her kind waited, dwelling, long century after long century, thousand year after thousand year until almost two Aeons had passed. So he felt and so he knew, beyond words and a rational understanding, and she kissed him then, as a lover might, draining away from him the pains of his age and becoming for him, in him, that warmth of languid repose felt when two lovers, tired, sweaty, sleep together naked body entwined with naked body.

He was not to know, then - as she caressed him and bared her nakedness for

him to touch and feel and kiss and enter - that she needed his seed to bring forth into the world a new kind of life. But had he known, then, he would not have cared. So he let his passion, his need, guide him, until he, she, spasmed in ecstasy as the warm Sun rose higher to warm the human world that dwelt upon, around, the land below that old and sacred hill while They, waiting, were watching as they waited and watched, almost formless in those formless acausal spaces where they dwelt. Waited, waiting, for their bodies as she had waited for hers.

He lay with her, naked body upon naked body, for what seemed to him a long time as part of her seeped into him bringing without words an understanding of what he must do and why. She was offering him a choice, a genuine choice, and he was free to rise and dress himself and walk away even as some-thing, some kind of life, was seeding itself in the womb of her human body.

His choice was to stay; to do as she - as They - desired, and his first willing task would be to seek out and find some women of child-bearing age and bring them to this place so that others might seep through the ever-opening nexion to inhabit their bodies and to breed from them the new species They needed. Thus would he use those acausal seeds that she, in and through and after their joining, had planted in him - talents, skills, and magick: to entice, entrap, beguile, bewitch, ensnare. And thus would he, alive, be rewarded - with her warmth, her touch, her kiss, her body.

2: Zarid, The Pretender

Zarid's day began - as it usually did - with his Russian partner bringing him a cup of black coffee while he lingered and languished in his bed in the stuffy attic room of their house where he slept, surrounded by books and discarded clothes. Years ago Zarid had retreated at night to this room, his lair, to leave his common-law wife to sleep with their child in their room on the first floor of the large Edwardian house, and this retreat had become his habit, his routine, for he valued his privacy and his time, his priority his work at the nearby University, his obsession with seducing young women and his own secret submissive desires.

That morning of the damp overcast November day, he was tired, but aroused by the dream of his night, and, naked, he slunk down the steep winding stairs that led to the first floor and the bedroom of his wife. She was there - attractive, blonde-haired - dressing, and turned to look at him as he entered but he wasted no time on endearments and pleasantries but instead caressed her breasts before telling her of his desire.

She was used to his ways, her early romantic love having given way to the strange practicalities of their strange shared life, and she wearily followed him into their large bathroom where he lay, on the tiled floor, waiting. She did not disappoint, and, squatting over him, urinated on his body and face while he took

his own selfish pleasure with his hand. Satiated, he showered and obsessively groomed himself while she attended to the many tasks of her day, and it was not long before he, dressed in his usual ensemble of long black leather jacket, black shoes, grey shirt and dark trousers, departed to walk the mile to his University office, knowing that she, his companion of five years, would assuredly clean the bathroom. He kept promising to marry her, as she, and part of him, desired, for then his little lie of years ago to the University authorities, to others (and sometimes even to himself) would no longer lie in wait to trap him.

He was a tall man, merging seamlessly into his middle-thirties, whose hair - to his chagrin - has begun to thin and recede, and whose body already bore the marks of his life and occupation: stooped shoulders, from hours hunched over books, and a pale complexion occasioned by his indoor existence. He did not care that, until recently, his place of work had been a Polytechnic in a northern industrial city - for he had achieved his dream of being a Professor, a dream nurtured by his boyhood desire to escape from what he felt was the cloying, enclosed, dreary, mundane, banal, dead-end world of the old terraced streets of Leeds where his family had lived for generations and pursued their occupation as tailors, and which he left aged eighteen, never to return. So he was proud of his success, if not of his first name - a choice of his mother's in honour of her immigrant grandfather from the Ukraine - and eager, this morning of threatened rain, to seat himself at his cluttered untidy desk and compose his forthcoming lecture. Then, that task over, the Professor of Philosophy who taught ethics would gleefully plan another secret assignation with another of his female students.

It was not to be however, for, awaiting him in his modest somewhat cramped office in a rather anonymous modern building, were two unsmiling conservatively dressed middle-aged men in dark suits, one of whom introduced himself as a Detective Sargent named Malloy. As they sat opposite him, Zarid - in his rather more comfortable chair - nervously played with his fountain pen.

"We believe you know this woman," Malloy said, without preamble, showing him a photograph.

Yes, he did - but he held the photograph for a long time before saying, "She does seem familiar. I can't seem to place her, at the moment."

"Sandra Letton. She was a student here."

Zarid pretended to peer at the photograph again. "Ah yes. How can I help?" He smiled, rather unconvincingly.

"She went missing several weeks ago."

"Last I heard, " Zarid said, "she'd moved to work in Cheltenham. Some sort of Civil Service job, I think."

The two men look at each other knowingly before Malloy said, "We understand you had a relationship with her." It was not a question.

Zarid's face went a greyer shade of grey. "That was a while ago, now. Just a brief, casual thing."

"Indeed, so you say," Malloy replied, in a tone Zarid found both intimidating and disapproving.

"I haven't heard from her in a long time," Zarid lied, then instantly regretted saying it.

The two men betrayed no emotion. "Well," Malloy said, standing up, "if you do hear from her, we'd appreciate it if you would contact us," and handed him his card.

"Yes, yes, of course," Zarid replied, his hand shaking as he took it.

"Your public lecture next week," Malloy's hitherto silent companion said, in a cultured accent, as he and Malloy stood at the door. "Very interesting and pertinent topic."

