



Living The Dark Side

**A Short Collection of Heretical Items from
The Order of Nine Angles**

Sinister Tribes 0

Whose Gonna Run This Town Tonight?

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

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

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

nothing of the world of the mundanes should restrict us.

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

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

We have declared war on the mundanes, for they and all that they have are our resource; and all that supports them and their system - from their laws, their so-called Courts of Law, their Police forces, to their local and national governments - we loathe and detest and regard as our enemy. We are armed and dangerous; and if we are not already so armed and so dangerous, then that is what we aspire to be, and what we should and must be, for we regard it as our natural right as members of a sinister feral species to be so armed, and we would rather die, fighting and laughing and exulting, than submit or surrender to any mundane or to their so-called forces of "law and order".

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

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

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

Wolves

0

Ray Wang opened the door to his modest one-bedroom apartment. He looked through the cupboards and the refrigerator and sighed. He went into the sparsely decorated living room and plopped down on a leather loveseat. He picked up the remote control from the small wooden coffee table in front of him, turned on the television and immediately turned it off again. He put his feet on the table, looked up to the ceiling and sighed. He felt bored and unfulfilled. He then stepped back out of his apartment and into the cold, crisp autumn air.

Thirty minutes later, Ray was at a neighborhood bar playing pool in the rear of a dive bar against a young Asian man in his 20's, about Ray's age. They bet almost twenty on a game of 8-ball. Ray saw the man's frustration as he missed the 8-ball. Ray made a tough bank shot to seal the win.

Ray held out his hand. "Okay man, you owe me \$20."

The man drank picked up his beer and nodded his head while drinking.

"Come on man, twenty bucks. That's what we bet and I beat you."

"Bullshit. Let's play again." the man said.

Listening intently was the man's friend Russell, standing almost 15 feet away. He was with a large group of mostly young men and a few scantily dressed young women, late teens to early twenties. One man from the group took a step towards Ray and his friend, but the man watching held out his hand as if to stop him. The approaching man stopped dead in his tracks.

Ray then said, "I'm not fucking around. Give me my money."

The man then grabbed a pool cue and attempted to swing at Ray. The man was quick and almost cat-like, but Ray was faster. He ducked and then lunged forward to punch the man in the midsection. The man bent over in pain and then Ray delivered an ax-kick to the back of his head. Another man from the group immediately charged at Ray and was greeted with a side kick to the jaw. More men from the group attempted to converge on Ray. Russell then held up his hand, "Wait." The group stopped.

Russell approached Ray and they surveyed each other.

"You're good. You're not here with any friends?" Russell asked.

“I don’t need any friends.” Ray shot back defiantly.

Russell reached in his front jeans pocket and pulled out a pack of Marlboro Reds. “Everybody needs friends.” he said as he offered Ray a cigarette.

1

Captain Fulton sat pensively at his desk. Sitting in the chair in front of his desk was Deputy Inspector Thomas Leonard of the 13th Precinct. “Are you sure that we’re the right ones you need? This is more like the Detective Squad’s jurisdiction.”

Leonard rubbed his forehead. “Adam, how long have we known each other?”

Fulton smiled. “Are you trying to give me an ultimatum, Inspector?”

“No. I just need a big favor. This kid they took is like family. Me and his father have been friends for longer than the cops in your house have been alive. Just do me this favor Adam. If I give it to somebody that I don’t know, they’ll do a half-assed job.”

Fulton thought for a minute. “I’ll do the best that I can and so will my guys. You know I will. Just give me the file.”

“I owe you big time for this Adam.” Leonard dropped the manila envelope on Fulton’s desk. Fulton walked Leonard to the front of headquarters and gave his friend a brotherly embrace.

“Please find these people, Adam.” Leonard turned and opened the door of the navy blue unmarked Chevy Impala.

Fulton waved and smiled at his long time friend. A plainclothes cop walked out of the building and lit a cigarette. Fulton turned to face him.

“Hey Sal, give me one of those will you?”

2

Russell and Ray walked through the crowded downtown district. They walked into the laundromat and towards the counter. The young woman behind the counter gestured for them to go into the back room. Once outside the door, Russell knocked and the voice behind the door told them to come in. An elderly Asian man seated behind a desk facing the door greeted them with an apprehensive look and then reached into the desk drawer and presented a manila envelope, never taking his eyes off of Russell.

“Go ahead. Take it.” Russell instructed Ray while also fixing his gaze at the old man. Ray took the envelope.

“Let’s go.” Russell said.

“What was all that about?” asked Ray.

“In time my friend. I’ll take that package from you later. In time. Are you hungry?”

“I could go for something.” said Ray

They walked into a quaintly decorated Chinese restaurant. The hostess, a beautiful twenty-something smiled at them from behind her podium and shouted abrupt instructions in Chinese. The waiter, a middle aged man, immediately approached Russell and Ray and showed them to a table. Russell then ordered in Chinese. The waiter wrote on a notepad as fast as Russell spoke and almost ran to the kitchen.

“Do you speak any particular dialect?” Russell asked Ray.

“No. I was born here and my parents never took the time to teach me. They were too busy working.”

“That’s a shame. You should really be closer to your roots.”

“Judging from the looks of it, you look like the mayor of Chinatown.”

“No, just a regular working stiff.”

At that moment the waiter brought them two bottles of beer and several appetizers. He never made eye contact with Russell nor Ray.

3

Captain Fulton eyed Ray from behind his desk and smiled.

“Unbelievable. The infamous Russell Lee falls right into the hands of my best guy, without him even trying.”

Ray smiled. “I’m your best guy, Cap?”

Cpt. Fulton smiled back. “You are now. You realize what you have?”

“Known gang leader, extortionist, burglar, pimp and not-so-garden variety devil-worshiper. The last

part is the only thing that really bothers me.”

“Why is that, Wong?”

“Devil-worshippers are usually those rebellious kids in high school who spray-paint churches and tombstones. Lee is way too sophisticated for that.”

“During his last stint in Rikers Island, it was reported that he spoke in front of Bloods, Crips, Aryan Bros. and the Muslims. He even went so far as to ‘annex’ splinter groups from the aforementioned gangs and formed a so-called ‘nexion’. It was reported that he never spoke of Satan, but of family, honor and numinousity.”

