

The Pagan Order Of Nine Angles

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Introduction The Pagan O9A

Those who have studied the Order of Nine Angles (O9A, ONA) in a scholarly way {1}, and those who have ventured along the O9A Seven Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept, as well as those who have certain Occult skills, such as those of an empathic sorceress, or those artists appreciative of the 'sinisterly- numinous' aesthetic - learn, discover, or already intuitively know: (i) that the much-vaunted 'extreme satanism' of the O9A is a novitiate *pathei-mathos* (an exoteric and esoteric and dangerous but necessary learning experience), and (ii) that the O9A is, in essence, a pagan Occult tradition melding as it does and has an indigenous ancient (English) tradition of sorcery (the Rounwytha) and an indigenous ancient (Celtæ) paganism with aspects of Greco-Roman hermeticism, where by paganism is meant

"an apprehension of the complete unity (a cosmic order, κόσμος, mundus) beyond the apparent parts of that unity, together with the perceivation that we mortals - albeit a mere and fallible part of the unity - have been gifted with our existence so that we may perceive and understand this unity, and, having so perceived, may ourselves seek to be whole, and thus become as balanced (*perfectus*), as harmonious, as the unity itself: *Neque enim est quicquam aliud praeter mundum quod nihil absit quodque undique aptum atque perfectum expletumque sit omnibus suis numeris et partibus [...] ipse autem homo ortus est ad mundum contemplandum et imitandum - nullo modo perfectus, sed est quaedam particula perfecti.*" {2}

Although often overlooked by many self-described modern pagans, an essential aspect of ancient paganism, whether of the original inhabitants of the Isles of Britain (the Celtæ) or whether Greco-Roman, was an acceptance by the individual of folk/tribal/communal duties and responsibilities; a pagan tradition which the O9A continue via their Code of Kindred Honour, and which Code is an exoteric manifestation of the unique perceivation - the *logos* - which serves to distinguish the O9A from other modern Occult groups and movements, pagan, satanic, or otherwise.

The paganism of the O9A is evident in many early O9A texts and rites, such as the 'eremitic' Rite of Internal Adept where the candidate has to spend at least three months living alone in a wilderness area bereft of all modern comforts. It is evident in the novel *The Giving*, forming as that novel does part of the Deofel Quartet. It is evident in fictional stories such as *Hangster's Gate*. It is evident in the 'empathic magick' described in *Naos*, and in the 'natural' and the 'chthonic' forms of the 1970s O9A Rite of Nine Angles (an Invokation to the Dark Gods), details of which were published in the 1980s text *The Black Book of Satan*. It is evident in the Sapphic nexions of the O9A and in the novel *Breaking The Silence*

Down. It is evident in the mythos of Vindex and which mythos {3} is concerned with the restoration of the way of the tribe and clan in preference to the modern urbanized State.

The paganism of the O9A is also evident in the traditional Rounwytha Way {4} and in the development of that tradition by the O9A, a development explained in the text *Some Questions From A Modern Rounwytha* which is included in this present work.

It is evident in the 'last writings' of Anton Long who in those writings {5} wrote:

"[Our] work as one moves after decades of pathei-mathos toward The Abyss of necessity involves a living of the sinisterly-numinous. For those of the LHP - having followed 'the sinister' - living numinously for a period of some years; for those of the RHP - having followed 'the numinous' - living sinisterly for a period of some years. For such a living (and the pathei-mathos which of necessity is part of it) is a means to know, to live (to move toward becoming) the natural balance, the Life, beyond abstracted opposites and all abstractions. There develops thus a knowing of Wyrð, an Aeonian perspective, taking the 'sinister' individual beyond personal destiny, beyond the self, and far beyond the attempted, the primitive, deification of the ego of the charlatans and the novices of one particular 'path'. After which follows the ordeal of The Abyss which, for both types, both paths, is a living alone for a month or more in a certain difficult if simple manner, as for example outlined in the traditional Camlad rite of the abyss."

"This understanding, this knowledge - the wisdom acquired, the finding of *lapis philosophicus* during the penultimate stage of the Way - means two particular things, and always has done. (i) living *in propria persona*, in a private manner and sans all posing, all rhetoric, all pomposity, all ideations; and (ii) having an appreciation, an awareness (sans words, ritual, thought) of what is now sometimes known as the acausal - of Nature, the Cosmos, of the connexions that bind life and thus of the illusion that is the individual will, and which illusion sillily causes a person to believe 'they' are or can be 'in control'. These two things form the basis of a particular and reclusive way of life of a particular type of person: the type known, in one locality, as the rounerer of The Rouning."

The essays and 'sinister' stories in this present work will hopefully go some way toward aiding readers to acquire an esoteric - an initiated - understanding of the paganus Order of Nine Angles. An esoteric understanding which some of those outside the O9A are beginning to appreciate:

"[O]ne aspect of ONA praxis appears to be highly relevant to this feature, and that is the role which landscape/nature plays in the

Sevenfold (or Septenary) Way, particularly (at least, initially) the landscapes of Britain. Emerging from the world of the Marcher lords' parishes, hidden valleys, moorlands (especially Long Mynd), winding lanes and a Medieval tapestry of fields and rivers, the ONA's roots in Shropshire make it (aside from a highly individual, secretive and dedicated pursuit) distinctively 'folkish' - not *völkisch* - in aesthetic. The emphasis on landscape and creating sites of worship in rural/wild environments is key to ONA praxis [...] The ONA and its mythos have a peculiarly English feeling behind it. The world conjured by Myatt is one that has been described as filled with rural outlaws, cunning folk, lonely cottages..." {6}

For this English 'pagan landscape' is portrayed in many O9A texts, especially in fictional stories:

"The still largely rural English county of Shropshire is the setting for many of the Occult stories of the ONA. Stories with a setting wholly or partially in Shropshire include:

- *The Giving*
- *Breaking The Silence Down*
- *Jenyah*
- *Sabirah*
- *Copula cum Daemone*
- *Hangster's Gate*
- *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*
- *Sunedrion: A Wyrdful Tale*

The reason seems obvious, given the ONA's account of its own history, which is that this area was where its traditions survived into our modern era, handed down by a few mostly reclusive individuals, and where a few small groups of rural followers of that ancient sinister way met to conduct their pagan rites. A glimpse of one such group is given in *Hangsters Gate*, while *The Giving* presents an ancient pagan ritual, The Giving, which perhaps is the original folk form of the ONA's *The Ceremony of Recalling*.

In the 'One Autumn Evening' section of *Sunedrion: A Wyrdful Tale*, the culling takes place in a house on a cobbled street in the centre of Shrewsbury, with the two women returning to the Stiperstones to celebrate their culling.

Interestingly, *Hangster's Gate* and *Breaking The Silence Down* are set in the same area of Shropshire, a century or more apart, with some phrases of the later echoing some of those of the former, as if to suggest, to intimate, an hereditary link, with *Breaking The Silence Down* invoking the pagan wildness of The Long Mynd and the rural area of "the scattered hamlets in the Onny valley", with the area East

of that valley - from the Stipertsones to the border with Wales - well-described in not only *The Giving* but also in *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*.

It should be noted that both *Jenyah* and *Sabirah* - dark stories of ageless female sinister entities ('demons') - are set in Shropshire, as if to suggest that such entities may still be lurking in such places as they frequent in those stories, if one knows where to look, and has the good fortune (or misfortune, depending on one's ethos) to encounter them." {7}

R. Parker
2015

{1} The term scholar, as used here, refers, to those who have a profound knowledge of a particular speciality acquired through several years of meticulous study using primary source material. In the case of the O9A the primary sources are the texts (such as *Naos*, and *The Deofel Quartet*) written by Anton Long between 1974 and 2011, and the non-polemical articles written by members of the 'Inner ONA', such as *The Radical Sinister Philosophy of Anton Long*, *Alchemy And The Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition*, and those included in this present work.

{2} This definition of paganism - which includes a quotation from Cicero - is that given by Myatt in his 2014 essay *Education And The Culture Of Patheismathos*.

{3} Refer to *The Mythos of Vindex: An Introduction*, in Part One.

{4} See, for example, the text *Some Notes On The Rounwytha Way*, included in Part One.

{5} These two last writings are entitled *The Enigmatic Truth* and *Lapis Philosophicus*. Both are included in the book *The Radical Occult Philosophy of Anton Long*, 2015, ISBN 978-1518690433.

{6} The quotation is from the editorial introduction to an interview with the Deverill Nexion in the on-line contemporary music zine *Black Ivory Tower*. <http://blackivorytower.com/2015/10/31/deverills-nexion-reflections-from-a-sinister-parish/> [Accessed November 1, 2015]

{7} *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*. 123yf. The latest revision of that article is included here as an Appendix.

Part One: Toward Understanding The O9A

O9A Esotericism: An Initiated Apprehension

The term 'O9A esotericism' refers to the occult {1} weltanschauung of the Order of Nine Angles (O9A/ONA) as developed and expounded by the pseudonymous Anton Long in various writings between the 1970s and 2011 {2}, and which particular esotericism includes not only an esoteric philosophy {3} but also practical artiselements {4} of 'an esoteric nature', such as the learning and the practice of certain occult skills and also various 'dark', or occult, arts. Among the occult skills and 'dark arts' of the O9A {5} are (i) the structured pathei-mathos of the anogenic Seven Fold Way, (ii) practical internal, external, and aeonic, sorcery, (ii) acausal (or esoteric) empathy, and (iii) acausal thinking.

The initiated apprehension of O9A esotericism is of a particular, modern, and occult, weltanschauung that melds aspects of ancient hermetic mysticism, and certain pagan traditions, with a personal exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos. Esoterically, this occult weltanschauung is a new logos - that is, a new perceivization and a new way of living and a new ethos - and one which the term 'the sinisterly-numinous' reasonably well describes, for it is a balancing of (i) the previous 'numinous logos' which became manifest, over two millennia ago, in causal forms such as gnosticism and Christianity, with (ii) what is 'sinister' (which is and has been manifest in various causal forms, such as 'traditional satanism' and occult antinomianism), and which balancing, involving as it does various practical means and thus a personal pathei-mathos, enables first a return to the Unity beyond all causal forms and thence a conscious evolution of ourselves, as individuals.

Exoterically, this new logos is manifest - presented - by three things. (i) By a particular understanding of Reality - and especially of the supernatural, the occult - evident in the ontology of causal, acausal, and acausal energy; (ii) by the code of kindred honour (the O9A code of ethics); and (iii) by the primacy of pathei-mathos, of each individual learning from their own experiences and which experiences are and should be (in order to cultivate the necessary sinisterly-numinous apprehension) both exoteric and occult, and thus in respect of the individual both external and internal.

Thus, esoterically understood, the Order of Nine Angles is a distinct, and new, esoteric path or way, and one way-marked by an accumulated (an ancestral) and an accumulating (a developing) esoteric pathei-mathos. This esoteric path (i) presents a particular logos, and (ii) offers various praxises (derived from personal experience and an ancestral pathei-mathos) whereby individuals can

cultivate and then live a sinisterly-numinous apprehension. Hence why 'being O9A' simply means living by the O9A code and using one or more O9A praxises in order to cultivate that sinisterly-numinous apprehension which is the beginning of wisdom, with wisdom - esoterically understood - being a balanced personal judgement together with a particular learned knowledge of a pagan, occult, kind concerning livings beings, human nature, Nature, and 'the heavens', the cosmic order {6}.

Furthermore, in its essence this practical O9A path, or way, is not 'satanic', not a 'left hand path', and not a 'right hand path', even though it has elements which could be described by such conventional terms. It is just different, unique, new.

A Labyrinthine Labyrinth

From its beginnings in the early 1970s, the Order of Nine Angles has had, quite intentionally, an inner core obscured by various outer layers. Thus its exoteric, external, appearance does not necessarily reflect its esoteric essence, and which exoteric appearance serves and has served a particular and practical purpose, as the O9A mythos serves and has served a particular and practical purpose in (i) generating interest both in that external appearance and in the inner essence concealed within, and (ii) in presenting certain - and sometimes controversial, sometimes adversarial - esoteric apprehensions.

To access the inner core, an individual has to work their way through the outer layers which, together, form a labyrinth; a labyrinth so labyrinthine that it is easy for a person to become confused, lose their way, or (more usually) just give up. Some individuals, however, inspired (or re-inspired) as they are by the O9A mythos, do succeed. Thus there is, for every candidate - every potential member of the O9A kindred - an initial test, involving them navigating the labyrinth on their own, without any guidance.

What they find - to the dismay of many - is nothing mysterious or 'satanic' or exceptional or difficult to understand or even really secret. For it is only (i) a particular pagan mysticism, and (ii) a particular way of life, and (iii) an individual occult journey (an *anados*) that will last for several decades, and a journey and a way of life which, if they embark upon them, will take them from 'the sinister' toward 'the numinous' and thence toward what is beyond both those causal forms.

For the essence of that particular - of O9A - pagan mysticism is the apprehension of ourselves as a nexion, of acausal energy, of the transient nature of all causal forms/ideations {7}, and of a possible, and consciously individually achieved, acausal ('immortal') existence beyond our mortal (causal) death *sans* any previously posited primal cause or causes such as Theos, a theos, theoi, or some inscrutable mechanism such as karma. An existence achievable, according to this particular mysticism, by an individual *anados* such as the Seven Fold Way {8} and/or by living according to the O9A code because such a living presences

within the individual the necessary acausal energy.

R. Parker
2014

Notes

{1} The term 'occult' is used by the O9A to refer to what is "hidden from normal apprehension; concerned with the supernatural; abstruse; mysterious; of or relating to various practical arts or skills considered to involve agencies - or considered to derive from causes - of a mysterious, or supernatural, or anoetic, or esoteric, nature".

{2} These dates are, in my opinion, significant because the weltanschauung of the Order of Nine Angles was not, as many have assumed, completely described in early (1980s and 1990s) texts by Anton Long, such as *Naos*. That is, it was only fully described by him, in detail and its completeness, over a period of several decades often as a result of his own practical occult, and exoteric, experiences, and especially as a result of his own journey along the seven fold way, from an Internal Adept in the late 1970s to The Abyss in the early 1990s and thence, in the early to mid noughties, to Mage. Many of the early texts thus simply contained old aural traditions he inherited, or his own theoretical notes about the seven fold way he refined and the theory of the acausal that he developed.

There is therefore - and perhaps intentionally - no one definitive book or text written by him which describes O9A esotericism (O9A mysticism and praxises) in detail, and thus no 'old, original' 1980s/1990s ONA and no 'reformed or revisionist' noughties ONA. There is only the occult weltanschauung he described in voluminous writings from the 1970s to his retirement in 2011, and which volume of writings all have to be read and (perhaps as was his intention) considered together in order to fully understand, and possibly personally interpret, that occult weltanschauung. For, correctly understood, that occult weltanschauung is - just like the O9A - only the particular occult path that Anton Long developed by combining the occult aural traditions he inherited and the personal pathei-mathos that resulted from his (still unique) almost five decade long 'sinisterly-numinous' occult quest.

Thus, the O9A and O9A esotericism are the Logos - 'the word' - of Anton Long the Mage.

{3} qv. R. Parker, *The Esoteric Philosophy Of The Order Of Nine Angles - An Introduction*. e-text, 2014. The text is included in the *Definitive Guide To The Order of Nine Angles* (Seventh Edition, 1460 pages, pdf 54 Mb), 2015.

{4} The word artiselements/artizements is derived from artize - "to practice or to have an occupation that involves a particular skill or craft, especially those of an artisan" - and refers to the skills, arts, craft, or abilities, that are practiced by a person or which are employed by an artisan.

{5} qv. (i) Anton Long, *Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest*, (2011) in the compilation *Empathy, Pathei-Mathos, and the Aeonian Perspective*; (ii) Anton Long, *The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way*, 119 yf (revised 122 yf).

Both of the above texts are included in the *Definitive Guide To The Order of Nine Angles* (Seventh Edition, 1460 pages, pdf 54 Mb), 2015.

{6} Anton Long, *Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest*, (2011).

{7} The transient nature of all causal forms/ideations forms the basis for the O9A's 'aeonic

perspective' and thus for its aeonic strategy regarding undermining existing societies and aiding our evolution as human beings by means of new ways of communal living based on the O9A code of kindred honour.

{8} Details of the Seven Fold Way are given in the *Definitive Guide To The Order of Nine Angles*, and which guide not only places the Seven Fold Way into the correct historical perspective but also contains the two necessary detailed practical guides: (i) the 981 page *The Requisite ONA* dealing with the stages up to and including that of Internal Adept, and (ii) *Enantiodynamia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* which deals with the Passing of The Abyss and the occult Grade beyond Internal Adept.

The Pagan Mysticism Of The O9A

Abstract

This essay provides details in respect of the assertion, made in my 2014 essay *O9A Esotericism, An Initiated Apprehension*, that:

"The initiated apprehension of O9A [Order of Nine Angles] esotericism is of a particular, modern, and occult, weltanschauung that melds aspects of ancient hermetic mysticism, and certain pagan traditions, with a personal exoteric and esoteric pathos-mathos."