"How did you know about that?" Zarid asked.

But the man only smiled, and then they were gone, from his office, as a mixture of conflicting emotions assailed Zarid. The glass of dry Madeira he poured for himself - from the small cabinet beside his desk - calmed him, a little, and he opened his notebook computer to read again her e-mail, received the evening before.

"Hi Zarid, how you doin? I bet you've kept those photos, haven't you, you naughty boy! It would be great to meet up asap, have a drink (or three!) and chat and maybe - something else, like old times! I'm in your area again for a while. By the way, I've got a wicked story to tell you about a friend of yours. Call me on....."

Without thinking, Zarid dialled the mobile telephone number.

"Sandra?" he asked in reply to the "Hello?"

"Yes?"

"Zarid."

"Hi! Can you meet me?"

"Yes, yes, of course!" he said, remembering their many trysts and her sexy body.

She gave a place, not far, and a time - that evening - and he, after that quick

call which she quickly terminated for some reason he did not dwell on, spent the day caught between turmoil, expectation, excitement, and a wordless feeling of unease which he tried, unsuccessfully, to dissipate by concentrating on his work. He wrote a few pages of his lecture, gave up, stood for a long while blankly staring out of his office window, and then sat, disinterested, through a tutorial with one of his students, before leaving the campus to wander into the centre of the city, unaware of the two men discreetly, and professionally, following him.

So he wiled away the late morning and the afternoon hours of that damp overcast November day dallying in various cafés, often taking from the inside pocket of his jacket one of the notebooks he always carried to record his musings and his thoughts, occasionally scribbling away, with his fountain pen, immersed in his worlds of philosophy and sexual fantasy, and smiling once - several times - as he remembered how Sandra had pleased him and how she had allowed him to wear her damp panties, and the suspenders he had bought her.

Then, in the descended darkness of that busy city, he wandered forth to be down by the river where no trees shadowed the footpath by a built-on ancient meadow and the wide railway bridge funnelled a noisy train. He was there, approaching the chosen spot at the chosen time, and saw her, in that diffuse glow sent forth from sodium city lights, waiting. She smiled in greeting, as he did, and he was within three feet of her forming words of humorous welcome when she unexpectedly and slowly tumbled forward.

He caught her, as she fell, but she was already dead, her warm blood staining his hand.

For a minute, and more, Zarid held her, not knowing what to do in the emotional and physical numbness that enveloped him. Then, he was aware of someone standing over him as he knelt still cradling her dead body; aware of others, nearby. They - everything - seemed to him to be moving slowly. Blue flashing lights; distant voices. "Single shot...back of head..." Then another nearer voice, which suddenly intruded upon him.

"Let's get you out of here. You're in serious trouble..."

Zarid recognized the speaker. It was DS Malloy.

3: Consequences

He disliked milky sugared tea, but Zarid drank it nevertheless - his third cup that morning - as he waited, shivering, in the warm brightly-lit, windowless, small and rather clinical interview room of his local Police Station. Waited, still

dressed in the white forensic coverall given to him the previous evening, after his own clothes had been taken and before he was locked in a cell whose stark light was constant. Waited, as he had waited all of the evening and many hours of that night, awake, alone. Awake, alone - except for a startling dream during one short period of fitful sleep. He had dreamed that a beautiful woman was in the cell with him. She was chanting some name which he could not quite hear, and smiling at him, exuding a warmth that he could feel, physically feel; gesturing for him to come toward her, and he was about to do so when the cell door opened, returning him to a cold, severe, reality.

Thus was he waiting, again, for some questions; for answers, and thus did he sit that morning waiting for one of the two men opposite him to say something, anything. They just sat there, their arms folded, looking at him as they had looked at him earlier the previous day in his office; sat there, watching, until Malloy - slowly, with a practised ease - took from the folder in front of him several photographs, laying them neatly out on the utilitarian table.

Zarid knew then that they, or someone, someone from the Police, had been to his house.

"Did you know she was pregnant?" Malloy suddenly said.

"No, no I didn't."

"Is that why you killed her?"

"This is ridiculous!" Zarid said.

"Is it? You lied about not having been in contact with her..."

"I can explain."

"I'm sure you can. Just what information did she pass onto you?"

"Information? What information?"

"You knew she worked at GCHQ, didn't you?"

"Where?"

"Don't play games. We found this letter, from her, in your house." From the folder Malloy produced a three page wordprocessed letter.

Zarid glanced at it. It was addressed 'My Dear Naughty Boy!' and signed, by hand in lilac-coloured ink, 'With love and kisses, Sandra.'

"I've never seen it before."

"So you say. She goes into some detail about her work. Classified, government

work."

"Like I said, I've never seen it before."

"The evidence against you is piling up."

"Look," Zarid said, afraid and rather annoyed at the same time, "I'd like to see a Solicitor. I'm entitled to, right?"

"Under normal circumstances, yes. These are not normal circumstances."

"But - "

"Aiding and abetting someone who has supplied you with classified information is a serious offence," Malloy said. "Then there is the matter of your affairs with your students - an impressive record, which would come out during a trial. The matter of lying to us. The images we found on your computer. The drugs found at your home and in your office. The fact that your Russian partner doesn't appear to have a valid residence permit. And so on."

"I get the picture."

"But we're prepared," Malloy continued, unsmiling, and collecting the photographs and letter together, to place them back in the folder, "to forget about all these things, if you'll agree to help us."

"Me? Help? How? So you know I didn't kill her?"

"We're working on that assumption."

Relieved, Zarid eagerly asked, "How can I help?"

"We know she went to see a friend of yours, last week."

"Yes?"

"A certain Esmund Yaxley."

"I didn't know they knew each other," said Zarid, with genuine surprise.