“Yeah, he spoke about family a lot with me. Mostly traditional stuff that I’ve heard before. He’s smart though. He doesn’t do anything illegal in front of me, sir.”

“We didn’t expect him to make this easy. My point is that I really need you on this one. There’s a kid named Mark Porter that’s very important to a friend of mine. This cult’s got him brainwashed. Your priority is to get him out. If you can bust Lee for anything, then by all means. But I need that kid back.”

Ray frowned as he contemplated what Fulton had just told him. Risk himself going deep cover for a personal favor?

“I know that this is a little unusual, Ray.” said Cpt. Fulton. “And I’ll justify this operation at all costs. I need this, Ray.”

“Yes sir. I’ll take care of it.” Ray said reluctantly.

Captain Fulton smiled. “I know you will Ray. I know you will.”

Ray walked out of Cpt. Fulton’s office slowly and into his car. He thought of Russell’s thoughts on family. The family that made money for the sake of supporting each other and their ‘ceux sang.’ In Russell’s eyes, everyone outside the family was either profane, a “10 Percenter” or both. Ray even knew who Mark was. He was a newbie who had just joined, but was already moving onto Adeptship within the Family rather quickly. Ray would be next, Russell said.

“Financial independence.” Ray remembered Russell saying to him.

Mark sat nervously in the dimly lit living room of the large house that Russell drove him to. Russell said that Mark is a Disciple now after proving his loyalty through the ordeals and participating in “Fedding”/

taking care of business through the education of the ignorant, profane rivals.

Then Mark smelled a mixture of perfumes in the air. Then Mark heard the sound of heeled shoes on the hardwood floor approaching and an attractive Asian woman in her 20's walked into the living room and sat on the chair opposite from Mark. She was dressed in only a silk robe and high heeled stiletto shoes. She smiled at Mark. Mark smiled sheepishly and shyly looked down.

More heel sounds and a beautiful blond-haired green eyed 20-something woman walked into the room. She was dressed in an S&M leather outfit complete with a whip which she masterfully snapped above Mark's head as she walked in. She took a place next to the first woman and looked at Mark. She flicked her tongue and Mark gulped.

Russell walked in and smiled at Mark.

“Stand up, Brother.”

Mark stood and Russell gave him a bearhug, almost taking away his breath. Yet, there was a genuine feeling behind Russell's hug.

“I'm going to take you to meet Eve later.” Russell shoved a cold bottled beer in Mark's hand. “Right now, I'm throwing you a little party, Brother. Choose one of these fine Sisters.”

Mark looked at the women. He then opened the beer and took a long drink, almost finishing it. He smiled at Russell with adoration.

“Wow, dude.” Mark whispered. “I m...wow.”

Russell laughed. “Go ahead Brother. We're all Family. Go have your party.”

Mark felt a lump in his throat. He walked towards the two women and put an arm around each of their shoulders. Russell laughed as they led Mark upstairs.

5

The room was filled with the smell of cigar and cigarette smoke. Almost filling the room was a large round oak table. Around the table sat Asian and Italian men in expensive suits drinking expensive liquor. The lone woman, Asian, in her mid-thirties, sat at the head of the table. She had a lovely alabaster complexion yet her eyes rendered a cunning, ruthless demeanor. She surveyed the laughing men and held up her hand. They obediently stopped talking and looked toward the woman with respect.

“I want to thank you gentlemen for being here tonight. I am also proud to announce record profits for

this quarter. ”

“Fuckin’ bitch...” growled an Asian man seated two people from her on her right.

All of the men turned their attention to the source of the outburst with shock on their faces.

“Boss Chang.” Eve addressed the disgruntled gangster. “I have an open door policy as I have stated before. I prefer for anyone who has an issue to discuss it with me in a private manner so that we may come to a resolution. Now Boss, since you have apparently chosen to air your grievance in a public forum, what seems to be the problem?”

Boss Chang didn’t look up. He guzzled his glass of scotch.

“I was the boss of the largest conglomerate back in Hong Kong. Now I am reduced to this.” he growled.

“You are still a Boss. This is a merger of resources, human and otherwise which proved to be more profitable.” Eve smiled gently at Boss Chang.

“I don’t want to work for a fuckin’ bitch!” Chang exploded and threw his glass against the opposite wall.

Eve smiled and stealthily jumped on the table. She bent over, took off her stiletto shoe and plunged it into the right eye of Boss Chang seemingly in one motion. He fell back on the floor. Eve pulled a .22 caliber pistol from her garter belt and shot Chang in the head. Eve stood on the table with her pistol pointed in the air.

“I don’t have a problem with anyone taking an issue with my management ability. But don’t ever doubt me because I’m a woman. Your profane minds still believe that this is a man’s world but you forget that it was a woman who birthed civilization. Anyone have a problem with anything that I can’t help?”

Eve’s bodyguard/Temple Guardian already had his .45 caliber trained on the other Bosses’ muscle while another had an uzi trained on the seated Bosses.

“Good. Now we can discuss business.” she said as she leapt from the table to retrieve her shoe from Boss Chang.

5

Cpt. Fulton grimly looked at Detective Doug Bravo as he handed him the black and white glossy photo of Eve.

“This goes beyond Russell Lee. It looks like this lady here, Eve Aquino is the real leader of this Nexion.”

“Eve of Destruction?!?” Bravo exclaimed. Esoterically, Bravo was the “criminal informant” for Eve, collaring rival drug dealers so that Eve was free to annex new territories as she wished.

“Yeah. I’m thinking of pulling Wang out and possibly calling in a favor from some Feds I know.”

“With all due respect sir, we wouldn’t look good doing that. The Feds ain’t gonna be interested in pulling that Porter kid out. Them college boys would just be interested in taking down the ‘Boss of Bosses.’ I’d just have Wang pull Porter out and not mess with Lee or Eve.”

“Mother Eve.” Fulton said grimly. “Yeah, you’ve got a good point there. I don’t want Wang taking any unnecessary risks.”

