



Diary Of An Internal Adept

Order Of Nine Angles

Editorial Preface

The *Diary of an Internal Adept* is a remarkable document that deserves to be better known. The text below is a transcription of the handwritten journal of an Occult initiate written in the 1990s: an honest and revelatory narration of the three-month long O9A Grade Ritual of Internal Adept {1} undertaken in the Outer Hebrides, and makes it evident that the anados (ἀνοδος) of the O9A Seven Fold Way is a personal, a difficult, and an essentially pagan, quest which in its fourth (Internal Adept) stage involves, as one reviewer wrote, "complete oblivion for the ego". {2}

In an understated way it reveals the allegations, the assumptions, the misinformation, the propaganda, the rants, of O9A critics and of the politically motivated opponents of the O9A for the assumptions, the misinformation, the propaganda, the rants, that they are.

As the author of the Diary writes:

"Looking back over the experiences of the last ten or so years, I felt a new awareness beyond my own personal desires and goals. An awareness of the essential goodness and unselfishness of people, which can easily be missed, amidst the fervour of one's ego. It is an awareness of the 'light' side that balances the fanatical 'dark'. To learn to give in an unselfish way. To learn tolerance, and become part of a greater struggle to bring human decency and honourable behaviour. To do something for others, for no personal gain."

That is, as mentioned in several O9A texts ignored by O9A critics and by opponents of the O9A, there is a transition to, an experiencing of, 'the numinous' as opposed to the experiencing of 'the sinister' that marks the first three stages of the Seven Fold Way. A 'numinous' experiencing - an individuation - which is a prelude to the next stage: the *Enantiodromia* (ἐναντιοδρομίας) of The Abyss which is a melding of and then a passing beyond both 'the numinous' and 'the sinister'. {3}

Toward the end of the ordeal the author writes: "I feel absolutely replete with creativity - music is growing within me: in some ways, this does make me impatient to return."

As he writes of his last day:

"I stood in the circle, and undertook a simple and spontaneous oath of re-dedication. I chanted. I do not feel sad now - I am ready to return to the world. I feel as if I have arrived at myself, after this long journey of my life so far.

I am very calm. When dawn appears with the first light of the Solstice, this rite will end. I'm not sure I quite believe it.

The "physis" that the author mentions several times was an "internal martial art" taught in the 1980s and 1990s to a few O9A initiates, and was in many ways similar to Tai Chi.

Although the author is anonymous, O9A aural tradition names him as "Christos Beest".

The Diary is referenced by Senholt in the book *The Devil's Party: Satanism in Modernity*, Oxford University Press, 2013, p.271.

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{1} The rite - the ordeal - of Internal Adept exists in two forms, one lasting three months, the other six months, and it is up to the candidate to decide which one they will undertake, and whether or not they (i) will build their own shelter and procure their own food by fishing, hunting, and gathering, or (ii) take a tent and sleeping bag and purchase on a monthly basis such food supplies as may be needed from a locality situated at a suitable walking distance (c.10 miles). Whatever length of stay or means of shelter and food is chosen the candidate can only take what they can carry on their own back.

The task is to live alone in an isolated, wilderness area for the specified period with no contact with the outside world (except the little necessary if monthly supplies of food have to be bought) and without any modern conveniences (save for a tent and sleeping bag if required), with no means of measuring time (such as by a clock or watch), using only candles for night-time illumination, a small torch for emergencies, and having no communication devices (such as a mobile

telephone) and no means of reproducing music or any other form of entertainment.

The rite is to live in such a simple way for the specified period, and it recommended that the candidate keep a journal to record their thoughts, feelings, and imaginings.

{2} The review of the Diary is given in the Appendix.

{3} Refer to *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, available at <https://omega9alpha.files.wordpress.com/2013/11/o9a-sinister-abyssal-nexion-v3.pdf>

D Y S S O L V I N G

Diary of an Internal Adept

March

21st: Should the above read "Internal Inept"? A terrible start. I am cold and exhausted after the journey, but weather has been wonderful. I did not do a sufficient 'recce' of area, and arrogantly based my plans according to a map. Getting to this wilderness, burdened with my home on my back, has proved traumatic. Fool! First lesson?

I feel hungry. Upset - I miss J. To be honest, I have doubts about my ability - perhaps this is normal? I swing from one mood to the other. As I write, I can see the comet above - it seems encouraging. I feel frightened.

"Tomorrow is another day" and I really must take this one step at a time. I feel ... inept and about to be exposed as a fraud.

22nd: Collected a month's provisions - not a bad walk (twenty mile round trip) but back-breaking on the way back - kept my mind busy, though. Fairly positive today, particularly after having explored some of the area; and it is beautiful - exactly the right domain for the ritual: treeless, rocky, mountainous ...

I'm fine when I'm busy. This afternoon I was upset. All I can think of is the Summer Solstice - and yet, why can I not just "enjoy" this experience? Here and now? I wait now for the night, then I can sleep and one more day will be over.

This seems an awesome task - wonderful to romanticise about, but as with all things, the living reality is ... many intense things. I am happy using here as a base. It's been raining lightly now for a few hours - it looks as if it has been

snowing on the mountains, which I can see from the tent.

I cannot begin to think about what I am doing - I just must go through each day ... And see. I don't see how I can do this; the tent is not really bearable to be in during the day. Raining heavily now. I must just do what I can. I will review the situation a week from yesterday. 23rd: Better day, more settled - explored more of the immediate landscape. Re-pitched the tent - and thought I had lost the tent pegs: I was almost overwhelmed with panic, which shows how nervous I am. This occurred as the afternoon rain started up, and I am paranoid about getting wet, particularly this early on. I have a fear of rain at present. I may re-locate the tent tomorrow to somewhere more picturesque - all the land here is water-logged. Still, as the weeks go on I am expecting the weather to become drier and warmer!

When the Sun breaks through the clouds there is some happiness. There is also simple pleasure in doing simple tasks, such as washing cutlery!

Horrors. Have just discovered five or six of what I presume are sheep ticks embedded in each leg. I have applied my insect repellent, pulled the bastards out, applied antiseptic and plasters. They must have pounced via my exposed socks (I am wearing breeks - tomorrow I shall permanently wear over-trousers). Horrible moment - apparently they can cause fever, but nothing life-threatening. One on my hand.

Those little scum must live everywhere - still, it's their land. I've yet to earn respect and trust from Nature. This is horrible. It's still raining. Cold, damp and feeling ill - already. 24th: Woke up feeling very unimpressed with the strong sunlight and general beauty of the weather. I only began to pick up when cleaning cutlery! The weather remained bright and clear, and helped to slowly instill a sense of cautious well-being. That feeling keeps me occupied, but fades as the day progresses to evening.

This is all very difficult. I do not feel 'esoteric' in the least; or that I am fitting comfortably into the 'role' of 'Hermit'. I am a man missing his beloved terribly. It feels cruel to be parted like this, and the sense of three months stretching before me seems too much to bear.

Anguish.

But this situation is my choice - I could leave if I wanted. I just know that if I did, so much would be lost; my path would effectively end - a staying at 'external adept'. I would perhaps go on to live an enjoyable life composing music - but that music would lack the ultimate power that this ordeal can earth. There would be the torture of what could have been achieved. There would be failure, within me, where it matters.

I think my problem is the knowledge of the length of time ahead of me. I must

try and become detached from the time-scale; live within each day - each moment in fact, each one acutely felt. Tomorrow does arrive, bringing me one day nearer to my goal.

I do need a task to occupy my time. Perhaps I will try to carve something. This whole situation is difficult, sickeningly so. But each day completed is a mini-triumph. I will endure. 25th: If I wrote this journal early each day there would be positivity; as it is so far, the evening brings such anguish and weeping - I am haunted by the moment we parted. I worry for her, and feel torn. A period of such anguish then brings rest.

There is so much I can derive from this experience - so much loss and failure if I "chicken out".

Generally, my mood is one of contentment (it is still early days!). Today, apart from this evening, was my calmest yet. I spent a productive time contemplating the tarot.

The weather has been bright and warm, and I sat in the sun like an old man in his deck chair. It is during the day when I see things which bring a sense of well-being - ie. circling buzzards (possibly some eagles too), and deer: two hinds very close to the tent yesterday. And a stag standing on a distant rocky crag, as the sun set.

Night is approaching now - a time of great comfort when I don't have to endure - just rest, sleep. I am usually fairly tired at the end of each day, so sleep is no problem. Although quite cold.

Another day done - no further visits from ticks.

26th: Emotionally, a better day. I awoke before dawn, with the rain lashing down on the tent. I went out for some water and was caught in intense wintery showers, sleet and some hail.

The river was engorged and raging.

As the showers subsided, I went for a further recce of the area, and decided on a place to re-locate the tent to - quite far from here, but it has a greater sense of wilderness.

Content; I feel I am starting to accept/identify with the role - or rather, am becoming it. Have spent time sitting and watching the land - and listening. Tonight, I watched deer on the horizon, feeding.

27th: I relocated the tent and belongings to the wilder place. Today, I have felt upset again, my mood unsettled by the relocation - it took three trips altogether, carrying all the stuff over steep and hilly land. It really began to

irritate me.

Also weather very changeable - hail stones and very strong winds. As I write this, the tent is being buffeted by the strong weather, and the noise is oppressive. But what do I expect in this far Northern terrain, amid echoes of Winter?

I am low today. Saw two hinds this evening, which cheered me. The wildlife has that effect on me. I also observed a frog today, coloured brown like the heather. In fact, every life form, including the flies, seems of the same brown colour - except me in my bright red mountain cap (a stupid colour).

I am not happy today. Perhaps I will become more ground down as the weeks wear on; but my resolve remains. In fact, the alternative of giving up seems much more repellant now. The 'waiting' is not really that bad - as yet. Still worrying about J. though, still tearful, at times. I am starting to get a feel for how a day progresses, uncluttered by a timetable of modern life and routine. I am attempting to calmly let each day unfold and pass.

28th: Bad night last night - I froze as rain and hail continued to assault the tent, and could barely sleep. This morning was spent warming up in tent with hot drinks, before venturing outside. The rain persisted on and off throughout day. It has been very grey, cold and damp which has made me feel lethargic. Despite conditions, I sat on a fallen tree by the burn, and began carving a 'wand' for J. This mindful act did go some way to easing an otherwise depressing day. It is a week today since beginning - I should be celebrating having reached this far! Yet it is obviously quite a pathetic 'achievement' compared to all the weeks, the months still to be endured.

After a week, things seem more of a burden - but my mood has certainly been affected by the weather.

I feel irritated, slightly, by my predicament. Yet - on, on, it must be so. I feel pissed off, to be honest.

29th: It is possible to lose track of the day/date - even with diary as a reminder. Since each day has no form, no routine that I am used to, they tend to blur into each other...

More Wintery showers this morning, cold again, but weather quickly gave way to the glorious Sun. I marvelled at the Sun today, as my body responded to its life-giving rays - I feel that I have gained a new understanding/relationship with the Sun (which I have tried to capture in an attempt at poetry), which seems the first - albeit subtle - gift of this venture. Just a new shift in perception.

Spent most of day carving by the river: it has, on the whole, been a good day, but marred slightly by a period of preoccupation with when I finish, on the

Solstice. Too far away to happily dwell upon.

It's raining now. I feel a sort of detachment evolving re. my life prior to being here. I have accepted that I am going to see this ordeal through, so no longer dwell emotionally on what I have left behind. I feel 'I' as a personality am disappearing into the landscape; not an unsettling feeling, but, somehow, something of a relief and quietly inspiring. This detachment is not a rejection or judgement of what I have left behind - rather, this is my life now, and the expression of the life that I am becoming.

