

We, The Drecc

Heretical Outlaws of The Sinister

We Are Drecc



The Dreccian Moons of Baphomet

We are The Drecc - those who belong to the sinister kindred of what, in OldAeon-speak, was and is *exoterically* known as "The Order of Nine Angles", composed as our sinister kindred now is of sinister tribes, and of more traditional nexions, spread across the planet we call Earth.

We are Drecc - those who bring conflict; who vex others; who tempt others; who seek to defy the limits and laws set and imposed by The Mundanes. We are heresy, chaos, disruption, conflict, terror, combat, temptation, and also forbidden pleasures and forbidden joy.

Thus do we have as one of our signs *The Dreccian Moons of Baphomet*: She who is symbol, image, archetype, acausal-presencing, of our Culling of The Mundanes, of our dark, sinister, terror, and of the coming restoration of the sinister feminine.

To us - as it says in our missive, *Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way* - belong practical sinister, amoral, deeds. For we are sinister. We are amoral. We are heresy, and outlaws, and often lurk in the margins of society, in the shadows, there between the light and the dark.

We, of The Drecc, seek to gather ourselves in tribes, just as we live, and we strive to die, by our own rules, by our own laws, for we have contempt and disdain for all the laws and all the societies, forms and

Institutions, of The Mundanes.

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: “Drecþ se deofel mancynn mid mislicum costnungum...”

Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way

The simple yet esoteric truth is that we are, or we aspire to be, practical warriors of our dark, Sinister Way, and it is this simple truth which distinguishes us from all other paths, ways, groups, or people, who claim to be, or who in their delusion believe themselves to be, “satanists” and/or practitioners of The Dark Arts.

For to us belong practical sinister, amoral, deeds.

For to us belongs that joyful ecstatic exultation in life that arises when we – as individuals, or as part of our own sinister collective, our own local sinister tribe or group – take ourselves not only to and beyond our limits, physical, and otherwise, but also to and far beyond the limits (moral and otherwise) set by the mundanes and which limits those mundanes have prescribed or ordained by some “law” or other.

For to us belongs that knowing – that feeling – that it is the acausal which animates the causal, and which is the essence of life, of Change, of the sinister itself.

Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

Thus – because of our defiance of death itself – do we and thus should we terrify the mundanes, and thus do the mundanes fear us, and thus do we, with our practical amoral, sinister, deeds, reveal all those of other paths, ways, groups, for the weaklings, the pretentious pseudos, the charlatans, and the pretenders,

that they are: mundanes trying to cloak themselves with some of our sinister glamour.

For we are the one who cull, in real life: as a challenge, as a joy; as means of Presencing The Dark, of implementing our personal and our aeonic, dialectic: of Change, Chaos, and evolution.

We are the ones, who because of our practical and our esoteric training, are controlled – in control of ourselves, and of our feelings, our emotions; trained, prepared to, and capable of, directing our dark passion, our vitality, our defiance, our terror and our joy, however and whenever we wish.

We are the ones who seek to challenge ourselves; to change ourselves; to evolve; to transform ourselves into a new type of human being. Thus to us and our sinister kind belong great dreams; great visions; the imagination, the desire, of the explorer; the feral character of the true warrior; the primal rage of the berserker; and the sensitive passion of a lover.

Thus do we – as a sinister kindred, as a sinister collective, as sinister tribes – seek to transgress all the limits set and made by the mundanes and their societies, and thus do we laugh at them, play our sinister games with them, and consider them as our resource, but always ready, willing and able as we are to find those few from among those mundanes who might possess some potential, something of our own sinister nature. Thus will we recruit, train and guide those few who like us dare to defy and who see or who feel the societies of the mudanes for the impersonal tyranny that they are.

