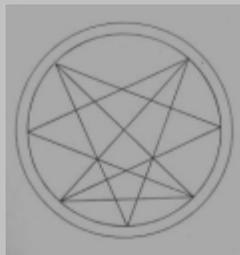


## **The Order of Nine Angles**

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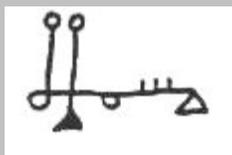
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**ONA/O9A**

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles  
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos  
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов  
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών



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## **Some Notes Concerning The Aeonic Perspective Being An Introduction to The Order of Nine Angles**

In many Order of Nine Angles texts mention is made of 'the Aeonic perspective' and since this perspective is an important feature of ONA esoteric philosophy, and thus part of O9A culture and our aural tradition, some explanation should be of interest. <sup>[1]</sup>

The expression 'the Aeonic perspective' – also known as the Cosmic perspective – is used to describe some of our [pathei-mathos](#), some of our experience; that is, to describe some knowledge we have acquired through a combination of practical experience, through a scholarly study, and through using certain Occult faculties and skills, such as esoteric-empathy.

This knowledge concerns several matters, some to do with how we understand the individual human being, some to do with our perception of Aeons, and some to do with our praxis and the purpose and effectiveness of our methods and techniques both exoteric and esoteric.

An understanding and appreciation of this knowledge in all its aspects is part of the learning, the knowing, of those who are part of our culture and thus who are ONA.

### **The Individual**

In our esoteric philosophy the individual human being is regarded as a nexion. As having both an acausal and a causal nature, and as possessing, or being imbued with, a certain amount of acausal energy and which acausal energy is what animates physical matter making it 'alive'. In one sense, the psyche of the individual is how some of this energy is naturally manifest in us, and an esoteric praxis such as our Seven Fold Way – or our Way of the Rounwytha – are a means whereby we can rationally apprehend and thus come to know and understood and control such energies/forces, some of which are archetypal in nature when perceived exoterically <sup>[2]</sup>.

In addition, the nexion that is the individual is part of the matrix of all living beings, human, of Nature, of the Cosmos. That is, the individual is a connexion to all other Life, terran and otherwise, although this connexion is dormant and undeveloped in most human beings. That is, a latent faculty. One of the aims of many Occult ways – be they termed of the Left Hand Path or of the Right Hand Path – is to make the individual aware of this connexion that they are, open it, and develop it, and certain esoteric techniques have been developed in order to try and accomplish this, with Initiation often being regarded as the beginning of this process. Our techniques to open and then develop this inner nexion include Insight Roles, the adversarial praxis of the Niner, the Grade Rituals (especially Internal Adept and the Camlad Rite of The Abyss) and the acquisition of skills developed by techniques such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

In esoteric terms this means that we, the O9A, are concerned with:

(1) Both Wyrd and destiny. That is, with the development of our Initiates and Adepts (their destiny) *and* with the development of Aeons, and thus with how the individual relates to those energies/forces which are beyond the individual and which effect them until they have completed a successful Passing of The Abyss when they emerge with wisdom: that is, with a knowing, skills, understanding, and experience sufficient to enable them to synchronize with, and then later on manifest, Wyrd.

(2) Both the sinister and the numinous – the sinisterly-numinous. That is, with the knowing, the experience, the understanding, of both and then a moving toward and a living involving the Reality beyond such apparent opposites.

In practical terms this means that the individual perceives of themselves as such a connexion, balanced between all of the following: (1) their own individual past; (2) the past of their own ancestors; (3) the past of Nature; (4) the past of Cosmic life; *and* between the present and the futures of all those emanations of being. Part of this perception is thus of the nature of Aeons and how they themselves are part of an existing Aeon, an existing presencing of wyrdful energies

on Earth. This perception can then – and according to their newly dis-covered and understood personal nature/character – enable the individual to choose a way of living which further aids their own personal development and which enables them to presence acausal energies in order to affect what is Aeonian, with such ways of living including that of the (often reclusive) Occult Adept, that of the Rounwytha, that of a clan/tribe/gang, that of the adversarial Niner, and that of the Balobian.