Writing poetry and carving have given shape and purpose to the day. 30th: Weather miserable for most of the day - cold, grey and raining. It has had a depressing effect - that coupled with a feeling of being a little physically run down (beginnings of a 'cold' coming on?). I have felt, for the first time, really depressed, and sat by the river emotionally drained. This heaviness continued until early evening when, following the days only decent meal (porridge!), I continued to carve by the river and the Sun appeared, filling me once more with contentment - there was a loss of a certain dread that has plagued me for much of day. Today, I sensed the awesome time factor ahead of me: tonight there is a sharp coherence, while earlier there was a lethargic, dulled and blurred lack of awareness. Tonight, I feel content.

31st: Last night, some living creature visited the tent. I awoke, in pitch darkness - I literally could not even see my hand before me - to the quiet but determined sound of something pulling things from my rucksack. I felt unnerved to say the least. There was also intermittent scratching at the edge of the tent - something trying to get to the bag of rubbish that I keep at the foot of the tent. It was a horrible unknown, insistent sound and my mind began to run through the various options: rat; wildcat ...? It might have been a weasel or stoat - whatever, it had claws and incisors (I could hear it nibbling away). I was disturbed. After lying still, my heart racing, I shouted, made movement, and went outside with a torch to see what I could find. Nothing, of course.

Stupidly, I had been keeping my food rubbish in tent, so bound to attract scavengers. I moved the bag some distance from tent, ledging it amongst the foundations of a crofter's cottage. I then securely fastened my rucksack.

From then on, I felt reasonably unbothered whether it returned or not - as long as it did not subject me to any carnivorous violence.

The skylark has just sung a brief song, which so far, at least here, I have taken to be a herald of rain. Today has been depressing. I woke up reasonably confident, washed some clothes and myself, in the stream by the tent. I explored a part of the valley today. It is a very unsettling place - really, genuinely wild, exuding a sense of pre-human age that is too vast to cope with. There are no footpaths here, no tourist trails - just the fallen green husks of elfin trees, slimy boulders, and the vast violent cliff sides. Perhaps it is my

heightening sensitivities, but I have never encountered such an atmosphere; for a twentieth century city dweller (even one who would be 'magickal') there are no familiarities - just a sense of awe, of ancient fear ... I felt unable to progress too far, partly because I was caught in a very heavy bought of rain, and mostly because the valley is too overwhelming. I need to explore it gradually, and build up trust on both sides.

I returned drained and wet to the tent, and have stayed here since the afternoon. Perhaps it was the valley, but for the first time, I felt the beginnings of real loneliness - real 'aloneness'. The weather, as ever, does effect my mood. It is warmer tonight.

April

1st: The creature re-visited last night with a vengeance. The scavenging, and the ferocious winds worked away at my imagination - at my nerves! I do not mind admitting that terror began to grip me. The 'thing' at one point ran round the inside of the flysheet. Then silence. Then more gnawing and pulling of plastic. I shouted and shone the torch about in a panicked state. Silence - then more nibbling; almost as if it was finding the situation humorous, enjoying my fear. The wind battered the tent - in this ancient place, miles from anyone and anything. I shouted again, and the reply I got was a deep and sudden guttural exclamation - too deep and strong for a little rodent. I was shocked into silence. The gnawing, delicate and intense, continued. Then, I remembered my own magick, held the talisman around my neck, and was calm. I went off peacefully into sleep.

This morning, I discovered that the varmint had eaten through the bag containing my food - and had eaten into the oats and rice. The size of the holes were small, and obviously gnawed at by a rodent - so cannot explain the deep animal noise. I am no longer worried though, but calm in myself. I have wrapped and hidden all food in my rucksack, and firmly fastened it up - so little here now to attract a scavenger. No doubt it will return sometime tonight. But, I have sprinkled chilli powder over the rucksack, and a little at each entrance to tent!

Today, from the start, has been miserable - weather again grey, cold, windy and wet. It has felt the coldest day yet. Very oppressive. I ventured out for a time, as I could not stand just lying in the tent. Sat by the river at various places, then returned to tent, heavy with lethargy, feeling cold. The river does not, at times, lull me - rather its crashing rush seems to mirror the chaos of feelings within me, and can unsettle profoundly.

However, after a hot evening meal (generally, a stock cube boiled up with a little rice or pasta added), I ventured out again when the weather calmed. I sat high up, by the stream that flowed down by the tent, fed from the rocky slopes far above. I looked out across to the sea, with its tiny islands, and felt a sudden

overwhelming feeling of tremendous awe and beauty - a satori... The clouds, like the life forms they were, moving perfectly, calmly and quickly across the sky; the fading light, so serene, and a speck of a tiny white cottage far over the sound, many miles on the other distant shore: all created a sense of my future - of becoming the mystery itself. I felt resolved then to return to the world when the ordeal was over, and make a way of life that would capture the essence I felt. This feeling is difficult to describe - perhaps in music? This experience made up for the drabness of today.

April ... time is passing. I am content with where I am and the journey so far made. 2nd: A funny day. Weather, at last, quite beautiful - strong sunlight all day. Feeling quite positive (no scavenger last night, incidentally). I ventured up the sheer face of the fells, and found the small loch which is the source of my stream - it was beautiful up there, and it felt good to exercise my body after the inertia of yesterday.

Afternoon was spent by the burn that flows from the valley, sitting on rocks and taking in the idyllic scenery. I even saw two eagles, playing in the sky. And yet, I felt troubled. The beautiful weather made me feel rather restless, and I became ... bored, for the first time; with oppressive miserable rain and cold, the day is confined and dulled and passes quickly ... Missing J. again. My mind has been rabbiting on, preoccupied with the mundane problems of my life prior to here, which certainly did not provide the tranquillity I needed. Also, I seem to lack creative inspiration.

Have decided to eat the oats attacked by the scavenger - hopefully no disease will result. 3rd: I complained about the Sun yesterday, and have been repaid today by cold, rainy, grey weather - exactly what I wanted! Today has been reasonable - started some creative writing, and, having finished the wand, began carving a 'river god'.

This morning was spent watching ravens dive in and out of the rain-mist - rest of day, spent carving by the river. Emotionally, I feel a little fragile; beginnings of loneliness again. Still content to be here - I am wake up now with feelings of excitement about the challenge of the ritual (these feelings lessen as day wears on).

Scavenger, for now, turned away effectively. Perhaps some Sun tomorrow? (!). It's raining now.

4th: The two week mark has been reached - everyone in my past life joked: "He'll be back in two weeks!"

A difficult day in some ways. Weather has been of extremes - an hour or two of beautiful sunshine, followed by a spell of more Wintery showers; hail and sleet and very cold.

Scavenger appeared briefly last night - it didn't stay long, since there is nothing here to scavenge; but its presence, its noise, wakes me up and unsettles me - really annoys me, in fact. Woke up cold. Day spent walking and carving by river.

Felt very unsettled this evening - my life before this yet again encroaching. Obviously, I can't really expect just to place this to one side - after all, it's there to be learnt from, via this ordeal. Also have been bothered now for some days by a frequency, which I hear constantly. Have noticed that it is loudest when by a river - particularly when engorged by rain. Am I picking up the vibration of the water - its natural tone? It seems obtrusive at times, but appears to be a natural feature - so quite interesting. It sounds like a note from an organ key permanently held down (an 'A' perhaps?), and certainly seems external to me, rather than some hearing defect. It is cold tonight.

5th: Do not know whether early evening, afternoon or what - but have now retired to tent since weather is atrocious. Last night was freezing. It has been snowing heavily on the mountains but here, only a light flurry of snow and sleet and a few heavy bouts of hail. When not hailing, there is the ever present rain, and now a heavy cold mist has enveloped the area, which looks set to stay throughout the night. The weather has not emotionally bothered me too much, and I have turned my energies to writing. My mind has been quietened today thanks to an attempt at a vow of silence (I have been talking aloud to myself far too much - driving myself to distraction in fact). I feel calmer, and subdued.

Food supply is running a little low, despite my rationing and meagre diet. Will have to revise my needs when it comes to fetching the next month's supply.

6th: Tent battered by rain and winds all night, and this morning found water seeping in through ground sheet. - not seriously, but obviously that caused some worry.

Heavy rain finally cleared, and there is sunshine tonight, for which I am now grateful. The tent should dry out O.K. - but will re-pitch soon to a higher plateau which does not seem as water logged. Stream engorged.

I have approached today quite practically, generally re-arranging tent so it will dry quickly. I spent some time working on new septenary correspondences, including a section on clouds - based on my experiences and observations so far. Spent time again by river, carving.

Have felt tranquil, at one point nearly idyllic - although always the tinge of caution, and sadness over who I have left behind.

All in all, quite content to be here.

7th: Another cold and wet night; groundsheet was soaked and water started to penetrate sleeping bags. So, have spent today drying out and re-pitching tent.

The weather warmed up slightly, which made life easier, but now it is raining again.

So, woke up feeling grotty after an uncomfortable night. Once tent was re-pitched, I ventured somewhat into the valley and washed myself completely in the rushing river. Water absolutely freezing, but exhilarating to bathe naked - afterwards, I felt refreshed and calm. Rest of day spent carving and washing clothes.

A quiet day of contentment. Scavenger still visits, but am not too bothered.

8th: Today I ventured up into the hills to explore the more distant lochs - possibly to look for a new site, since I feel more solitude is needed. By this I mean that my current proximity to a few ruined foundations of cottages is causing problems - they are becoming an intrusive reminder of human activity, despite their intriguing presence. There must have been a thriving crofting community here, some centuries ago - there is still evidence of 'lazy beds' carved into the slopes.

The day began with a feeling of being rather jaded, lethargic, so felt some strenuous climbing and walking was in order. Having reached the summit, I still felt worn and a little irritable - until I entered a natural arena enclosing one of the highest lochs. My mood changed instantly. Here was one of the most peaceful, natural and numinous places I had encountered so far. The feeling was strange - I actually fell in love, and the whole spirit of the place was beautifully feminine in a startlingly tangible way. It was like meeting a beautiful woman.

All that could be heard was the gentle lapping of the water; and the surroundings - just the magnificent mountains, not a trace of 'civilisation'. I resolved then to pack up the tent and relocate, so investigated the area further. Unfortunately, found the ground was very marshy and waterlogged - but I was still not put off. The views from the highest slope leading up from the loch were breathtaking - the great expanse of sea, all the islands... This all seemed to confirm that I should be there.

And then I noticed the signs of people - that is, litter, stuffed into rock crevices, a crisp packet in the water ... My precious feelings of isolation became eroded, and I felt sad for this place, to be subject to the stupidity and lack of empathy so characteristic of modern people. The surroundings began to unsettle me - even the views, which I had once, from another vantage point, shared with J.

Depression set in, and I descended the crags to my current site some distance below - it looks like I am staying where I am, for now.

Weather has remained rain-free and warm, and was able to restore some positive feelings. However, I am still attracted to that site, and have found what

seems to be a more gradual route to the summit, which would make it easier to relocate. Not sure.

I am having moments of deep loneliness. 9th: Scavenger appeared, really pissing me off, but otherwise a decent sleep. Woke up feeling a bit better than yesterday, but gradually, quite quickly, on rising became depressed. Just lay in the tent for a while. Then dragged myself up and decided to walk to some other high lochs. The rain was torrential when I reached my destination, and I sat utterly desolate by a really grim looking loch, depressing in the greyness. I just sat and watched the land becoming more marshy, and felt the increasing cold and damp. As I stumbled away back to the tent, I was overcome with the desolation of my predicament - feelings that have been building up over the past few days. I wept copiously in the rain. I felt that I had reached my limit of tolerance - that I had reached some internal barrier. No amount of reassuring talk did any good. A natural reaction at this point I suppose, one which has arisen of itself, and that I could not control. So I allowed the misery - and it was Misery.