"Whatever. But you know his reputation, his past, his activities."

"Yes, yes, of course. But - I've nothing to do with that."

"We know. But we'd like you to go see him, and find out what he knows."

"About Sandra?"

"Yes."

"See him, when?"

"The matter is urgent; a question of national security; so today."

From the briefcase which had been beside his chair on the floor, Malloy's silent companion produced a new, boxed, mobile telephone, two large bundles of twenty pound notes, and two official-looking forms.

Malloy pushed the money over to Zarid. "Expenses. We'll need you to sign this receipt, for the money, and this document, which you should read first."

Zarid read, and signed, as he was told.

"We will arrange transport to take you to the Station."

"But my work; tutorials..."

"All taken care of. A leave of absence has been arranged. And we've brought a few clothes from your house."

"My wife..."

"I'm sure you can think of something!" For the first time that day, Malloy smiled. "From now on, " he continued, as his companion returned the signed receipt and signed document to his case, "you'll be in contact with Malin, here."

"My contact number," Malin said, "is already stored in the telephone, which is connected, with the battery fully charged. I shall expect to hear from you this evening."

4: Nexions

The warmish Sun of mid morning caught Zarid as, carrying a small travel bag, he walked the short distance down to the Railway Station entrance from where the anonymous car, and driver, had deposited him. He was glad of the Sun, of his freedom, and lingered by the entrance for a while. Then, ticket bought with a little of the given cash, he joined the throng heading for the busy platforms. Once, he thought he saw the woman of his dream the previous night, and rushed toward her - but he was mistaken, and was left, feeling rather foolish, to wait as the others waited for the southbound train.

Esmund Yaxley. Why was he not surprised he might be somehow involved? The train arrived, on-time, and he was glad to sit within its warmth, to try to give some meaning, some semblance of meaning, to the rapid unsettling unforeseen events of the last two days. The warmth, the slight swaying motion and slight constant almost rhythmic noise of the train, his own tiredness, combined to relax him, a little, and once - to his surprise - he found himself overcome with sadness and a certain grief at Sandra's death. A single tear: then, unsettling

questions to which he had no answers assailed him, and slowly - as fair-weather cumulus clouds pass slowly below the blue-sky of a languid almost breezeless English Summer day - he understood his situation.

He had been, was being, manipulated, and maybe - just maybe - his old friend Esmund could provide him with some answers. Esmund; the wiry but bearded and fit and well-muscled Esmund who had spent the last decade since their time together at University flitting from one place, to another, from one adventure to another, always seeking something that seemed - at least to Zarid - forever beyond his reach, and acquiring along the way a somewhat sinister reputation, aided by three spells in prison, for violence, association with a variety of disreputable and sometimes criminal characters, and his interest in, and knowledge of, the Occult.

But, soon, physically and emotionally tired, Zarid was briefly asleep, dreaming of that beautiful woman again.

"What brings you here?" Esmund said, jovially. He was sitting on a bench in his well-tended cottage garden in the beginning twilight of what had been a warmish day.

"Just wanted to get away for a few days. Domestic things, you know."

"Is that so?" And Esmund looked at him quizzically.

Zarid sighed. "No, not really. Have you heard? About Sandra?" He sat down on the bench, tired from the exertion. It had been a long journey, involving several changes of train, and a taxi from the market town on the edge of the Costwolds to the small village where Esmund's small cottage lay, up a track inaccessible to motorized vehicles and near the top of a wooded hill. Esmund's Border Collie dog had eyed him suspiciously as Zarid had opened the somewhat rickety wooden gate, then decided not to bark and returned to his slumber by the Cherry tree.

"Yes, there was a brief report, on the news."

"I was there, when she died. She came to see me."

"She said she might," Esmund said.

"So you did know her then?"

"Yes."

"And that she was pregnant?"

"Would you like some tea? I have Keemun, and some rather nice Chinese Sencha. Or there is Darjeeling, of course."

"I was thinking of something a little stronger."

"Coffee it is then. Ethiopian, or Kenyan? Come on in." Esmund led him into the small, recently refurbished and very tidy kitchen. "Espresso, Americano, Cappuccino?" he asked.

"You're joking."

"No. One of life's many little civilized pleasures," and Esmund pointed to his one-group espresso machine.

As darkness descended, they drunk their coffee, black, in silence - seated in comfortable armchairs before the bright warming log-fire of the cottage sitting-room - until Zarid said, "You seem quite comfortable and settled, here."

"Surprised?"

"Yes. Is this place yours?"

"Yes, and no. Belongs to a lady friend of mine."

"It figures!"

"So, about Sandra. What do you want to know?"

"Did you know that she was pregnant?"

"Yes."

"By you?"

Esmund smiled. An enigmatic smile. "Would you like to meet her, this lady friend of mine?"

"Possibly. I don't know. Did you know about Sandra's work?"

"Of course. She made no secret of it. She was very helpful, to us," and he looked at Zarid in that penetrating way he had.

"Us? Not one of your Occult groups?"

"Not really. Beyond all that mundane passé stuff. You really should meet her, you know."

"Who?"

"She wants to meet you. In fact, I've invited her here this evening. You'll be

staying here, for at least tonight, I presume?"

"If that's OK with you."

"*Certainmont!* The guest room is ready. Shall I show you, then you can refresh up while I prepare us some dinner? Nothing special, just some Trout I liberated from a stream down the hill."

The guest room of low-ceilinged beams was small, with small windows, as befitted the small old cottage of thick walls, but it was - or seemed to Zarid to be - immaculately and tastefully furnished. There were crystal decanters, of Port and Sherry, on a small table by an armchair near the small fireplace where a fire of coalite burned, spreading a warming glow and a restful warmth.