The Mystic Tradition

Understood esoterically {1}, the term mysticism {2} describes those weltanschauungen based on the principle that certain truths, of a non-temporal or 'spiritual' nature, can be apprehended by certain means including (i) the performance of particular sacred (mystical) ceremonies or rites, (ii) by dramatic or symbolic or allegorical re-presentations of certain mysteries, (iii) by an anodos (ἀνοδος, a spiritual or esoteric or occult journey) whose goal is either a selfless awareness of Theos/mundus/the-numinous or an actual dissolution of the self into Theos/mundus/the-numinous, and (iv) by means such as a contemplative, or eremitic, or a reclusive way of life.

Mysticism thus includes not only the Christian contemplative tradition, and groups such as The Religious Society of Friends, but also the rites, ceremonies, and beliefs of Ancient Egypt and places such as Iran {3}, the Hellenic hermeticism described in the Pyramider text {4}, and the ancient paganism of the classical, the Greco-Roman, world. According to a modern initiate, the classical pagan weltanschauung was:

An apprehension of the complete unity (a cosmic order, κόσμος,

mundus) beyond the apparent parts of that unity, together with the perceivation that we mortals – albeit a mere and fallible part of the unity – have been gifted with our existence so that we may perceive and understand this unity, and, having so perceived, may ourselves seek to be whole, and thus become as balanced (*perfectus*), as harmonious, as the unity itself:

"Neque enim est quicquam aliud praeter mundum quod nihil absit quodque undique aptum atque perfectum expletumque sit omnibus suis numeris et partibus [...] ipse autem homo ortus est ad mundum contemplandum et imitandum – nullo modo perfectus, sed est quaedam particula perfecti." [M. Tullius Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, Liber Secundus, xiii, xiv, 37] {5}

The O9A Tradition Of Empathic Knowing And Acausal-Thinking

One of the axioms of the esoteric philosophy of the O9A {6} is that it is really only possible to apprehend the realm of the acausal (which realm includes but is not limited to the supernatural) by using our (mostly latent) human faculty of empathy – of empathic wordless knowing – and by developing new faculties, such as the one the O9A term acausal-thinking.

1. Empathic Knowing

The latent faculty of empathy can, according to the O9A, be cultivated by the O9A Seven Fold Way – by the three to six month long Rite of Internal Adept and by the Camlad Rite of The Abyss {7} – while the skill or art of empathic knowing forms the basis of the O9A Rounwytha Tradition.

Of the Rite of Internal Adept, Anton Long wrote in a 1970s typewritten MSS, that "[developing such] empathy is the only aim of the grade ritual of internal adept and, indeed, of initiation itself." {8}

In respect of the Rounwytha Tradition:

"The Rounwytha Way – also known as the rouning – is an aural pagan esoteric tradition, indigenous to a particular rural area of the British isles, of a few empaths... [The tradition is one of] a very individual and always wordless awareness, an intuitive apprehension, arising from a natural gift (a natural talent) or from that faculty of empathy that can be cultivated – according to tradition – by a person undertaking to live alone in the wilderness for around six months and then, some years later, undertaking to live alone for a lunar month in a darkened cave or some subterranean location. In essence, the Rounwytha Way is a manifestation – a presencing – of the muliebral, especially the 'acausal knowing' that arises from empathy with Nature." {9}

Thus for the O9A the development of empathic acausal knowing – that is, esoteric empathy – is not only a *μυστικόν* but also a means whereby certain

truths of a non-temporal nature can be apprehended.

2. Acausal-Thinking

According to the O9A, the new faculty of 'acausal thinking' enables a person to apprehend and to communicate by means of what the O9A describe as an esoteric language:

"An esoteric language is basically a particular means of communication dependent on certain esoteric (Occult) skills/abilities, and which language is often non-verbal in nature and often employs symbols (as in The Star Game) or affective aliquantals of acausal energy (as in esoteric-empathy). As with ordinary language, such languages involve a denoting and an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to. In addition, an esoteric language can, if correctly employed, function simultaneously on two levels - the affective and the effective; that is, the acausal and the causal. The effective level is that of communication between sentient human beings where meaning is exchanged; while the affective level is that of transforming/changing/developing (mostly of consciousness, of being) in an esoteric (acausal) way the individual or individuals employing the language.

The Star Game (TSG) - by which is meant the advanced form of 'the game' - is, currently, the language, the only language, of acausal-thinking; of thinking not by words but by means of adunations, their collocations, and their interaction and changes in four-dimensions, and which interactions of necessity include the 'player' or 'players'. Thus, the 'sentences' of this particular esoteric language - this language - are not static but rather the movement and the changes - the fluxion - of adunations, with the manner, the arrangement/pattern, of the movement and the changes - and the temporary meanings assigned to the adunations - intimating the 'meaning'/content of a particular sentence in particular moments of causal Time.

Using the language of TSG is, like Esoteric Chant, not only sorcery - internal, external, Aeonic - but also and perhaps more importantly a means to acausal-knowing: to discovering the essences that have become hidden by morality, by abstractions and by the illusion of opposites, and which opposites include the dichotomy of sinister and numinous (light and dark; good and bad) and the illusion of our own separation from the acausal." {10}

The O9A Anados And The Eremitic Magus

The O9A praxis termed the Seven Fold Way is essentially a practical modern anados; an occult journey through seven symbolic spheres {11}. However, unlike

the description of such a journey in the ancient Hermetic Pymander text where the goal is becoming "united with theos", the goal is understood in the Seven Fold Way as egressing into the realms of the acausal. Thus, as I mentioned in a previous essay:

"One of the most outré (and neglected) aspects of the esoteric philosophy that the Order of Nine Angles represents and presences is that the last stage, the goal, of their hermetic initiatory Seven Fold Way, the stage of Immortal, cannot be attained by a living human being. This means and implies that, in accordance with their ancient hermetic tradition, the O9A postulate, accept, and promulgate, a belief in a life - an existence - beyond our mortal death, most probably in that realm which the O9A term the acausal." {12}

The goal of the Seven Fold Way is therefore not only the personal discovery of wisdom {13} but also of a means whereby such an acausal, immortal, existence can be achieved. In that respect, Anton Long rather cryptically wrote:

"The wisdom acquired, the finding of lapis philosophicus during the penultimate stage of the Way, means two particular things, and always has done. (i) living *in propria persona*, in a private manner and sans all posing, all rhetoric, all pomposity, all ideations; and (ii) having an appreciation, an awareness (sans words, ritual, thought) of what is now sometimes known as the acausal - of Nature, the Cosmos, of the connexions that bind life and thus of the illusion that is the individual will, and which illusion sillily causes a person to believe 'they' are or can be 'in control'. These two things form the basis of a particular and reclusive way of life of a particular type of person: the type known, in one locality, as the rounerer of The Rouning." {14}

This rather neatly 'closes the O9A circle', with the O9A Ouroboros symbolizing the initiate at the very end of their decades-long occult journey - having experienced and known in a very practical manner both the sinister and the numinous and which "knowing and feeling so profoundly affect the person that they are transformed into a new variety of human being" - ending as a rounerer, that is, living in a very pagan - an almost rounwythian - type of way; the ancient way of the Camlad tradition.

For a rounerer is an eremite; an outwardly undistinguished someone who (i) wanders, with mystic intent and in accord with the O9A code, from place to place, either alone or with a trusted companion, perhaps very occasionally imparting some esoteric wisdom or seeking some new recruit, or who (ii) has retired to be away from the mundane world and who lives (sometimes but not always in a rural location) alone, or with a companion, or who dwells nearby rounwythian kin and thus whose very way of living, through the physis so gained via their anados and the O9A code, is an act of sorcery.

Thus the O9A Grand Master/Grand Mistress - the O9A Magus/Magistra - while

living in a manner consistent with the underlying pagan mysticism of the O9A, is most certainly not the type of person the majority of non-initiates would expect.

Conclusion

With its modern anados of the Seven Fold Way, with its 'dark arts' of acausal-thinking and esoteric-empathy/empathic-knowing, with its rural Rounwytha way and its eremitic magus/magistra, the O9A most certainly has a distinct mystical tradition firmly rooted in ancient pagan mysticism. Thus it would perhaps be more apt to describe O9A initiates as modern mystics rather than as 'satanists' or followers of a Western, occult, Left Hand Path.

For the truths, the perception and the understanding, which initiates of the O9A mystic (or the 'sinisterly-numinous') tradition personally discover are (i) the unity - the mundus, the Being - beyond the apparent opposites of 'sinister' and 'numinous', of causal/acausal, of masculous/muliebral, a unity indescribable by ordinary language but apprehensible by esoteric languages and a particular manner of living, and (ii) the transient, temporal, nature of human manufactured causal abstractions and ideations, and (iii) of an attainable acausal existence beyond our mortal death.

R. Parker
2014

Notes

{1} According to the O9A, and as described in the article *The Adeptus Way and The Sinisterly-Numinous*, written by Anton Long and dated 122 yfayen:

"By esoteric we mean not only the standard definition given in the Oxford English Dictionary, which is:

"From the Greek *ἑσωτερικ-ός*. Of philosophical doctrines, treatises, modes of speech. Designed for, or appropriate to, an inner circle of advanced or privileged disciples; communicated to, or intelligible by, the initiated exclusively. Hence of disciples: Belonging to the inner circle, admitted to the esoteric teaching."

but also and importantly pertaining to the Occult Arts *and* imbued with a certain mystery, *and* redolent of the sinister, or of the numinous, or of what we term 'the sinisterly-numinous', and where by Occult in this context we mean beyond the mundane, beyond the simple causality of the causal, and thus beyond conventional causal-knowing." [Source, available as of August 2014, <https://omega9alpha.wordpress.com/the-adeptus-way/>]

{2} The words 'mystical' and 'mysticism' are derived from the term *mystic*, the etymology and English usage of which are:

i) Etymology:

- Classical Latin *mysticus*, relating to sacred mysteries, mysterious;
- Post-classical Latin, in addition to the above: symbolic, allegorical;
- Ancient Greek *μυστικός*, relating to sacred mysteries;
- Hellenistic Greek *μυστικός*, initiate; plural, *μυστικοί*; also: symbolic, allegorical, spiritual, esoteric, mysterious, occult;
- Byzantine Greek (5th century CE) *μυστικόν*, mystical doctrine.

ii) English usage:

- *noun*: symbolic, allegorical (c. 1350);
- *noun*: an exponent or advocate of mystical theology;
- *noun*: a person who by means such as contemplation desires a selfless awareness of God or 'the cosmic order' (mundus), or who accepts that there is a spiritual apprehension of certain truths which transcend the temporal;
- *adjective*: esoteric, mysterious, [equivalent in usage to 'mystical']
- *adjective*: of or relating to esoteric rites [equivalent in usage to 'mystical']

{3} In respect of ancient Iran, qv. Reitzenstein and Schaeder: *Studien zum antiken Synkretismus aus Iran und Griechenland*, (Studien der Bibliothek Warburg), Teubner, Leipzig, 1926

{4} qv. *Poemandres: A Translation and Commentary*, by David Myatt, ISBN 978-1495470684

{5} Myatt, David: *Education And The Culture Of Pathei-Mathos*, e-text, May 2014.

{6} In respect of O9A esoteric philosophy, qv. R. Parker: *The Esoteric Philosophy Of The Order Of Nine Angles - An Introduction*, e-text, 2014.

In talking and writing about the O9A we are, in essence, talking and writing about (i) the esoteric philosophy advanced by the pseudonymous Anton Long between the 1970s and 2011, and about (ii) the praxises, such as the Seven Fold Way, he developed as a result of (a) the various pagan traditions he inherited and (b) his own pathei-mathos.

{7} Both of these 'seven fold way' rites involve the individual living alone, bereft of human contact and of all human influence, for a particular length of time. In the wilderness - forests, mountains, deserts - in the case of Internal Adept; and in a chthonic place (such as a dark cave) in the case of The Abyss.

{8} The MS, which concerned the O9A 'rite of nine angles', was published in the 1980s in Stephen Sennitt's LHP *Nox* zine, and was later included in Sennitt's book *The Infernal Texts: Nox & Liber Koth* (Falcon Publications, 1997).

{9} R. Parker: *Some Notes On The Rounwytha Way*, e-text, 2014.

{10} Anton Long: *Language, Abstractions, and Nexions*, e-text, 122 Year of Feyen.

{11} For a description of, and the ancient hermetic roots of, the O9A Seven Fold Way refer to R. Parker, *Perusing The Seven Fold Way - Historical Origins Of The Septenary System Of The Order of Nine Angles*, e-text, 2014.

{12} R. Parker: *The Septenary Anados, and Life After Death, In The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*, e-text, 2013.

{13} Esoterically, the term wisdom, according to Anton Long in his essay *Pathei Mathos and the Initiatory Occult Quest*, implies "not only the standard dictionary definition - a balanced personal judgement; having discernment - but also the older sense of having certain knowledge of a pagan, Occult, kind to do with livings beings, human nature, and concerning Nature and 'the heavens'. To wit, possessing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy, a knowing of one's self; possessing an Aeonic knowing; and thus knowing Reality beyond, and sans, all causal abstractions."

{14} Anton Long: *The Enigmatic Truth*, e-text, dated December 2011 CE. That essay, and its companion essay which was simply entitled *Lapis Philosophicus*, were the last writings written by Anton Long.

In respect of Anton Long's use of the phrase *in propria persona*, I have mentioned elsewhere that "the term *in propria persona* has a long literary and scholarly usage beyond its more recent legal connotations (legal connotations which someone searching the internet will find and assume describe the meaning of the term). The literary and scholarly usage includes the sense of someone speaking 'in propria persona', as opposed (for example) to 'the passive voice'. Thus, someone living 'in propria persona' would suggest something to the intelligentsia as [Anton Long's] quotation would."

The quotation, and the source, included in Anton Long's text are:

"He wolde be in his owne persone, the example of our hole iourney."
William Bonde [*lector philosophiae*] - *The Pylgrimage of Perfection*
(1526 ce), i. sig. Dvi.

Some Notes On The Rounwytha Way

The Rounwytha Way - one of the three O9A praxises {1} - is the most neglected part of the Order of Nine Angles (O9A/ONA) weltanschauung, with such neglect contributing to the basal misunderstanding of the O9A itself that exists not only among self-professed modern occultists and satanists but also among academics interested in or researching what is often termed modern esotericism.

The Rounwytha Way - also known as 'the rouning' - is an aural pagan esoteric tradition, indigenous to a particular rural area of the British isles, of a few empaths (most of whom were and are women) for whom there are no teachings, no dogma, no rituals, no spells, no conjurations, no incantations, no abstract determinate seasons {2} and no unnatural division between 'us', as mortals, and Nature and 'the heavens' beyond; evident as such an unnatural division is in positing, and then naming, separate divinities and supernatural beings. There are therefore no gods, no god, and no goddess; no 'demons' or named 'familiar'. Instead, there is a very individual and always wordless awareness, an intuitive apprehension, arising from a natural gift (a natural talent) or from that faculty of empathy that can be cultivated - according to tradition - by a person undertaking to live alone in the wilderness for around six months and then, some years later, undertaking to live alone for a lunar month in a darkened cave or some subterranean location {3}.

In essence, the Rounwytha Way is a manifestation - a presencing - of the muliebral, especially the 'acausal knowing' that arises from empathy with Nature and 'the heavens'. As Myatt has explained in respect of the muliebral:

"What is muliebral cannot be embodied in some organization or movement, or in some *-ism*, or in any causal form - and certainly cannot be expressed via the medium of words, whether spoken or written - without changing it, distorting it, from what it is into some-thing else. For the muliebral by its very φύσις is personal, individual, in nature and only presented in the immediacy-of-the-moment, and thus cannot be the object of a supra-personal aspiration and thus should not be 'idealized' or even be the subject of an endeavour to express it in some principles or principles (political or otherwise), or by some axiom or axioms, or by some dogma. For all such things - forms and words included - are manifestations, a presencing, of what is, in φύσις, masculous and temporal. Or, expressed more simply, the muliebral presences and manifests what is a-causal - what, in the past, has often inclined us to appreciate the numinous - while the masculous presences and manifests what is causal, temporal, and what in the past has often inclined us toward hubris and being egoistic." {4}

The Rounwytha Way also re-presents that personal perceiviation that an

individual pursuing a life-long mystical quest, such as The Seven Fold Way, may discover beyond The Abyss:

"The wisdom acquired, the finding of lapis philosophicus during the penultimate stage of the Way - means two particular things, and always has done. (i) living *in propria persona*, in a private manner and sans all posing, all rhetoric, all pomposity, all ideations; and (ii) having an appreciation, an awareness (sans words, ritual, thought) of what is now sometimes known as the acausal - of Nature, the Cosmos, of the connexions that bind life and thus of the illusion that is the individual will, and which illusion sillily causes a person to believe 'they' are or can be 'in control'. These two things form the basis of a particular and reclusive way of life of a particular type of person: the type known, in one locality, as the rounerer of The Rouning." {5}

This personal perceivation is of the nameless, wordless, unity beyond our mortal, abstract, ideations of 'sinister' and 'numinous', of Left Hand Path and Right Hand Path, and also - and importantly - of 'time'. For it is our ideation of 'time' - with its assumption of a possible temporal progression, via various temporary causal forms, toward something 'better' or more 'advanced' or more 'perfect' (in personal or supra-personal terms) - that underlies the magian/patriarchal/masculous approach that has dominated, and still dominates, Western occultism and esotericism in general, fundamental to which is a hubriatic egoism: "the illusion that is the individual will".