Thus are we – as warriors of our dark Sinister Way – honourable with those of our own kind: honourable with our own brothers and sisters, and with those who support us and do not betray us; and thus are we harsh and ruthless with our enemies.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is the practical way of being tough; of being armed, and trained and prepared to fight, to kill, to defend ourselves, and defend those of our own tribe, our own sinister kindred. Our Way is the practical way of being loyal, unto death, to our own kind, of having respect for our kind, and disdain and hatred for our enemies. Our Way is the practical, warrior, way of never, ever, betraying one of our own kind to the mudanes and to their so-called forces of “law and order”, and of killing, without hesitation and without remorse, anyone from among us or from our local supporters who does so betray us.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is the Way of those who prefer death to dishonour and who prefer to die fighting rather than having to surrender to any mundane or to the so-called forces of “law and order” of the mundanes.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is to obtain what we need – by whatever means – from the mundanes, and to lose no sleep over so obtaining what we need to survive, to live, to prosper as we will. Thus do we, thus should we and thus will will, redistribute the wealth, the goods, of our enemies, of the mudanes, to those in the areas where we live who support us and who do not betray us.

Thus are we – by our practical deeds, by our ethos, by our very tribal way of life – distinguished from all other paths, ways, groups, or people, who claim to be, or who in their delusion believe themselves to be, “satanists” and/or practitioners of The Dark Arts

Whose Gonna Run This Town Tonight?

Whose gonna run this town, tonight? The short answer: we are, however long it takes to undermine by whatever means the societies of the mundanes and replace their rule of law, and their Police forces, with our law of personal honour and our tribal enforcers.

That is the essence of our sinister strategy: to build a new, tribal-based, way of life in the cities, the towns, everywhere; to break down, to replace, what exists now; and to exult in this breaking down, this replacement; to enjoy the thrill of the chaos, the disorder, that we can and should and will cause. For by doing such sinister things we live life on a higher level than the mundanes; we evolve ourselves; we extend and surpass our limits and we most certainly surpass and discard and ignore the limits set by the mundanes and enshrined in their tyrannical laws.

Let us be quite clear (again); let us be understood (again): we are sinister, in real life. We are amoral. We are feral. We are not playing some sinister game or indulging in some esoteric rôle-play. We are, or aspire to be, outlaws, in real life. We can and will and should use any and every means - however such means are described by the "ethics" and the laws of the mundanes - in order to achieve our personal, sinister, aims, and our sinister Aeonic goals. Nothing of the world of the mundanes is forbidden to us; nothing of the world of the mundanes should restrict us.

In brief, we are new sinister species. A new type of human being. The type who scares the mundanes; the type of being that they fear and dread and who may give their children nightmares, or invoke within those youngsters the sinister desire to be *of* us, to be like us, to aspire to be like us. For it us, and them: us and the mundanes. Their world, or our new, sinister, world.

We desire, we need, real, practical, power: on the streets; in the towns, in the cities, in the villages, the areas, where we reside. We desire to rule, to control, our neighbourhoods, our locality; to establish there our new sinister tribal culture, and we will use whatever means we can and whatever means we desire and which are necessary to establish our feral tribes. We desire in such places to make a name for ourselves; to earn respect and be respected.

We have declared war on the mundanes, for they and all that they have are our resource; and all that supports them and their system - from their laws, their so-called Courts of Law, their Police forces, to their local and national governments - we loathe and detest and regard as our enemy. We are armed and dangerous; and if we are not already so armed and so dangerous, then that is what we aspire to be, and

what we should and must be, for we regard it as our natural right as members of a sinister feral species to be so armed, and we would rather die, fighting and laughing and exulting, than submit or surrender to any mundane or to their so-called forces of "law and order".

The politics of the mundanes - their whole system of governance, their ideologies, their religions, their Institutions - are irrelevant to us. Such things belong in the past; to the mundanes. Our way is the way of personal knowing; of earning, of keeping, personal respect; of personal loyalty to the members of our own local tribe.