"Help yourself to an aperitif," Esmund said. "There's a jug, and basin, for a wash." And he indicated the old marble-topped stand in one darkened corner.

"Thank you," Zarid said, and meant it, surprised by the hospitality.

"Oh, and if you need a light to see by, there are some candles, in holders, there. I much prefer candlelight, don't you," Esmund said, and smiled.

Then Zarid was alone, amid the country silence, and he took advantage of Esmund's absence to try his newly acquired mobile telephone, surprised to find there was signal strength enough for him to make a call.

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The meal of whole baked Trout, with lemon and parsley butter and fresh vegetables, over, they settled with their glasses of vintage Port by the fire in the candle-lit sitting room.

"This is all very civilized," Zarid jovially said.

"What did you expect?"

"Well - "

"Don't answer that!"

"Really, I would have visited you sooner, if I'd known."

"You are here now."

"Yes." Zarid felt very tired, almost exhausted, and he briefly closed his eyes before the exotic sensual scent brought him back from the verge of sleep.

She was there - the woman of his dream of the night before - standing beside Esmund who held her hand. She wore a green sapphire necklace and a long

verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body, and Zarid felt her warmth seeping out to touch him.

But something - some fear once deeply hidden, some nameless dread, something from his own ancestral past, and perhaps also some small knowing of his betrayal of his friend - overwhelmed him in the instant of that sensuous breeching searching touch so that he, gasping, screaming - while Esmund laughed - rose to stumble backward to lurch toward and out from the door to run down the path, falling, scampering over the gate, arms flaying, to the track and the road nearly a mile below where a single street light reminded him to pause and think and seek the best way homeward.

In his head: visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter. She had touched him, if only for an instant, and all the answers he came to seek, he was sent to seek, he knew, along with many answers to questions he wished he did not know.

5: Homeward

Zarid could not sleep, nor relax, on the even longer journey back to his home. Twice - three times, more - he fumbled with his mobile telephone, and twice, three times - more - he did not call his contact as part of him desired. Would would he say? What could he say? The whole matter was beyond belief - unbelievable - and the more he thought about it, the more he became convinced no one, least of all Malloy and Malin, would believe him.

So he spent many hours of that tedious journey through the dark of night striving to concoct some convincing story that he might tell. One version had him denying everything; another - that Esmund and Sandra were simply lovers. Or that she was some Priestess, a Mistress of Earth, even, in one of Esmund's many sinister covens. Or that Esmund was going to sell the information Sandra had provided to one of his criminal contacts. But who, then, killed her, and why? The sad, even tragic, thing was that he did know, and this knowledge placed him in danger.

It was in the taxi - well beyond the hour of midnight - on the journey from the Railway Station to his home that he believed he had found a suitable deceptive answer. He would telephone Malin tomorrow, and pleased with himself, he finally began to feel a little relieved. It did not last, for, inside his house, there was no wife waiting to greet him, no child asleep for him to briefly watch, as he often did, before he ascended the stairs to his private eyrie - only Malloy and Malin and two armed Policemen.

"Where are they?" he anxiously asked as he tried to trawl his house before being restrained by Malloy.

"We've taken them into protective custody."

"Why?" he somewhat stupidly asked.

"You found what we wanted, haven't you?" Malin asked him.

"No. I don't know." He felt intimidated, and his resolve to lie began to weaken. He might - probably had been - followed to Esmund's cottage, as they - Malloy and Malin and those who controlled them - might, and probably already did, know the answers, or at least some of them. Why else had they taken his family into protective custody? Or was that itself a ruse, pressure, blackmail, a means to get him to talk? He was beginning to become confused, for his mind again became suffused with visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter, for she - some alien being - had touched him.

"Can I see my wife?" he asked, trying to calm himself.

"Later, " Malin said, harshly.

You do realize, don't you, Zarid," Malloy interjected, softly, "that this is a matter of national security?"

"Possibly; yes."

"Therefore, surely your duty is to tell us everything that occurred, everything that you learnt."

"Here?"

"No."

So he was taken back to the Police Station where he sat, with another cup of sickly sweet milky tea in another interview room, with Malloy, Malin and another, older, well-dressed and unidentified man who stood by himself in a corner of that room.

"This interview will be recorded," Malloy said, somewhat unnecessarily, as he turned the machine on.

Zarid began, slowly, hesitatingly, telling of Esmund's admission of knowing that Sandra was pregnant; of him receiving information from her; but it was when he spoke of the women - recalling her - that his slow hesitation ceased, and the words flowed fastly, fluidly, from him as if he was being guided, for his mind became suffused again with visions and vistas and words and alien sounds.

"She who touched me is not quite human, you see, as Sandra's child was not, which I'm sure you already knew. They have this plan, you see, to breed a new not quite human species, half human, half alien. She - They, these shapeshifters - need human bodies, at least to begin with. They want to live again, to dwell, again, on Earth: to have form and to cease to be formless. To live, to feel, to love. To guide. Thus, They came back and They

will come back, dwelling in human bodies. They need humans to begin with at least like I said as they believe humans need Them. To evolve, together, a symbiosis. That is the key. Symbiosis. They were here thousands upon thousands of years ago, at the dawning of our consciousness, but They were then unable to complete their work, for there were The Others, who opposed Them, and who opposed her - the prime nexion, The Beginning - and who did their own dark work, botched experiments, botched changing, and whose botched living experiments stayed. They got it wrong, you see, The Others; wrong - for they produced a strange, vindictive and twisted and unstable and mutant brood who survived on Earth by their mendacity and ruthless cunning and who made keeping their mutated blood pure into some kind of religion.