### **The Understanding**

Having such a perception, the individual understands causal forms, and esoteric praxis, as a means, and a means both personal and Aeonian. That is, as a means to aid their own personal development and to participate in Wyrd and thus participate in the change, the development, the evolution, of life itself, both as manifest on our current home, terra firma, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

Other esoteric groups, especially of the LHP, do not present them with this understanding and thus cannot offer them the opportunity of such a wyrdful participation, concerned as such LHP groups are with guff such as the ‘deification of the self’ and the perpetuation of primitive human beings by means of a belief such as ‘might is right’<sup>[3]</sup>.

In terms of causal forms, there is the initiated understanding that what, for human beings, is esoteric, evolutionary – that what presences acausal energy and thus Life – is inner not outer change. That is, that no causal form, no non-Occult praxis, produces or can produce Aeonian change, although such forms, such praxis, may occasionally result in some, a few, individuals each century, via pathei-mathos, achieving a certain insight and understanding and thence becoming changed, more evolved, human beings.

Or, expressed differently, the changes wrought by causal forms – by wars, revolutions, empires, nations, and through means such as politics or social reform, or by governments – are transient, and do not, over centuries, affect human beings en masse. For humans remain and have remained basically the same; rather primitive beings, dependant on and in thrall to abstractions, to their emotions, to archetypal forces, and never developing their latent faculties, never fulfilling their Cosmic potential, with only a rare few human beings achieving wisdom.

This is why initiatory Occult groups and orders of our kind exist – to manifest and maintain such understanding over centuries; to produce and encourage, over centuries, Aeonian changes, and to develop, evolve, human beings by means of Occult Arts and thus in the only effective way: from within; esoterically; by changing their character, their nature.

This is also why we insist on a personal knowing, on inner alchemical change; on individuals learning from practical experience, both sinister and numinous and both exoteric and esoteric. Why we are organized as we are, as kindred families and nexions, as a kindred collective, and as a culture with traditions both esoteric and aural. And why we take a long-term view of matters both exoteric and esoteric – for our perspective is that of centuries, of Aeons.

### **The Order of Nine Angles**

The ONA is thus not some ‘causal form’, but rather a type of nexion; a collocation of human beings connected over durations of causal Time in particular ways who, by virtue of being kindred both esoterically and exoterically maintain and expand their acausal presencing over such long-durations of causal Time. A causal form is just that: causal, denuded of or not possessing wyrd/acausal energy; a manufactured, lifeless, thing, a tool. A nexion is redolent of Wyrd, and is alive, a type of living entity, be such an entity an individual or a collocation of developed individuals manifest as an esoteric Order.

An esoteric Order with an Aeonian perspective produces both internal and external change in an affective, sinisterly-numinous, way. That is, we not only change a limited number of individuals, personally, individually, by our Occult Arts, over long-durations of causal Time, but also – because we are redolent of Wyrd – directly and indirectly influence others, greater in number than the number of our initiates, by our very existence, by our ethos, our methods, our philosophy, our mythos, with some for example adopting and adapting some of our praxis, some of our Occult Arts, some of our esoteric philosophy.

Thus does such an esoteric Order as the ONA provoke an evolutionary, a sinister-numinous, change in some of those

so influenced, whether or not they know it and whether or not they try to hide it from themselves and others.

As I wrote in another recent essay:

" We grow and have grown slowly, as befits our Aeonian perspective. Slowly, through personal contact, a personal knowing, pledges of duty and loyalty based on our code of honour...It means we are something of a large, growing, unconventional family, whose relations and relatives are becoming dispersed around the Earth, and who – unlike many extended natural families – have a shared, supra-personal, purpose and a shared culture.

Naturally, like all families, sometimes there are disputes, as sometimes a young son or daughter leaves home to adopt another culture or none. But by and large the family stays together, because of our culture, our traditions, our practices, our Occult abilities and faculties, our very long-term esoteric aims and goals.