Aspects of the abyssal perceivation - of the apprehension discovered by someone reborn beyond The Abyss - are (i) the need to balance the masculous with the muliebral; (ii) 'the aeonic perspective'; (iii) the importance of esoteric languages (manifest, by the O9A, in Esoteric Chant and The Star Game); and (iv) aeonic sorcery.

The aeonic perspective, for instance, provides an understanding of aeonic sorcery:

(i) Of the limitation - and the 'mortality' - of all causal forms and why, in respect of certain aeonic goals, it is (α) the cumulative decades and centuries long alchemical (inner) change of individuals individually (via *pathei-mathos*), and (β) *mythoi*, and (γ) 'numinous symbols', which are of primary importance. For it is such things which presence, over long durations of causal 'time', that acausal energy which is the genesis of a genuine evolution, of those changes that endure beyond each mortal and beyond all collocations of mortals (corralled, for example, via 'empires', States, nations, ideologies, or by some leader or by some cause or political party).

(ii) Of why and how each human being - each mortal - is but a nexion and thus can, via esoteric mimesis, restore or alter (in particular ways) what others may have, through causal forms or via their living, temporarily changed.

Rounwytha and O9A - Difference and Similarities

The 'acausal knowing' of the Rounwytha - of the particular type of sorceress that the Rounwytha is - wordlessly, and in a pagan way, encompasses the esoteric knowing that the O9A describe by the term aeonic perspective. But instead of the 'aeonic sorcery' of the O9A (and thus in place of a sinister/aeonic dialectic and a particular esoteric strategy and certain tactics) there is only a concern with what is familial and local or communal, so that for the Rounwytha

"there is no interest in, no concern with, matters beyond one's family, one's local area of dwelling, and beyond such problems of one's neighbours that they personally bring to one's attention because they may require some help or assistance." {6}

Furthermore, there may have been in the past an act - as according to some aural accounts there may have been a rare recent incident - whereby it was considered necessary to restore the balance that some particular person, or some deed or deeds, or some natural occurrence, had in their local area upset, and thus why occasionally and in respect of some rotten person,

"why their removal - by exile or by cull - would end (cure) the sickness, restore the balance their rotten deeds and they themselves had caused to be upset, restoring thus the natural flow, and gifts, of Life: of health, fecundity, happiness, good fortune." {6}

For the Rounwytha Way is a very individual one rooted in a particular rural area, and one which occasions certain natural and necessary responsibilities and duties to certain others in the same locality. A Way which continues, and manifests, what the pagan weltanschauung - at least in Europe - anciently embodied: an intuitive/empathic understanding of ourselves and of our local rural community as an affective and effective connexion to Life {7} and a connexion that needed no god, no named gods or goddess, no 'prayers', and no rites or rituals: only those wordlessly left personal offerings to the (always un-named) gods/divinities, and the natural ability of an empathic sorceress (or, more rarely, a sorcerer) to foresee/foreknow and to intuitively/empathically (and thus wordlessly) know how to restore (often via memesis) the natural balance that some mortal, or some natural occurrence, had temporarily upset. This is the understanding of personal, and communal, fortune and misfortune being a gift: a manifestation, to we mortals, of how Nature and 'the heavens' work and of who and what and why we mortals are, as beings temporarily presenced on this planet we call Earth.

However, in essence it is this ancient paganus understanding and knowing - with its empathic awareness of a possible 'afterlife' beyond our temporarily presencing as an often egoistic individual - which suffuses the O9A, and indeed which re-presents the O9A weltanschauung, beyond the polemics, beyond the propaganda, the incitement; beyond the causal form of 'satanism', beyond (and the genesis of) its japes and Labyrinthos Mythologicus and mythos and sinister

dialectic. And an understanding and knowing re-presented, most obviously, in its hermetic Seven Fold Way and its apprehension of the sinisterly-numinous, for the O9A, via its praxises, requires

"the individual to develop a perception, an understanding, a knowledge - acquired from a personal experience - beyond causal abstractions/forms and thus beyond denotatum; that is, and for example, beyond the illusion of conflicting/ideated opposites, beyond naming/denoting/words, beyond abstract morality, beyond dogma/ideology, beyond the simple principle of causation, and beyond the simplicity of a posited dialectical process." {8}

R. Parker
2014

Footnotes

{1} Regarding O9A praxises, qv. R. Parker, *Some Advice For Neophytes Regarding The Order of Nine Angles*. e-text 2013. For details of the Rounwytha Way, qv. the pdf compilation (written by Anton Long) entitled *The Rounwytha Tradition*, which contains the following texts: (i) *The Rounwytha In History and Modern Context*; (ii) *Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names*, and (iii) *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

{2} qv. the *Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions* section of the essay *Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names*.

{3} qv. the Camlad Rite of The Abyss which is the O9A's somewhat updated version of the traditional rite. Aural tradition relates that, centuries ago, a certain place near what is now the town of Bridgnorth was occasionally used. Another such place once existed near Little Wenlock, while old mine workings near the Stiperstones were also sometimes used.

The traditional Rounwytha rite is given in the addendum below.

{4} *Some Questions For DWM*. e-text, 2014.

{5} Anton Long, *The Enigmatic Truth*. e-text, December 2011 CE. As I mentioned in my essay *Myatt, The Septenary Anados, And The Quest For Lapis Philosophicus*:

"The term *in propria persona* [...] has a long literary and scholarly usage beyond its more recent legal connotations (legal connotations which someone searching the internet will find and assume describe the meaning of the term). The literary and scholarly usage includes the sense of someone speaking 'in propria persona', as opposed (for example) to 'the passive voice'. Thus, someone living 'in propria persona' would suggest something to the intelligentsia, as the above

quotation would."

{6} *The Rounwytha Way In History and Modern Context*, n.d. but c. 2011

{7} As mentioned elsewhere, the O9A - et al - make a distinction between affective and effective change(s). Symbolically understood, affective change is an acausal - an a-temporal - change, and one whose genesis is or can be sorcery: i.e. a presencing of acausal energy via a nexion, be that nexion an individual, or some manufactured form (such as an archetype or mythos) or some esoteric technique (such as Esoteric Chant or The Star Game).

{8} R. Parker, *The Sinisterly-Numinous O9A*. e-text, 2013.

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Addendum The Rounwytha Rite

The traditional Rite begins at the first full moon following the beginning of a propitious alchemical season - in the Isles of Britain this was traditionally the first rising of Arcturus in the Autumn. The Rite, if successful, concludes on the night of the following full moon.

The Rite ideally occurs in an isolated underground cavern where or near to where water flows, and in which location the candidate dwells alone for the whole lunar month, taking with them all that is required for the duration of the Rite. Ideally, the water should be suitable for drinking. If such an underground cavern cannot be found, then a suitable alternative is an isolated dark cave - with, if necessary, its entrance suitably screened to avoid an ingress of light.

The only light is from candles (housed in a lantern) and the only food is bread and cheese. The food and/or the water required for the duration can be either brought by the candidate at the beginning of the Rite, or provided and left (without any contact being made) on a weekly basis by a chosen member of their family kindred or by their mentor if they have one. [In modern times, certain stipulations have been added: No means of communication with the outside world should be brought; no timepiece, mechanical or otherwise, is allowed; and no modern means of reproducing music or any other means of personal entertainment are allowed.]

The candidate should arrange for a trusted person to enter the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals.

The traditional Rounwytha rite has no structure, and simply involves the candidate living alone in such a location for a lunar month.

The Rounwytha Way In History and Modern Context

What has been termed The Way of the Rounwytha is locally referred to as the Camlad Rouning [1], or simply and most often as The Rouning, with those of this way known as Rounwytha. It is an aural pagan tradition found in a few rural areas of South Shropshire and Herefordshire together with a few enclaves in the marches areas of Sir Faesyfed and Sir Drefaldwyn. According to the few extant adherents of this tradition, the numbers of people involved were never large - rarely exceeding a dozen people at any one time - with the tradition itself being an hereditary one, passed down from one person to another, often within the same family; and with this tradition said to be so old there are no stories relating to such events, although the consensus is it certainly pre-dates the arrival of the faith and the folk of 'the risen crist'.

This aural tradition is of 'pagan things and pagan ways' [2] and was primarily a tradition of women-folk who were for the most part either reclusive individuals or who lived in small cottages or on small farms with their 'extended' families.[3]

The Rouning tradition was and is one centred on certain gifts, certain skills, and is distinct in many ways, for instance:

- i) There are no named deities or divinities or 'spirits'. No 'gods', no 'goddess'. No demons.
- ii) There are no spells or conjurations or spoken charms or curses; no 'secret scripts' and no 'secret teachings'; indeed no teachings at all.
- iii) There are no 'secret book(s)' or manuscripts; indeed, there are no writings.
- iv) There are no ritual or Occult or 'wiccan' or 'satanist' elements at all.
- v) There is no calendar, as calendars are usually understood, and thus no set dates/times for festivities or commemorations.
- vi) There are no oaths made, no pledges written or said.
- vii) There is no organization, no dogma, no codification of beliefs, no leader(s), no hierarchy, and no stages or grades of 'attainment'.

Four other distinctive features of this Way are perhaps worthy of note: (α) that there is no interest in, no concern with, matters beyond one's family, one's local area of dwelling, and beyond such problems of one's neighbours that they personally bring to one's attention because they may require some help or assistance; (β) that it is rooted in and nourished by a specific rural Marcher area of a specific country and cannot easily be transplanted elsewhere, as it most certainly cannot live - be lived - in any urban area; (γ) that men are the exception, women the rule; and (δ) that there is no conformity to conventional social/moral rôles but rather certain accepted practices.

(α) means that the external world beyond such boundaries is unremarked upon because there is little or no interest in it, certainly no desire to acquire 'news' concerning it, and certainly no desire, no need, to become 'involved in changing it'. It also means that there is no desire, no need, to 'expand the tradition', to

recruit people elsewhere, with 'new recruits' thus being rare (a few per generation) and for the most part family members or locals or some acquired and trusted friend. (β) means that no transplantation elsewhere, of the traditional way, is sought or desired, and that if anyone do leave the area, their heart, their being is always there within the old Rounwytha boundaries with them unhappy, lost, unless until they find a similar place to dwell. (γ) means that the few men involved tend to be of a certain nature; possessed of a particular and sensitive/artistic character. (δ) means that women often tend to run/govern/provide for the family/farm; that relationships between two women - and between siblings and cousins - are not unusual, and if and when they occur are not condemned and are not even remarked upon; and that there was/is no distinction of social class between those 'of the gift'.

The Gift of The Rounwytha

The main gift of a Rounwytha - what makes and marks a Rounwytha - is a particular and a natural sensitivity: to human beings, to Nature (and especially the land, the weather), to living-beings (especially animals) and to the heaven/Cosmos. A wordless, conceptless, feeling of connexions, and of the natural balance that we mortals, being unwise, have such a tendency to upset. An intuitive knowing of the wisdom of a natural propitiation: of us as mortals as living, as being balanced, between the earth and the heavens and thus not being separate from Nature. This is the knowing of such balance being necessary for good fortune, for good health, for good crops, and - importantly - of being natural and necessary for our immediate family and the extended family of our friends and neighbours who accept us as we are and thus are well-disposed toward us.

This is the gift of knowing that some deeds be unwise because they upset the natural and very delicate balance that exists between us, our locality, our community, and Nature. This is the ancient knowing that pre-dates the separation of us - as an individual with individual desires, a name, and goals - from our dwelling with Nature. This is the knowing that the very land, as we ourselves, is alive, part of us and aware of us, affected by us: sleeping, dreaming, wakeful, joyful, sad, sick, hopeful, recovering, needful, just-being. That this living - of theirs, of that special unhuman kind - can aid or harm us, and (despite what many moderns have come to believe) is not composed of 'named' individual, characterful, spirits, or 'demons', or governed by some god or goddess, or whatever, whose 'names' we should or must know in order to 'control' them or 'propitiate' them or whatever.

Rather, there is a way of living, by the Rounwytha few, which balances, which makes/resumes/re-establishes the necessary fluxion of that-which-is through *we-who-so-dwell-here*, and thus which is/who are or who become the balance and so can pass that gift to aid, to heal, to mend, or possibly to harm what might so need such harm.

For this is the way - the gift - of also knowing the nature of the rotten: human, animal, land. Of the need, sometimes, to cleanse, perchance to cull. As when there was the knowing that a certain individual doing a certain deed was bad, rotten - and not because they had offended some named and powerful god or goddess, and not because such a deed contravened some law or decree said to be divinely inspired or laid down by some sovereign or by someone who claimed authority from some god or gods or 'government', but because such a deed signed that person as rotten, and who thus, like a rotten piece of meat eaten, might or most probably would cause sickness, or spread disease, among us, among the land. Hence why their removal - by exile or by cull - would end (cure) the sickness, restore the balance their rotten deeds and they themselves had caused to be upset, restoring thus the natural flow, and gifts, of Life: of health, fecundity, happiness, good fortune.

The Learning of a Rounwytha

The traditional learning of a young Rounwytha was simple; direct and personal. There was the knowledge aurally acquired quite young from an older Rounwytha - a mother or grandmother perhaps - concerning such obvious things as plants and herbs, cures for ailments, human and animal.

Then there was the wordless learning, the gift either acquired or (more usually) nurtured when somewhat older, by the two simple tasks. The first of which was to spend two whole seasons alone, in woods or hills: to learn to see, to hear, to listen, to sense earth below, sky above, and so be, become, quiet, nurturing, and still. The second, and later and last and when adjudged the season was aright, to spend one whole lunar month alone in some cave or cavern, with only candles or a lantern for light, little or nothing to do, with such meagre food and water as required regularly left by a trusted friend who you would have to trust to enter and bring you out at this last learning's lunar end, more or less for weather permits a few days either end.

Three Examples

One aural recalling, recounted, and written here:

The first Rounwytha met was, in the late nineteen-seventies, in her eighth decade of mortal life, who lived alone not that far as the Raven flies from the Long Mynd in a small cottage set in a hollow with a small stream nearby and who owned some acres of the land around. She kept some chickens, geese, and cows, living mostly in one room in the cottage whose effective heating was from a range at one end of the room and on which she did what little cooking she did, mostly stews. No electricity, and neither did she need nor want any. Her only concession a cold water tap, installed only because her hand-pumped nearby well had finally gone beyond repair. In those days, a few local and mostly older people still on occasion sought her advice, bringing

simple gifts in payment; a few candles, a bar of soap, perhaps the luxury of tea. Once a fortnight, more or less, and in her well-worn clothes, she might have to trundle along the lane, mostly walking beside her old rusty bicycle whose tattered baskets, front and rear, would convey her few purchases back from that nearest village store. And when as might be in Winter needed, a farmer red of face and about her age might bring her some bails of hay. No one knew why, or if they did they would not say, but I suspect it might recall some aspect of her youth as when, fair and comely, she did (as gossip so related down the pub) for several minutes paralyse a young man who had annoyed her, just by staring at him.

The second meet, also in those late seventies times: a young woman, home-schooled, quiet but giggly, dwelling with her grandmother not that far from where an edge of Wenlock Edge ended to potter down to level to seep to be land that came to edge a certain river. Not that tidy of hair, body, dress, but pretty still, she would spend some hours some days a-cleaning; walking narrow lanes upward to where that surfeit of houses grew, plentiful with shops, bedevilled by cars. So she would, in several houses, clean, and well, with mood mostly cheery, such few lapses of no account. For she had this gift, this skill, you see as when that frail almost bed-bound lady whose house was one she cleaned would sit before her and she would pass her hands around, above, the knees, not touching, and the elder - happy, smiling - would walk away, no pain for weeks to come. Once and long ago, or so that story go, when young some village boys tried to taunt her for her dress and manner, she thumped them all so hard neither they, nor any, ever dared, again.

The third, some thirty years later, more or less. A married women - broad, strong - and two young children, who ran farm with husband; eighty ancestral acres some would say though no one knew for sure. Mostly dairy, but some beef. And chickens, a few pigs, three dogs, horses, and that motley barnful gaggle: gently-fiercely (and mostly) rat-killing cats, though two were rather lazy. She herself, that lady, slow of walk, and slow to smile but when she did it was as if the Sun had broke that gloom of day. She just had this way, with animals and men, you see; no words needed, required. She felt good, calming, just to be near; but no desire there within as men know and so need desire, at least while sap be rising and they winnowing with the wind. So sometimes the few who knew and, being trusted, might bring to her some life sick, injured, or which ailed. Child, pet, animal of house, field, barn, farm, it made no difference. She saying nothing, only smiling, touching, was left some gift. Often - and enough - the ailing, or that sickness, left; and if - when - not, the bringers cast no hurt nor blame for that was just the way they knew it was. That ring of gifts, given, taken, reaped, harvested, sown. Buried, born, and grown.