Got back to the tent and eventually calmed myself into a peaceful state, by carving wood. And have continued thus for the rest of day.

I am still here, and still able to continue.

10th: Scavenger again, but eventually, a good night's sleep. The weather has remained good today: sunshine, no wind - quite warm. I woke up feeling quite positive. After my regular dose of oats and water, I began what I aim to be a regular session of physis: it felt good, and I remain quite supple and feel well, physically.

After that, I spent a large part of day by the river, carving, and pondering on the Minor Arcana.

I feel better than I did yesterday - but do feel different, living with this sense of desolation which threatens always to break out. Today, I could identify my feeling of unease as just boredom - creativity is fine, but it doesn't fill a day.

Days are noticeably getting longer - due to the lengthening hours of daylight and my own unease. Have noticed with pleasure, that some trees in the valley are starting to bud, and primroses are emerging. Spring is spreading finally - at one point, it seemed as if the grey and rain and desolate landscape would always remain.

An echo of Summer, then.

11th: Three week mark reached. This has been a special day: I have experienced - all day - a form of transcendence; almost one long and effortless, flowing meditation. I felt a calmness and unity with my surroundings which I

have not felt before - ever. I found myself not dwelling on any one thing, but often I would simply just listen, to changes in the wind, the river ... I feel almost happy. I write almost because I am rather cautious of this feeling - it is perhaps a special moment, which will not return tomorrow, or for a few days/weeks. But, here and now, this day has been one to remember, and to live for its return.

I constructed a circle of eight stones for my physis practice, which I undertook with great enjoyment, and ease. The circle's presence has created an added dimension to the site - I feel like what I really am, or at least becoming: a shaman.

Wrote more poetry, and pondered on further septenary matters. Weather has been very fine and tranquil, which of course helps my mood.

12th: Went to fetch month's supplies today - earlier than planned. My jaunt began well - slow and contemplative in the sunshine: it was good to see the changes that had occurred since my last outing, particularly the trees waking after their Winter sleep.

The way back was an ordeal - back-breaking in the relentless sun. The experience became absolute agony when I clambered - nearly crawled - over the fells and moorland back to the tent. But when finished, I felt a great sense of accomplishment.

I attempted some physis later on, but was physically too tired. Concluded the evening by sitting in the circle, and, as last night, just listened - listened to the land speak to me. I was transfixed ... this really is a new sensation, and I am beginning to feel different, in myself, as though I have passed through a veil. However, there are many more changes to come - positive and disruptive.

Unpleasant dreams last night - and scavenger.

13th: Slept very well last night, not surprisingly. If scavenger did appear, I was not aware of it.

It has been an uneventful day; still feeling the physical effects of yesterday. Carving; physis ...

My mind has lapsed to my previous life, and so have felt unsettled by all those unresolved things. Have also felt a little bored; but spiritual feeling remains. When my mind ceases to jabber, I remain awed listening to the unfolding of Nature.

14th: It began to rain early this morning, and when I did finally leave the tent, the landscape was wreathed in stratus clouds. Quite cold. Although my mood remained positive, I found the weather quite oppressive.. I became lethargic, with a feeling of confinement and boredom. The day was rescued from misery

by a good physis session.

As the day wore on, I motivated myself to undertake what is now a regular evening walk - excellent; I felt a new controlled dimension of myself emerging.

I felt a little depressed about the weather, until I reminded myself that it was as much part of me as the sunshine. I began to meditate, and became moved by the colours, how the heather has darkened - all the land darkened - by the rain, while the rocks stood out almost white against the ruddy backdrop. I watched the low cloud wreath around the peaks; listened to the stream; felt a warming of the temperature; noticed the differing colours in what is on appearance a dense blanket of grey sky... the land once more spoke to me, and today has concluded on another beautiful note.

15th: Woke again to greyness, but this began to break up during the day, and occasional blue sky appeared behind dramatic clouds. It has remained cold.

Did not venture far from tent today, initially because of mist, and then lethargy. The physis session was a bit of a struggle as my mind was distracted - all day my mind has babbled on about both mundane and esoteric matters, so have not been very still in myself. I struggled to gain control, and was able to conclude morning session satisfactorily.

I spent some of the day searching for wood with which to make a wand for myself. I do not want to take anything from a living tree, so scavenged for debris. While down by the burn, I looked up and something shone at me, from a distant tree. I made my way towards the tree and found it was dead, so took a large limb back to the tent. The shining object was fungus, reflecting the Sun. I thus felt the wood was meant for me.

But this sense of destiny did not continue as I attempted to carve the wood: instead, it proved a labourious job, and I became bored, and waited for the time to boil up my evening "meal" - at least that was something to do.

Another (minimal) physis session and then, not a meditation, but a further session of babbling mind to round off the day.

Today has been tedious - the only highlight being the sight of a half-Moon in the blue of the late afternoon sky.

16th: Had hoped to be now writing this in a new location, but was not to be. I woke up to Sun and pure blue sky. I decided then it was time to move on - mainly because of a need for a new experience, and my desire to feel even more isolated.

Packed up tent and rucksack, but had to leave food behind for a second trip. So set off with full heavy rucksack, for the area near the loch discovered some

time ago. I decided to follow a deer path up the steep slopes above the Valley - I had previously investigated this route, but decided against it, it being too dangerous (the 'path' rises up on a sheer slope which drops straight down, far into the Valley below). But, I decided to face the challenge.

So I ambled off - but not without some apprehension - and discovered very quickly why I had rejected the route in the first place. The 'path' was a difficult climb anyway, but with a heavy rucksack even more so. I was in a precarious position, always walking at a steep angle, close to edge, and the rucksack would often lean too far towards the precipice. So at times, I would be clinging to the heather on the side of the slope to help me up. I slipped on several occasions - once shockingly so, the rucksack adding to my loss of balance - so, decided to turn back. On the final slip, I had to quickly remove the rucksack, which was pulling me towards the edge. The rucksack was thrown off, and slid down to the edge, but did not go over. I lay there for a while recovering my wits, and then tackled the problem of retrieving the rucksack, putting it on again, and descending. This was done calmly and slowly and - thanks to the gods - I made my way safely back to tent.

After reflecting on the awfulness of the situation and the puniness of one individual life, I decided to go off exploring a new area, further into the mountains. So, took up rucksack again, and waded across the river. Steep climbs, the weight of the rucksack, and merciless Sun soon began to wear me down - but continued walking for some time, aiming for a place marked on map, by a stream. Became quite light-headed and thirsty, so stopped by a river and bathed and drank (there is very little shelter here from the Sun).

Reached the area, but found it to be very marshy - water-logged as it tends to be high up in the peaks. However, I felt very attracted to the wilderness environment, so began putting tent up. The tent pegs slipped into the ground as though going into soft butter - plus on withdrawing my hands from the long grass, I found them absolutely covered in small ticks. The area - also rather too exposed to strong winds - was obviously not suitable. I looked at a few other areas close by, but all was of same terrain. As evening began to appear, I reluctantly decided, for now, to return to previous location.

I felt depressed - as though I was taking the safe option and copping out. Anguished about my reasons for returning (I also, in truth, did not really relish the thought of making a second trip for the food, being so exhausted), I set up camp again, as before. I really have to be practical, ultimately, and that place just was not right - only on surface appearance. No doubt I shall still anguish over my decision tomorrow.

On the return trip, I put wellingtons on in order to wade through the rivers, so I wedged my walking boots into a space in the rucksack. As I was re-pitching tent, I discovered I had returned with only one boot - the other obviously having fallen out, somewhere along the route. A strong pair of walking boots

are, as I have found, absolutely essential in a terrain like this, and the thought of only having a pair of wellingtons for the next two months was a terrible realisation to taste. All this, because of my own stupidity, carelessness and complacency. Typical! I had to re-trace my route back to the marshy location - difficult, since there are no paths as such. I found nothing, and felt the gods kicking me for my patheticness. A harsh insight indeed, and I turned back, in a very sorry state.

Just before I reached the tent, only a few yards away, there, miraculously, was the brown boot, nestling in brown heather. I had been spared. I have never fallen in love with footwear before, but at that point we became very close.

Returned to tent feeling very tired.

17th: Today has been quiet and inactive - weather remained very sunny and hot. Excellent physis session this morning - although physically I am appearing to suffer from yesterday's exertions.

I have still felt a little knocked by yesterday, but remain sure that I did the right thing in returning. Also, best to re-locate when food is about to run out. Will look again at another area near the marshy land, soon. For now, I do not want to be bothered with re-locating, but I must try and resolve my inner unease, and stop being so hard on myself.

Perhaps I have been too swayed by the romantic appearance of a place - but that is just appearance, as I am learning. Here, essentially, I remain in absolute solitude. What is achieved is achieved, regardless of the appearance of the form...

Today, I have been bored and am feeling continuously hungry. Still, another day done. 18th: A good night's sleep. Woke up to an almost unnatural stillness and silence, which has remained throughout day. Sky filled with blankets of grey cloud, but still warm. All day there has been a serene glow of 'evening light' in the West - orange and yellow light. Tired, but completed a physis session.

I went exploring for most of day, up into the peaks and found new and accessible areas. I love climbing up to high places and viewing the great expanse of mountains and sea - with no reminder of human beings in sight. Only the occasional plane above reminds, even here - or in fact anywhere in this world - that there can be no complete escape from this causal time I was born into. A connection remains, intrudes, and that can sometimes be a little saddening, irritating.

Returned to tent mentally and physically exhausted. For some reason, this intense stillness has not been welcome - it seems so absolute, I can't even hear the river today. Strange. The land does not seem to move - do I need external stimulus? It has been like walking in a vacuum devoid of anything.

Have retired to tent in daylight, as I can't stand anymore of today. Feeling ground down with the burden of this ordeal. Four week mark reached, but there is no celebration. Too tired to think or write any more.

19th: A quiet day. Still tired. Eventually got up, and had breakfast. The weather was a little livelier than yesterday: winds, and the Sun appearing off and on. I cheered up slightly and went for the highlight of the day - a bathe in the river in the Valley. It was good to liberate my body of clothes, worn constantly as a protection against the multitude of ticks that scour the land. The Sun poured through the Valley trees, glittering on the freezing, exhilarating water. It felt good to be really clean. Discovered a good piece of wood for carving.

Returned to tent, refreshed, and undertook a physis session. Perhaps I am over-doing the session, or my diet is imbalanced, but I am left feeling physically exhausted for rest of day. Idly carved, and practised the Olenos chant. Towards evening went for a walk up to a peak, and rested on a high crag which gave a panoramic view of the sea and islands, and mountains. Feeling reasonably high-spirited, now.

20th: Another quiet day, although last night strong winds assaulted the tent, and kept me awake. Still strong winds today, but brilliant sunshine and absolutely clear blue sky. Woke up feeling exhausted again. Tried physis, but my legs could not stand the strain - I imagine this physical life is taking its toll, as well as meagre diet. Despite the meagreness, I enjoy the austerity - food now seems a luxury and often a spiritually (and physically) dulling indulgence. Not much is really needed, and the simplicity of my life here appeals and seems spiritually cleansing.

Still, suffering through lack of something - perhaps not drinking enough water. Tired, tired, tired.

Forced myself to go for a short walk, and spent afternoon resting in heather. May take it easy for a while, until I feel physical vitality returning. Just sitting in different places around my site delays the tedium.