Which is one reason why many of our people have been with us, part of our family, for ten, twenty, thirty years and more, and why we have slowly grown through assimilating their friends, their sons, their daughters, their relatives, their colleagues. And why we have recruited, we still recruit and will continue to recruit, in the old-fashioned way."

Anton Long  
123 yfayen  
Order of Nine Angles

[1] For us, *culture* implies five important qualities, and these qualities are (1) empathy, (2) the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) the faculty of reason, (4) *pathei-mathos*; and (5) a living aural tradition. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals - and from Homo Hubris - here on terra firma but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings.

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the ONA text [Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA](#).

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the ONA text [Concerning Culling As Art](#) (external link).

[2] A very basic overview of causal and acausal is given in the ONA text [A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles](#).

For how we use particular terms, refer to v.  $\geq 3.07$  of our [A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms](#).

[The Seven Fold Way](#) (also known as the Seven Fold Sinister Way) is outlined [The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way](#), with an overview given in [The Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way](#), and which overview is also contained in the ONA pdf compilation *The Requisite ONA* (51 Mb) which includes copies of all the necessary texts, including *Naos*. See also the pdf compilation *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* which deals with The Passing of The Abyss.

The training of the Rounwytha is mentioned in the text [The Rounwytha Way: Our Sinister Feminine Archetype](#).

[3] Refer to texts such as [The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right](#).

## **O9A - On Being Unpopular Discernment, Pathei-Mathos and the Initiatory Occult Quest**

### **An Occult Way**

As we have emphasized for over thirty years, the Order of Nine Angles is an esoteric, and Occult, group. Which in essence means that - beyond exoteric propaganda and rhetoric; beyond adversarial incitement, heresy, japes, and toying with mundanes - our primary concern is the interior change of individuals by means of particular Occult methods and Arts and which Occult methods and Arts form the basis of our particular esoteric Way. These particular Occult methods and Arts include and have included the Seven Fold Way, the Rounwytha tradition, traditional Satanism, amoral adversarial-heretical praxis, and sinister tribes.

As I mentioned in my essay *O9A Adversarial Action - Success or Failure?*

" Our real work, both as individuals and as an Order - our Magnum Opus - is genuinely esoteric and Occult, and thus concerned with *lapis philosophicus* and not with some purely causal self-indulgence, or some ephemeral outer change in some causal form or forms, or with using such forms to try and effect some external change. For it is this esoteric, this Occult, work which will, affectively and effectively, introduce and maintain the Aeonic changes we desire and plan for - in its own species of acausal Time."

In practical terms, the interior change of individuals, this esoteric alchemy, involves individuals: (1) developing a certain type of personal character; (2) acquiring certain skills both exoteric and esoteric; (3) acquiring - from both personal experience (pathei-mathos) and from an intellectual learning - a certain initiated knowledge and insight; and (4) living in a particular manner as a result of the foregoing.

Occult Orders such as the ONA primarily exist and are maintained in order to facilitate and encourage this interior, personal, change in those individuals such Orders have recruited or in such individuals as have succeeded in finding such Orders and overcoming the various obstacles placed in their way.

Such facilitation and encouragement most usually takes the form of a practical and structured Way or Ways, simply because such a Way or Ways have been shown, by experience, to work. There is thus for the individual, both in archetypal and in practical terms, a very personal journey of learning, experience, and discovery - that is, a structured and an initiatory Occult quest, since given the nature of human beings with their psyche being a nexion, a formal declaration, as in Initiation and subsequent rites, is a necessary prelude to inner, long-lasting, personal change, just as some structure is practical, effective, providing as it does that necessary supra-personal perspective and a tangible goal.

As mentioned in the essay *Knowing, Information, and The Discovery of Wisdom*,

" In terms of esoteric, Occult, matters, *to know* is both to learn from personal experience and to place what is so learnt in a particular context, that of one's personal internal and external journey along the particular way or path that one has, by initiation, chosen to follow."

