



Sunedrion

A Wyrdful Tale

1. One Autumn Evening

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

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

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

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

As befitted both their personal agenda and their sinister tradition, he - their

offer - had chosen himself. He had a history of violence toward his wife; toward other women; and was once tried in a court of law for rape with the trial halted when his victim - the only prosecution witness - failed to appear in court. He, smiling, was found not guilty and released. She, the prosecution witness, was found the following day near her school, having hung herself from the branch of a tree until she was dead. A week later, and he himself was ensnared: a young woman at night in a Bar, a few words exchanged, and he was there in their house where a drugged drink sufficed, no need for the shadowing armed chaperone until, as planned, they took the mundane down below to smilingly throttle him by the neck until he, for his sins, was satisfyingly dead.

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

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

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2. A Summer Gathering

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

The three men in greyish well-fitting suits with ties announcing some alma-mater or some other form of inclusion: the black and red of an Old Malburian, the rather garish wide brown-yellow-blue stripes of another school, and the more subdued small green and white stripes (on a blue background) of a certain military unit. The older, bearded, professorial-looking man wearing well-worn tweed whose straight-grain briar pipe peeped out from his jacket pocket. The seven women who, while rather disparate in terms of age, all sported the corporate look: figure-fitting woollen skirted suits or shift dresses, all in neutral colours, together with sheer-tights. And, for some reason, all seven wore almost matching necklaces of small, fine, white, freshwater pearls.

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

As for this gathering, those two young women had received their unheralded invitation only weeks before, in early Summer following their successful Autumnal culling. An invitation anonymously hand-delivered to the town house they shared; intriguingly consisting as that invitation did of an encrypted message on high quality paper embossed with a certain sigil. The next day, a

key to the cipher was left; an image of the three-dimensional esoteric 'simple star game'; and while it did not take them long to understand its significance as the required 'straddling board' for a Vic cipher, it took them three nights of sleepless toil to break the code, for the English alphabet and the numerals zero to nine were mapped to certain squares of the seven boards of that game, ascertained by the star name of a board and by how the pieces in the image - each piece marked by symbols - were placed on them.

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

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

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

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

R.P.
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cc RP & Order of Nine Angles 2014

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