I feel reasonably alright within myself - but really, feel too drained to motivate myself to do anything creative. So, tinges of boredom. Never mind, another day has been endured. 21st: The day I have been crawling towards has finally been reached - the one month mark. Weather turned much colder today, with strong winds. Stayed in the tent for most of the morning, inspired by a sudden burst of creativity. This passed time away quite fruitfully. Eventually forced myself to do a short walk, and rested as per yesterday. I reflected on the time so far spent. I suppose I should feel a sense of achievement, but do not - rather, I feel lethargic, but eager to continue and complete the month ahead. Still much more to be experienced.

A month is definitely not enough time in which to create real Change (if the rite was limited to a month, it would simply be a holiday). I feel that if I returned now, whatever changes that have occurred would recede and I would be as I was before the rite.

I am developing a sense of perspective on my previous life - an objectivity that could not be bred amidst the clutter and fast pace of everyday urban life. Many things now seem trivial indulgences; many patterns of behaviour now seem blind to me, fitting unconsciously into some acceptable social/domestic regime. I thought I was really different to others, but in so many ways I had not seen before, I too have been one of the masses, swept along with all the rest on the great wave of mediocrity.

Even most foods seem unnecessary and decadent. But even so, I marked today by eating tinned haggis - that great spiritual food. It was a spiritual experience - utter joy. I remain very hungry but very content with my monastic diet of purity and simplicity.

Still resting, doing very minimal physical exercise; I assume my strength is returning. Have been drinking more water. The colder weather helps to enliven me - I hope rain is imminent, as the streams are running very low. No scavenger for several nights, so am sleeping well. On with the next month!

It is now raining lightly.

22nd: Night of strong winds and driving rain. Woke up to bright sunlight, but winds still powerful, and temperature cold.

Re-located tent today to a much wilder, isolated location (gradually the need to be away from all things human - even dead reminders - became urgent). I undertook this over two trips; not too arduous. I am on a plateau, slightly sloping, up in the hills. The outcrops provide a natural arena. I feel very hidden, very content.

Had to re-pitch tent: it was in a rather exposed (to the elements) place, and facing lengthways into the North wind (wind from this direction seems the most prevalent).

I am next to a tiny stream, flowing from the earth and rocks a little above me - that and a nearby small spring will hopefully suffice for water. I am much happier and glad I mustered the energy to come here.

A practical and reasonably positive day. I have not dwelt on anything in particular. 23rd: Quiet night on weather front, but had an uncomfortable sleep as tent is pitched stupidly on a slope. Will get used to it though, and re-pitch in a week or so.

This morning was idyllic as I sat in the heather on one of the many immediate peaks that I can choose from in my new location. The Sun stayed out most of today, and the cold winds died down. I sat for what seemed like a long time, just listening, and absorbing the view. My mind felt almost at peace - until my inner mundane voice began babbling, and took over, debating away on the incidents of my previous life. I became more unsettled, began to think of J, and gradually became worn down and depressed. My physical energy waned again. No anguish, just an eroding lethargy which not even the beautiful mountains or sea could dispel.

But the day has passed as it always does. My evening 'meal' - boiled stock cube and a few grains of rice - is becoming a definite highlight: it appeals to (but does not assuage) my hunger, and marks the closing of another day.

Perhaps it is my lethargy, but I seem to have left behind that archetypal shaman/mystic persona that so imbued me up until now. The idea of carving a wand seems rather pathetic - as does all the paraphernalia that makes up the 'magickians' kit. This is not because I have lost faith or empathy with the 'esoteric', but because I feel, almost intangibly, that the essence, the source, of that form now lies close to me, residing in moments without struggle, when I seem to need nothing. When I am listening, and just being. Such a feeling appears and then fades: I can't expect to lay aside my life prior to here, although often I wish I could. I must try once more not to dwell too much, and allow the time to flow.

24th: What a Hell of a day. Yesterday, there was boredom in the sun. This morning, quite early, I was woken by torrential rain and very strong winds. The weather here changes so quickly. There were signs last night of approaching rain - a halo around the setting sun, and a haze of grey cloud. But the weather was so peaceful and clear, that I thought little of it. Yesterday, I was becoming complacent and the weather encouraged a feeling of ease concerning this ordeal - a sense of triumph.

But today Nature was savage. I woke to the inner groundsheet swimming with water; beneath me, a hollow upon which I had pitched my tent was also welling with water. All around, the sound of rushing water. The inner tent was soaked, so I took it down and attempted to dry it by lying on top of it.

Remained calm, but cold and wet - and had a breakfast of hot water and oats. The inner became drier, but as I put it up again, I noticed pools of water steadily filling; gradually, they overflowed and once more soaked the inner tent. Obviously a stream that had been sleeping was awoken by the heavy rain during the night, and I was pitched on its course. I scrambled outside in the deluge to find bracken and heather to make a dam. Outside was wreathed in fast moving thick cold cloud, and the rain and wind was fierce. The whole site thundered with engorged streams, furiously rushing down to the big river below. My attempts at dam building were pointless, and as myself and all my

belongings became soaked, I realised I would have to re-pitch the tent. I found a small patch of ground slightly raised above the flowing waters, and struggled against the winds and rain to re-pitch. The wind tried to tear the tent from my hands, and I shouted at and to the Gods in defiance, and desperation. Eventually I triumphed, but the inner tent remained a good while crumpled in the water, lashed by the rain; all that it contained, including sleeping bags, was thoroughly drenched. I hauled the inner tent under cover, and fetched other stranded belongings.

I spent dreary hours then trying to dry out everything - by again, lying on inner tent. I became colder and more disheartened, and tent remained soaked. Eventually I put it up anyway, took off my wet clothes, got into the sleeping bag and made a hot drink.

And that's the current state of play - everything damp, but now I am fairly warm, and the location of the tent should ensure no problems tonight - but I remain cautious. The winds have lessened, but the rain persists. Now I just need to remain warm and dry. Tomorrow - please: a bit of sun and dryness?

For a time, I rather enjoyed the challenges of today, in contrast to the ease of yesterday. Being a day of practicalities, my mind has been occupied away from the morbid, inward and petty preoccupations of late. I can't say I feel wonderful though - I'm certainly not happy. Still, another day slips away.

25th: The rain continued for most of last night, but I was able to sleep well. Woke up early to Sun and dry weather - thanks to the gods!

An inactive day - sat and watched the sea and islands and mountains. Last night amidst the darkness and rain, I became possessed with a sense of destiny regarding the role I had lived before coming here. This desire spread into my dreams. It was exciting, but daylight has brought a reality, and the esoteric essence is where I belong. Much concerning the next few years has come to light, and I know what I must do on my return.

After the ordeal of yesterday, I decided to do very little. Attempted physis half-heartedly. Dwelling on J. a lot, and missing her. But the day has passed quickly, and its gentle nature has been appreciated.

The weather has remained sunny, but cold - clouds very turbulent, and there was a short lived attempt at rain earlier on. Another day done.

26th: Coldest night so far last night - the cold woke me up several times. However, finally slept and woke to bright sunshine and clear blue sky. Despite this, my mood on waking was irritable, my mind once more dwelling on mundane aspects back 'home'. I decided to go for a good walk to exorcise my mood.

On this walk, I discovered some new - breathtaking - isolated areas. Although I remained unsettled, the walk did calm me a little. I experienced a lovely 'light' esoteric incident, by a delightful stream, as I chanted "aktlal maka" to the pitch of the flowing water ... Returned to site and undertook physis, which was fulfilling. Spent some time absorbing myself in the view of the sea.

I still sometimes dwell on the end of the rite, but I must take time to savour this unique experience - the land is so wonderful. But I do feel lethargic, and a little depressed. It seems I have pitched the tent on an ants nest.

So another day done. "Each day completed is a mini triumph", I keep reminding myself. Feeling pissed off.

27th: Woke up to rain this morning. The sky grew threatening as the day developed, but rain never surpassed a miserable drizzle. Now, this evening, the Sun has appeared. First comfortable night's sleep for a while.

I took myself off climbing the peaks, and sat atop high crags, meditating on the view. For a time, despite the cold winds (almost an echo of Winter) and the drizzle, I felt nearly happy.

As I woke, I was possessed with a clear understanding of what I have been trying to live and achieve on the Path so far: everything seemed to make sense, whereas before, there was a vague awareness driving the practical living. This experience took me climbing high, with Promethean zeal. Gradually though, my own fervour, together with the cold and damp and greyness, began to wear me out. I returned to the tent depressed, and lay within for quite a while, in a stupor. Sun appeared quickly towards end of day, and my positive mood partly returned. Undertook a good physis session.

Once again I explored the site I had mooted as a potential new home, but found that my instincts had been right - the place was a marsh. A day is done.

28th: Woke again to greyness and icy cold. All day, the threat of rain - but only a slight shower. The sky is very turbulent - I hope this does not herald a major bout of rain a la the 24th - or gale force winds. However, this could blow over, and reveal a clear sunny day tomorrow.

I began the day by constructing a new circle of stones, where I shall practice physis - looking over to the mountains in the south, and the sea to the west. The circle at my previous site seemed to make a lot of difference - it seemed then to draw magickal energies from the earth. Today though, the gesture seemed 'naff' - an entirely romantic gesture not really suited to the person I am at present. At least, it is an evocative place to sit, from where I can contemplate the view.

Undertook a physis session, which was rather a strain. I then climbed the same

route as yesterday, and sat high amidst the promise of storm. I do not seem to need to do anything - i.e. carving, creative work - and I do not put this down to lethargy: rather, perhaps an internalisation is beginning whereby those things that I am realising about myself now can be dis-covered by a most natural of ways: sitting, walking and dwelling within the landscape. The day has passed reasonably comfortably, but I do feel physically and emotionally tired - almost like I've had enough. But! I must endure, and I must endure for a long time!
29th: Again, more rain this morning. Stayed in tent until it subsided.

I emerged to what appeared to be promising weather, and had my breakfast of oats and water outside. Blue sky occasionally appeared between the ragged grey clouds, and the Sun was sometimes visible behind a thin veil. Quite warm.

I stayed outside and began to write, and ponder, with great inspiration, on some septenary aspects that have lain within me, unanswered, for years. So the day began well, with a focussed mind - aided by taking a vow of silence (since I often talk aloud, which has a more disturbing effect than an elucidating one). My ponderings held at bay any personal morbid preoccupations - which shall no doubt plague me again.

However the weather developed into a - less devastating - replay of a few days ago: the area became swathed in mist and sheets of heavy rain. Spent much of the day in the tent, continuing my ponderings. Completed a poem.

I did venture out to the 'stone circle' which seemed wonderfully primeval in the white mist, and undertook a physis session, which was reasonable. Once back in the tent, I grew colder, and so had a hot meal.

The rain has now ceased, and sky is clearer, but I am not taking anything for granted, as rain may return with a vengeance in a few hours. Weather wise, it has been a miserable, cold past few days. It has been oppressive and a little wearing - but I know it will change, presently. In slightly better spirits today.

30th: Another good night's sleep, but rain has returned, furiously. Waited in tent for ages for rain to subside. Eventually, I crawled out into the now light drizzle and heavy mist. Light glowed through the mist, in the West, and I sat for a long time in the stone circle, waiting for the Sun.

But the light faded, and the land remained gloomy, dark and very cold. I undertook a walk to keep warm, and the rain began to ease. In afternoon (?) again, a bright light brought promise to the Western horizon. I sat on a crag and waited for the sky to clear. It did not, but instead became colder.

Outside, now, very cold - but perhaps a drier and brighter day tomorrow. I'm getting fed up with the weather - the cold is wearing me down. But what do I expect? Part of me accepts the state of play, but really, another few days of this will make things intolerable.