Doug pondered his relationship with Eve. Crime Boss and Temple Mistress. The Sinister Feminine Principle Incarnate. It was almost synergy, the way that one needed the other. Doug himself wasn’t a Disciple, but his time would come soon enough especially with the earnings that Eve had made last quarter because of his information.

“Yeah. I’ll leave Ray in there. He reports to me everyday now anyway. First sign of problems and he’s out.”

6

Ray sold almost all of the cold bottled waters at the busy intersection. He had bought cases of water at the discount supplier and put them in a large cooler of ice and sold them for \$1 each. Russell told him that the ABC Rite was to set the Disciple along the Sinister Way and to prove that it was entirely possible to be financially independent from the Profane. Ray was to split the proceeds from his ordeal with his two witnesses and their leader, Mark.

Ray thought back on the other recent ordeals that he participated in. He and his witnesses had ‘Blood Opfered’ a crack dealer, someone of Ray’s choosing. They had also burglarized the home of an unemployed slacker who was collecting social security benefits fraudulently. Russell had told him not to feel bad. These were people who lacked true character he explained.

The past few days had made Ray’s head spin. He remembered what his assignment was but he had never in his life felt that he was alive until now. The excitement, the exhilaration, the vitality of Being.

He knew that Mark was there under his own free will. Mark was a new ‘Disciple,’ respected among his peers even though those peers were Disciples for some time already.

Ray also felt a sense of family with Russell and Mark. He somehow felt “safe” with the matriarch figure Eve. It was as if everything was going to be okay because she said it was.

It was almost like a roller coaster of emotions because he hated himself for what he felt was being hypocritical.

Before Ray had undertaken the Rite, Russell approached him and said, “I know that you’re a cop, man. Even if you arrest me, you’ll never forget us, you’ll want to claim this because we’ve given you a real sense of family. Those cops are just your family during work hours, Brother. Even when you hang out off duty, all you do is talk about work. You’re never free. Consider this as going opposite and beyond. This is your personal quest to evolve my friend. To exult in life and go beyond the boundaries that the Powers That Be put in front of us. To quest and to die questing. No one cares about what you believe in philosophically. You complete what awaits and you’ll have your Family with you for life. We are now Blood. Forever starts today, Brother.”

That night that Ray had completed the ‘Business’ end of the Rite, he laid on his bed and thought of everything. He got up, reached into his pocket and threw his badge in the garbage.

DarkCon Nexion 352
Order of Nine Angles

<http://sinistar352.wordpress.com/>

Sinister Tribes 1

A Sinister Sport

Leeds, 1973

It was nothing unusual, at least for Steve and his chosen three skinheads, to loiter in the sodium-lit night, on The Headrow or the streets around, waiting for some unwary mundane to pass them by to be followed to be relieved at knifepoint, or the threat of a kicking, of whatever money or possessions they carried or held. But it was for The Plumb, the young lad of slim physique and shaven head whose new swastika tattoo, on his forehead, still itched.

Plumb was a novice at this sporting game, and, knife ready, somewhat nervously waited for the test that would – that might – begin to make his name among Steve’s crew. It was not a long wait, that early evening of light drizzle where the slight warmth of late October had given way to the dreary coldness of November, and they – at Steve’s gesture – followed the middling aged suited briefcase holding man for only some yards when Plumb’s stiletto blade stuck him in the back. He groaned, slightly, before he fell, gasping – but they wasted no time on him, for only his money, his watch, any saleable goods mattered,

and he was left there where the cold wet dirty pavement became a pillow for his face as they laughing scampered back to the safety of their den.

It was a single third floor room in a block of rented office rooms whose grimy small single un-openable window gave at least some view of the Infirmary across the street, and it was there, on the bare un-carpeted floor where thieved goods lay stockpiled almost to the ceiling, waiting, that they divvied up their share. Plumb got the cash, such as it was; and Steve and his crew the rest: a watch; a gold ring; the leather briefcase; perhaps a saleable newish wallet. But their value was incidental, purely incidental – at least that time.

Later, the darkness found them mischief-heading westerly, after a bevvvy of beer had been downed at their favourite haunt where the relative wideness of Woodhouse Lane gave way to the narrower streets that north-easterly lay to sedately tumble down in terraced houses toward that tall-chimney of the quaintly-named “Leeds Corporation refuse destructor” on Meanwood Road, and where in a nearby house Steve spent the occasional night in the confines of a stuffy garret, with young shop-girl Lesley. He did not know then – and would not have cared even had he known – that centuries before, and only a gunshot away, Royalist forces had been bloodily defeated at the Battle of Meanwood Valley during his ancestors’ Civil War.

So, steadily but never furtively, they – buoyed by beer, youth, hate, and pride – made their way to serried terraces southwesterly between Woodhouse Moor and Burley Road. At Steve’s instigation, Plumb knocked on the door of a house, and it was not long before a skinny young man in black leather jacket, dirty T-shirt and jeans, opened it. Plumb punched him in the face, and he fell over backwards to where a discarded newspaper lay upon a lino floor near and steps led upward to dank, small, upper rooms.

“That’s for grassing, you cunt!” Plumb shouted as the skinny young man tried to get to his feet.

But Plum pushed him down before kicking his head three times, and the young man was unconscious when Steve and his crew entered.

Steve threw a leaflet over the prostrate now bloodied body before they all left, laughing. On the leaflet – only a swastika, the letters CoC, and the words: “Violence purifies and makes the man.”

The stolen car took them recklessly fast out from the city of Leeds to near where the rocks of Almscliffe Crag rose beyond the Harrogate road and gave, in daylight, views toward the Vale of York. And it was there on the top of that rocky outcrop they assembled in that drizzle-filled darkness for Plumb to take his oath.

It was a simple oath – a personal pledge of loyalty to Steve, his comrades, his crew and their new Clockwork Orange Cult – and soon was over, so that they scampered, laughing, lustfully, satiated with feral life and memories of violence, down from their eerie to head back eastwards where Steve, as

promised, had prepared for them a surprise.

The girls were waiting in that rented well-furnished well-cared-for Woodhouse terraced house above the fringe of Meanwood Ridge, and Mark, their pimp, greeted Steve – as the friend, and comrade, that he was – there where joss sticks perfumed the houseful-air and Slade's *Look Wot You Dun* played loudly, beatingly, through speakers wired to some Hi-Fi system, recently liberated from some city-centre store.