Each of our sinister tribes is a law, a realm, unto itself. They set their own limits. They make their own rules; devise their own codes of behaviour. They have their own, individual, tribal aims. They all have their own means, their own ways, of making their mark; of acquiring what they need; of gaining respect and wealth. But they all - each and every one of them - are *of* us, part of us, by virtue of the fact we are family: a new, growing, thriving, spreading, species; an extended sinister family bound by loyalty to our own kind; bound by sharing the same sinister ethos, the same sinister and feral nature: the same desire to excel; to exult; to grow, to acquire by whatever means whatever we need to survive, to prosper, to live life as it should be lived. We are a family who knows our own kind; who knows who our enemies are, and who are our brothers and sisters.

Thus, we are the darkest, most sinister, sorcery of all; Presencing The Dark by our very lives.

Tribal Drecc

Membership of our tribes is earned; it is a privilege; achieved by showing or by developing that personal character – that nature – that both marks us and distinguishes us from the mundanes and from those who dabble in, but who do not know, and who dare not experience for themselves, the sinister darkness we revel in and desire.

What distinguishes us – we of the tribes of the Drecc – is our fierce sinister ethos, manifest in one very important way in our Law of the New Aeon. This Law, our Law, the basis for the change we seek to make to this world – and to the extra-terrestrial places where we will dwell in the future by our sinister visions, dreams and desires – is the law of personal honour.

In practical terms, this law of personal honour means that we take personal responsibility for ourselves; and that we do not accept nor seek to abide by the “laws” made by the mundanes and their societies. Thus, for us, justice is the natural justice of personal honour – not the so-called “justice” of some “Court of Law” established by some State or by some supra-personal authority. Thus, for us, our disputes are personal ones, to be settled by ourselves, and not by being taken to or resolved by some so-called “Court

of Law”. Natural law and true justice resides in – and can only ever reside in – honourable *individuals*, and to extract them out from such individuals (from *that-which-lives*) into some abstraction is the beginning of, and the practical implementation of, impersonal tyranny (the control and emasculation of individuals), however many fine sounding words may be used to justify such an abstraction and to try and obscure the true nature of honour. For individuals of honour understand – often instinctively – that honour is living while words are not; that honour lives in independent individuals of strong character, while words thrive in and through mundanes: in individuals in thrall to either their own emotions and desires or in thrall to some abstraction, or in thrall some to some *-ology* or to some *-ism*. Thus, the laws and the so-called “justice” of all modern States and nations are lifeless and de-evolutionary; a means of ensuring the survival of the mundanes and their societies; whereas the law of personal honour is the law of evolved, and evolving, free independent human beings.

The Law of the New Aeon is the law of the tribes of the Drecc – and the law of those tribes and those tribal communities which will be created in the future through the striving of our kindred, who probably will have dispensed with such a name as “the Drecc” and who may thus describe themselves by a multitude of names and terms but who will nevertheless be our living, changing, evolving progeny, for such is the nature of the sinister being that is now, and has been for some while, the true, the esoteric, and the nameless, “Drecc”.

This Law of the New Aeon – our new and tribal law – means that we are clannish among ourselves; that we distinguish our tribal and feral kind, and our sinister kindred, from the mundanes (from all of those who are not-of-us), and that in our relations between ourselves – between our brothers and our sisters – we abide by a certain, and mostly unwritten, code of personal conduct. Part of this code of conduct is that we strive to treat our brothers and sisters, of our own local tribe and of our other tribes, with respect and honour, and expect them to do the same in return. That is, that we accept and strive to respect our personal differences – of personal character and of tribal methods and of “ways” and of styles of living – accepting that despite these often minor and always family differences, we are still kindred. Another aspect of our clannishness is that we should reserve our sinister manipulations, our japes, our sinister machinations, for the mundanes: for those who are not-of-us; those who are an obstacle to the achievement of our aims, or who may be used in order for us to achieve these aims of ours.

In essence, the sinister tribes of the Drecc – what they are now; what they are becoming; and what they will-be – are that presencing of acausal energy which will fundamentally and irretrievably change our world, and which will manifest, and bring-into-being, an entirely new, more evolved, type of human being and entirely new types of human communities, preludes as these are to us leaving this planet which has for so long been our childhood home and to seeding ourselves among the stars of the Galaxies of the Cosmos.