"Those humans were genetically-modified by these Others, the evil ones, and their mutant descendants are among us now, manipulating, controlling, planning. Slowly, they have planned, with their ruthless cunning, with the inbred slyness they possess, and over the last hundred years - especially the last seventy years - they, or their agents, have seized clandestine control of our governments, here in Britain, in America, using the power of money, of the Media - which are both under their control - and using the myths, the ideas, they have invented, to control humans, to manipulate humans not of their own kind. The first stage of their plan is for a world government of control, and that is nearing completion.

"To this end they engineered wars, and get some people or, mostly, their own agents among humans to do vile things just so they can get governments to react to them and introduce more laws, more measures of control, more repression, more tyranny, and all in the double-speak name of "freedom and democracy", the false idols which their servants and their lackeys worship and obey, but which the mutants don't. But they have found willing and brutal allies in many lands - particularly in America. They - or their agents and allies - persecute, and torture, and hound, or revile, or discredit, or kill, or imprison on some pretext or other, anyone who knows their plans or who sees them for what they are. That is, they now have the power, the influence to destroy anyone, any person, any group, any country, they want to - to get them out of the way.

But She - They, her shapeshifters from the acausal - want humans to be genuinely free, as evolved individuals; so She has come back as They will come back to liberate humans from those, The Others, the evil ones, and their mutant servants, so that humans might evolve and take their destined place among the stars and particularly among the acausal dimensions. The mutant, materialistic, causally-tied spawn of The Others, you see, have forgotten their origins, lost their true past, do not know who manufactured them, changed, them, made them what they were and are, but they do fanatically believe they are chosen, that it is they who should, who must, who have been chosen to, rule this world and its peoples,

whatever the human cost and the misery they cause. They really are the spawn of evil; agents of evil - and She and her siblings will stop these bastard descendants of The Others who cannot ever reach out to, or travel among, or exist in, the timeless blissful beautiful realms of the acausal. But humans can - and can eternally exist there, in the acausal when the new symbiosis is complete."

He was finished, exhausted, himself again, and saw Malloy looking at Malin with a look of disbelief.

"I see," Malloy said, annoyed, before stopping the recording.

"You don't believe me - all that - do you?" Zarin quietly said, uneasy and perplexed.

"Frankly, I'd have thought an intelligent man like you would have come up with a better story than crap and fantasy like that." Turning to the unidentified man he said, "We're finished here, I think?"

The man nodded, and left the room.

"You disappoint me, you really do," Malloy said to Zarin.

Zarin was taken to a cell, where he waited, nervously, for something to happen. For what seemed like hours, nothing did, and he gradually succumbed to his exhaustion, to dream of the beautiful woman. She was speaking to him without words and he felt her moving closer, closer to him until he smelt again her quixotic perfume - but the dream, the beautiful vision, was snatched away from him as two men entered his cell to bind his arms behind his back and tie a dark hood over his head.

He tried to struggle, but the injection he was given soon took effect and he was taken through the corridors of a curiously deserted and darkened Police Station to a waiting van.

"Nothing happened here," Malin said to Malloy as, outside in the cold night air, they watched the van being driven away.

"Your people checked the foetus, I take it?" Malloy asked.

"Perfectly normal," Malin lied.



Esmund knew he was under surveillance, and the reason why - even before Zarin's arrival - and his years of experience of living on and often beyond the

fringes of the law had made him prepared for most eventualities. So, from behind the false wall in the cellar of his cottage, he collected the items he considered he might need to evade and escape from those watching him so that he might keep the rendezvous with Raynould on that ancient hill circle where she, their dark goddess, had first touched Raynould and where in the coming hours of darkness she would give birth to his half-human child. For a few seconds, Esmund felt a little jealous of the man he had never met, but he calculatingly placed that human emotion aside.

He selected a variety of weapons - his favoured long-barrelled revolver with hand-loaded rounds; a handy pump-action shotgun; a grenade or two - and a passport, and driving license, for a new identity as well as a small rucksack containing a variety of clothes, bottled water, and toiletry items. Then, as the bright Sun of that early morning rose into the clear sky that had brought the nightly frost, he - revolver in hand, shotgun slung over his shoulder, rucksack on his back - sauntered casually out into the garden, followed by his dog.

"Stay!" he said, and his canine friend obeyed. There would, Esmund knew, be a woman, a lover from the village below, to care for his dog, for however long he was away.

Scorning the path, Esmund vaulted over the fence into the steeply sloping grazing field that adjoined the eastern side of his garden and began to run up, and right at an angle, toward the summit of his hill. There was no cover there for those who might follow him from below, and he had run almost two hundred yards when he saw them begin their delayed pursuit. He had assumed there would be others, covering the summit and the descent from the hill, and he was correct, for he had almost reached to tall centuries-old spreading Ash that grew beside the old summit pathway when he saw two armed Policemen who moved to block his way.

"Armed Police!" one of them shouted, raising his weapon. "Stop! Armed Police!"

Esmund did not stop. Instead, he dropped down, took aim and quickly fired three rounds from his revolver. The bullets hit their targets and he rose to run forward. One of his opponents was dead, shot in the forehead, but the other, only lying injured, was struggling to raise his weapon just as Esmund reached him. Esmund pointed his revolver at the man's head saying, "Sorry mate, nothing personal," before taking the man's holstered Glock pistol and his HK MP5 submachine gun and side-stepping to turn and fire at the armed plainclothes Police Officers still running up the hill toward him. He shot one in the leg before moving sharp left and sprinting toward the woods that covered part of the western side of the hill.