There was some dancing then – or what passed for dancing – among the crew and the girls until they paired off to upstairs rooms leaving only Steve, Mark, and Ruth. Ruth the dark haired – older than the others, whose young son was in the so-called care of Social Services; Ruth the voluptuous, who sat, skimpily if fashionably dressed, waiting curled up on a sofa; waiting, for Steve her favoured lover to take her to her bed. But it was to be nearly an hour before her desire became fulfilled, and so she sat and watched him as he and Mark schemed, plotted, and dreamed.

At first, their talk was of Eastman, the non-family traitor who had betrayed a friend to the Police. Would that warning of the evening suffice?

“If not – ” Steve said harshly, and gestured death with his hand. They both knew that had Eastman been a part of their crew, or even if only the person he betrayed had been, then his fate of death would that night have been assured.

“Plumb? How'd he do tonight?” Mark asked.

“Good. He did well.”

“Useful?”

“Yep. I'm going to team him up with Phil at the Depot. He starts there Monday. He'll be our runner. There's a shipment due Friday.”

“Usual stuff?”

“Nope. Electrical goods, this time.”

“I'll let Jamie know.” Jamie was their fence, a small rather portly middle-aged man of vast experience and canny if mournful countenance who had thrived in the rationing post-war years and who, though well-known to the Police, had never ever been to Court, for although his second-hand emporium in a back-street by the Wharf regularly received visits from The Plod, they never ever found anything suspicious, or stolen. Or, at least, that they could prove was stolen.

“Usual divvy?” Mark asked.

“Yep – but small bonus for Plumb.”

“Gesture?”

“Yep. He might even spend it here!” Steve laughed.

So they talked, laughed, planned, plotted, schemed, until at last Steve came to take her hand, leading her gently – almost lovingly – toward and into her room where they lay, naked, entwined for quite some time, gently touching, kissing, feeling the warmth, the soft human warmth, of each others’ bodies. It was for this – for such as this – that she almost loved him. Almost: had she not by the experience of her past stopped herself. And so they lay together, warmly warm, and silent, with only the distant sound of music below; the sounds of their lips touching; their breath breathing; and his fingers feeling her moist waiting wetness.

At first, he had seemed such a contradiction to her. But she no longer cared. It was his company and his body that she craved; even needed; and she would listen to him speak, for hours, in his almost accentless voice as he spoke of his plans, his visions, his passions, his theories, his interests and his hopes. Thus did she listen to him again later that night after their passions had flowed and flowed to ebb with the passing hours of their intimate, sexual, embrace.

“It’s the essence of the sinister, you see, ” he was saying to her as she lay naked, propped up on pillows in her bed, smoking one of her small cheroots while soft light from a bedside lamp bathed them and the glow of Dusk began to dully glow, as dark retreated beyond that window of their world.

“Experience. Going to, beyond, your limits. Transgressing laws, all limits. Learning. Exulting in life, and treating the mundanes as the idiots, the expendables, the resource, they are.”

Then, quite suddenly, his tone changed. “I’d like you to leave, here, this house,” he said. “And stay with me. We’ll get somewhere.”

“Don’t be daft!” she said in her broad Yorkshire accent, and slightly laughed.

“I mean it. I want you to get more involved. Assist me.”

“You’re serious, aren’t you?”

“Yep. Very.”

“But I don’t know anything about the Occult and Satanism.”

“You don’t have to. They’re just words. Words which obscure the essence. Useful – sometimes. But

otherwise irrelevant. Like the current name my crew use – CoC. I’ll change it; maybe soon for something maybe permanent. It was only temporary, anyways, that outer name.”

She finished her cheroot, and lit another one, and he continued.

“It’s essentially just a way of living. A way of life. It’s not really about rituals and all that crap that the mundanes think it’s about. It’s about us – individuals – excelling; enjoying. Taking risks. Changing ourselves. Evolving. Exulting. About creating a new way of life; freeing ourselves from the tyranny of laws; from the tyranny of the Police; of governments; of The State. Being ourselves.”

“And making money,” she laughed.

“Of course!”

“But -” she began to say.

“Mark agrees.”

“You what?”

“About you leaving here. He – and I – want you to take over running the girls.”

“So what’s he going to do, then?”

“He’s gonna open a new branch of our venture, in York.”

“I see.”

“Naturally, I’ll have some lads stay here to look out for the girls.”

“Naturally!” And she laughed again.

“What’d you say, then?”

Aroused, she said all that then needed to be said with her body, until satiated again, she lay beside him as, outside, the Sun rose into a strangely cloudless early Winter’s sky.

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There was much that Steve wanted to do, and he had invited Plumb to join him for a drink in their favoured Pub in Woodhouse. Ruth was there, in the dimness of that traditional haunt, and Plumb could

not help but ogle her breasts as he sat down beside Steve. But he knew better than to let his gaze linger or address her by name, and so he sat sipping his pint of beer.

“You’ve got someone interested, I hear?” Steve said to him.

“Yeah, mate of mine. Will.”

“Handy?”

“Shipleys skins.”

“Enough said, then.”

“You wanna meet?”

“Yep, set it up. It’ll be a test.”

Plumb smiled. “Like mine?”

“Yep.” And both Steve and Ruth smiled. For she had come a long way in the two weeks since she and Steve had shared a house.

That day of the test was a mournful if British one – for weather. For the wind was cold; the sky overcast and dull with cloud; and the slight persistent drizzle of that middle morning lent meaning to Julius Caesar’s long dead desire to live in far more sunnier healthier climes. Steve was there, with Plumb, and Will, the heavily-tattooed, waiting in the stolen car outside the shop. It was a kind of non-descript shop, selling jewellery, not quite in the city centre, and its décor and display seemed as if to say that its owner could not quite decide upon the intended clientèle. For there were some quite expensive items, among the rings and watches, and then some much cheaper tat while a middling assortment of second-hand items completed the rather mixed collection.

“Ready?” Steve asked Will, as the young skinhead of stocky build sat in the backseat of the car, clutching a sawn-off shotgun.