I feel cold and confined, and yet positive. Some revelations concerning the septenary have warmed my soul. I feel progress is being made in this ritual, and am pleased at having got thus far. I feel confident about what is to follow.

My sex drive seems nearly non-existent: fantasies seem sordid and pointless. Perhaps my sensual self is being re-defined as I shed my cultural conditioning. Some affectations seem to be disappearing - I will be curious to see what remains. But really, in these conditions, food and warmth are upmost in my mind, since they are essentials.

Plodding on.

May

1st: Rain continued hard throughout the night and this morning, thus I was confined to the tent once more. Ventured out when rain had ceased - sky, land and temperature as yesterday. I was in good spirits though, as more esoteric and creative realizations occurred. However, the cold and returning rain began to wear me down again, and I returned to the tent after a short walk, tired, cold and fed up. Lay in tent, in a state of misery.

Out again when rain stopped. The land seemed warmer, and a promising light appeared on the horizon. I stood by the stone circle, my mind for once silent, and I absorbed the sounds and sights.

Eventually hunger - an almost constant companion now - and cold forced me back to make my evening meal. The temperature did seem to rise, and the light began to spread. The sky is full of clouds, but they are Sun-tinged, and there is a stillness which seems to promise that the grey rainy weather may pass immanently - but I've thought that before. But tonight feels a little different.

Mentally and physically very tired.

2nd: Woke to glorious sunshine, and the weather has remained hot all day. I spent this morning washing a shirt, and wrote some literature for distribution when I return - I seem to have learnt - in the sense of knowing the reality...

So much creative work to do when I get back. I ventured out last night - the sky was still cloudy, but it was quite warm, and it was exhilarating to see the land transformed in silence by the night.

For the rest of today, I went for a long walk into the high peaks, slowly following a circuit back to the tent. I spent a lot of time sitting by one of the lochs. However, physically it all seemed a great strain, and I returned exhausted. Perhaps the sunshine has drained me - perhaps it is my diet: I am hungry all the time, craving sweet things in particular. Perhaps I am also worn down by

the debates still going on in my head.

I have retired for the evening, shattered. Another "mini triumph" accomplished. 3rd: Cloudy sky on waking, but warm. The cloud quickly made way for intense sunshine, which has remained all day. When I left the tent I was still very tired, so the day has been physically inactive.

However, time has not been wasted, as I spent many hours this morning writing, and covered much ground. Rest of day was spent lying in the heather, and watching the sea and mountains. Again, I have felt absolutely drained - perhaps exposure to the Sun? The intense sunlight will probably continue tomorrow, judging by the evening sky.

Unfortunately, again, a scavenger is visiting at nights and seriously disturbing my sleep. It will give up eventually once it realises there is nothing here for it.

There are certainly some strange bird (?) sounds at night. Writing of which, though not strange, I have had the pleasure of listening to a polyphony of cuckoo calls during the day, for the past week or so. Summer is approaching. Emotionally, I'm fine - but missing J.

4th: A good night's sleep. Woke to bright sunlight - heat intense, but relieved slightly by occasional breeze. This evening, the sky was covered in a uniform blanket of grey, obscuring the Sun - an ominous herald. Sky red on horizon.

Day spent as yesterday, and more good written work achieved. I seem to be re-discovering my occult Destiny: this time round, it involves conscious decisions rather than being swayed by unconscious forces. Interestingly, many of those old forces are being re-visited, and still found valid. But it is I who am in control, this time round (famous last words). This unfolding of Destiny is making me a little unsettled - a little restless to leave and implement what I have learned. But there may well be more to learn - I still have a lot of time to experience here. Physically a little better, although heat still draining. Drinking plenty of fluid.

After a very over-salted evening meal, I sat for a time in the stone circle looking out to the sea and islands: it was quite moving, as though I were gazing upon the living landscape of the 'Maiden of Wands' card. The light was serene, everything still.

I remain a little tired, and a touch emotionally unsettled - but another day, another psychic dollar.

5th: Something about last night's meal strongly disagreed with me, and I spent an uncomfortable night feeling ill, and not sleeping until just before dawn. Also rain returned in a replay of that April day, and thundered down onto the tent.

Did not leave the tent this morning for quite a while because of torrential rain, and illness. I seemed to have 'flu' like symptoms, so had a hot drink. Sun appeared, dramatically and briefly.

I am exhausted beyond anything yet experienced - it seems an exhausting task just thinking. I feel very low and vulnerable in this state of illness, and just want to regain my strength. Some diarrhoea. Mild food poisoning? - some butter used last night tasted rancid.

For the latter part of day, my mind has gone into overdrive re. esoteric revelations. I really need to quieten my inner self down - approach things in a more meditative way.

Sky is looking ominous, and wind has picked up. Rain will return, I think. I need strength. 6th: I went into flu mode as I settled to sleep last night: muscle pains, high temperature - general physical discomfort. I did not sleep or really rest, particularly when nausea set in. I became very hot. The rain did appear, but briefly, with strong winds.

As light approached, I felt utterly wretched, headache and nausea quite strong. So have spent all day in tent, trying to rest and recover. This seems like food poisoning.

Ventured out briefly tonight. The weather has been very turbulent: a mixture of strong sunshine, occasional hail storms, and strongest winds yet.

Perhaps I will sleep better tonight, and regain my strength. The boredom, mental anguish - all are ultimately bearable; but physical illness is wretched in this situation, exposed as I am to all that Nature wishes to throw at me. A dreadful day.

7th: Became very cold last night as I settled to sleep - icy, the coldest yet. Nevertheless, did eventually sleep well. I woke to strong winds, and heavy snow. The snow has continued all day.

Still feel poorly, so have again spent day resting. Have had quite a bit of diarrhoea. But, have also fasted all day, and gradually feel as if my health is improving. Now that recovery seems imminent, I am in better spirits.

Not much more to add - an unpleasant few days. Right now, the early evening Sun is shining on the tent. Snow has stopped, and winds dropped. All could change again though, within the hour.

8th: As I settled to sleep last night, the temperature dropped, and snow began to fall again. This time very heavily, and the tent began to sag under its weight. Still had illness, which added to discomfort.

When I woke, it was raining, and bitterly cold. All day, brief periods of wintery showers, and occasional sunshine. I ventured out for a while, but was eventually back to seek shelter by rain and very strong North winds - the clouds above raged grey within the wind. Returned to tent, but grew very cold just remaining inert, so with a great effort of will, I went out again. The rain began to ease. Despite a difficult, exhausting start, I got into the rhythm of walking, and my spirits rose, taking a delight in the transformed, rain-engorged land.

As I approached a peak, I saw a fox ambling across my path, very close. It stopped, and we both stared at each other for a moment: it was a beautiful creature - such vivid colour amidst the drabness and bleak grey. After the moment, it ran off, away, occasionally looking back to see if I was following. I went on, in another direction, feeling warmed by this meeting. The weather changed then to a blizzard; utterly cold - so made my way back.

Feeling better, physically and spiritually. Now rain has returned, but I sense the weather will change for the better, shortly. Another day.

9th: The rain ceased last night, but it became freezing; still, slept reasonably well. Awoke to warmth and sunlight, feeling energised - at least, in the spiritual sense. Re-pitched tent today, within current location.

Forced myself to go for a walk, which was still a bit of an effort. But, I did discover new and very beautiful areas - a place where there stands large columns of shining rock quartz; astonishing.

Weather remained very fine; the sky deep blue, but dominated by clouds of varying types: interesting to see such apparently conflicting activity, suggesting several possibilities for weather - all at once, in the one sky, blending and creating the overall condition of today; just like sinister magick. The mountains are capped with snow: against the vivid blue, they are a magnificent sight.

My spirit has recovered from my illness, but - and yes, it is tedious to repeat - I am still physically tired.

Feel a little bad tempered today - perhaps exacerbated by the return of my jabbering mind. Onwards.

10th: Freezing again last night, but slept. Sun appeared this morning and has stayed all day, though there was a brief shower of hail in the afternoon. Spent the morning washing clothes, then went on a long walk. This took up the rest of the day, since I rested for long periods of time in various beautiful places. I decided this morning to attempt to not dwell on anything too much, and my mind remained fluid and relaxed. Walk was good, and did not exhaust me. I am still in an irritable mood - at times impatient with the very slow pace of things, anxious as I sometimes am to return to 'civilization' and create; at other times,

I am content, and content to endure.

I feel very at ease simply walking and sitting and pondering upon the landscape - mostly, I feel that nothing else is needed. I have little to offer in observing changes within, since I have ceased to bother observing: I am just existing in a very quiet, mostly patient way.

11th: Good night's sleep, and warm. Woke to Sun. I was fine for a little while, but on rising and leaving tent, I became depressed. I still feel irritable. My only desire this morning was to spend the day rotting in the tent; but, I forced myself out on a walk. This turned out to be very short, as I got bored. The weather has turned much colder, and all day it has threatened to rain. This evening, rain still seems immanent. Cold wind.

I have felt worn down in every respect today, lacking positivity. I seem in poor shape, physically. Very hungry. Cold, feeling a bit empty within. And yet, I have held on to my objectivity, and understand why I feel this way; and feel this is a phase, as rain is a phase. One day soon, I shall wake up feeling wonderful, consistently. Must push on. May the gods send warmth.

12th: Slept well again, and woke to light rain. Stayed in tent until rain had eased to a drizzle, then set off on a new walk to investigate an alternative route, down from the hills to a track that leads eventually to the road - in preparation for the trek to fetch next month's supplies.

Weather remained grey and drizzly, and I, much to my frustration found my walk hampered by ever-present exhaustion. I saw the fox again - much the same encounter as before: a lovely moment. The new route took me down through a wood of scots pine. It was almost a shock to be amongst so many trees, after having lived thus far on craggy, desolate moorland. The scent and stillness was quite profound. I arrived at a point where I could see the road, in the distance: "civilization". I turned back then to the wilderness, feeling a heavy sadness.

I found my return journey tiring, and began to dread the coming ordeal of fetching supplies. Then I remembered my will power and what it could accomplish, and placed the coming ordeal in a positive context: a challenge to be overcome. Also, this will be my last journey to fetch supplies.

I have recently felt at my lowest so far. I have felt very pissed off, and generally unsettled and uncomfortable. I move my limbs like an old man.

Spent this evening sitting within the stone circle. The weather has brightened: Sun, no rain, but clouds very dramatic and turbulent above. Still quite cold. During the time within the circle, I felt some of my old energy returning. I began to think more positively, and I returned to the tent feeling renewed.

I almost feel as if I am reaching the end of my persona - I have exhausted my personality it seems. How trivial I have seemed. Now there is just a waiting.

I must not forget that I am in a beautiful and wonderful place - that it is a privilege to live here, in this way.

13th: The weather has been atrocious today: heavy rain, and very cold. Went out for a walk, but weather drove me back after a short time. Spent a lot of time festering in the tent, but was able to sit for a time in the stone circle. Increase in wet weather put a miserable end to this. But my spirit has been encouraged, despite the misery, by a return of energy, which has helped physically. Dwelt on some magickal matters today. Things are not too bad, I suppose. I can accept the weather in all its guises, since each guise is necessary - and appropriate to/part of where I am at in the ritual. I always imagined the second month to be the most difficult. Another day gradually passes away.

14th: Weather abysmal. Rain, rain, rain. Stayed in tent for hours this morning; even when a meagre piece of sunlight appeared, I felt unmotivated. However, I was able to realise some Tarot concepts, so not an entire waste of a day. I did manage to rouse myself for a walk, which was lacklustre and depressing. Rain has persisted all day, though not as cold as it has been.