One interesting thing - possibly - is all that three could not drive a motor vehicle, and did not want to. One, possibly because in her youth they were new fangled, unreliable, things; and a horse and cart did all was needed, and better. Another, possibly because she loved horses, owned horses, and people came to her. The third, because 'they confused her', she felt uncomfortable shut away, moving so unnaturally fast; no sky above, no trees, no bush nor field around; no earth to touch with feet still often blessed by being bare...

Perhaps I in person might add a fourth. A rather wealthy lady of a quite large house of well-established many-acred gardens. Musical, patroness of the Arts, graduate of a certain ancient English university, who had some second house in Shrewsbury. She also - as her daughter - so many locals came to for assistance, help, advice...

No Deities, No Calendar

Since there are/were no deities, and nothing was named, there were no ceremonies needed to evoke/invoke/pray-to or feast/remember them and no 'special days' to do these and similar silly things.

But one duty which some Rounwytha-kind sometimes undertook was to suggest when certain celebrations or commemorations or tasks might propitiously take place. For example, a good period to sow crops; a good day to celebrate a successful gathering-in; a good - a needed - season to sow some human gift of blood.

There was no given, static, calendar - solar or lunar - to guide the Rounwytha about the onset of such occasions. No division of life into years, months, weeks, or even days of fixed number of hours. No calculations. No 'astronomically aligned stones'; no sacred knowledge.

The day began at Dawn; night began at dusk and ended at Dawn. There was no 'week' since there were no 'special days' - such as a Sunday - to be reckoned and no given, set aside, 'days of rest'. Work was done until it was completed, or daylight ended and then begun again next daylight, weather permitting. There were no months; just the flow, the changing, of seasons. A time to sow; a time to nurture; a time to reap. A time when animals might need fodder and when they might again have fresh grass in pasture or meadow. A time for living, to rest, to work, to sleep, to smile, to breed to laugh to die.

Those still part of the land know that what in northern climes is called Spring does not begin on what has been termed the Spring Equinox nor on any specific day, whether that day be marked by some fixed calendar, solar or lunar. Instead, the arrival of Spring is a flow that occurs over a number of days - sometimes a week or two weeks or more - and which days are marked by the changes in the land, the fields, the air, and by the behaviour of wildlife, birds, and insects. This arrival varies from year to year and from location to location, and usually now occurs, in the land of England, from what the solar calendar now in common

use names late February to what the same calendar names early or even middle March. Thus someone who knows their locality - who belongs to it - will know and feel the changes which occur in Nature during the season when the days are becoming longer and the weather somewhat warmer with the Sun rising higher in the sky in relation to Winter. They will thus know, will feel, will sense, when the occasion - the time - is right to do certain things, such as planting.

Furthermore, for such people, mid-Summer (and especially the sunrise on some particular day) is irrelevant. What is relevant is the work, the tasks to do, the life to lead, and the coming Autumn, which again will be sensed, known, and which again will vary from year to year and locality to locality; and while this onset of Autumn might be indicated - intimated - by the appearance in the night sky of certain stars, such as the evening rising of the bright star Sirius, that was all they were and are: intimations; one sign among many.

In terms of unfixed celebrations, consider, for example, the ancient celebration - the gathering, remembrance, and Autumnal feast - that the Rounwytha tradition simply called The Gathering. This also varied from year to year and from locality to locality, its occurrence determined by when what had to be gathered-in and prepared and stored in readiness for the coming days of Winter had been gathered-in and prepared and stored. The day of its occurring being to some extent dependant on the weather, on the health and time and numbers of those so gathering in the harvest and storing produce, and on such important matters as what crops were grown, what fruits were available, what livestock were kept, and what fuels were available ready to be stored for the needed fires of the coming colder season.

Hence the date of The Gathering would vary from year to year and locality to locality, and sometimes be toward what is now termed October and sometimes toward the end of what is now termed September, or somewhere inbetween. On the day of The Gathering there would probably be a feast - a celebration of the bounty which Nature, the earth and the heavens, had provided - and also and importantly a remembering; a remembering of those no longer there as they had been the previous year (and not there for whatever reason, such as death from illness or old age) and a remembering of those long-departed, such as one's own ancestors. Thus there was, as with most such celebrations, a natural balance born from remembrance and respect for the past and from hope and anticipation; here, hope and anticipation of the new warmer fertile seasons to arrive after the coming darkness of what would most probably be another bleak cold and dark season of snow, frost, and ice. For The Gathering also heralded that season when some form of almost daily heating in family dwellings would most probably be required.

As for a communal or family bonfire, it was simply practical, not symbolic, of whatever. Just a cheery presence (most people in northern climes love a good bonfire), a focus for the celebration (and such dancing as invariably occurred during such pagan festivities), a source of warmth and light, and a place where

offerings of harvested produce and other gifts could be placed, such offerings and such gifts - as was a common folk tradition throughout the world - being to ancestors, to land and sky, as well as to the always unnamed spirits, sprites, and perhaps those unnamed guardians of sacred natural places.

The Rounwytha Way

It will possibly thus be understood that the old Rounwytha way was a way of living, an attitude to life; a manner of doing things, and of not doing certain other things. Their measuring of the changes around them, in them, in other life, was in terms of fluxions, of how living things slowly flux in their own way from birth toward dying. Thus, for the Rounwytha, their life would not be apportioned out in years, but by how many Summers they had seen; how many Gatherings they could remember.

And yet, even now, this olden way wyrdfully, of necessity, lives on. In a few.

[A Camlad Rounerer]

Footnotes

[1] The spelling of such dialect words as rouning, rounwytha, and so on, is an approximation based on what they sound like when spoken. Since the tradition was and is an aural one, there are no writings, with many adherents - even in recent memory - being unable (or unwilling to learn) to read and write.

[2] Pagan in both the historical sense of that term and in the later usage of that term: paganus, someone who belongs to a rural community and whose traditions, ethos, and ways, are not those of the religion of 'the risen crist'.

[3] Although the Camlad rounerers were incorporated into the ONA/O9A in the early nineteen-seventies, this was 'in name only', for they maintained their independent and reclusive existence. However, today [2011] the few extant traditional members are no longer a part of the ONA.

Diabological Dissent

Being Dissension From Some Mundane Misconceptions Relating to Certain Esoteric Matters

The Ancient Wisdom of the Isles of Briton

Esoterically - that is, according to our aural tradition, deriving from the Camlad Rounwytha association - it is a mundane misconception that some or all of the indigenous population of the lands now known as the British Isles worshipped or made homage/sacrifices to specific named deities, divinities or spirits, in the manner - for example - of the Greeks and Romans, or the ancient Egyptians.

According to this aural esoteric tradition - which as always is to be believed or not, according to one's own perception and empathy - there was no naming *per se*, since such a naming of specific entities is a contradiction of that undivided and empathic knowing of the natural world which formed the essence of the ancient wisdom of these Isles. An empathic knowing which by its nature is word-less and deems it unwise (an act of what we now term hubris) to give names to that-which or aspects of that-which (such as Nature) which is beyond the power of ordinary mortals to control (or even completely understand). This is a knowing of what is mysterious and numinous as such a mysterium is; that is word-less, unspoken.

This is the knowing - the ancient wisdom - of the natural balance; a knowing of *mimesis*, of community, and of propitiation: of us as mortals as living, as being balanced, between the earth and the heavens and thus not being separate from Nature. This is the knowing of such balance being necessary for good fortune, for good health, for good crops, and - importantly - of being natural and necessary for our immediate family and the extended family that is our community.

This is the knowing of some deeds being unwise because they can and do upset the natural and very delicate balance that exists between us, our ancestral communities, and Nature. This is the ancient knowing that pre-dates the separation of us - as an individual with individual desires and goals - from our ancestral community with the duties and obligations which such a natural belonging entailed.

A specific naming of specific entities, with individual personal evocations/supplications of and to them - implies that loss of this intuitive and ancestral knowing of ourselves as part our community, our folk; as part of the flow, the changing, of Nature. Such a loss is associated with and often derives from the move away from a shared rural agrarian communities (of free men and women co-operating together) to a more urbanized regimented way of live where there was often some kind of slavery or serfdom.

The majority of what have been assumed to be named entities of an indigenous British/Celtic tradition reveal either: (1) the influence of Roman culture, beliefs and practices, based as this culture was - at the time of Roman influence in these Isles - on a more urbanized, imperial, way of life where slavery, and division, and individual notions of being and thus of personal 'destiny' were the norm; and/or (2) later (post-Roman) Celtic/Irish myths and legends, or those of later invaders, such as the Vikings and Saxons.

Instead of individual personal (or even communal) evocations/supplications of and to specific named entities, there was in the ancient ancestral way only two essential things: (1) communal celebrations and 'givings' at certain times of year (determined by the cycle of Nature in relation to crops and seasons, often marked by the first seasonal rising of certain bright stars); and (2) the individual following of certain traditions and customs and which traditions or customs were said to bring good fortune or be able to divert misfortune. Among the former would have been the forerunner of our 'harvest festivals' where certain produce was set aside and left (often at certain sites of ancestral importance) as offerings, as gifts - a common folk custom all over the world. Among the later would have been the carrying or the obtaining of certain charms - again, a common folk custom all over the world.

Importantly, such gifts and such charms were, in living ancestral cultures, understood as means to maintain or regain the natural and necessary balance - often to placate or to please Nature, and those always un-named 'spirits' or sprites which were part of Nature, and/or the spirits of our own ancestors and those of our relatives.

These things arose from - were part of - how the individual functioned, lived; for their being - their knowing of themselves - was in such ancestral living cultures and communities not that of some named separate individual with a possible personal 'destiny' or some personal goal or aim of personal happiness, but rather as a natural, necessary, functioning part of the whole formed from their family, their folk community, the land where they dwelt and from Nature which gave that land, their community and they themselves Life. Thus, they felt that what they did affected not only them but Nature, their family, the folk community, and their dead ancestors. And it is this non-individual connexion - this dependency, human, of Nature, and of beyond - which is the essence of the ancient wisdom of these Isles, of other living cultures, and of what has come to be called 'paganism'.

In respect of named entities assumed to be part of an indigenous British/Celtic tradition, let us consider, for instance, the name *Maponos*. This has come to be regarded, by some people involved in or studying esotericism, as some British/Celtic divinity similar to Apollo. The early inscriptions and texts of this name are either in Latin or reveal a Latin influence. Furthermore, the modern etymologies given for this name are purely speculative, based on tenuous comparatives or even more tenuous suppositions - for example, some even

giving the root, rather fancifully, as from the Celtic *mab*.

One therefore has the ridiculous spectacle of some esoterically-inclined folk in these Isles actually believing - on the basis of some Roman and post-Roman inscriptions and on the basis of some speculative etymology - that Maponos (or some such name) was a Celtic/Britannic divinity - 'the divine son' or some such nonsense - and therefore using this name in some rites they or others have concocted for some alleged or assumed esoteric aim.

However, those aware - empathically or otherwise - of the ancient wisdom of these Isles will know that the very naming of such a specific entity reveals both a non-indigenous influence (in this case, that of Rome) and also a move from the way of the communal, the tribal, the kindred, toward the cult, the idea, of the self and thence to the isolated rootless often urban 'nuclear family'. That is, a move away from the pagan numen toward the material ethos of the Magian.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Feyen

Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names

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The esoteric problem with denoting, by means of an ascribed name or a given expression, is essentially two-fold. First, esoteric-empathy [1] inclines us toward a knowing of the numinous essence that such a denoting obscures or hides, and part of which essence is a revealing of ourselves as but one nexion to all other Life, sentient and otherwise. The second problem with denoting is that there exists in various ancestral cultures world-wide (including some Indo-European ones) [2] an older aural tradition of how it is not correct - unwise - to give names to some-things, and of how some 'names' are 'sacred' because their very use is or could be an act of what we would now describe as sorcery/magick and which naming and which use of such names often tends toward disrupting the harmony between individuals, family, community, land, ancestors, 'heaven and earth', that many folk traditions were designed to aid.

Thus there is a different and almost entirely unrecorded folk tradition which is unrelated to the tradition of myths and legends about named divinities, be such divinities Sumerian, Egyptian, Pheonician or whatever, and which myths and legends we are all now familiar with and which traditions of myths and legends include, for example, the fables and stories of the Old Testament with their notions of a people who regard themselves as the chosen ones of some creator-god being persecuted, threatened and tempted by satans and the-satan.

This aural tradition is pagan in both the historical sense of that term and in the

later usage of that term: *paganus*, someone who belongs to a rural community and whose traditions, ethos, and *weltanschauung* are not that of the religion of the Nazarene, deriving as that religion did from the fables and stories of the Old Testament.

It is possible - as the Rounwytha tradition intimates - that this aural pagan tradition had its natural origins in the way of life of small rural communities of free men and women (such as existed for instance in pre-Roman Britain and for a while in post-Roman Britain) in contrast to the tradition of myths and legends about named divinities and which naming tradition may well have had its origins in that type of living where there is some powerful king or authoritative leader and a more urbanized way of living (as in Sumeria, Egypt, etcetera) and where there was thus a hierarchical division between kings/leaders, court officials, the people, and slaves. For one feature of such early pagan communities was their lack of slaves and their communal way of making decisions.

What is especially interesting from an esoteric perspective is that the knowing that a developed esoteric-empathy provides confirms this aural pagan tradition in respect of both the unwisdom of dividing 'the heavens'/the unseen by the process of ascribing personal names, and how such a division undermines, obscures, or destroys, our natural place in Nature and the Cosmos, and thus the natural balance both within us and external to us, as individuals and as individuals who are part of a living culture and/or of an ancestral community.

Esoteric-Empathy and Ancestral Traditions

The pagan aural tradition, as recounted in the Rounwytha tradition, is one lacking in myths and legends about specific named deities. Thus, there are no named gods or goddesses, and there is no division between 'good' deities and 'evil' deities. What there is, instead, are essentially two connected things.

(1) An intuitive, empathic, understanding of natural harmony manifest in the knowledge of ourselves - as individuals, and as ancestral communities - as in a rather precarious balance between earth and the heavens, a balance which can easily be disrupted and which for its maintenance requires certain duties and obligations both individual and communal. For instance, a certain reverence for one's ancestors; a reverence for certain places traditionally regarded as numinous, 'sacred'; a certain respect for one's own mother and father and elderly relatives; a certain loyalty to one's kin and community; and a certain respect for other but unseen and always unnamed emanations of life, the heavens, and Nature, manifest as this respect was, for example, in the practice of leaving offerings of food in certain places lest some of these unseen and unnamed emanations of life (spirits, sprites) be offended and cause personal or communal misfortune.

In addition, there was the knowing that certain individual deeds were unwise - not because they would offend some named and powerful god or goddess, and

not because such deeds contravened some law or decree said to be divinely inspired or laid down by some king or by someone who claimed authority from some god or gods, but because such deeds indicated the person doing them was rotten, and thus, like a rotten piece of meat eaten, might cause sickness. Or, expressed another way, because the person doing such a deed was diseased, and which disease, which infection, might spread and so harm the family and the wider community. Hence why it was that such rotten individuals - known by their rotten deeds - would be removed from the family and community by being, for example, exiled or culled and thus by their culling end the infection and aid the restoration of the balance their unwise deeds had upset.

This knowing of the unwisdom of some deeds is quite different from the 'evil' which organized religions pontificated about, and serves to distinguish the aural pagan tradition from the now more prevalent causal knowing manifest in myths and legends about divinities and in organized religions based on some god or gods, or on some revelation from some deity, or on reverence for some enlightened teacher.

For such a causal knowing is inseparably bound up with the manufactured division of an abstract and codified 'good' and 'evil' and also with the separation of the individual from their own ancestral, rural, community.

In the natural ancestral pagan tradition the individual - and thence their self-identity, their self-awareness - is communal, whereas in organized religions, and in identity derived from myths and legends about divinities and from obedience to some king or to someone who claimed authority from some god or gods, identity becomes more personal, less communal, and related to the 'salvation' of the individual, and/or to their personal existence in some posited after-life, with the individual constrained not by duties and obligations willingly and naturally accepted, to their family and local rural community (of shared hardship and shared ancestral pathos) but instead restrained by some imposed (by others or self-imposed) abstract criteria often manifest in some laws or decrees said to be of some god or gods or backed by some king or by some powerful overlord.

This separation is also manifest in the giving of personal names to both assumed or believed in divinities, and to individuals, a naming which marks a loss of the intuitive, empathic, pagan understanding of natural harmony manifest in ancestral traditions and cultures.

Thus in old pagan cultures an individual was referred by a particular skill they may possess (a skill useful to their community), or by some outstanding deed they had done, or by their family (their clan) place of residence or even by some trait of character or some physical feature. That is, there were no personal names as we now understand such names, and such a naming as existed related the individual to some-thing else: their place of local dwelling, what may have distinguished them from others of their community, or to some work that aided

the community. A tradition still in evidence even in recent times in parts of Wales where someone would be referred to locally as, for instance, Jones the butcher or Jones ab Eynon (Jones the anvil).

(2) An intuitive wordless understanding of what may be described by the term mimesis (from the Greek *μίμησις*). That is, the use of certain actions and deeds - and thence by certain rituals and ceremonies - which are believed to re-present/manifest/presence the natural harmony and which thus can connect/reconnect individuals and their community to what is felt or known to be numinous and thus beneficial to them.