“Let’s go!” Steve said, and he and Will were swiftly out, masks on.

Steve pushed the one male customer aside, his right hand brandishing his revolver, while smashing displays with a hammer.

“Fill it!” Steve demanded of the customer, as Will thrust a small bag at him, and – obedient, like the trained mundane he was – he obeyed, stuffing it full of rings and watches. And then they were gone,

outside, to where Plum waited, ready and revving the car.

Ruth's old haunt claimed them, after the necessary change of outfits and cars, above the fringe of Meanwood Ridge, and Will and Plumb sat on a sofa in that well-incensed house while Steve inspected the haul.

"Good," he said. Then, to Will: "You'll get your cut in a couple of days, OK?"

"Yeah, sure," Will said.

"You got a job?" Steve asked him.

"Nah, only thieving," and he laughed, showing two teeth broken from fights.

"From now on, no freelancing, understand?" Steve said.

"Sure."

"You do only the jobs we give you."

"OK"

"Got some regular work, if you're interested," Steve said. "Right up your street."

"Yeah?"

"Protecting our assets, here. Could be a rough, at times. Oh, yeah of course, you haven't met them, have you," Steve smiled. He called out, and, one by one, Ruth's girls came in, all five of them.

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Introductions over – as was his hour with the girl of his choice – Will was taken in a convoy of three crew cars amid the light of that day, such as that light was, to the rocks of Almscliffe Crag which rose beyond that Harrogate road and which gave, in better daylight, views toward the Vale of York. And it was there, on those topmost now rain-spattered rocks, that he gave his solemn pledge of loyalty to that crew.

"You're family now," Steve said. "Understand?"

"Sure." And they all knew he meant it.

“We have some simple rules. First, we don’t betray our own,” Steve said to him. “Anyone who does is killed. No questions; no quarter; no delay. You’re in this for life, and if you ever show enmity towards us, your family, we’ll hunt you down and kill you.”

Steve paused for a moment before continuing. “Second, we all have equal shares of whatever we take or whatever our enterprises earn. No favouritism. Third, we care for our family. We respect them. We look after them; look out for them. We will risk our own lives for them, if required. All of them – women, children; they’re all our comrades. If you disrespect any member of our family, our kindred, you’ll suffer – you’ll be put on trial, before us, you’ll say your piece, and be judged and, if necessary, punished.

“Fourth, it’s the mundanes and us. Our folk, our kindred, our band of comrades, our family, against the mundanes. The mundanes and their property, all they have, are our resource. Fifth, the laws of the mundanes are irrelevant to us. The government, and especially the Police, are our enemy, servants of the mundanes – we expect no favour from them, no quarter, and we give them no favours, no quarter. Understand?”

“Sure,” Will said. And they all knew he meant it.

“Also, there’s only one leader, one chief. Currently, it’s me. You got a grievance, something to say, you come to me, say it to me to my face, in full earshot of others. We don’t ever talk about one of our brothers, one of sisters, behind their backs. If you’ve got a grievance against me, you face me with it, in full earshot of others.

“If you ever have a dispute with any member of our family, our crew, you bring it out into the open. If we can’t settle among ourselves, then you’ll settle it between the two of you, by a fair fight.

“If you don’t like my leadership, challenge me for it, openly. If necessary, we’ll settle the matter by a duel with deadly weapons. So, for leadership it’s a duel; for other disputes, a fair fight, in front of comrades.

“There’s no leaving your family. You’re part of us now for life; you’re our brother, for life. If you want to settle down with someone, or get married, she has to be either one of us, or become one of us. No exceptions. Same with our women-folk, our sisters – if they are serious about someone, wanting to settle down with them, maybe even get hitched, then he has to be either one of us, or become one of us. No exceptions. Same if you move away for some reason – you’re still family; still bound by your oath; our rules; and we may ask for your help, anytime; just as you can ask for our help, anytime.”

“And one last thing,” Steve said. “We have our own, small, tattoo. Our mark.” And he smiled, saying, “although I don’t know where you’re going to put it.”

Steve laughed, Will laughed; everyone laughed, for Will’s arms, hands and neck were already covered with tattoos.

S. Brown
 ONA (Nexion One)
 120 yf

Sinister Tribes 2

The Sinister Tribes of the ONA

The Order of Nine Angles is unlike and distinct from other esoteric groups for several reasons. Among the most important distinctions are the following:

(1) Because the ONA is a genuinely sinister elite – that is, the emphasis is on the self-reliance, the independence, of the individual, and upon individual practical experience and the surpassing of the limits set by others, by “society”, and especially set by the mundanes who have made such abstractions as “the State” and “the law” as a means of trying to ensure their own safety and their own mundane survival. Thus, those of the sinister elite which is the ONA are defiant individuals who have embarked upon a sinister quest to experience, know and understand – and then surpass – their own limits and that of their societies. This practical self-reliance and this practical experiencing of the sinister – and the learning from what individual, direct, practical experience teaches – means that: (a) no one individual – not even myself – has some sort of “final authority” in or over the individuals who belong to or who associate with the ONA, or who use the methodology of the ONA; and (b) there is no dogma, or “ideology”, or some “authorized” teachings, associated with the ONA, for it is the methodology of the ONA which is important: the ethos, the true sinister spirit, the dark timeless acausal itself which should inspire and motivate individuals and cause them to dream surpassing dreams and strive to make their dreams reality.

(2) Because the ONA is now a living, changing, evolving being: a sinister entity, which sinister being is manifest – which lives – in the sinister tribes that are the ONA: in our many and diverse nexions (local groups), and in the many and diverse individuals who may or who may not be part of a local group/tribe and who thus may live, and do their sinister works, alone.

(3) Because the ONA has long-term sinister and esoteric aims which surpass the life-span of the individual mortals associated with it. One of these esoteric aims is to encourage, to breed, to bring-into-being, a new type of more evolved, more sinister, human being, and from these new humans create a world-wide elite of various sinister tribes. Another esoteric aim is to disrupt, undermine, and replace all existing societies, and in their stead create entirely new ways of living compatible with such evolved

human beings – beyond the restrictions, the tyranny, of all modern nations and States. Another esoteric aim is for us – our new elite, our new tribes – to leave this planet which has been our childhood home and to seed ourselves among the stars.