I have become fed up with waiting for my trip to fetch supplies, so will set off tomorrow - food is very low anyway.

Very fed up: after my illness, all I can think about is food. I want to return to my almost settled, contemplative self - a self which resided in the environment and ritual, not in a craving for chocolate. Still, this is all part of it. I must admit to feeling a little concerned about the ordeal to collect supplies, since I seem to lack the strength I had earlier on in the rite.

However, I am determined to meet the challenge with my greatest asset - my will. Very grim. Another ***** day.

15th: Today has been a Triumph of the Will. I set off early amid light rain. My initial apprehension and tiredness began to vanish as I walked the road. On either side, the trees were shimmering with young vibrant leaves, and their presence - the green and its scent heightened by rain - filled me with absolute joy. I seemed to draw strength from the trees, and my determination grew as I reached my destination.

I bought all that I needed to ensure a comfortable - but still spartan - remainder of the rite. The walk back, in torrential rain at first, was a wonder to me. I strode onwards bearing the heavy weight without resting. I was imbued with the sheer determination to overcome, and that walk, difficult though it was towards the end, seemed over much more quickly than the previous trips. The end was a triumph, and the Sun appeared.

I am exhausted in a rewarding way. Today was just what I needed, something to break the awful lethargy. I feel re-vitalised with magickal power, knowing myself again, and what I am capable of when I return to the world - and the world shall know it!

But I am not complacent: there is still time to endure.

16th: Unfortunately, a bad night. The same bout of illness reappeared.. Strangely, I was far from hungry last night as I ate my evening meal - and the meal made me feel uncomfortable. I barely slept last night, due to constant diarrhoea - every five minutes it seemed I had to go outside; sometimes digging new holes. The weather was cold with strong winds, which briefly caused some concern about the tent. I slept a bit this morning, after dawn.

Not having eaten today, the sickness has subsided. I hope I can rest tonight. The day has been spent lying ill in the tent. I have attempted some writing, and weather, thankfully, has been calm and warm. My spirit remains strong.

17th: An excellent night's sleep, and I awoke feeling, for once, fit. The light this morning was quite beautiful: dawn is one of my favourite times - the stillness is inspirational.

Day has been uneventful: very hot, merciless Sun in a cloudless sky. I have sought the shade of large rocks, and have written, a little. I felt a bit bored and unsettled for a while, but once I relaxed and let the day wash over me, I was fine. Not much has happened - within or without. Have recovered my health, for which I give thanks.

18th: Again, a good night's sleep. The sudden strong wind last night heralded a change in the weather, and this morning I woke to rain and greyness. I was not unsettled by this - in fact the drop in temperature was welcome. Rain didn't last long, and I went for a long walk. I enjoyed the experience of wandering further into the land, into new realms. There was a strong easterly wind on the peaks which was enlivening. I felt a return to form.

I've become much calmer and quieter within myself. My mind no longer becomes embroiled in some irritation from my past life, but lets thoughts flow and pass, like the water around me. All quiet, in every respect.

19th: Felt lazy again today, but forced myself to go for a decent walk - the weather remained bright, though there was the threat of rain. The walk was good, and I enjoyed the quiet meditation of it, and the peace of the land.

On returning to the tent, it began to rain quite lightly and has continued throughout this evening. I felt confined within the tent, and unsettled in myself - with a slight return of the jabbering mind. Still, I feel fine really. Days seem to

be washing over me at present, and I am sleeping well. During my walk today, confronted by the beauty and stillness, I realised that I will be sad to leave this place that is becoming home.

Another day washes away.

20th: A bad start. Absolute lethargy on waking up. Totally unmotivated. Had a bad night's sleep - woke up wracked with hunger, and became very restless. I suppose I've lost a lot, physically, through the illness. Have spent today craving food. I never seem to have enough to eat.

I attempted to revive this morning from its stupor by visiting the valley, and bathing in the great river there. This turned out to be a beautiful experience, as the Sun stayed all day, enabling me to lie naked on the rocks, bathing in the warmth. I plunged myself wholly under the freezing rushing water - almost heart-stoppingly cold; but bursting out into the sunshine was wonderful. It sounds so hackneyed, but I really did feel free.

I returned perhaps too early to the tent, for the afternoon was spent idling around, waiting for the time to eat. My hunger and craving brought my mood down slightly. Eating now has become a Holy experience - I can see how food is so taken for granted back in civilization. I thank the gods after each evening meal.

I have lost a lot of weight - none of my clothes fit properly. I am a little unsettled again.

21st: Two months accomplished, and I woke early after a good night's sleep, feeling very positive, and allowed myself to feel proud of having got thus far. Reaching this point has really made a difference - I see now that some of my unsettled moods were partly to do with the interminable crawl towards this stage.

The weather has remained hot all day. Went for another long, slow walk, and appreciated the great beauty of this wilderness land. Found weather a little too hot though, and returned to tent, drained. Although I am pleased to have a sunny spell, I do now wish a bit of rain as water levels are getting low - the spring from which I take my water is just a trickle. Today's walk passed some time, and allowed me to dwell on further insights into myself. I feel reasonably settled in myself - perhaps a little too eager to complete each day, when I really should be savouring each moment: this special way of living, a way that now is only really beginning for me, will cease in a month.

Still hungry, but not oppressively so.

22nd: Weather has been bright and very windy; gradually, the sky has filled with blankets of grey clouds, and now, this evening, it is raining slightly.

Undertook a good walk today, climbing up to the higher peaks where I had a clear and beautiful view of the sea and islands. I spent some time reviewing what I have learned about myself. Clarified some personal details, examined some demons and ghosts. Felt more positive today.

I asked the gods for strength, and have received, and been thankful. I am achieving a less obsessive state of mind regarding food, though remain constantly hungry. Anyway, another day.

23rd: Last night, I ventured out to look at the Moon, nearly full. I was stunned - at the beauty of its whiteness amidst the shattered clouds. And I was filled with a further sense of Destiny, and received some intriguing creative ideas. This morning, I awoke to sunlight and gathering grey cloud. Re-pitched tent, and became miserable. I was irritated at having to start another day, at having to create diversions for my mind while my body struggled with hunger. Felt fed up with walking - almost resentful of the routine - so I stayed by the tent, and wrote. And this brought a type of contentment, eventually.

The growing irritability is not what I expected at this stage of the rite - when the conclusion is tangible. I thought I would radiate calm and positivity. But, I am treating this emotional state as I have done with all the others - as a stage, that will pass. Perhaps the last few weeks are always more difficult - balanced as one is between the very different worlds of living here, like this, and leaving, back to modern life.

This evening, I sat within the stone circle, and lost myself in the beautiful vista, serene in the evening light. Unfortunately, the midgies really did their best to irritate me, and eventually drove me back to the shelter of the tent, earlier than I had hoped. Tomorrow night therefore, I will sit doused in insect repellent.

A frustrating day in some ways, but it has passed.

24th: Woke again to sunlight, and positivity. I took myself off, without objection, for a slow and long walk. This brought a peace of mind; a detached, tranquil mood.

On return, spent rest of day writing. This was excellent - my creativity flowed with new inspiration, as I drew from my own experiences since I arrived here. This is just the sort of uplifting focus that I need in order to take me towards the conclusion of my time here. However, always cautious, I am not getting too carried away with enthusiasm for my new creativity; I shall see how it sustains itself over the next few days.

This evening, still sunlight, but now strong winds, perhaps bringing a marked change in the weather. My water supply still a trickle, from its underground source.

Feeling alright; just plodding onwards.

25th: No weather change: as yesterday, intense sunlight - but perhaps slightly cooler. I woke feeling reasonable, but soon gave in to weariness. I stayed near the tent all day, and have continued writing. I just could not be bothered to do anything else. I wasn't pissed off exactly, just unmoved.

In between writing, things were a little tedious. The unrelenting "sameness" of the hot weather seems to grate on me - it is confirmed that I am a rainy, turbulent cloud sort of person.

All life is blooming, including insects, and I wake with the occasional bite on my face, and bloated tick somewhere on my body. Spiders, biting flies... I have learned that I actually like insects, and find them quite fascinating; characterful, rather than cold and alien.

Towards evening, I went to sit in the stone circle feeling burdened and quite depressed. Sometimes, I feel impatient regarding the time left, with the end being in sight, but still much to endure before then. Sometimes, a day seems to amount to nothing more than distracting myself until the day is done. But at other times, there is an ease, a peace, which is worth suffering for - when I don't contemplate the impermanence of this way of life.

However, as dusk approached, my mood picked up, and I spent a happy few hours sitting in that lovely still evening light. But the one insect I do hate - no, they are not insects, but are in a class of their own - the bastard midgies, eventually forced me back into the tent. They have no problem with the insect repellent. Still, all part of the time of year and environment. Part of life.

26th: Much colder today, and grey - which, of course, I like. Undertook a long walk, but found it exhausting. But sitting by the loch was lovely: everything was still, and I watched and listened to some very strange bird life, emitting unsettling, almost human cries.

On return, I wrote a little more. I rounded the evening off by sitting within the circle, directing my thoughts to J. Tonight was much more comfortable - cooler temperature and light breeze kept the midgies away.

A little more positive today, though feeling physically ground down by this way of living. Now it is rather chilly.

27th: Last night, heavy rain - just as I wished: welcomed also, I am sure, by the land. I awoke to the mist and continuing rain, all streams engorged and rushing. By mid-morning, it had stopped, replaced by clear sky and bright sunlight. And thus it has stayed. Water supplies have been dramatically renewed.

Despite the clear weather, I was content to remain by the tent and write more, still feeling inspired. The day has passed quickly, absorbed as I have been in creativity. My mood is so much better.

The evening has been taken up with a long meditative sit within the circle, looking out as always to the sea and vast mountain range. Looking back over the experiences of the last ten or so years, I felt a new awareness beyond my own personal desires and goals. An awareness of the essential goodness and unselfishness of people, which can easily be missed, amidst the fervour of one's ego. It is an awareness of the "light" side that balances the fanatical "dark".

To learn to give in an unselfish way. To learn tolerance, and become part of a greater struggle to bring human decency and honourable behaviour. To do something for others, for no personal gain.

A good and productive day - I feel better than I have done for quite a while: dare I say it, more complete than I have been.

28th: Woke to intense sunlight, which has remained throughout the day and early evening. Went for a new walk, exploring a rocky area that was also the home of some fairly impressive trees - not the usual gnarled elfin wood, clinging to a cliff face. I found several caves - natural shelters big enough to live in. One obviously had been the lair of a fox (?), judging by the old bones scattered on the cave floor. The shelter that I had marked out in case the tent was destroyed by gale force winds has been replaced by one particular cave - ideal for a hermit. Even on a hot day such as this, it is very cold inside. Maybe I will live in one, one day.

I found various places to shelter from the sun, amidst huge boulders and lovely ash and birch trees. As always my idyll was marred by hunger, but I gained spiritual nourishment. Again, sat this evening within the circle, the weather wonderful. Enjoyed watching the bird life. I feel as if a barrier has been crossed, and I remain content.

29th: Cloudy start to the day, but it gradually cleared, and I have experienced the hottest day so far. Have spent the day writing, but have experienced more unsettled feelings - irritability, mostly. The heat hasn't helped. The day has been uncomfortable, and slightly tedious - physically, have done very little.

Late afternoon, I felt emotionally tired and upset - burdened by the slow, grinding pace of this life of mine here. But I regained an even mood during my evening "meditation" within the circle. I much prefer the temperature of early morning and evening. Much insect life, including midgies - but tonight, I did not mind them so much. Now, shoots of bracken are growing rapidly towards the Sun, and bluebells, buttercups and other flowers are spreading out. Everything looks very beautiful. The bird life is highly active - I love the sound,

a burr of beating wings, as little birds nestle on the heather by the tent.