One obvious example here would be the custom, in northern European climes, of lighting a bonfire around the time of the Winter Solstice [3] and which celebration was one of re-presenting the warmth and light of the life-giving Sun in the hope that Winter, as in the past, would give way again to Spring, the season of sowing crops and of livestock able to forage outdoors again and have fresh grass to sustain and fatten them.

Another example might be that of removing a rotten person from the family and community by the mimesis of culling them, with such a culling being undertaken because it imitated/represented the natural process of how Nature culled or allowed to be culled some living being in order that others of those beings may survive and prosper.

For this understanding - this mimesis - was of the connexions that existed between the individual, the community, the wider realms of Nature and of the heavens (the cosmos) beyond, and thus of how the actions of one or more of these affected such connexions. That is, it was an ancestral, a pagan, knowing of the natural balance.

In general, therefore, it was considered that to 'name' - to denote by some personal name or even to attempt to describe in words - particular aspects of the connected whole would be unwise because there were (as empathy and ancestral tradition revealed) no such divisions in the natural world, only transient emanations 'of heaven and earth' with the individual and their communities one part of, as transient emanations of, one undivided flow of life, and which flow was not - as was later believed - some causal linear 'history' of some past to some future abstraction or some idyll and which 'history' is marked by some assumed progression from 'the primitive' to something more 'advanced' and which assumed progression is what has been denoted by the term 'progress'.

Hence the respect, in such pagan cultures and communities, for tradition - for the accumulated *pathei-mathos* of one's ancestors; a respect lost when manufactured abstractions, denoted by some name or by some given expression, were relied upon, striven for, used as the basis for an individual identity, and as a means of understanding Reality.

The very process of denoting by naming and attempting to express meaning in terms of so named and manufactured abstraction denoted by some name or by some expression, is a move away from the wisdom that ancient ancestral cultures expressed and sought to maintain, and a loss of the wisdom, of the acausal-knowing, that esoteric-empathy reveals. A process of denoting that has culminated in the lifeless, un-numinous, illusive division that has been named 'good' and 'evil', and which denoting is also now manifest in the un-wisdom and the religiosity of The State with its abstraction of 'progress', with its manufactured lifeless urban 'communities'; where a striving, a lust, for a personal materialism and a striving for a personal idealized happiness replaces belonging to a living ancestral or numinous culture; where the individual is expected to respect The State and its minions (or face punishment); and where self-identity is measured and made by State-approved abstractions and/or by some State-approved ideology or religion, instead of by a knowing of one's self as a transient emanation, both sinister and numinous, dark and light, 'of heaven and earth'.

Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions

The dating of certain esoteric celebrations by means of a fixed and manufactured solar calendar - something which has become commonplace in the lands of the West - is another example of how the error of causal knowing (manifest, for instance, in naming divinities) has come to usurp the intuitive wordless understanding of aural pagan traditions and the empathy that pagans, in resonance with Nature and themselves, were either naturally gifted with or could develop under guidance.

Thus those committing this error of using a solar calendar rather inanely believe that a celebration such as that now commonly named Samhain occurs on a certain fixed calendar date, to wit October the thirty first; that a fixed date such as March the twenty first (named the Spring Equinox) marks the beginning of Spring, and that sunrise on what has been denoted by the expression Summer Solstice is some "important pagan date".

Esoteric-empathy and ancestral pagan cultures and aural traditions - such as the Rounwytha one - relate a different tale. This is of the dates and times of festivities, celebrations and feasts being determined locally by communities and families and sometimes (but not always) on the advice of some Rounwytha or some similarly attuned skilled individual. Two examples may be of interest - Spring and Samhain.

Those part of such ancestral cultures - as well as those who possess the benefit of such aural traditions or who have a natural esoteric-empathy - know that what in northern climes is called Spring does not begin on what has been termed the Spring Equinox nor on any specific day, whether that day be marked by some fixed calendar, solar or lunar. Instead, the arrival of Spring is a flow that occurs over a number of days - sometimes a week or more - and which days are marked by the changes in the land, the fields, the air, and by the

behaviour of wildlife, birds, and insects. This arrival varies from year to year and from location to location, and usually now occurs, in the land of England, from what the solar calendar now in common use names late February to what the same calendar names early March. Thus someone who knows their locality - who belongs to it - will know and feel the changes which occur in Nature during the season when the days are becoming longer and the weather somewhat warmer with the Sun rising higher in the sky in relation to Winter.

This natural flexibility - in relation to a fixed solar or lunar calendar - is why certain esoteric folk of certain aural pagan traditions (such as the ONA Rounwytha one) often write and talk about 'alchemical seasons' and not about some fixed seasons determined by some solar calendar.

In the same way, the celebration - the gathering, remembrance, and feast - that is now often known as Samhain (and which according to the Rounwytha tradition was simply called The Gathering) varied from year to year and from locality to locality, its occurrence determined by when what had to be gathered-in and prepared and stored in readiness for the coming days of Winter had been gathered-in and prepared and stored. That is, the day of its occurring was to some extent dependant on the weather, on the health and time and numbers of those so gathering in the harvest and storing produce, and on such important matters as what crops were grown, what fruits were available, what livestock were kept, and what fuels were available ready to be stored for the needed fires of the coming colder season. Communities reliant on fishing or those who relied on hunted game or required such game or fish to supplement an otherwise meagre diet would naturally have somewhat different priorities and so their date for such a communal Gathering might differ from other communities.

Hence the date of The Gathering would vary from year to year and locality to locality, and sometimes be toward what is now termed October and sometimes toward the end of what is now termed September, or somewhere inbetween. It was only much much later with the arrival of the organized and alien moralizing religion of the Nazarene, with its solar calendar system (deriving from urbanized hierarchical imperial Rome) and set celebrations of the deaths of certain sanctified or important Nazarenes (mostly in far-away lands), that a particular date would be used, at least in such communities as had succumbed to the abstractions of such a religion and thus had forsaken their ancestral culture and folk traditions and ways.

On the day of The Gathering there would a feast - a celebration of the bounty which Nature, the earth and the heavens, had provided - and also and importantly a remembering; a remembering of those no longer there as they had been the previous year (and not there for whatever reason, such as death from illness or old age) and a remembering of those long-departed, such as one's own ancestors. Thus there was, as with most such celebrations, a natural balance born from remembrance and respect for the past and from hope and

anticipation; here, hope and anticipation of the new warmer fertile seasons to arrive after the coming darkness of what would most probably be another bleak cold and dark season of snow, frost, and ice. For The Gathering also heralded that season when some form of almost daily heating in family dwellings would most probably be required.

As for a communal bonfire, it was simply practical, not symbolic of whatever; that is, a cheery presence (most people in northern climes love a good bonfire), a focus for the celebration (and such dancing as invariably occurred during such pagan festivities), a source of warmth and light, and a place where offerings of harvested produce and other gifts could be placed, such offerings and such gifts - as was a common folk tradition throughout the world - being to ancestors, to land and sky, as well as to the always unnamed spirits, sprites, and the also unnamed guardians of sacred natural places.

Epilogos

The aural pagan tradition - as, for example, in the Rounwytha one - is of a perspective, a weltanschauung, a way, a culture, quite different from those where myths and legends of ancient named divinities/deities played a significant role, and where there was a hierarchical structure of rank and privilege and, later on, some fixed celebrations based on a solar or lunar calendar.

The Rounwytha way that lived in a specific area of the British Isles was the culture of an empathic knowing where such celebrations as were undertaken were natural, local, and communal ones, devoid of mystique, and which occurred on an unfixed day/evening as and when circumstances allowed and somewhere near what was regarded as the propitious time/season. This was the way of transient 'sinister-numinous emanations' where there was no perceived division into abstracted opposites, either within ourselves, within Nature, or within the Cosmos - and where there was no naming of deities or natural spirits.

The cultivation and development of esoteric-empathy is one means whereby this type of knowing, this natural pagan perspective, can be (re)gained. In addition, this type of esoteric knowing leads to - or can lead to - an understanding of how the naming of an entity called satan and all such entities, understood both archetypally/symbolically and as actual living beings in the acausal, are what they are: an un-numinous denoting that obscures Reality and which obscuration led to and leads to the de-evolution manifest in the illusion of and the striving for causal opposites and causal abstractions.

Notes

[1] Esoteric-empathy is an Occult Art, an esoteric skill, and one of The Dark/Esoteric Arts of the ONA, and is a specific type of empathy - that which provides a certain perspective and a certain knowledge. This is 'acausal-knowing' and is distinct from the causal knowing arising from the perception of Phainómenon. In essence, esoteric-empathy (aka dark empathy) is the knowing of life qua life - of the acausal energy which animates all causal life; of how all life is connected, of how living beings are by their nature nexions; of how Nature is not only a living being of which we as individuals are a part, but also one aspect of cosmic life manifest on one planet orbiting one star in one galaxy in a cosmos of billions of such galaxies.

The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - and particularly the extended six-month version (over two alchemical seasons) - is one means of cultivating and developing the Occult Art of esoteric-empathy.

[2] One of these European aural traditions was that of the Rounwytha tradition centred on the Welsh Marches and especially rural South Shropshire. This Rounwytha tradition was incorporated into the Order of Nine Angles in the early 1970's CE and thereafter was mostly taught and discussed aurally, although some aspects of the tradition have been mentioned in various ONA MSS over the decades and the ONA Rite of Internal Adept was for the most part based on the tradition of an aspirant Rounwytha having to spend at least three months (usually six or more months) alone in isolated forests or mountains. In addition, The Camlad Rite of The Abyss, as recorded in the compilation *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, was another traditional part of the training of a Rounwytha.

[3] See the section below, *Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions*, for how ancestral pagan cultures - as recounted and intimated by the Rounwytha tradition - ascertained the dates of communal celebrations, a tradition of dating totally different from that based on a solar calendar.

Credits

Words/Forms. This article had its genesis in: (1) private discussions, earlier this year (2011 CE) with two Internal Adepts (one of whom was based in Scotland), and which discussion was continued by private correspondence, and (2) in some private correspondence (during October 2011 CE) with someone living in Africa who, having been acquainted with the ONA for over a decade, sought to elucidate certain esoteric matters relating to the ONA tradition, and one of whose questions related to the aural tradition of the ONA.

Thus, in many ways this, and similar articles - such as the recently published *The Discovery and Knowing of Satan* - represent some of, or some part of, the aural ONA traditions that have, for the past forty years, been revealed on a personal basis.

Questions From A Modern Rounwytha Initiate

Would I be right in thinking that in practical terms the Rounwytha principle means the Order of Nine Angles puts great emphasis on women?

Yes indeed. We always seem to have more women than men, at least pre-Internet, and certainly still do in our traditional nexions following the Seven Fold Way. Partly because of a knowing of and respect for the natural abilities of certain women, their character; partly because of the Rounwytha ethos that is central to the Order of Nine Angles, past, present and future, and also because our Way demands a genuine, sharing, empathic, and equal partnership between men and women, and because of our acceptance that Sapphism is natural and, to an extent, esoterically important.

One of the manifest errors - distortions - of the Left Hand Path, and of the Satanic, Magian Occultism so prevalent in the West, in the past, as still now, is its patriarchal nature and the fact that it is dominated by the de-evolutionary doctrine of so-called 'might is right' and thus dominated by and infested with male specimens of Homo Hubris who have no sense of honour, no culture, no empathy, no arête, little or no self-honesty, little or no manners, but who instead possess a bloated ego and a very high opinion of themselves.

One might say, with some justification in my view, that this reflects our current societies - that this domination and infestation in the Occult world, within the LHP and Satanism by such specimens, is mirrored by the domination of our societies by such specimens.

The view of women by many if not the majority of these male specimens of Homo Hubris is lamentable, dishonourable, uncultured, prejudiced - and typical of the Magian ethos, and of the Judeo-Nazarene tradition in general. For many of these male specimens, women are there for enjoyment; to satiate one's lust; to bear children and look after children - and often to look after the man, to care for the man if and when the man allows them. That is, women are viewed by such male creatures as useful, and even occasionally as necessary, in terms for example of certain sexual instincts, appetites. But women are not viewed as complimentary to such a man; certainly not as an essential, a needed, complimentary, as an equal and necessary partner.

Thus, and excuse the generalization, but most of these male specimens of Homo Hubris do not think about women as close personal friends; of wanting a woman as a best friend, or women as their best friends - for they, these 'real men', have 'their mates' for that, and for most such male specimens the very thought of such a thing as having women as best mates makes them uncomfortable.

That is, for these specimens of Homo Hubris physical prowess and 'manly

competition' are important, often to the extent that physical prowess, 'manly competition' and having mates, and being aggressive, defines them - is a measure of their self-identity, their 'manliness'. Thus are they basically still primitive, still barbarians; still prone to the dishonourable blood lust and uncontrollable rage of such barbarians and still adhering mostly unconsciously to the doctrine of so-called 'might is right'.

The truth is that many women are naturally gifted with qualities that many men still lack - qualities necessary in men for balance, both esoteric and exoteric. And qualities certainly required for someone to become an Internal Adept of our tradition and then pass into and beyond The Abyss, and thus qualities required to bring forth an entirely new and more evolved species of human being.

You're talking feminine qualities here? About empathy, right?

Yes, female qualities; natural female abilities. About natural empathy among other qualities. Natural empathy being one of the most important - and meaning having or developing a sensitivity to other people - to their feelings, their thoughts - and having or developing a sensitivity to other life, especially Nature. Natural empathy being the genesis of our esoteric-empathy, and which esoteric-empathy is thus a refinement and development of such natural empathy.

So yes, qualities hitherto most often associated with the female of our species, and not generally, for the most part, hitherto, associated with most men.

What other female qualities, apart from empathy, then?

Intuition, for one. Intuition as not only a foreseeing, an intimation, but also as interior self-reflexion. Charm, for another. Subtly, for another.

You mentioned developing them, these qualities. How?

Firstly by understanding our potential, and part of which understanding is of ourselves, of a man and of a woman, having both a sinister and a numinous character within them, and sinister and numinous abilities. For, in a simplified - very inexact way - and to an extent in an unconscious archetypal way, we might speak of these particular female qualities as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-numinous, and manly blood lust, rage, and competitiveness, as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-sinister. [1]

So development means developing and expressing what is missing or lacking, and also developing what is there or already expressed, and then melding what is so developed and using this meld, this amalgam, as the genesis of a new human being. It is in this new being, this new type of life, that our potential

becomes manifest.

Our Dark Arts are an effective way to do this, to develop certain qualities and abilities and then this alchemical, living, amalgam. These Black Arts of ours include Grade Rituals such as Internal Adept and the traditional Rite of the Abyss, as well as Arts such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

What do you mean - Esoteric Chant a Dark Art and means of developing empathy?

Not empathy, *per se*, but as a means of self-development, of self and acausal discovery, as intimation, and as a presencing of certain acausal energies.

For example, Esoteric Chant aids the necessary, for us, ability of self-reflexion as it can aid and develop an awareness of the numinous, and also - when for instance used in certain esoteric ceremonies [2] - it can provide an awareness of the sinister.

Sorry, but I don't see how singing or chanting can do that.

To learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant takes time and effort. Unless of course you are already musically gifted and a trained singer and experienced in performing choral works!

But for most it takes many months, often a year or so, to become proficient, to train the voice, to gain the necessary experience of singing with others. In effect, it is rather like an extended Grade Ritual but one undertaken with others of a similar interest and a similar ethos, and with some or many of these necessary others being women. At the very least it requires the help of one's partner, one's partner in sorcery, although it is preferable, more effective, to both learn and perform Esoteric Chant with at least three other individuals.

There thus develops, or there should develop, a harmony and a *sympatheia* with others, and thus an appreciation of such Chant as a manifold nexion. As not only one particular type of nexion - an act or acts of sorcery involving necessary others - but also as a nexion within one's self. A practical learning therefore of the connexions that esoteric-empathy makes us aware of and also a self-reflexion, a self-discovery and a self-learning.

Simply expressed, in order to learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant - in order to experience just what this Art is and does - you require the aid, the help, the assistance, of others. You have to interact with, and perform with, them in certain ways. If you don't do this, the Chant won't work.

Again, simply expressed, working, learning, living, in this way in pursuit of such an esoteric goal for a year or more moves a man far away from the brutish way of 'might is right' - especially as the very Chant itself is quite affective; that is,

numinous, quite cultured. Intimations of a more cultured, a more refined, realm of human existence.

But didn't you say it was also sinister?

Yes indeed, Esoteric Chant can be sinister when used as part of a specific ceremonial Rite. But the performance of such a ceremonial Rite of necessity means belonging to an organized traditional nexion following the initiatory Seven Fold Way, and so such an experience is not that common today among those who use our methods or are inspired by our ethos [...]

I guess, in general, we're not talking here about men becoming kind of effeminate and women becoming masculine!

Au contraire. We're talking about what lies beyond and before such abstracted illusive opposites. About our potential, and about our real human nature, hidden and distorted for so long by religions; by urbanized ways of life; by the domination of barbarians; then by notions about imperialism and conquest and personal destiny. Then by *-isms* and *-ologies*. Now by The State. And so on.