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

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

In practical terms, this law of personal honour means that we take personal responsibility for ourselves; and that we do not accept nor seek to abide by the “laws” made by the mundanes and their societies. Thus, for us, justice is the natural justice of personal honour – not the so-called “justice” of some “Court of Law” established by some State or by some supra-personal authority. Thus, for us, our disputes are personal ones, to be settled by ourselves, and not by being taken to or resolved by some so-called “Court of Law”. Natural law and true justice resides in – and can only ever reside in – honourable *individuals*, and to extract them out from such individuals (from *that-which-lives*) into some abstraction is the beginning of, and the practical implementation of, impersonal tyranny (the control and emasculation of individuals), however many fine sounding words may be used to justify such an abstraction and to try and obscure the true nature of honour. For individuals of honour understand – often instinctively – that honour is living while words are not; that honour lives in independent individuals of strong character, while words thrive in and through mundanes: in individuals in thrall to either their own emotions and desires or in thrall to some abstraction, or in thrall some to some *-ology* or to some *-ism*. Thus, the laws and the so-called “justice” of all modern States and nations are lifeless and de-evolutionary; a means of ensuring the survival of the mundanes and their societies; whereas the law of personal honour is the law of evolved, and evolving, free independent human beings.

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

This Law of the New Aeon – our new and tribal law – means that we are clannish among ourselves; that we distinguish our tribal and feral kind, and our sinister kindred, from the mundanes (from all of those who are not-of-us), and that in our relations between ourselves – between our brothers and our sisters – we abide by a certain, and mostly unwritten, code of personal conduct. Part of this code of conduct is

that we strive to treat our brothers and sisters, of our own local tribe and of our other tribes, with respect and honour, and expect them to do the same in return. That is, that we accept and strive to respect our personal differences – of personal character and of tribal methods and of “ways” and of styles of living – accepting that despite these often minor and always family differences, we are still kindred. Another aspect of our clannishness is that we should reserve our sinister manipulations, our japes, our sinister machinations, for the mundanes: for those who are not-of-us; those who are an obstacle to the achievement of our aims, or who may be used in order for us to achieve these aims of ours.

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

Sinister Tribes 3

Extract from

Some Notes on Mythos and Methodology

I have read somewhere that the ONA has now entered the third phase, or stage, of its century-long sinister plan to destroy the Old Order of the mundanes. Can you go into more detail?

The essence of the first two stages was (to use new ONA-speak) basically: (1) manufacturing a variety of sinister *viruses*; manufacturing different strands, or mutations, of each sinister ONA virus, imbuing them with acausal energy, and then releasing these sinister and esoteric viral infections out into the world so that they might infect the psyche of susceptible individuals; and (2) creating the ONA itself as a living evolving nexion, imbued with the defiant individuality of the true LHP; independent of any one individual (including myself); and unfettered by the causal forms of the Old Aeon (such as dogma; ideology; hierarchies; copyright, and so on).

Expressed in old, traditional, ONA-speak, certain causal and esoteric forms were manufactured, and these were imbued with acausal energies. That is, certain nexions were created, and acausal energy accessed to flow through them, with the ONA itself becoming a type of sinister acausal being, presenced

- living - in the causal.

One of the most successful exoteric forms proved to be the mythos of the ONA itself; another was our ONA methodology. In mundane-speak, these particular viruses inspired some creative individuals, already possessed of a latent sinister character, leading them to make their own contributions in their own valuable and necessary way. That is, because of, and through these talented individuals, there was another mutation of our sinister ONA viruses, as they contributed to - extended; evolved; represented - that mythos, that methodology, and so gave birth to their own new causal sinister forms, their own living nexions. Thus did these gifted individuals evolve the ONA itself.

The third stage of our current long-term sinister strategy will last some four, or five, decades. As mentioned in the MS *Toward The Dark Formless Acausal*:

Outwardly, or externally, the third stage involves continuing to presence The Dark Forces, via nexions, through supporting, and creating, various causal “forms”; through practical destabilization, through supporting and championing various “heretical” causes and ideas, and so on: to the greater glory of Baphomet, one might, with correctness, say, and write.

One such causal form - and a most important one, for this particular stage - is that of sinister tribes, as briefly outlined in MSS such as (1) *The Sinister Tribes of the ONA*; (2) *Whose Gonna Run This Town Tonight?*; and (3) *Heresy, Sinister Tribes, Nexions and The Methodology of the ONA*.

Thus, during this third stage we should begin to see the establishment of some sinister tribes in urban areas. Initially, these will be small, local, groups, most of whose members (or all of whose members) will and should earn their living outside the laws of the mundanes, which mundanes are their prey, their resource. For it is not the function of our sinister tribes to have their members "earn a respectable living" according to the rules, the standards, the norms, of the mundanes. Rather, it their function - their character, their aim - to be sinister; to live the sinister; to presence the sinister in practical ways.

Once established in their own areas, they may seek to co-operate - for their mutual benefit - with other sinister groups in other areas, and, eventually, in other lands, so that a large sinister network (eventually extending overseas) is created *purely on a practical and very business-like basis*. Supply and demand; the economics of organization; the obtaining of wealth; the trading of goods; the building of respect, and the emergence of leadership, through practical deeds and by establishing in a practical way our law of personal honour, which law importantly applies to and which binds only us, our sinister kind, our feral kindred, and which we do not extend to the mundanes or anyone, unless they join us and so become part of our sinister kind, with the duty and loyalty this involves, and with them subject to our penalties should they go, or act, against us.

In practical terms, the third stage is where our forces begin to directly challenge The System on a scale beyond that of a few sinister individuals, with this challenge being especially of the so-called authority

and laws of The System, of the societies created for and maintained for the benefit of the mundanes, those servants and allies of the Magian. Thus, we will be "the law" in the areas where we dwell; where our tribes have their base. We will be the ones our neighbours first turn to for practical help; we will become the ones aiding our communities by using some of our profits, some of our skills, to aid them.