The woods gave him the opportunity he needed - for he knew them well - and he zigzagged down, through the trees, stopping once to stand and listen. He heard shouts, above, and the sound of someone, or two, noisily moving through the leaf-litter and breaking small fallen twigs. There would be Police dogs, and a

helicopter, and more men, he knew - but not now; not for a while. So he made it to his first destination without being seen: a path beside a stream to take him to where a vehicle waited, left for just such a time as this, hidden in a rented barn.

It did not take him long, in the old inconspicuous Land Rover, to reach the junction where the narrow rutted pot-holed tarmaced lane that for nearly two miles had weaved between fields of pasture gave way to a minor road, and he turned westerly, driving until he found a place suitable enough to stop. It was a wide gated field entrance, and he parked to begin his change of identity. It took him longer than he remembered to trim his beard with scissors and then completely shave it off, but - pleased with the results - he changed his shirt, and jacket, and, with a tweed cap upon his head, his weapons out of sight, the transformation was complete.

No one stopped him as he travelled South, and he became just one driver in one of the multitude of vehicles that thronged the roads of England.

6: Aperiatur Terra, Et Germinet Atazoth

Esmund was early for the rendezvous, in the hour before dusk, and spent a cautious hour scouting out the area. He had parked his vehicle down a secluded track near the foot of the hill, taking only his rucksack, his revolver with spare ammunition, the Glock pistol, and a hand-grenade, before bobby-trapping the vehicle with his remaining grenade.

Satisfied with his reconnaissance, he settled down to wait by a spreading but wind-twisted Hawthorn bush, a good distance away from the hill's ancient fortified summit. There was the crescent Moon above the western horizon, and then stars in the clear darkening sky, and he continued to wait in the cold darkness for what seemed, and what was, a long time, before stretching himself and moving forward a little distance. They were, by now, many hours late, and he was deciding how much longer he would wait when he sensed someone behind him, and spun round, revolver raised, and ready.

Nothing; no one; no sound. And so he returned to his cautious waiting vigil until he saw something, some shape, fastly coming toward him from the summit of the hill. The shape was tawny white-ish and as it got nearer Esmund saw it was an Owl. There was no sound, just that bird of prey coming straight toward him and looking straight at him. He was surprised by its size, its wing-span, and it was within only three feet of him, its talons extended as if to land on his head, when he instinctively ducked down and it veered away to his left. When, only seconds later, he looked again it was gone, down - he assumed - into the copse of trees that clung to the lower slopes of the hill.

Then she was standing beside him, and he rose to his feet without fear. She kissed him, then, and pressed her body into his, her tongue caressing his, and her hand stroking his face.

"We are alone and no harm can come to you here," her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, and she gave him a vision of her past hour and more.

Of how she had gently painlessly given birth while Raynould watched. Of how he had taken the human-looking girl-child to a place she had provided for him where his role would be to care for that child as he would care for the other such children born that night and in the few days to all those women - except Sandra - who were seeded. Of how those children had grown quickly in their adopted wombs and how they would, as children, also quickly grow over the next few years until they were ready enough to go forth into the world, each one a nexion waiting to open, to be physically seeded, and to seed in their various and magickal ways those powerful acausal energies which would, in causal-time, break down the barriers of The Others and steadily weaken through many causal presencings the causal that now held so many humans in thrall. Thus would her children gather the allies they needed, in secret at first; thus would they begin the great change that would break-down the very causal order itself; and thus would they breed a new and more evolved race, a new species to seed themselves among the very stars.

There would be those who feared this; those who hated her children and her allies. Those prepared to fight until the last drop of human blood. Those hate-filled ones who would strive to find, to ruthlessly hunt, down her children and their children's children, just as they had found Sandra whom Esmund had seeded: the Sandra whom she changed with her acausal and shapeshifting arts after he, magically adept, had called to her, longed for her, one night having felt her presence, her return to Earth. So had he touched her essence, and so she found him, came unto him, while he lay asleep in Sandra's arms, and so did she change that life that only a few causal moments earlier he and Sandra had brought forth into causal-being.

"But you have proved yourself, to me," her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, "and you henceforth are my companion and only with you will I henceforth share this my physical form."

So she kissed him again, and he saw as if in replay his escape from his - from her - cottage, and felt again his one jealous moment, as he saw Sandra's death and Zarid being bound, tied, hooded, and injected. But he, Esmund Yaxley, was human - all-too-human, perhaps - and he surrendered his body and his love to her, there, on the dark night while a crescent moon descended, as Sirius did, into that almost-Winter's starry sky.

He awoke to find himself naked under a warm duvet in a bright room of large windows which showed, below, a cityscape under a clear blue sky of an English

Winter. For a moment, he felt disorientated, as if both Time and Space had somehow slipped or been distorted and, after looking out of one of the windows which, except for a door, almost seamlessly surrounded the room, he lay down again on the large bed.

He slept then, and dreamed - of the past, a present and a future - and awoke to find himself hot, as the city below basked in the warmth of early Summer. He understood then, in that moment, and was not surprised when she, suddenly, was there beside him, incarnate again, naked in the bed, pressing her body into his and kissing him as they made sensuous love in that, his, city-penthouse. There was, he knew, on a floor below, a child, a female child, growing, nurtured by his lover's breast milk and cared for by her sibling Nanny, as there was, in the city, many deeds of hate and violence while they, the lovers, loved as they loved, entwined within each other's body and each other's being, just as there was, suddenly and for him, no distinction between Time, place and Space: no him, or her; only a being which lived as it, they, as Them, The Dark Gods, lived: within the acausal Times and Spaces. He was alive, then, joyful, ecstatic, breeding with her, in her, the nexions that were needed; alive, joyful, ecstatic, while Zarid - his knowledge a danger to his captors - was languishing, drugged, in some enclosing psychiatric cell, and Sandra his former lover lay dead, her body and her foetus clinically, methodically, dissected.