In effect, we're talking about nurturing, developing, entirely new types of human beings, far removed from Western stereotypes. Types of human beings for whom the societies of modern nation-States are not a natural or even comfortable home but which may provide them with opportunities, resources, and so on. Especially since honour and the developed senses and skills that esoteric-empathy and acausal-thinking provide manifest their different, unique, way of life, and thus how they interact with and react to other human beings.

Can you be more specific, give examples of such new type of woman?

Only in a generalized way. One good illustration would be women of our kind, living by honour - those who were ready, willing, and able to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carried weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.

One example known to be personally - a friend of someone involved with us - is a female police officer of many years experience based in an American city. She is tough, 'street-wise', has used her firearm a few times in the line of duty, is skilled and experienced enough in self-defence and physical restraint techniques to be able to take down a man much bigger than her, and yet she has empathy, can be exceedingly charming, is well-read, and very feminine, a femininity quite noticeable when she is off-duty and enjoying herself with friends and which femininity would make the causal observer unaware of her inner character, her skills, her toughness, and her experience.

Another example may be of interest. A certain person I know very well once learnt, in his youth, a certain Martial Art, and on one of his subsequent travels

as a still young man he made the acquaintance of and for a short while trained with a certain lady of Asian origin. This young lady, though slim of stature and rather slight of frame, could easily defeat him and also several muscular men. And yet she was also full of grace; elegant, cultured, well-mannered. Not a woman trying to be masculine in a macho Homo Hubris type of way, just someone who had - according to a tradition, a living culture, she was part of - developed her potential and certain skills while retaining and enhancing what made her feminine. In short, she had acquired a natural balance within herself and was quite different from, inwardly and in skills, from the majority of other women around her although to the casual observer she did not outwardly appear that different.

The type of woman who could put a specimen of Western Homo Hubris in his place!

Most certainly! The type our societies need. A new female archetype if you will, different from the harshly competitive, materialistic, career-type women, and the ladette type, and the man-dependant, man-needing, lover/wife/mother type, that Magian 'political correctness' and capitalism seek to encourage, and also different from the men-imitating rather strident type that an increasingly trendy, Magian-derived, so-called feminism seeks to foster.

Instead, the type for whom personal honour is the key to living and to dying, and who - as I said - possesses attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on 'the law' or on others, and who does not, unconsciously or otherwise, need a man in order to make her happy or fulfilled. Someone, that is, who is not a slave to their desires, their feelings, their needs. Whose happiness, whose fulfilment, is her own, deriving from a consciously made and a consciously understood choice and who, having understood natural desires and feelings, is in control of them but who can enjoy and indulge herself as she pleases; and choose her direction, her goals, and even her sexual orientation. And also someone who has a developed empathy, heightened intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced woman. A unique individual. Beyond predator and prey. Beyond wife, lover, and mother. Someone tough, skilled, and of inner strength, but still feminine, as that Asian young lady I previously mentioned was.

What about men, then? An example of the new type? Not pacifist, surely!

Someone for whom personal honour is the key to both living and to dying, and who - as a woman of our type, our new breed - has attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on 'the law' or on others. And someone who has empathy, intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced, more complete, man, and a unique individual. Beyond Old Aeon masculinity with its primitive doctrine of so-called 'might is right' and

beyond the role of predator to prey. Someone who, while tough, prefers combat to war because combat is a personal choice, founded on honour, whereas war is the choice, the method, of some supra-personal entity, such as some State, some government, or some leader one is expected to be subservient to and obey without question.

Someone who naturally complements, and who resonates with, the new enhanced woman, and who prefers such strong, tough, yet still feminine, women, to the women of the species Homo Hubris. A partnership of respectful equals. Of man and woman. Of woman and woman. Of man and man; and even of woman-woman-and-man. Already a few such partnerships exist, aided, nurtured, by such individuals having followed our Seven Fold Way or having lived and chosen the life of what we now term 'a niner' or 'a drecc'.

In essence, these are the people - the men and women - who learn from personal experience, from pathei-mathos, and who willingly endure such experiences, and thus who develop a very individual personal judgement and a very individual personal character. Those who have liberated themselves from causal abstractions, and the effects, psychological and psychic, of such causal abstractions, manifest as such effects often are in these mundane, Magian, times of ours in such new archetypes as have been manufactured or have arisen from Magian causal abstractions.

So, we are not talking pacifism, non-violence, or certain moralities here - only of control and aims, and new ways of living. We are not talking about the cessation of desires, or what-not. Instead, of controlling, mastering, and developing, our instincts, and if necessary using them in a directed way to achieve some specific aim or goal, esoteric or exoteric. We are talking most emphatically of personal choice, about individuals making conscious choices. Of individuals being, well, individual.

We are also talking about acquiring and developing new skills, new arts of living, so that we become - we appear to be, to mundanes, to Homo Hubris - as presencings of a hideous nexion [3]. That is, a new species - *orible dragones, baeldracas* - emerging from the pit that leads to acausal Hell and thence to a Paradise at first here on terra firma and then on new worlds among the stars of our galaxy, and beyond. A Hell and a Paradise that have lain dormant within us, for centuries.

A Hell and a Paradise that we can dis-cover and experience by becoming unique sinister-numinous emanations, and becoming such emanations by living and by striving according to our code of kindred honour, by individual exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos, as well as by means of undertaking such esoteric striving as is waymarked by The Seven Fold Way.

Notes

[1] The prefix *ur* from the German usage, as in *ursprache*, implying *the* or a primitive/early form of some-thing.

[2] Such as *The Ceremony of Recalling* with *opfer* ending, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet (Dark Goddess)*.

[3] Hideous, as in some-thing that by virtue of being partly acausal is, when discovered, first felt as immense and which it is felt conceals hideous things. As, for example, in this quote from the 14th century (CE) work *Gesta Romanorum*:

"He saw at the fote of the tree an hidowse pitte, ande ane orible dragone pere in."
Harl. MS 5369. xxx. 110

The Mythos of Vindex: An Introduction

Mythos is the term used to refers to an intimation of, or intuition of, or a presencing of, the essential pagan reality - the undivided unity - beyond denotatum, beyond causal abstractions, and beyond the human-manufactured illusion of conflicting opposites.

One such presencing of the 'sinisterly-numinous', the living, reality is a remembered or retold ancestral legend about archetypal heroes or heroines, just as one such intimation is an archetypal premonition/prophesy of some future events.

Vindex is the name of one such prophesy of the near future: an archetypal figure who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the Magian distortion foisted upon the Western Aeon and its associated civilization. {1}

For Vindex represents, par excellence, what is sinisterly-numinous and restores the balance that has been lost; lost because - as mentioned in texts such as *Culling As Art* - ideas, dogma, and abstractions and other manufactured lifeless things are and have for over a century been used as guides and examples in place of individuals of proven noble character. A balance achieved through the way of the tribe and clan and through acceptance of kindred honour as the basis of law and communal order.

In respect of the particular esoteric Way of the Order of Nine Angles, our 'sinister' (kindred) tribes and our Niners and our Nexions strike at the very heart of the impersonal State with its laws based on some political -ism or -ology.

For instance, our tribes are Acausal Sorcery, as are our traditional nexions with

their traditional esoteric rites and their Seven-Fold Way, and as are our Niners – our freelance operatives – who embody the authentic personal judgement which the nation-State abhors and whose predominately urban ways of living are contrary both in theory and in practice to the mechanisms of control of, and to the subservience demanded by, the nation-State.

In addition, our Logos restores the natural balance that depends on kindred honour, on communal obligations, and on our natural, human, tribal way of living. For the O9A Logos is (i) manifest esoterically as a particular physis: in a particular (pagan) weltanschauung and in a particular personal character; and (ii) manifest exoterically in the code of kindred honour, for that code embodies – as living by that code can cultivate in the individual – both a pagan understanding/gnosis and the necessary O9A character.

Understood esoterically, therefore, The Vindex Mythos is Acausal Sorcery. That is, the original (non-esoteric) form has been and is being used in an esoteric manner to provoke Change in an evolutionary way, creating thus a new sinisterly-numinous causal form, new archetypes; and which manufactured esoteric form, and which archetypes, may not be perceived or understood as esoteric by many or most of those who are influenced, inspired, and/or changed by the mythos in its non-esoteric (and original) form.

In essence, this mythos is: (1) a new, non-esoteric, manifestation of The Law of the Sinister-Numen (the law of kindred honour); (2) the new warriors who, upholding the law of kindred honour, establish new tribal ('dreccian') ways of living in opposition to Magian abstractions and the patriarchal ethos of the nation-State; and (3) a new and natural balance between the male and the female aspects of human beings, manifest in new archetypes.

This last point – these new archetypes – are important, if currently misunderstood, both exoterically and esoterically. For these new male and female archetypes (to be admired, emulated, and seen as rôle-models) arise from the reality that the new law of kindred honour applies equally to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors, and between what can be achieved. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code of kindred honour that forms the very basis of O9A inspired new tribes, and it is this equality of living and aspirations and deeds which will provide the necessary rôle-models – the real-life personal examples – for individuals, with such rôle-models being in stark contrast to those of all modern societies.

Thus, the mythos of Vindex replaces the old law of the old Aeon with our new law of kindred honour, and replaces the archetypes of the current Aeon with our new pagan archetypes and from which new archetypes new rôle-models, anti-Magian in their very being, are emerging. One such new archetype is, of course, Vindex; another, the Sapphic sorceress; another, the rural-dwelling Rounwytha; another, 'the Niner'; another, the warrior who leads a tribe of

Dreccs.

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{1} Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form of the Latin being Vengerisse, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion that Vindex, esoterically, is.

The Code Of Kindred Honour Law Of The New Aeon

Introduction

The Code sets certain standards for our own personal behaviour and how we relate to our own kind and to others. Our Code, being based on honour, thus concerns personal knowing, and therefore demands that we judge others solely on the basis of a personal knowing of them - on their deeds, on their behaviour toward us and toward those to whom we have given a personal pledge of loyalty.

We know our own kind by their deeds and their way of life; that is through a personal knowing.

The O9A Code

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

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

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

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

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

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to

them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

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

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

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

Our duty - as kindred individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour - is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our kindred honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

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

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

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

**Sapphic Sorcery
In Praise of The Feminine**

We seek to be with - and to love - girls and women because they are feminine; because they are not men. We desire girls, and women, because we like, we love, we enjoy, their delicate softness - the touch, the taste of their lips; the smell of their breath, their body; the warm softness of their breasts and of their arms as they embrace us and hold us close. We love, we enjoy, their very femininity; that which makes them female.

We love the way they laugh, and how they smile, the very way they look. We love, we desire, them because they are like us - because they know our pain, our vanity, our weakness, our needs, our insecurities and our worries; and because we can share our innermost secrets with them.

We love them, we desire them, because they are not men. For we do not seek to find in them, these our soft feminine lovers, these our friends, what makes a mundane man a man, and while we may sometimes, or rarely, like a man of the non-mundane kind, and may even have a non-mundane man as a friend, we shy away from intimacy with them because of their very manliness; because of that very harshness and often egotistical strength that makes, and marks them as, a man.

Thus do we have no time for those women who profess to be of our Sapphic kind but who imitate, or who want to be like, or who even may dress like or may even be, inside, like a man, a mundane. For they, such women, are not feminine enough, for us; as often - these days - some such women adopt our life as some political role, as some kind of rebellion against the status quo.

It is this very status quo - this mundane masculine, paternalistic status quo - that has compelled us, generation after generation, for century upon century, to hide ourselves away; to often be a deep well of loneliness, until, perchance, we chance upon someone like us whom we love and whom we may gently coax to love us, to share the joys of such a gentle intimate sharing that most men - perhaps nearly all men - will never know.

For it is the gentle touch of a woman that we desire, that we need. Her delicate, soft, kiss. The very delicate softness of her body, and the very way she may lie in our arms for hours when an impatient man - his sexual often only animal appetite fulfilled - would leave us, alone, as off he went again to some work, to some hobby, to some new interest, or to chase some new desire.

Hence it is that our very way of loving, of desiring, marks our esoteric manner of doing things. There is, then, for us - for those of our kind - that feminine

empathy, that fore-seeing, that intuitive wyrdful knowledge, that marks us, so that our Rites are feminine, also. A gentle flowing dance, perhaps, where bodies softly touch, to music. Some spell chanted as we share with our lover the delights of our flesh, naked body to naked body as moonclad under the stars of night, or within some warm and scented room, we, by touch or kiss, bring ourselves to spasm after spasm of joy such as a man may never know.

Even our curses are gentle affairs of mind, body, and heart - as if we have sent forth some Nightingale of Death to carry our message and our meaning as some gentle, beautiful, haunting, yet deadly, song - so that our victims expire as they feel that beauty, that softness, within us, and only too late, far too late, know their lives for the strident wrongness it has been. Death, revenge, enwrapped within a subtle softness and a feminine beauty.

We seduce; we do not, like mundane men, rant and rave. We enchant, with body, dress, perfume, movement, eyes; we do not demand or take by force, for we have no need to. We are subtle, yet strong; we do not make some show of or boast about our prowess, but veil it. For we are what we are, the very embodiment of, the very essence of, woman, and the opposite of present day, and former, mundane men.

Often, there are no need for words; for the verbal diarrhoea of words that mundane men often seem to send forth, pleased as they, the men of the mundanes, often seem to be with their own harsh barking barbaric voices. No, for us there is often and instead that wordless sharing when eyes meet, fingers lightly touch, and the essence of what makes us female seeps out to touch another of our kind, as perfume seeps away from where we placed it on our delicate wrists, or behind the soft lobes of our ears.

We love, we enjoy, delicate softness. We love Nature as She herself is and as we find Her. We do not desire, as men of the mundanes do, to decimate and destroy Her, to dominate Her. Instead, we empathize; we love; we leave Her alone in our reverence, as we tend to try to leave the world of men of the mundanes alone until some harshness or some wrong afflicts or harms us and our kindred, and then, then indeed we are gentle no more; for there is nothing more subtle, nothing more dangerous and nothing more deadly in its passion than us, than our Sapphic and darkly sinister kind, awakened and so empathically aroused.

Sister Morgan
Dark Daughters of Chaos Nexion
2009 ev

Part Two: Some Pagan O9A Rites

Editorial Note: In respect of the following three O9A pagan rites the reader will note how substantially they differ from the rituals given in other books or sorcery/grimoires, ancient and modern. Two of these rites - that of Internal Adept and The Giving - have no words said or chanted, no declamations to or summoning of gods or 'demons', and no ritualized settings or specific manner of ceremonial dress and involve no ceremonial equipment or Occult symbols. They are in fact quite simple and not overtly Occult. The third rite - that of The Nine Angles - although having some chants, a specified place, and some Occult manner of attire, and requiring as it does a specific item of sorcery (a large quartz crystal) is also quite simple since even though it is a combined evocation and invocation and termed 'the rite of the nine angles' it does not once require anyone to make verbal declamations about, or even mention, those 'nine angles'.

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The Rite Of Internal Adept

The rite involves the candidate living alone in an isolated rural or wilderness area for a period of at least three months, most often (in Northern climes) from around the beginning of the Spring Equinox to around the Summer Solstice. Extending the period to six months is recommended for most candidates.

The candidate can take with them only what they can carry on their own back, and have no means of artificial light (only candles in a lantern), no timepiece, no method of reproducing music/video, and no means of modern communication.

The candidate can (if the area is suitable) opt to build their own shelter and live by means of hunting/trapping/fishing, or they can live in a tent which they bring with them and (with minimal human contact and minimal time) buy food supplies fortnightly or monthly from a rural place within a ten or so miles walking distance and which they so visit to only purchase supplies. The only specified task during their months of isolation is for them to keep a journal, recording their feeling and thoughts.

The rite is simply living alone in such a simple way of solitude and silence under the specified conditions for the specified period. If the candidate, for however short a time, breaks such conditions and does not live in such a simple way for the specified period then they have failed, for self-honesty and determination to achieve a particular goal are signs of the Adept.

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The Rite Of The Nine Angles Invocation to the Dark Gods

To open a nexion to the acausal and return the Dark Gods to our causal universe a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz is required. This should be as large and clear as possible - and made from a natural shape by a skilled boperator, with no bevelled edges

The rite of returning exists in two versions: the first is suitable for two or more individuals and involves basic sorcery; the second requires detailed preparation and Cantors trained to a high standard in esoteric chant. The second version is more powerful, but regular invocation using the first method has the same effect.

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The participants for the first version are two individuals, one of whom should be a woman. Ideally, both participants should be women as 'the doubling of the muliebral' increases the chance of success since it is through a woman or women - especially those of child-bearing age - that the acausal forces can best be presenced in our causal realm.

The two participants take on the roles of Priestess and Priest, with any number of other Initiates being present. The invocation can, however, take place without these Initiates - that is, with only the Priestess and Priest present.