It may well be from one of the new urban tribes that Vindex emerges, possibly in America. [See Footnote 1]

Footnote:

(1) For a basic *exoteric* account of Vindex, refer to Myatt's book, **The Mythos of Vindex**, of which extracts from the first two parts (*Vindex and The Defeat of The Magian* and *The Ethos of Vindex In Historical Context*) have so far been published.

As stated in *A Brief ONA Glossary*:

Vindex is the name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presenced on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presenced ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

As mentioned in Myatt's *The Mythos of Vindex*, Vindex can be a person of any ethnicity, and may - or may not - arise in what is called The West (America, Europe, Australasia). Myatt goes so far as to suggest that Vindex could arise in Asia.

Heresy 0

The Infestation of Homo Hubris

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

sinister evolutionary ethos and our new tribal elites.

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

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

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

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

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

Thus do we invoke Baphomet: the Dark Mistress and our Mother, of Blood, The Primal Dark One: our symbol of bloody slaughter, renewal, rebirth, and of Joy. Thus do we invoke Vindex, the dark Avenger and destroyer of the Old Order; our symbol of retribution and of new and wyrdful beginnings. Thus do we invoke Satan, Father and Master of Chaos, Disorder, Laughter, and of Crime; our symbol of rebellion and of our quintessential outlaw-ish, piratical nature. Thus do we invoke the Primal Darkness

itself, beyond all our limited causal Earth-bound forms: bringer, genesis, of all that makes us more than human and which inspires us, can inspire us, to make real such visions as can transform and evolve us and take us out to live among the stars and Galaxies of the Cosmos.

Heresy 1

Extract from

To Champion The Heretical

It is right and necessary – Aeonically (as part of our Sinister Dialectic) and personally (for individual development and self-evolution) – that we champion what is genuinely heretical in the societies of our times; what is dangerous for individuals and groups to adhere to, support, and propagate and strive to bring-into-being; what The System, its governments and their law-enforcements agencies, regard as a clear and present danger, as a practical threat to their own State or national security.

Thus, we are not talking nor writing about those *of* us or associated with us or inspired by our sinister methodology and our desire to Presence The Dark, being poseurs and playing some fantasy game or acting out some rôle in some ritual. We are talking and writing about practical deeds; about a practical transgression of the limits set by the mundanes and their governments. We are talking and writing about aiding, supporting, inciting, and taking part in practical insurrection against The System; about taking up arms; about being real revolutionaries; about deeds which might or which could bring us to the notice of law-enforcement agencies and the “security services” of the countries where we dwell; about deeds which make us enemies of The State, and which are dangerous and which make us real outlaws: deeds which carry the risk of us being killed, injured, or – if caught – being sent to prison for quite some time.

Hence, it is one task of those *of* us or associated with us or inspired by our sinister methodology and our desire to Presence The Dark to determine what is genuinely heretical in the societies of their times. To determine what they – what the mundanes – fear, and then to use that fear against them. Thus will we exult in what is sinister, and thus will our individuals lives acquire and presence that dark ecstasy that takes us far beyond the level of the mundanes. Thus will we, as individuals, become by our heretical deeds, by being outlaws or revolutionaries, a genuine sorcerer or sorceress of the sinister: someone whose very life is a deed of sorcery and who does not, like the Satanic poseurs of other groups, pretend to be a sorcerer or sorceress, by acting out some rôle in some ritual or who write about dark fantasies in cyberspace or who try to make sinister sorcery into some kind of social networking...

In addition, it is right and necessary – Aeonically (as part of our Sinister Dialectic) and personally (for individual development and self-evolution) – that we also use proxies, or *sinister cloaking*: that is, that we, from the shadows, manipulate others (often or mostly mundanes – those not *of* us) to do such things, for sinister cloaking itself is as sinister, and often more so in some circumstances, than the direct

personal approach of direct personal exposure and personal risk.

Indeed, once we as individuals have had some necessary experience of such direct personal exposure and personal risk by so aiding, supporting, and inciting genuine heresy, and doing practical heretical deeds, then sinister cloaking becomes the most viable option, unless, that is, the character, the personality, of the individual sorcerer or sorceress inclines them to continue to exult in the risk of such practical deeds. Indeed, there is lot to commend such a continued practical approach, for those whose wyrd is that of the warrior... "

Mythos

The Wonder and Joy of Acausal Darkness

In essence, The Dark Tradition is concerned with personal and supra-personal change; with evolution to higher forms; with the creation of a new type of human being.

To do this, we need vision; we need to feel the Satanic spirit of defiance and joy – the dark acausal – within us. We need challenges; we need tests; we need to accept and become that force of Nature, of the very Cosmos, which selects through weeding out the mundanes: those who are content; those whose spirit is inertial instead of promethean.

The simple truth is that we of The Dark Tradition represent, and re-present, the Chaos that is acausal and which is the genesis of evolution toward higher forms and a higher existence, while the others – the mundanes – represent and are the stultifying normality of the ponderous causal, and/or represent and are what is de-evolutionary.

The stark acausal reality is that the mundanes are either expendable, or are at their best raw material to be motivated toward change. We present them with both this possibility of change – toward a higher, sinister, existence – and with the practical chaos, terror and heresy which serves to remind them of who and what they really are. For, as has been written:

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of

“Nature”.

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be – for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is – and always will be until it evolves to become something else – raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. Their tragedy, their living – their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.”

The very Cosmos itself is change; a fluxion of causal and acausal. Our change – as human beings at this moment in our history, and currently and mostly bound as we are to the causal – is to leave our childhood home, this planet, and expand outward to explore the stars and planets of our galaxy, to discover, to test ourselves, to find challenges great enough to change us in their overcoming; for it is this leaving – this growing to maturity – which will be the practical breeding ground of a new, higher, human species.

It is this vision – of such a change, of such challenges, of such a new human species – which suffuses the ONA, its inner Aeonic magick, its mythos, its nexions, its associates, and those intrepid individuals inspired by any or all of these.

It is lack of such a vision – a lack of inner acausal darkness; a lack of Satanic ethos – which distinguishes the Old Order, bound as this Old Order is to this planet, and bound as it is to satisfying the craving for safety and law which the mundanes, the normals, in their simian-like existence crave.