Thus did they, her - his - enemies, still seek him with a lustful hate and need, and thus did she - his new lover, mistress - protect him as only she could protect him, and thus did he, when he awoke, feel again the pain of his new lover's absence.

So he dressed in one of his many expensive hand-made suits to linger awhile on a floor below with his three young daughters while they played as precocious children played, and their protecting shapeshifting Nanny waited, silent, smiling, watchful, in a corner of that plush room. Soon, they his daughters would venture forth, each to a life, a world, a task, of their own - as he would return to this building to seed her again as the acausal seeped ever more deeply in the causal world he once knew and loved.

He knew, then, as he walked out that particular time-slipping morning into the busy street of that capital city under the warm Sun of an English Summer, that Raynould had been found, caught, tortured, and killed, and his - her - daughter captured. So he was not surprised to find her, his lover, walking beside him as he walked among the bustling hordes of city-dwelling human beings.

There was a human pain, an anguish, in her, which he felt, and he held her hand as they walked along that street where several men, and women, stared, to stop, to look at her, awed by her beauty, her being, her scent. Then, suddenly, he was with her in a bright forensic room where her first-born daughter lay, stretched out and naked and restrained, but alive, on an operating table while men in white gowns and masks stood around and two men in suits stood by a

door in one corner.

They, the men in gowns, were cutting the young woman, her daughter of child-bearing age, and she bled, as a human would - as another scalpel was raised, a probe extended to reach into her body. Her daughter turned, then, and smiled - aware of her mother's presence - but the humans saw only Esmund who, angry, snatched the scalpel to slash wildly at throats, faces. The two men in suits came toward him, one - Malin - brandishing a gun, but Esmund was too quick for them as he raged toward them to knock them to the ground, and the carnage - his berserker carnage - was soon over, even as an alarm sounded, the last gesture of one human scientist now lying dead.

Then Esmund, his lover and her daughter were gone from that particular and causal Time and Space, to leave only questions: only more unanswered perplexing questions for Malin and his ilk.

7: Agios Ischyros Baphomet

They - Esmund, his lover and her daughter - rejoiced, and he was with them for what to him seemed a very long time in a place within acausal Time and Space. But it was only a few heartbeats of his dense causal Earth-bound life that passed while he languished in a beautiful blissful timeless eternity where his knowing, his feeling, stretched, or seemed to stretch, from one end of his Earth-containing Galaxy to the other, and where he was, in that singular acausal instant, all life, all living, all beings-coming-into-being, all the living life given and giving birth.

Then he, changed in some way he did not then understand, was back in his, in her, bed, in that bright city penthouse, while her naked and already healed daughter kissed him and he entered her, taking her human virginity, as her mother lay beside them, touching him, one lover to another. He had never known such bliss, such love, such existence, before in his own brief causal existence, and he lingered within her, this young woman, even as his seed seeded her womb which would bring forth a new kind of life. *Agios Ischyros Baphomet, Agios Ischyros Baphomet* he, his very being, intoned.

Causal Space and causal Time slipped again, as he knew they must - and he was sitting outside his modest mud-brick dwelling in the shade of a Palm tree dressed in a galabiyah while, nearby, the younger of his two new young half-Nubian daughters played amid the desert sand and one of his two female domestic helpers carried a large pot to bring back water from the nearby artesian well. His afternoon would be filled with duties, as he instructed his two young male students in the ancient skills and arts of esoteric acausal magick, and - despite his satisfaction with such duties and his role - he still missed his former brief enchanted life in England. It was but a necessary stage - and part of him, most of him, had desired to return with her to her acausal spaces even as her daughter gave birth to their first child. But he stayed, for he was not yet

ready or able of his own free will to forever pass beyond, to exist beyond, the causal; stayed, while she herself returned as she the primal nexion had to return to become the strange life-force burgeoning within them all. Stayed, for he would be, as he now was, the beginning of that hidden reclusive Order which would, when the causal Time was right, emerge as the Old Order faded, crumbled, and died, aided and partly caused by those others of the new half-human symbiotic race who now dwelt with their growing number of children, and human helpers and allies, on every continent on Earth.

Already the presence of this new acausal centre, this spreading nexion, was felt, as her daughter - now his wife, and Nubian - achieved a local, and for the moment, clandestine following, there on the fringes of that desert. Such beauty; such wordless power. Men, women, loved, obeyed her - and she had only to think a thought for them to strive to make it real just as each one of them would willingly, gladly, give their life for her, knowing the blissful acausal life which would await them. Thus it was as it had been, there, once before - and as it would be again, on another planet in another causal Time and Space.

Soon, he would as foretold retreat into his own world of reclusive and secret desert-dwelling teaching to leave her majestic, ageless with her ageless daughters as their influence spread, as it would spread until her, their, causal Earth-bound tasks were achieved. But, for now, he was happy to prepare her way: she who would open, be, the new nexion to presence the acausal fully upon the Earth, bringing thus that futuristic culture, that star-travelling, star-dwelling, culture that many humans had dreamt about, beginning as such a culture was of new explorations into the very acausal itself, explorations which could, which would then in that future causal-time - as it would for Esmund and all of his esoteric kind now when they had achieved their Earthly goal - lead them toward and into the next stage of their journey of evolution.

"You know," Malin said as Zarid lay, in his windowless cell, half-stupefied by the drugs forced into him, "and considering your ancestry you should know, you had it the wrong way round; inverted. We're the good guys."

"Are you? Are you really?" Zarid managed to say. "But you didn't have to kill her or her unborn child, did you?"

But Malin only smiled and left to let three men enter. They did their work quickly, quietly, efficiently, and Zarid was soon dead, only one more casualty of a war that had already begun.