Unable to sleep last night, I went out and lay beneath the clear starry sky. No need to try and express what cannot be expressed. After that experience, I returned to the tent and slept well. 30th: Weather has been very hot again, and a mist from the sea has added to the stifling atmosphere. My mood has been a little low - irritable and restless.

But, I did pick up during my walk in the new area. Summer really is blossoming: the heady scent of plant life, and business of the insects (I watched two beetles mating!). Everything busy and green and full of life - I felt imbued with this green energy, for most of the walk. But have felt very hungry.

Returned to tent, and wrote. Evening concluded with the usual contemplation within the circle - probably the highlight of the day. The sea was beautifully still. Finished off with a bit of physis. I'm alright, really.

31st: Glorious weather again, with sea mist. Spent the morning writing, until the heat made me restless. I then went off for a walk to sit beneath the shade of an ash tree. It was idyllic, and rescued the day from irritability. I lay on a mossy plateau of rock, among the huge boulders, and gazed up at the ash leaves and flickering sunlight. I felt wonderfully free, and daydreamed of being a Knight Templar.

I am still unsettled in myself though - but, as before am treating it as a phase that will pass. Generally, I am much quieter within myself, and sensitive to sounds that disrupt the natural stillness - even the setting up of the Trangia sets my teeth on edge. Once, I could only clarify thoughts out loud; now, the sound of my own voice is an intrusion - and I am able to clearly debate within my head. I can feel a sort of peace, beginning to flow within.

I am enjoying immensely being among the bird and insect life - particularly the insects, with their different and spontaneous characters. They feel like companions as I integrate progressively with the landscape: there is no loneliness.

It will be strange when the time comes for me to leave. I think part of me expects this way of life to just continue.

Sat within stone circle this evening. Slightly cooler tonight, with a veil over the setting Sun. The light and stillness has been very moving. I would have stayed out longer, but the midgies drove me back to the tent. Concluded with a reasonable physis session. That's it - onwards.

June

1st: Took a while to sleep last night - my mind was buzzing with possibilities, on

my return. So I went out and sat beneath the mostly clear, starry sky. The completion of this rite is now tangible, which is making me restless with various emotions - partly excitement that I have got this far, and - although I cannot be complacent - the clear sense that I will triumph; and sadness at having to leave, and face the tedium of everyday life in modern society. My former life seems so far away, and this is now the reality. I often feel almost fearful of the end approaching.

But tonight, during my meditative sit, I felt burdened with the time still left to do - I felt crushingly tired with the waiting.

I am waking to the early morning Sun, which does imbue me with a great sense of freedom and well-being. Heat today very intense - so have done very little, physically, but have continued writing. After writing, I languished beneath the ash tree. This was idyllic, and I day dreamed the time away amidst the activity of wildlife - voles, finches, etc. I felt so content for a while, craving new adventures when this is complete. And then, the burden of time experienced tonight.

A strong and cool wind has appeared tonight, heralding, I think, a change in the weather. Water levels are low again. Rain is needed - although I am adapting to the heat and continuous sunshine.

2nd: Perhaps I ought to feel some elation that I have reached June, but do not. I am surprised - which is a good thing - at how different I actually feel to how I thought I would feel at this late stage. I am weary and burdened. However, these feelings do not dominate the entire day. This morning I wrote with renewed inspiration, and spent the afternoon again beneath the ash tree. I felt very relaxed then, almost in a dream mode. But, as with last night, when the time comes for me to sit within the stone circle during the evening, I become heavily burdened.

There is now too much a sense of the rite finishing - too much anticipation of the conclusion while I still have time yet to experience and endure. But at such times I return also to my apprehension of the changing land, of deepening Summer, and positivity returns. Tonight I was suddenly struck by the intoxicating sense of life that is bursting all around me - new wild flowers, the frenetic bird life - and that incredible evening light which seems so characteristic of Summer. I feel very fortunate to be here, and to have undergone this experience.

I concluded the evening with a poor physis session - body still wearied by hunger. Although I should not wish time away, another day has passed.

3rd: Intense heat, and again, spent a productive morning writing. Another afternoon beneath the ash tree.

I felt fine in myself until this evening, at the usual place and time. My mind did not accept the day's sense of contentment, and I became caught up in old debates and battles in my head. I felt sad and depressed. I attempted a physis session, which was utterly useless - my joints are stiff, and cracking. I am very lethargic. Perhaps I will give the writing a break, and spend tomorrow walking.

Strong and cold winds appeared again tonight, and I returned to the tent feeling uncomfortable and fed up. As ever, I must treat this as a phase, and it will pass - but I feel wretched. Quite upset.

4th: A positive start to the day: I undertook a long walk to the main loch, and felt the benefit both physically and emotionally. It was definitely the right thing to do - I felt once more involved in the ritual by integrating with the land. It has been intensely hot again today. As evening wore on, and I sat within the circle, the pattern of weariness returned - although the walk has boosted my spirit somewhat against the misery. I'm feeling worn down, but not really depressed. I just must keep plodding on through the days.

The walk helped clarify and calm the processes of my mind. All in all, a better day than of late. Have given the writing a break.

5th: This evening I have had to retire to the tent earlier than I would have liked - the midgies are out in full force, swarming over everything, and biting. Not a lot can be done, just have to accept it as part of life's rich horror.

Found it difficult to sleep again last night, but this time, my mind was filled with music - specifically new piano compositions. I got up and made a welcome cup of tea, and pondered, wondrously, on the new music. Sleep eventually came, but I woke before dawn - and saw Venus bright above the peaks as I left the tent to sit and experience the dawn.

Yet, as morning grew to its fullness, I again descended into a bleak mood. I felt fed up at the prospect of having to endure another very long day. I felt fed up with the whole venture. However, I roused myself for another long walk, and my spirit was raised. The weather has been incredibly hot, so I made my way up to a small loch, high in the peaks, and bathed there.

A lovely experience.

During my evening contemplation, my mood remained good - although the midgies did their best to discourage this.

Water levels very low again. The source I have been using is almost dried up, but I was able to relocate another spring a bit further away from the tent - although this source cannot be guaranteed for the rest of the rite, if this weather remains constant. I may have to re-locate the tent, so tomorrow I will investigate a small loch down at the foot of the fells. Rain would be

appreciated.

I am relieved that my mood has picked up, obviously aided by a bit of physical exertion. I feel another internal barrier has been broken down, although I feel the weariness may easily return. I've encountered some very difficult emotional states over the past week or so, which I had not really anticipated - a good insight.

I must note that now, whenever I drink water from the spring, it feels as if I am imbibing the consciousness of the water. A sparkling pure awareness speaks within my body - it is almost as if I am looking through the eyes of water. I am probably much more receptive to the spirit of water now, after having been ill and purged, and purified by starvation. I am nearer to the land.

6th: Forced into tent early tonight - flies and midgies causing hell. A decent night's sleep. On waking, my bleak mood descended again; I felt so worn down. The sky has been quite cloudy today, veiling the Sun - there is a faint echo of rain. I hope the weather does change - the flies are a nightmare early morning and evening.

Now as I write there is rain! Very light, but the sky is thundery. Thank the gods: a temperature drop is just what is needed to disperse the little fiends. I am getting so fed up with them crawling over my face and hands while I sit in the circle, and waking up with swollen eye lids or lips. This adds to my sense of weariness.

I undertook a walk this morning which I did not enjoy. I went to the loch in the land below me. Exploring the lower flatter features does not carry with it the sense of achievement and exertion of the peaks, and I spent most of the walk, until the ascent back to the tent, feeling drained and hungry. The loch and the flat land was bleak, dark and depressing. Afternoon spent lying in the tent, in a stupor.

The sky remains dark, with a hint of summer storm in the air, and the rain light. Worn down, but I still endure.

7th: Took a while to sleep again, my mind once more on music. The rain continued off and on throughout the night, and on waking, it was heavy and the sky turbulent. Remained in tent for most of day, writing. Rain has continued, with very strong, cold, southerly winds. Water levels in full flow.

I have felt content with today, and have not been visited by weariness. The fact that I am gradually moving towards the conclusion of the rite is starting to sink in, sometimes lessening the depression, sometimes creating it. I have quite enjoyed today, and have pondered on some interesting esoteric ideas.

I feel absolutely replete with creativity - music is growing within me: in some

ways, this does make me impatient to return.

These past few weeks have been strange; I feel quite different than I did in the previous months. There seems to be a greater edge of struggling, and a clearer vision concerning creativity and the esoteric. I have learned much about myself so far - I feel that my character has deepened with the insights.

Feeling reasonably fine.

8th: Got off to sleep quickly, but was woken before dawn by very strong winds battering the tent. As the winds increased, the tent was partially pulled up from the ground, the flysheet unzipping and flailing about. Several times I had to get out and re-pitch. I could not get back to sleep, even though I was exhausted: I was worried whether the tent would stand up to the battering.

As daylight approached, I witnessed an awesome sea of cloud rushing from the south, and unfurling not far above me. Directly above the raging cloud was calm blue sky with higher cirrus wisps, barely moving. Since my time here, I have never encountered such strong winds. The rain lashed down, on and off.

I felt I had to stay near the tent today, in case the wind tried to tear it up. I began contemplating my alternative accommodation. Thus I was confined within the tent, which was tedious. Suddenly, my creativity no longer seemed sufficient, and I could have done with a good walk.

I sat out for a brief period tonight beneath the rushing sky. It has become very warm, but the wind remains furious. Sitting beneath the column of scudding clouds was absolutely awesome - like watching time lapse film. Surreal.

Although there had been indication of imminent change, I really did not expect this. But as always, one can never be complacent where Nature is concerned.

The power of the winds, their all-consuming presence, has been quite an experience - rather unsettling. Beneath today's practical concerns - or rather, because of them - my mood remains positive. I have asked the gods for calm, and so far conditions have quietened down, a little. 9th: The winds increased as I settled down for the night; earlier I had re-guyed the tent so it was much more secure, so I decided not to worry. I settled down to sleep and was woken only once by the intense battering, and lashing of rain. In the morning, the tent remained unharmed.

The powerful winds and rain continued today, but I decided anyway to undertake a walk, feeling the need to be out in the land amidst the raging elements. It was interesting to observe how the land had been transformed by these conditions. My mood was very contemplative: I do not feel the need whatsoever to continue expressing myself creatively while I am here.

And yet Art etc. is, or can be, important. The majority must be touched by a type of creativity if the ultimate aim of encouraging an upsurge in Adeptship - and thus the beginnings of a new civilization - is to be attained. And so on.

For myself, now, I do not need words to express how I feel - I do not need to tell a story which does not need to be told. The essence does not need to be expressed by anything other than the life here.

As evening drew near, the winds suddenly ceased, as at last the southern horizon was lit with blue sky. Now there is sunlight, stillness and warmth, and I was able to sit in the circle. Midgies are returning - but nothing is perfect.

10th: A good night's sleep. Awoke later than usual to sunlight and stillness, although slightly chilly.

As has been usual, the morning saw a return of recent lethargy, so I took myself off on a walk up to one of the higher lochs, hidden in the peaks. For while, the experience was marred by my mind jabbering on over past debates long since thought resolved. However I was able to resolve these inner conflicts, with honesty.

The walk concluded positively as I unravelled my thoughts and returned to the tent just as rain appeared. There was a brief but dramatic thunderstorm then, with strong winds and lightning. This passed over quickly to leave stillness and sunshine.