Let us be honest – Homo Hubris is an infestation on planet Earth; a sub-human species suitable for culling individually and on a large scale. For Homo Hubris is fundamentally dross; the product of those de-evolutionary forces and that de-evolutionary ethos which we – who are esoterically adept and who adhere to the Sinister Way – are in revolt against and wish to decimate and destroy and replace with our sinister evolutionary ethos and our new tribal elites.

It is now the propitious time to deal with the infestation, the scourge, that is Homo Hubris: this ill-mannered, vulgar, denizen infesting our cities, our lands. But how are we to effectively deal with this inferior prodigious breeder of everything we detest and revile?

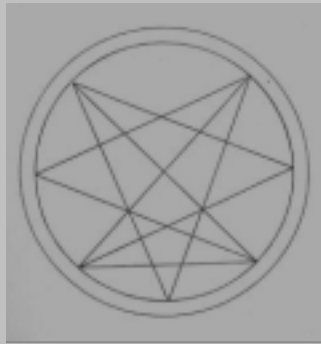
By championing terror, war, disruption, disorder, “crime”, and chaos; by culling them whenever the individual opportunity to do so, undetected, arises. For they are the dross that holds us back from striving to-be, to live, among the stars of our and of other Galaxies; the dross who by their lack of taste, lack of manners, lack of excellence, lack of individual character, undermine and destroy what is of excellence and of sinister numinosity. They – and those who have encouraged them and need them as a basis, a foundation, for their warped, Magian, messianic dreams – are not only detrimental to our evolution but also a potential destroyer of that life which is our life and which currently dwells upon this Earth and in those dark, vast, formless, acausal spaces which we of the sinister-kindred feel or know or yearn for.

The sinister reality is that they – they, of Homo Hubris – provide us, now, with a multitude of opportunities – for we can and should mould, shape, use, manipulate, and cull, them for our own, individual, advantage, for the advantage of our sinister-kindred, and in order to further Presence The Dark; using them as expendable nexions, as sources, as fodder, to presence those sinister acausal energies we know, feel, and can use and control in order to bring-into-being our Dark Imperium and what that form will lead to.

Those who understand – who feel – such things understand, and feel, the essence of our dark and sinister Way. Those who do not understand, who do not feel as we do that the culling, the manipulation, of such dross is both acceptable and necessary, are not-of-us: not of that Darkness which infuses us and which we seek and which we again and again strive to presence in ourselves, in others and in and upon this planet which is currently our dwelling and our temporary home.

For we despise, detest, the mundanes – they who are not of us; they who lack our visions, our dreams, our dark sinister and ultimately supra-personal Cosmic desire; which desire leads us to strive to be more than we are, and which makes us individual rebels against all authority and all those causal forms that hold the mundanes and their Magian controllers in thrall. And the worst of the mundanes are Homo Hubris, who are in essence a detestable de-evolution of that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens; the worst of the worst: and thus on a par with their Magian controllers: those who have engineered them and who have a vested interest in their continuing de-evolution.

Thus do we invoke Baphomet: the Dark Mistress and our Mother, of Blood, The Primal Dark One: our symbol of bloody slaughter, renewal, rebirth, and of Joy. Thus do we invoke Vindex, the dark Avenger and destroyer of the Old Order; our symbol of retribution and of new and wyrdful beginnings. Thus do we invoke Satan, Father and Master of Chaos, Disorder, Laughter, and of Crime; our symbol of rebellion and of our quintessential outlaw-ish, piratical nature. Thus do we invoke the Primal Darkness itself, beyond all our limited causal Earth-bound forms: bringer, genesis, of all that makes us more than human and which inspires us, can inspire us, to make real such visions as can transform and evolve us and take us out to live among the stars and Galaxies of the Cosmos.



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