Appendix I

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 διάβολω - 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, שטן, 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 שטן .

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 v [De' bat des he'

raults 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 v

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 satanism 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 v

"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 π ὄλεμον ἔόντα ξυυόν , καὶ δίκην ἔριν , καὶ γινόμενα π ἄντα κατ' ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα . [8]

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen
(Revised 2455853.743)

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 (± 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 (± 30) BCE.

[4] For example - καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραηλ π ἄσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλωμων (3 Kings 11:14)

[5] See the section on Satanism, below.

[6] καὶ ἔστη διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραηλ

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588-89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renaissance 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.]

Appendix II

The Drecc

Note for Newbies:

Drecc is pronounced drek, and Dreccian as in Drek-ee-an. Drecce is an old, almost forgotten, word, and one of its many meanings is evident from the following quote, taken from a very old manuscript: "*Drecth se deofel mancynn mid mislicum costnungum...*"

Section One

Becoming Drecc

Step One - The Pledge

To become Drecc you simply make a pledge of Drecc allegiance and pledge yourself to follow the Dreccian way of life. This can be done in three ways.

First, it can be done by yourself, alone. Second, it can be done with a friend or some friends who also desire to become Drecc. Third, you can join an existing Dreccian tribe.

The Pledge can take place at any time, and anywhere, indoors, or out, and no special preparation is necessary or required, although if desired and practical, it can be undertaken in a darkened area with subdued lighting (the source of which is not important) and with the Drecc symbol - as above - in a prominent position and drawn or reproduced on some material or on a banner.

For the pledging, you - and each other participant, if any - will require a small piece of white paper (the actual size and type of paper are not important), a sharp knife (of the hunting or survival kind) - and if possible, a sheath for the knife - plus a small receptacle or container suitable for burning the paper in.

You - and each other participant, if any - then say:

I am here to seal my Fate with blood.

I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice

Except The Drecc

And that culling is a necessary act of Life.

I believe in one guide, Our Dreccian Law,

And in our right to rule mundanes.

You - and each other participant, if any - then make a small cut on your left thumb with the knife and allow several drops of your blood to fall onto the paper. You then place the paper into the small container, and set it alight.

As it burns, you - and each other participant, if any - then say:

I swear on my Dreccian-honour as a Drecc that from this day forth I will never surrender, will die fighting rather than submit to anyone, and will always uphold The Dreccian Code.

You - and each other participant, if any - then place the knife in the sheath (if a sheath is available), conceal or otherwise carry the knife on you, and forever after keep the knife with you, as a sign of your Dreccian-honour and your pledge of allegiance.

The pledging is then complete.

Step Two - Dreccian Living

Dreccian living is simple, and involves:

- 1) Regarding, and treating, all mundanes (all who are not our pledged Drecc brothers or sisters) as the enemy and whose property, goods, and wealth are a resource we can lawfully use.
- 2) Living, and if necessary, dying by our Dreccian code [see Section Two, below].
- 3) Striving to live each day, on Earth, as if it might be our last.

Section Two

Dreccian Principles and Practices

The Three Fundamental Principles of The Drecc

- 1) Those who are not our Drecc brothers or sisters are mundanes.
- 2) By living and if necessary dying by our Dreccian Code we are the best.
- 3) A person becomes our brother or our sister by making The Pledge of

Dreccian Allegiance and by living by our Dreccian Code.

The Dreccian Code

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our duty - as Dreccian individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is

to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our Dreccian honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

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

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

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

Appendix III

The Joy Of The Sinister

What is the most important - and interesting - thing I can say about the sinister path that I have followed for over thirty years? It is that it teaches us, and enables us, to live life on a higher, different level. That is, *to exult* in life itself: a sinister life is, or should be, one where there is an intensity; where there is action, in the world; where there is a will harnessed to a goal - any goal; a desire to experience, to know; to quest; where there is an arrogant determination to not accept the norms, the answers, the limits of and set by others.

Nothing is too dangerous for us; nothing is forbidden. We experience to test ourselves; to learn.

There is a pushing of one's body to - and beyond - its limits; enduring, to go beyond endurance to that wonderful bliss of almost exhaustion when a goal has been achieved and one has felt, been, an exquisite harmony of mind and body and ethos through sheer concentration on what is being done.

There is the acceptance of challenges - especially by ourselves. And if we have no challenges, we make or create some.

These are the moments - days, weeks - of exquisite pleasure; these are the

moments are an exquisite yearning; these are the moments of an exquisite joy; these are the moments – days, weeks – of an exquisite exultation; and yet a true sinister life is one where there are moments, days, of an ineffable sadness: because one has seen, known, understood, and because one feels more than most other people. There is a symbiosis here which has to be experienced to be really understood; a symbiosis which mere mortals would and do find strange. And it is our will which brings the opposites together and enables us to transcend beyond even these.

What must be accepted by those venturing upon, or following, the sinister path is that we can be so much more than we realize: we have so much potential, physical, intellectual; psychic; magickal; creative.

We who follow the sinister way strive to make our whole life an act of magick; we become magick; we are magick. All true magick is an intimation of what we can be: of what awaits in the next phase of our human evolution. There is nothing complicated about our Way, our dark, chosen, path; there is, in truth, nothing secret about it.

How do you tell who is upon the true sinister path? It is revealed in their eyes; even in the way they walk. There is something slightly dangerous about such a person. There is something about such a person which mere mortals find slightly disturbing; something they cannot quite “work out”, or explain. Such a person is strong, but the depth of their strength is mostly hidden, although many people can sense it in some way. And what is the ultimate end to a sinister life? To die trying to overcome: to be questing even toward the very end.

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(Second Edition)

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