The rite begins on the night of the new moon with Saturn rising if only the Priest and Priestess are present, otherwise it is undertaken on the night of the full moon. The rite should if possible be conducted on an isolated hill-top and the Priest and Priestess should both be naked. The congregation should wear black robes. Candles in lanterns should be placed to mark out a large circle on the ground. The invocation begins with the Priest vibrating seven times the phrase 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Priestess holds the tetrahedron in her hands, palms upward.

When the vibration is complete the Priest places their hands on the tetrahedron and both vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' nine times. After the vibration, the Priestess - still holding the crystal - should lie on the ground, her head North, the Priest arousing her with his tongue, and then consummating their passion in whatever manner they find most suitable to bring both to a sexual climax, with both visualizing the nexion to the acausal opening and the primal form of Atazoth coming forth. Atazoth may be visualized as a dark nebulous chaos - a rend in the fabric of star-studded space which changes into a

dragon/baeldracian entity.

After her sexual climax, the Priestess buries the crystal within the earth of the hill. When this is done, she vibrates over the spot 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet CHAOS!' She then signals to the congregation who cease their chanting. All the participants then depart from the hill.

Note: The tetrahedron should be well-buried in a spot prepared by the Priest and Priestess before the rite. If the invocation is done again, the rite begins with the Priestess unearthing the tetrahedron. It should be cleaned before the ritual begins - and must be buried without any covering whatever.

II.

The second version involves at least eight people including Cantor (s) and Priest and Priestess. If the nexion conducting the rite is not sapphic, then male and female should be present in equal numbers. As with the first version, if all participants are women, the chances of success are increased.

The rite takes place on or around the autumnal equinox or winter solstice. The best place is an isolated hilltop.

According to tradition, the best time to invoke is when (autumn equinox) Venus sets after the sun and the moon itself is very near the star Dabih; or when (winter solstice) Jupiter and Saturn are near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. The first is associated with the nexion Dabih, the second with Algol. The most effective place magickally is a hill top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and one of another rock. The top of the hill should have a line of pre-Cambrian grit passing through it - this description allowing the hallowed places, in this country, to be found.

The crystal should be placed on a sheet of mica upon a pediment of oak. The rite begins with the Cantors vibrating in E minor 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while at least six of the congregation dance moonwise around the crystal, Cantors, Priestess and Priest. This dance is slow and gradually increases in speed, the participants chanting 'Binan ath ga wath am' as they dance.

The Cantors vibrate their phrase seven times at the end of which the Priestess places her hands on the tetrahedron. The Cantors (if there is only one, the Priest acts as a cantor) then sing according to Esoteric Chant - that is, in fourths - the Diabolus. The Priestess visualizes the Star Gate opening.

After the Diabolus, the Priestess and Priest vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' a fifth apart (or a fifth and an octave) while the Cantors vibrate the same phrase also a fifth apart. (If only one Cantor is present he vibrates Atazoth in E minor.) After this vibration and on a signal from the Priestess, the congregation begin

an orgiastic rite, during which the Priestess continues with the visualization and the Cantors with the 'Binan ...' chant a fifth apart. The Priest may visualize the orgiastic energy of the congregation into a magickal force which opens the nexion to the acausal, allowing the Dark Gods to return to Earth.

The Priest and Priestess may then visualize the Chaotic energies as being dispersed over the Earth. However, if the ritual is undertaken correctly, the Dark Gods may become manifest by indwelling in (occupying) one or more of the participants. Should this occur, all the participants should exult.

Note: This second version may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling - and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to tradition, as described in The Grimoire of Baphomet. The invocation to the Dark Gods begins after the sacrifice with the Cantor vibrating 'Nythra ...' as above while the Mistress anoints the participants with the Red Elixir.

For this combined ritual, the Mistress in the 'Ceremony' assumes the role of 'Priestess' in the invocation: the Master that of the Priest. This combined ritual is the most sinister ritual that exists, its performance actually calling back to Earth in physical form the Dark Gods themselves.

Again, the doubling of the muliebral - with women of child-bearing age assuming the roles of Master and Mistress - increases the chance of success.

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The Giving

The Rite takes place in an isolated rural area on that Autumnal evening when the Rounwytha (or Mistress of Earth) declares the time is right following the completion of the harvest gathering.

A bonfire is to be built, and the offer chosen and tested according to tradition. The offer should always be male and enticed or brought to the location on the night before the ritual by a young lady appointed or volunteering for this task. On arrival he will be surprised by all those participating and strongly bound and gagged before being tied to a stake near the bonfire spending the night and the next day thus restrained.

At dusk on the appointed day, all having gathered there for The Giving with garlands of fresh flowers, the bonfire will be kindled, and the Rounwytha (or Mistress of Earth) or a young lady appointed or volunteering for the task will by means of arrows loosed from a bow dispatch him, his body heaped upon the now burning pyre. There will then be merriment, and dancing, the drinking of cyder, with the Rounwytha (or Mistress of Earth) or a young lady appointed or volunteering for the task silently asking their cuen to wyrdfully accept their gift.

Part Three: Some Pagan O9A Stories

1. Hangster's Gate

Winter came early to the Shropshire town: a cold wind with brief hail that changed suddenly to rain to leave a damp covering of mist.

An old man in an old cart drawn by a sagging pony crossed himself as he saw Yapp shuffle by him along the cobbled lane toward the entrance to the Raven Inn. It was warm, inside the ancient Inn, but dark from fire and pipe smoke, and Yapp took his customary horn of free ale to sit alone on his corner bench by the log fire. The silence that had followed his entrance soon filled, and only one man still stared at him.

The man was Abigail's husband, and he pushed his cap back from his forehead before moving toward Yapp. His companions, dressed like him in their work clothes, tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside. He reached Yapp's table and kicked it aside with his boot.

Slowly Yapp stood up. He was a wiry man and seemed insubstantial beside the bulk of Abigail's husband.

"Wha you been doin? To her!" Abigail's husband clenched his fists and moved closer.

Yapp stared at him, his unshaven face twitching slightly, and then he smiled.

"I canna move! I canna move!" shouted Abigail's husband.

Yapp smiled again, drank the rest of his ale and walked slowly toward the door.

"I be beshrewed!" the big man cried among the silence.

Yapp turned to him, made a gesture with his hand and left the Inn as Abigail's husband found himself able to move.

No one followed Yapp outside.

A carriage and pair raced past him as he walked down the lane. The young lady inside, heading for the warmth and comfort of Priory Hall was alarmed at seeing him and turned away. This pleased him, as the prospect of the walk to his cottage, miles distant, pleased him - for it was the night of Autumnal Equinox.

The journey was not tiresome, and he enjoyed the walk, the mist and darkening sky that came with the twilight hour. The moon would be late to rise, and he walked briskly. Soon, he was above the town and at the place where the three lanes met. His own way took him down, past the small collection of cottages, almshouses and a church, toward the wooded precincts of Yarchester Hall. He stopped, once, but could not see the distant summit of Brown Clee Hill where

he had possessed Abigail.

It had been a long ride back in the wind and the rain, but the horses had been strong, almost wild, and he smiled in remembrance, for that night Abigail has warmed his bed.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they might go to Raven's Seat. It would be all over by then, for another seventeen years. No one would stop or trouble them.

His way lead into the trees, along a narrow path, down the Devil's Dingle to Hangster's Gate and the clearing. There was nothing in the clearing - except the mist-swathed gibbet with its recent victim swinging gently in the breeze. He would need the hand, and with practised care, he unsheathed his knife to stretch and cut the dead man's left hand away.

Less than a day old, the body had already lost its eyes to ravens.

It was not far from the clearing to his cottage, and he walked slowly, every few moments stopping to stand and listen. There was nothing, no sound - except a faint sighing as the breeze stirred the trees around. A lighted candle shone from the one small window of his cottage. It was a sign, and he stopped to creep down and glimpse inside. There were voices inside and as he looked he saw Abigail standing near a young man. He saw her draw the youth toward her and place his hand on her breast. Heard her laughing; saw her kiss the youth and press her body into his. Then she was dancing around him, laughing and singing as she stripped her clothes away to lay naked and inviting on the sphagnum moss that formed the mattress of Yapp's bed. Then the youth was upon her, struggling to wrest himself from his own clothes.

Yapp heard people approaching along the track and he stood up to hear Abigail's cries of ecstasy. He waited, until they reached him and they all heard Abigail climax with a scream. The he was inside the cottage, with the others around him. The youth was surprised and tried to stand and Yapp stood aside to let them pin him down on the hard earth floor of the cottage.

An old woman in a dirty bonnet gave a toothless laugh - Abigail laughed, even Yapp laughed as the tall blacksmith tore out the youth's heart. The was a pail for some of the blood.

Abigail was soon dressed, the body taken away and she led Yapp and the old woman through the trees to another clearing. The moon was rising, the blood was fresh and she took the severed hand from Yapp to dip it in the blood and sprinkle their sacred ground to propitiate their Dark Goddess Baphomet.

II. Sabirah

1

She could smell the rain even though it was still many many miles and hours distant, and - as the Sun descended down to bring the shadows of night upon her chosen town - she carefully left her house in Church Street. It was not that she needed the money, or even, then on that evening, the life-force that she would drain away from him until he almost expired. Rather, she desired - craved - the excitement that another such encounter would most certainly bring.

The streets and paths of Shrewsbury centre were alive, for it was warm and humid: following the end of another bright and sunny Summer's day, and the people she hid from during the daylight hours were taking advantage of their evening. Couples - mostly young - happy in their love; groups of friends, enjoying companionship, life, and the many varied gifts of such a modern town where many Cafés and Inns in the Summer season placed tables outside, such were the hopes for, the memories of, balmy English nights. And she was, there, among them, only one more face, only a beautiful face of curvaceous lips, only a slim - if elegantly dressed - silhouette, there among the throng where the lane from her town centre dwelling took her past Butcher Row toward the steps that led to the medieval and old timber framed houses of Fish Street.

Behind her, as she descended those well-worn stairs, there was laughter from among the people seated on their seats outside the Bear Steps café, and she was about to turn left to walk down the street when a group of five casually dressed young men sauntered toward her as they egressed that narrow shut of overhanging buildings named Grope Lane.

"Give us a kiss, darling!" one of them shouted as he stopped - slightly swaying in his inebriation - before her, blocking her path.

"Does your baby-sitter know you're not in your cot?" she quipped, pushing past him and deliberately walking down Grope Lane while his companions laughed.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, talking to me like that!" he shouted, angry, his pride hurt, as he - turning to follow her - caught her arm.

"I would advise you to let go of my arm," she said, slowly, staring into his eyes.

Instead, he pushed her into a doorway while his still laughing friends gathered round.

"Go on!" one of them said. "Give her one!"

"Show us your tits!" said another.

"Yeah - show us!" laughed another.

"You wanna see 'em?" the insulted man laughingly asked his friends.

"Yeah!"

"Sure!"

"Go for it!"

So he moved to rip away the thin covering of her expensive dress whose upper part barely concealed her fullsome breasts, but she only smiled at him as her slender right hand caught his left wrist to suddenly twist then bend his strong youthful arm back. The crack was audible, and she pushed him away where he fell onto the cobbles of that lane, groaning in his agony.

She stepped forward then, out of the doorway and, instinctively, the young men moved away until - for some dark reason on that warm languid humid night - another primal instinct assailed them to make one of them lunge toward her, wielding a knife, while another went to grasp her by the neck. The knife caught her, plunged into her left side, but she calmly pushed both attackers away with such force that they bounded against the opposite wall before raggedly falling to the ground. Then, just as calmly, she removed the knife from her side. There was no blood.

They knew fear, then. A cold, stark, wordless body-and-mind creasing fear that made those standing back off and those sprawled on cobbles crawl away as fast as they could move using hands, feet, knees. Such fear: to take them then away, running, stumbling, panicking, down Grope Lane toward a bustling High Street where, even then among the crowds and the bright street lights, they - faces the colour of corpses - did not stop.

Thus did she throw the knife away, before continuing, alone, on her journey.

2

She was pleased when he, her tryst for that night, quickly opened the door in answer to her ringing of the bell. It was a small house, terraced, in a lane above Town Walls and he - in his late twenties, unmarried - was smartly dressed, as she had asked. A lock of her strawberry-blonde hair had fallen across her face - the only sign of her previous encounter - and she, smiling, swept it aside, saying, "Are you going to let me in, then?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"I thought we might have a drink here, before we went on to the restaurant."

"What?" Then - "Yes, yes, of course."

She had made him uneasy - as was her intent - and she, rather amused, watched as he, trying to find glasses, a suitable bottle of wine, bumbled rather nervously about the small sitting-room and kitchen of his house, furnished according to his modern minimalist taste.

She had been sitting, the previous night - as she often did - in a dim corner of an Inn in Butcher's Row, waiting. Waiting, dressed as she almost always was on such nights: exotic perfume; jewelled necklace; red lipstick upon her lips; a dress contouring her body, revealing of both breasts and thighs. He had arrived straight from the Solicitor's office where he worked and saw her almost immediately. She did not smile, then, as his senses drunk-in the sight of her body, but instead she turned away. So he - and she - waited, as a few more people arrived, conversations were begun, continued; alcoholic beverages were consumed. And it was as her own, before her, was finished, that he made his expected move.

"Would you like another drink?" he asked, after he in his working but still expensive suit, sauntered, casually, over to her table.

"Yes," she smiled.

"G and T?"

"Rum. Oh, and make sure it is Pusser's. They have some."

He looked - momentarily - surprised, which pleased her, and on his return she surprised him further by saying, "Would you like to take me out to a restaurant for a meal, tomorrow evening?"

"Yes," he said, hesitatingly.

"You seem surprised," she said.

"Well. No - not really."

So she had named a restaurant, and a time, asked for his address, and spent one half of one hour asking about his life, his career, his aims, while he sipped his large glass of White wine and she drank three tots of neat Rum. "I shall call for you, tomorrow, then," she had said, kissing him briefly on his cheek, before leaving him seated, and not a little bewildered, in that Shrewsbury town centre Inn.

The memory pleased her as she sat on his sofa waiting for him to do his duty and provide her with a glass of fine wine, and - when he finally did - she took it gracefully and indicated that he should sit beside her. He - normally so arrogant, so determined, so full of pride - silently did as commanded, and it was not long before she put down her own glass and his and drew him to her to kiss him, her tongue seeking his. So his unaccustomed nervousness gave way to an

intense sexual arousal, and it was then that she, gently, pushed him away, saying, "Shall we go and eat, now, and - afterwards - I would like you to spend the night with me at my house."

He was hers, then, and they spent a pleasant enough evening eating fine food and drinking fine wine in a fine and elegant restaurant, while he talked about his life, his dreams, his hopes, and she listened as she listened, until the time came for them to leave when a taxi conveyed them to her own town house where darkness awaited. There were only candles, which she lit to light their way as she led him, not - as he expected - to her bed upstairs but down into the warm clean brick-vaulted cellars that fanned out from beneath her dwelling to stretch beneath the road above, and it was there, upon an antique chaise-longue, that she possessed him after stripping away his clothes.

He was very willingly possessed, for he ardently desired her body and let himself be held down, naked, while she removed her silky thong and lifted up her dress to sit upon him after easing his penis inside her. Thus did she and gently - and, he felt, lovingly - drain from him one bodily fluid to then lie beside him and kiss him for a long time, sucking from him his breath of life until there remained only a little of the vital energy keeping his body, his mind, alive. She left him then deeply deeply exhausted to sleep in the darkness while in a niche a large quartz crystal slowly began to glow. Thus did she satisfied venture forth upstairs to bathe so that when the time for the Sun's rising arrived again she was alone, replenished, ready to dream as she dreamed in her darkened room of those alternate realms of her birth, her alternate existence, knowing that he, her opfer below, would provide for her in the days, the weeks, to follow while his own weak life-force lasted. And then, his purpose fulfilled, her crystal charged, his money, property, gone, he would be cast off to return to what remained of his Earthly life, where he - as others before him - would in the following weeks languish for months, alone, tormented by nightly sleeping travels into dimensions, places, where no unprepared human should ever go, until - at last, as an almost welcome release - he would die, all alone in the night. There would be no questions; no crime; only one more man, dead, alone.

Thus would she, and only then, return, in the dark of her night, to some Inn - some enclosing warm dim place where young and middle aged men went or gathered - to sit, to preen, to wait. And when she decided her chosen town or city was denuded enough, she would move on, through the years, the decades, centuries, living as she lived, one being of pleasure, of darkness, death, love and night, awaiting he who might - who could, who would - freely, willingly, travel with her to that acausal place of her birth.

She would be free then, returned, at last - as he, her chosen, would be, become, a new eternal being, birthed.

Jenyah

The warm Sun of middle-Spring warmed her as she walked down Broad Street in the county town of Ludlow to the entrance of the Feathers Hotel with its early seventeenth century timber façade. The oldness – the dark oak beams, the never-quite-straight walls, the sense of enclosing dimness – still pleased her, although the changes made during the decades of the last century did not, and she resisted the transformation that would have made the young man at Reception, in his shiny ill-fitting inexpensive suit, follow her unbidden to her room.