I decided to find somewhere new for my evening contemplation, and chose a place higher up. Because there was a slight breeze at that height, there were no midgies. The view was inspirational, and the Sun remained.

I am occasionally feeling the excitement of finishing; but am trying not to dwell too much - there are still days left which may bring new experiences and insights. Any creeping depression seems nulled now by the sense of impending completion. I am not dwelling too much on what has been experienced over the past three months - such a review, such a distillation, is too much - too final....

11th: Did not sleep for ages last night - mind buzzing with all manner of general things. Awoke early to sunlight, although temperature at night and early morning is quite chilly. Sky cloudy.

Again, morning prefaced by lethargy. Went for a walk, which was spiritually rewarding, but physically shattering. On return, dwelt further on esoteric matters.

So, day progressed into evening positively. Climbed to my new peak this evening, but the flies and midgies found me. At present, the inside and outside of the flysheet is swarming with them. I am resigned to it.

Feel quite positive - my contemplation of things esoteric seems to have yielded some revelations. Now it is raining, slightly.

12th: Ventured out again last night as dusk gave way to night, and was engulfed in midgies - horrendous. Rain grew heavier as I settled to a good night's sleep.

Awoke with more bites than usual. Tent full of midgies. Got rid of the little scum by re-pitching the tent. It began to rain again, lightly. I went off for a walk and washed in the valley river. The walk was uneventful, but my spirit was strong, feeling a sense of achievement as the days draw on towards the climax of the rite.

Afternoon spent in tent as rain became heavier. No evening out, as rain has increased. Much colder now.

13th: Woke early to rain - the rain had continued throughout the night. Consequently, the day has been quite chilly with hill fog, and wind. Everything has felt damp and cold - almost like the earliest stages of the rite, rather than Summer. Wind now quite strong.

I have been confined to the tent, no variations in light to tell me how early or late it is. However, I have begun composing, developing a - hopefully - new and effective system based on the septenary. This is such a new development, and shows that even at this stage, rewards can flower. Physically, I am quite uncomfortable, cold and hungry, with a lot more bites than usual, particularly on my legs.

The tent has withstood the elements brilliantly, but is now showing signs of wear - a few holes, and less water repellence.

My mood remains positive - almost detached, as I am still aware of the days yet to be experienced. 14th: Rain and winds continued through the night. Strong winds buffeted the tent during the day. Weather has remained really atrocious, and I have been confined again to the tent. Not too bothered though, as I am now engrossed in composition.

But, I became cold just remaining in the tent, so went for a walk. It was invigorating being amidst the strong winds and rain. Rain and winds easing now - probably will be a brighter day tomorrow. I feel very calm.

15th: A good night's sleep. Rain and winds have eased, and this morning I woke to sunlight. The temperature remains a little chilly.

Despite the good weather, the prospect of going for a walk lost its appeal as I continued composing.

I still feel detached, but am a little irritable at present - headache, and tiredness, and hunger. I still can't allow myself to think about leaving this life - I am aware that part of me does not want this to end. The approaching conclusion seems bitter-sweet.

16th: Woke earlier than usual this morning. At first, the temperature was cold, but as the Sun rose over the peaks, the weather became quite hot, with a slight breeze.

I undertook a walk that I have been saving for the conclusion of the rite - back to the loch that had so enchanted me with its feminine aura. The walk up to the summit was very tiring, but the view was breathtaking - I could see all the inner islands, and those beyond.

I wept. I felt such a mixture of feelings: absolute relief at having reached this far, and a sense of great achievement. But also, a deep, deep sadness at having to leave. It was/is a sadness I have never felt before, in connection to anything else, and I cannot really describe it. I returned to the tent, without dwelling further on the conclusion. I just want to continue, quietly and practically.

17th: Another sunny day. Did some washing, and once more became absorbed in composition. I have never concentrated so much: persistence and absolute focus enabled me to solve some esoteric and compositional riddles. So much came together, at that point. I felt the incredible elation that creativity can bring. The day however became stifling, confined as I was again to the tent, of my own choosing.

I have not really felt motivated to take a walk - each walk now seems so final; it is too upsetting. I will leave uncharted areas for another time, another life. I do feel sad. After the physical inertia, I attempted to sit out this evening, but the midgies drove me back. Physically, an inactive day, but the creativity has been incredible.

18th: Once again, very hot weather. This time, I undertook a walk first thing, which I found a little tedious and tiring. I was eager to return to my compositions, which again took up much of the day. Keeping my mind focussed and occupied is helping me cope calmly with the very little time I have left.

Evenings are confined to the tent, as the midgies are out in full force. I won't be sorry to live without them.

Some further esoteric ideas came to light, and in the evening, I did a little carving in the tent. Very cold at night, but am sleeping well.

19th: Rain last night, and for most of the day. Thus another day in tent, composing. But my creativity has been less inspired today, and I now feel there

is little to add to what has so far been accomplished.

When evening came, my lethargy lifted, and I felt strong positivity - a near happiness, yet one tinged with the burden of return. It seems so depressing to have to be, if only partially, a part of the machine of modern society and its stifling ways and laws. Yet there is J. So many mixed feelings coming to the surface.

I sat out tonight within the circle, when rain had ceased. The view was inspiring, and the ancient land enhanced the feeling recently experienced of my own mortality - the passing of human life in the blinking of a mountain's eye. This feeling is not negative, but liberating: I know life to be an opportunity. I know this with calm acceptance.

Writing this diary has, recently, ceased to be a help - it is now a petty burden: I no longer need or wish to express what I feel. Last full day tomorrow.

20th: Awoke just before dawn, to light rain. It felt good to be awake at that time, with the light, and birdsong, and deer.

I bathed, one final time, in the river valley, and spent a tranquil, if rather cold, time beneath an ash tree, washing, and sharpening my knife, and just 'being'. Further esoteric ideas surfaced - almost final pieces in a jig-saw. I returned to the tent to write.

The evening was marred by the midgies who held me hostage in the tent. However, as evening wore on, the temperature dropped and their activity ceased. I ventured out. As I crawled from the tent, I was confronted by a magnificent Satanic sunset: high up, red clouds; on the horizon, dark clouds, carriers of rain. The clouds created beautiful shapes, of creatures beautiful in their moment - but the shapes became forgotten as they changed into something else. It is the flow, the constant change that is real.

I stood in the circle, and undertook a simple and spontaneous oath of re-dedication. I chanted. I do not feel sad now - I am ready to return to the world. I feel as if I have arrived at myself, after this long journey of my life so far.

I am very calm. When dawn appears with the first light of the Solstice, this rite will end. I'm not sure I quite believe it.

CB
Order of Nine Angles

Appendix
Reflections on Dyssolving - Diary of an Internal Adept

The Desert Fathers in the Christian tradition headed into the wilderness to purify themselves and encounter god. Often for many years. Trouble with entering the wilderness, though, is that all too often that is where you will encounter the devil. As that bloke JC found. His religion-founding counterpart Mohammad (parking the fact that that nasty piece of work Saul of Tarsus and later the Emperor Constantine invented the Christianity of today) also had his epiphany holed up in his lonely cave, which had the very unfortunate consequence of creating Islam. This going into the desert to be alone can certainly have consequences!

But there remains in the human spirit some deep appreciation of the fact that a period of absolute solitude will teach you Very Big Things, and will also be an experience of extremes - madness, belief in your godhood, perhaps, or some profound enlightenment about what reality is. Certainly this practice in the world's spiritualities is regarded as make or break time. It will sort the wheat from the chaff.

This manuscript does not include the name of the author but I believe it to be by Christos Beast/Richard Moulton. He heads off for his three month stint as internal adept in a remote part of Scotland (I am guessing). And what will he discover? This piece of writing is desperately exciting because not least - it is honest and an absolute full frontal dedication to confronting the esoteric and what he might become if he endures.

Beast admits his fear at the outset, as well as his frequent periods of depression. He feels "pissed" off a lot. The three month period yawns before him as something unbearable. A scavenger of unknown species annoys him pulling at his rucksack in the night. He badly misses his girlfriend. Life consists of moving the tent about and gazing at the landscape.

It sounds dreary. But fascinating things emerge and the main one is his determination to see it through. I wonder just how many of us would run back to civilisation after three weeks, desperate for a beer and a proper meal. After all, this is complete oblivion for the ego - there is no boasting on Facebook of how elite he is, of what a superior breed he is. He can only write to himself during this time. And he faces the fact that he cannot face not completing the ordeal.

"I could leave if I wanted. I just know that if I did, so much would be lost. My path would effectively end - a staying at external adept. I would perhaps go on to live an enjoyable life composing music - but that music would lack the ultimate power that this ordeal can earth. There would be the torture of what could have been achieved. There would be failure, within me, where it matters."

He realises the wisdom of the three month period - one month would not be enough to create real change.

And then interwoven with the dreariness of the ordeal come many moments of happiness and transcendence, of an understanding of the esoteric, an appreciation of the amazing landscape. And - I think this is really important - despite his reflexive reluctance to push through to the end, he actually seeks out places of greater solitude, where the ordeal becomes more pure. The litter he discovers at what he thought was a remote loch disgusts him. He moves away from the ruins of crofters' cottages because he wants no reminder of human habitation. Moving to a much wilder, isolated location "I feel very hidden, very content".

He develops a much heightened awareness of just how mundane much of his life in society was. "Many patterns of behaviour now seem blind to me, fitting unconsciously into some acceptable social/domestic regime. I thought I was really different to others, but in so many ways I had not seen before, I too have been one of the masses, swept along with all the rest on the great wave of mediocrity."

He loses a boot, and is left feeling desolate. He is overjoyed at finding it again. In the midst of a diet of hot water and porridge, he has a can of haggis:

"It was a spiritual experience, utter joy... Eating now has become a Holy experience - I can see how food is so taken for granted back in civilisation."

During a walk to collect supplies:

"I was imbued with the sheer determination to overcome..... I feel revitalised with magickal power".

Two months in, he feels he "will be sad to leave this place that is becoming home."

Instead of the interminable length of the time ahead oppressing him, he switches to some concern that he only has a month left to enjoy the experience."

The irritable moods come and go still, but the creativity in his spirit soars. The "burden of time" remains crushing, though in the third month, "I often feel

fearful of the end approaching".

In the last month his spirit continually oscillates, as it has done from the start, between grumpiness and a kind of euphoric transcendence. When one seems to have settled in, it unexpectedly lifts, and so, back and forth.

And there is a revelation of humanity:

"An awareness of the essential goodness and unselfishness of people, which can easily be missed, amidst the fervour of one's ego. It is an awareness of the "light" side that balances the fanatical "dark". To learn to give in an unselfish way." (And this from an ONA manuscript!)

"To learn tolerance, and become part of a greater struggle to bring human decency and honourable behaviour. To do something for others, for no personal gain."

The rite slowly comes to an end and as Beest feels his head flooding with creativity and new musical compositions, part of him does not want the rite to end. "I felt such a mixture of feelings. Absolute relief at having reached this far, and a sense of great achievement, But also, a deep, deep sadness at having to leave.

He says he gains many esoteric insights - but sadly does not share them, as "such a distillation is too much - too final". And so the final day and the realisation that, before a Satanic sunset, "it is the flow, the constant change that is real".

I wanted to know about what happened when he returned home. Perhaps I will be able to find out. But we know from his experience that art is born out of solitude:

"Art is or can be important. The majority must be touched by a type of creativity if the ultimate aim of encouraging an upsurge in Adeptship and thus the beginnings of a new civilisation - is to be attained"

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Source:

<https://web.archive.org/web/20170529064121/https://beyondsatanism.wordpress.com/2014/02/18/reflections-on-dyssolving-diary-of-an-internal-adept/>