Everything that enables the achievement of this grand dark vision of ours is a causal form worth using; while everything that militates against our Cosmic sinister vision – our motivating mythos, our esoteric ethos – is to be despised, countered, and fought.

To change, to evolve, to be of the acausal darkness and thus the genesis of both our individual change and that of others, we need to be, *in a practical and personal way*, and in the words of one sinister Adept “the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge are impossible...” We also need to be our own opposite: to venture between and beyond – we need *to-be* - the causal forms of Good and Evil, Light and Dark, and then treat those forms for the imposters, the illusions they are, to then leave them far behind us, having learnt from them, having grown from and because of them.

Then and only then will we have taken the first leap – beyond the Abyssal Unknown – toward being the genesis, the spawn, of a new higher human species.

Synistry 1

Dawning

As he ran towards the dock, Smitty wiped the sweat from his brow and then looked to the East as the sun was rising. He looked at this watch quickly. 5:32 am. The radio blared in its radio holder on his belt.

“Delta-Sierra...Delta-Sierra...What’s your 20?” The radio blared.

Smitty slowed his running down to a walk to get catch his breath. He pushed aside the button of his leather jacket and unclipped the radio inside its holder from his belt.

“Central, disregard. I do not have a location of the subject. Advise all units to stand down at this time.” Smitty said into the radio calmly. “I’ll 10-1 in five to ten Mikes. Copy, Central?”

“Ten-Four. Is that a copy, sectors Adam and Ida?”

Smitty heard the acknowledgement of both patrol cars. Then he “saw” a flash of light in his mind. He drew his gun and walked warily towards the empty warehouse on the left. He tried the door and it was unlocked. He peered inside and saw only blackness.

“Fitting.” he said quietly to himself and quickly slipped inside. He got down on one knee and pointed his service weapon, a Glock, in an almost half counter-clockwise position into the darkness. He turned the radio off.

He carefully made his way through the darkness. He knew that It was here. He carefully felt around with his left foot in front of him. He felt a step.

It waited at the top of the stairs for Smitty. It didn’t hear or see Smitty enter the warehouse, but It felt Smitty’s presence. He heard Smitty ascend the stairs. It tightened his hand into a fist and smiled. Its other hand was on the light switch.

The lights went on. Instinctively Smitty aimed his weapon towards the top flight of stairs and began firing about six shots. He was right and knew that he had hit It all six times. Yet, It just stood there and smiled at Smitty. Then, It leaped from the top of the stairs right into Smitty. Smitty felt himself rolling down the stairs and finally stop unceremoniously at the bottom, but he held on to the gun for dear life.

He looked up at It. It was walking down the stairs slowly and smiling at him. It was taunting him. He pointed the weapon at It.

Smitty looked at It. It had taken the form of the first human that he saw riding by on a motorcycle. The form was that of a large man, 6'4" and weighing about 310 lbs., Smitty guessed. The form had long shoulder length hair and an unusually long beard, dressed in a black leather motorcycle jacket, black T-shirt with a large, bloody hole in the collarbone area (the grouping of Smitty's shots), black jeans and large motorcycle boots. Smitty was only 5'-8" and weighed only 180 lbs. Also contributing to the mismatch was the fact that It wasn't even human.

"Why'd you call off your back-up, Detective? Stupid human idiot." It smiled at Smitty.

Smitty crawled on his back hurriedly away from It. He pointed his weapon at It. "I didn't want any of those cops to get hurt." Then he fired two more shots at It's legs. It buckled slightly and smiled at Smitty.

"Very noble of you Detective. Right now, I tire of these games. I'll make your death quick because I've taken a liking to you."

"Before you do that, tell me who the fuck you are first."

It laughed. "I'll humor you since you are about to die anyway. I am something beyond your very comprehension, beyond your very existence. Humans have tried to Presence my kind because they think that they are evolved enough to do so."

"Then how did you get here, then?" asked Smitty.

"My, aren't we the intuitive one?" It smiled.

Smitty smiled back stupidly. He saw the irony of It speaking with a gentlemanly air dressed as a biker.

"Yes."

Its smile faded and then he turned somber.

"That I know not, if I may be truthful."

"It's because there were some that were worthy." said Smitty.

"What would you know about that?" It inched closer to Smitty. Then It let out a primal, guttural scream that seemed to make the warehouse shake. "What the fuck would you know about that?!?" It now growled at Smitty as he stomped closer.

Smitty while on his back raised both knees to his chest and kicked out at the charging It. The impact sent It flying about 5 feet up in the air and then almost twenty feet away, crashing into the wall and cracking the cement. Smitty got up and walked towards It. It looked at Smitty incredulously.

“You’re...one of Us?”

“I am of the same, but not of your kind.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“I am not here to drain the humans of acausal life force. In other words, I’m not an extraterrestrial leech like you. I was Presenced here as you were, but I want to know why and what the humans will do with themselves.”

It got up and grabbed Smitty by the collar of his jacket, flinging him. Smitty grabbed back at It’s collar and they both began to fling each other, cracking cement beams and walls.

It laughed. “You want to see the humans thrive? And then what of us?”

“We are Gods. What would that matter?”

“They are our food! They are a lower life form than us! Beneath us! Fuck their individual Destinies!”

“Fuck you, Leech!” Smitty headbutted It continuously until Its form’s face was a crimson mask of blood.

Smitty then knelt beside the now unconscious It. “Back to where you came from, leech.” Smitty placed his right forefinger to his lips and then on top of Its form’s Adam’s apple. A purple mist appeared and enshrouded It. Then, the mist disappeared. Smitty took the pulse of the form that remained. The human form that It had taken was dead.

Smitty walked outside the warehouse. Workers were gathered outside and looked at Smitty puzzled. Smitty walked up to the first worker and showed him his police shield.

“You. I’ve got an unresponsive suspect inside. Call 9-1-1.”

“Yessir.” the worker said nervously and then started dialing his cellphone.

Smitty looked around at the workers who still looked at him puzzled. He looked at himself and saw that he was covered in blood.

“Any of you guys got a cigarette?” he smiled.

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