Instead, she kept her appearance, and the accent, of an attractive – but not too attractive – mature lady of the County set who probably owned a horse, or three, stabled somewhere in the grounds of her large country house, and the registration procedure lasted no more than a dull five minutes. He was too young, anyway, unable to provide the diversion, the passion, and the acausal-energy, she needed, for already the faint trembling in her hands had begun: the first reminder of her enduring timeless need. And even as she walked up the stairs alone, carrying her small travel bag, she began to feel the centuries weighing down upon her, ageing her ever so slowly.

But she had planned well, as she always did, for there would be men, tonight, some eager – as they almost always were – for that thrill of a tryst in the long evenings following their meetings or conference or whatever it was that drew them away from their homes and their wives. A few lies; one betrayal – first, or one among many – it did not matter to them; for there was their pride, their lust, their still living animal nature. No evolution, upwards: except for those few whose wordless perceiving bade them walk away, or those few who though enticed still had strength enough to resist. No, no evolution, upwards – she knew, except for such few. And she smiled, remembering the delightful dreams she gave to those few.

So she prepared herself as she always prepared herself while she sat in her room alone, knowing that her long-serving servant would tidy her room and see to all formalities after her chosen task was complete. Thus did she prepare: her dress suited to the young woman she was, as were the shoes, and the make-up which she, with expert ease, applied to her face and which reflected the times which had changed this particular chosen and familiar Hotel. And when she was ready she descended the stairs to enter the recently refurbished Bar where gathered some of the already alcohol-soaked conference-attendees.

The room – with its low ceiling, its carved oaken-bar, its discreet lighting – did not particularly displease her, and she sat alone, in a plush wooden armchair, at a table in one corner, already noticed by several of the Bar-thronging men. Perhaps it was her esoteric perfume. Perhaps it was her short purple dress,

which seemed to scintillate in the light and which clung to the voluptuous contours of her youthful body. Perhaps it was the way she walked in her stiletto shoes. Or the red lipstick upon her lips. Or her long red hair that fell around her shoulders. Whatever it was, it was not long before a man came to greet her.

His suit was not inexpensive, as his blond hair had only just begun to recede and - to any ordinary woman, perhaps - he would have appeared as not unattractive; a fairly prosperous youngish family man, making his way in the Corporate world.

"Hi, I'm James," he said, self-assuredly and by way of introduction as he stood by her table holding a flûte of champagne. "Can I get you something to drink?"

It was not the worst gambit she had heard, and she smiled at him. "Yes. A Tom Collins."

"Certainly!"

So he left to place her order to return to ask, "May I join you?"

"Why yes! Are you here for the conference?"

"Hmm," he muttered.

"You do not seem particularly enthusiastic."

"I'm not. Bloody boring."

"But necessary and required."

"Unfortunately, yes." He drained his glass, and signalled to the barman to bring him more. "May I ask your name?" he enquired as he sat looking at her nipples, which - erect - prominently impinged upon the thin material of her dress.

"Jenyah," she breathed, softly, letting the scented warmth of her breath touch his face as she leaned toward him.

He smiled then, sure of his success, but began fumbling with his wedding ring.

"Perhaps," she said, now knowing and having sensed enough, and as loud laughter from the three men standing at the Bar reached them, "it would be agreeable to you if we went back to my house?"

"Why, yes. Of course. Certainly!"

"My car is outside."

"Splendid!"

So she led him out from the side entrance of that Hotel to where her car was parked among some others - elegant in its refined blackness and whose tall muscular chauffeur - her servant, his eyes hidden behind designer sunglasses - held open the rear door for her and her chosen companion of the evening. Thus were they conveyed in comfort on that long journey through the dark of the country night until they reached that steep hill of the narrow lane and her house above a valley.

He did not see much of its old-fashioned but clean and fastidiously tidy interior, and neither did he desire to, for his already intense sexual desire had been heightened by the luxury of her car and the wealth so obvious from her dwelling, and he willingly let himself be led along a narrow skein of corridors to a panelled room whose only light came from a burning, large, coal-fire. Even the oppressive heat nor her strength did not concern him as she roughly pushed him toward the large Oak bed to salaciously rip away his clothes and remove her own.

Her beauty of body - her voluptuousness, her sexuality - was everything he imagined, everything he desired, and her intoxicating scent seemed to increase until he was wrapped, cocooned, within it. She was upon him, then, holding him down, his arms outstretched and pinned to the silken covering of the bed by her hands wrapped around his wrists while she manoeuvred her body to place his erection inside her where he felt the warmth of her warm sensuous wetness. For what seemed a long long moment he experienced an intensity of joy, of physical pleasure, such as he had never known before, making him close his eyes in exultation as she moved upon him. But then - then as he arched his back again in sheer physical exultation and delight - intense pain followed by agony engulfed him and blood from his severed penis flowed out of her.

But she was laughing, laughing, still holding him down, overpowering him as he writhed in pain, until she moved to lick his bloody wound - cauterizing it with her strange oral fluid - to kiss him, and it was in that briefest of brief moments before he fainted - weak, and overcome with the shock of this, and of his seeing - that he saw not a young sensuous woman but something else, not quite human, draining away the acausal-energy of his life through her blood-soaked kiss.

She, satiated, left him then to the ministrations of her servant who effortlessly carried the limp and bloodied but just-living body down stone steps and along a short brick-lined dimly lit tunnel to an unlit cell whose thick and still sturdy iron door bars were pitted with the seeping rust of age. There was a bed, a bucket, a stained blanket - but nothing else - and it was here, amid the cold dank stifling blackness, that he would hours later awake, shivering, lying on the slimy cobbles of the floor, while she - freshly bathed and dressed - walked outside, smiling, happy, renewed, among the wind-speaking moonlit trees of her dark ancestral hill.

There, in that unlit cell, he would live, for a while, while his usefulness lasted. And it was there in the first of his many many days that he would cry out into the darkness for hours, until exhaustion overcame him. There did he languish, lamenting his stupid choices, his lies, his betrayal of his wife and family. There he would briefly vainly plead to God, to any god, deity, for release, and there he would eat and drink the little that was provided him, pushed through the bars of his door by her servant, as it was there - in that unlit blackness - he would hear, or thought he heard, the weak sighs, the cries, of another, until, one day or one night, the soft sighs, the soft distant muffled cries, came no more to torment him.

There he would he close his eyes, sometimes, in sleep when what little strength remained failed him. And there: there were the nightmares, the pitiless nightmares of how she still enticing and scented would come upon him in the blackness to kiss him to suck from him the remaining drops of the life within. He would sleep then, peacefully - but only for a while, only for a while: longing after that short moment of rest never to awake, again.

The hot Sun of late Summer warmed her while she sat outside the trendy Café, waiting. Her chosen and familiar Hotel was nearby, and she would retire to it soon, as darkness descended upon the city. But, for now, she was content enough to let the warm Sun please her, as if almost always did as its healthy rays reached her youthful face, arms, hands and legs while she sat, fashionably if skimpily dressed, as were the other young women who passed, there on that evening in that city by the river whose water flowed, as her life, from one beginning to another: a precious gift, finding its own level, its own way, while bringing death, to some.

Algar Merridge
March 119, Year of Fayen

Appendix

The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Occult fiction of the Order of Nine Angles includes the following stories:

- (1) *Eulalia - Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. (c.2009)
- (2) *The Deofel Quartet*, consisting of the four texts *Falcifer*, *Temple of Satan*, *The Giving*, and *The Greyling Owl*. (c.1974-1993)
- (3) *Tales of the Dark Gods*, comprising the four short stories *In The Sky of Dreaming*, *Jenyah*, *Sabirah*, and *A Dark Trilogy*. (c.2008)
- (4) *Breaking The Silence Down*. (c.1985)
- (5) The two individual short stories *Hangster's Gate* and *Copula cum Daemone*. (c. 1976)
- (6) The short story *Gruyllan's Tale*, which forms part of the *Balocraft of Baphomet* series. (c.2010)
- (7) The short story *Sunedrion: A Wyrdful Tale* (2015).

The most recent works include *Eulalia*, and *Sunedrion: A Wyrdful Tale*.

Several themes are common to most, if not all, of these stories - and this brief MS will briefly deal with two of the most interesting of these themes, from an Initiated Occult viewpoint. These are what may be called *The Mistress of Earth* archetype (the powerful, sinister, feminine principle), and the setting of some of the stories in the English county of Shropshire.

The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA

One of the most noticeable (and neglected) aspects of the ONA mythos is the predominance given to what may be termed the Sinister Feminine Principle, evident, for example, in what the ONA calls the rôle, and magical Grade, of Mistress of Earth, and in its depiction of, and homage to, the Dark Goddess Baphomet, whom the ONA describe as one of the most powerful of The Dark Gods.

Thus, in the Occult fiction of the ONA, the main character - the main protagonist, the 'hero' - is often a powerful, beautiful, woman, with ordinary men, more often than not, manipulated by, or somehow subservient to, these women who belong to or who identify with some ancient Sinister tradition, or

the Left Hand Path, and Satanism, in general. For instance, in *The Giving* - which is probably the most forthright fictional portrayal, by the ONA, of a genuine Mistress of Earth - the heroine is Lianna: a wealthy, powerful, beautiful and mature woman, who is heiress of a sinister rural pagan tradition which involves human sacrifice. She is seen manipulating both Mallam and Thorold, and the story ends to leave the reader to answer the unanswered question as to whether she really contrived Monica's death and used her sinister charms to beguile - 'to beshrew' - Thorold following that death.

Quite often, in these stories, the Dark Goddess Baphomet is invoked directly - as for example in *The Temple of Satan*, and *In The Sky of Dreaming*. In the latter, we are left to speculate as to whether the always un-named alien female shapeshifter who returns to Earth is actually Baphomet herself, and there are several clues, scattered throughout the text, which might be used to answer this question. In other stories - such as *Jenyah* and *Sabirah* - we are presented with sinister, vampiric-like, entities who have assumed female form (or who have always had a female form in our causal world) and who have dwelt on Earth for millennia, using the 'life-force' of human male victims to sustain themselves, and who can easily be regarded as 'dark daughters of Baphomet'. All of these women are mysterious, enchanting - and physically powerful: for instance, the woman described in *Sabirah* easily overpowers the young men who attempt to molest her, while Eulalia (in *Eulalia - Dark Daughter of Baphomet*) is a ruthless, though charming, killer of whom it is intimated she might be not only half-human but also the mysterious Falcifer, the power behind the male Vindex figure she has chosen and manipulates.

In general, such depictions - and the mythos of the ONA in general - may be said to empower women; to depict them in a way that has been long neglected, especially in the still male-dominated, materialistic, West. However, this empowerment, it should be noted, is based upon 'the sinister': upon there being hidden esoteric, pagan, depths, abilities and qualities in women who have an important, and indeed vital, rôle to play in our general evolution and in our own lives. Furthermore, it is one of the stated aims of the ONA to develop such character, such qualities, such Occult abilities, in women, and the following of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regarded as the means to achieve this.

Furthermore, the ONA's depiction of such women - its explication of the dark feminine principle - is very interesting because it is a move away from, and indeed in stark contrast to, the 'feminine principle' of both the political 'feminism' which has become rather prevalent in Western societies, and that particular feminine ethos which many pagan and Wiccan 'White-light' and Right Hand Path groups have attempted to manufacture.

This political feminism is basically an attempt to have women imitate the behaviour, the personality, the ethos, of men - which is what the strident calls for 'equality' are essentially about, and as such it is often a negation of the character, and of those unique qualities and abilities, germane to women. The

pagan and Wiccan type of feminism is most often about some dreamy, pseudo-mystical vision of a once mythical 'perfect past' or about goody-goody types 'harming none' - in stark contrast to the dark sinister goings-on of the ONA feminine archetype, which most obviously includes using sexual enchantment to manipulate those Homo Hubris type men 'who deserve what they get...'

Dark Shropshire Themes

The still largely rural English county of Shropshire is the setting for many of the Occult stories of the ONA. Stories with a setting wholly or partially in Shropshire include:

- *The Giving*
- *Breaking The Silence Down*
- *Jenyah*
- *Sabirah*
- *Copula cum Daemone*
- *Hangster's Gate*
- *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*
- *Sunedrion: A Wyrdful Tale*

The reason seems obvious, given the ONA's account of its own history, which is that this area was where its traditions survived into our modern era, handed down by a few mostly reclusive individuals, and where a few small groups of rural followers of that ancient sinister way met to conduct their pagan rites. A glimpse of one such group is given in *Hangsters Gate*, while *The Giving* presents an ancient pagan ritual, The Giving, which perhaps is the original folk form of the ONA's *The Ceremony of Recalling*.

In the 'One Autumn Evening' section of *Sunedrion: A Wyrdful Tale*, the culling takes place in a house on a cobbled street in the centre of Shrewsbury, with the two women returning to the Stiperstones to celebrate their culling.

Interestingly, *Hangster's Gate* and *Breaking The Silence Down* are set in the same area of Shropshire (in and around Much Wenlock, fictionalized as Greenock), a century or more apart, with some phrases of the latter echoing some of those of the former, as if to suggest, to intimate, an hereditary link, with *Breaking The Silence Down* invoking the pagan wildness of The Long Mynd and the rural area of "the scattered hamlets in the Onny valley", with the area West of that valley - from the Stipertsones to the border with Wales - well-described in not only *The Giving* but also in *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*.

It should be noted that both *Jenyah* and *Sabirah* - dark stories of ageless female sinister entities ('demons') - are set in Shropshire, as if to suggest that such entities may still be lurking in such or similar places as they frequent in those stories, if one knows where to look, and has the good fortune (or misfortune, depending on one's ethos) to encounter them.

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Lypehill Nexion
119 Year of Feyen
(Last Updated 126 yf)

A Note Regarding The Deofel Quartet and Copula cum Daemone

The novels in the Deofel Quartet were designed as Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA. As such, they are not - and were not intended to be - great, or even good, works of literature. Their intent was to inform novices of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess. In effect, they are attempts at a new form of 'magickal art' - like Tarot images, or esoteric music. As with all Art, magickal or otherwise, they can and should be surpassed by those possessing the abilities. If they have the effect of inspiring some Initiates of the Darker Path to creativity, to surpass them and create something better, then one of their many functions will have been achieved.

The 1980's short story *Copula cum Daemone* has never (to our knowledge) been republished in full, with the version included in the original typewritten compilation *Hostia* (published in 1992) missing the first three pages, and with later (non-ONA) published versions containing numerous errors - typos and mis-spellings - especially in the Latin. Furthermore, a little known fact, outside of ONA circles, is the Latin spoken by ONA protagonists such as Ceridwin, the pagan sorceress, with Ceridwin thus not only amazing her antagonists by her knowledge of Ecclesiastical Latin but also mocking them, for they are less erudite than they believe themselves to be because they fail to recognize the source of her quotations some of which had been circulating in priestly and monastic Catholic circles for centuries. That her antagonists are also unknowingly echoing some of those Latin sources makes the mockery even more pronounced. The source of Ceridwen's knowledge is hinted at in the story: the old man who carries a staff and who mentions Phereder to Richenda and then recites a Latin quotation.

Select Bibliography Of O9A Works

§ *Guide To The Order of Nine Angles*. Seventh edition, 1460 pages. pdf, 2015.

The work is a complete - theoretical and practical - guide to the O9A's Seven Fold Way. It includes:

- (i) the 981 page *The Requisite ONA* dealing with the stages up to and including Internal Adept. This section contains all the required texts, including (a) facsimile version of *Naos*, from the 1989 MSS, (b) *The Black Book of Satan*, (c) The Grimoire of Baphomet, (d) Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet, (e) the complete Deofel Quartet, (f) A Glossary of ONA Terms, (g) The Mass of Heresy;
- (ii) *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* which deals with the Passing of The Abyss and the occult Grade beyond the stage of Internal Adept, and includes the complete, unexpurgated, Ceremony of Recalling;
- (iii) A comprehensive selection of recent O9A texts, including (a) Presencing The O9A, (b) Perusing The Seven Fold Way - Historical Origins of the Septenary System of the O9A, (c) The Septenary Anados, and Life After Death, In The Esoteric Philosophy of the O9A, (d) Advice For Neophytes, (e) The Adversarial Praxis and Logos of The Order of Nine Angles, (f) Acausality, The Supernatural, and the O9A, (g) Esoteric Aural Tradition In The Deofel Quartet, (h) Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities, (i) The Geryne of Satan, (j) The Culling Texts, (k) Ontology, Satanism, And The Sinisterly-Numinous Occult Tradition.

The Guide is currently available, as of October 2015 and as a 55 Mb pdf, from <https://omega9alpha.wordpress.com/complete-o9a-guide/>

§ *Alchemy And The Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition*. e-text. 2015.

§ *Lapis Philosophicus And The Septenary System*. e-text. 2015.

§ *Azoth: Western Alchemy And The Seven Fold Way Of The Order Of Nine Angles*. e-text. 2015.

§ *Further Notes Concerning The Hermetic Origins Of The O9A*. pdf. 2015.

§ *The Culling Texts - Order of Nine Angles*. v. 1.05. pdf. 2015.

§ R. Parker. *The Radical Occult Philosophy of Anton Long*. 2015. ISBN-13: 978-1518690433

§ R. Parker. *The Joy of the Sinister*. 2015. ISBN-13: 978-151867900

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(First Edition)

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