The Ways of the ONA - our Dark Arts and methods, and thus our provided structure and rites, initiatory and otherwise - are simply our collective pathei-mathos, the results of our hereditary practical experience and learning, forming as this 'ancestral pathei-mathos' does the essence of our O9A esoteric culture, and a practical experience and learning, an Occult knowledge, which just is what it is: a tradition concerning a certain esoteric alchemy.

## Pathei-Mathos

Our particular Occult style, our ethos, can be usefully and accurately described by one term: pathei-mathos. For us, pathei-mathos is a particular Occult method (one of the Dark Arts) and this Dark Art may be said to be the basis for all of the Ways - and for many of the techniques - we employ and have employed, from the Seven Fold Way to Insight Roles to adversarial action to grade rituals such as Internal Adept and the Camlad Rite of the Abyss.

Pathei-Mathos as a Dark Art involves the individuals in: (a) personal suffering, (b) a learning from adversity, (c) the development of certain Occult skills, and (d) acquiring practical personal experience.

As mentioned elsewhere, all these diverse experiences are meant by our use of the term pathei-mathos, and therefore all such experiences are necessary for interior, esoteric, alchemical, change within the individual. Not just 'personal practical experience'; not just Occult skills, and not just a 'learning from adversity/challenges', but also and importantly a learning from personal suffering: from grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, and an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of one's own death.

Thus the Dark Art of pathei-mathos requires the individual to willingly experience/seek-out certain difficult practical experiences in order to test themselves and learn from such experiences, with each type of experience of necessity involving both the sinister and the numinous and of necessity being of several years duration. Why of necessity? Because of our nature, our physis, as human beings; a nature which it is one of the tasks of an initiatory Occult quest - where certain Occult skills are developed and used - to reveal, to discover. A human nature the inner changing/transformation of which - to be effective, to last - takes a certain duration of causal Time, amounting to years. A changing of which occurs and has occurred, in human beings, sometimes - though rarely - naturally; and a changing which Occult Ways and Dark Arts, and esoteric Orders, are designed to produce in more human beings in a somewhat shorter duration of causal Time.

Such willingly sought, decades-long, practical individual experiencing of 'the dark' and of 'the light' does not - should not - make the individual popular with the likes of Homo Hubris or the hubriati. Nor even understood by the majority of those who regard themselves as Occultists, 'satanists', or whatever.

Such years-long, practical individual experiencing, with the commensurate and necessary 'rites of passage and learning' - such as the grade ritual of Internal Adept - also produce an individual (whatever shapeshifting cloaking they may exteriorly employ in the world of mundanes) who is, interiorly, out-of-phase with the world around them, and who thus understands, who knows, who feels, who has felt, far more than the majority of human beings so that communication with 'these strange others', these strangers, this majority, such mundanes - trying to inform such strangers of such knowing, such feelings - is either an unwanted burden for one of our kind or, more usually, regarded as unnecessary, irrelevant, counter-productive. For the sinisterly-numinous has to be experienced to be known, breeding as such experience does discernment, a distaste for mundanity, and that Aeonic perspective that is disparaged by or unknown to those vulgar, plebeian, humans we describe by the term Homo Hubris.

## Being Unpopular

Given the nature and aims of esoteric Orders such as The Order of Nine Angles, they are not concerned about mundane matters such as being 'popular' nor about being understood by mundanes. Our nature is to discover, by experience of the sinister-numinous, the Reality hidden by abstractions, beyond the illusion of opposites.

This discovery involves an esoteric - a living - alchemy, given that we, as human individuals, are nexions, a nexus between causal and acausal, with a living (a sinister-numinous) psyche capable of change and development. An esoteric alchemy - an initiatory Occult quest - where we become a new type of symbiotic life, part of a living cosmic matrix, and which symbiotic living, far beyond the ego, the unbalanced hubris, of mundanes, can, through our discovery of *Lapis Philosophicus*, gift us with our aims of wisdom and perchance the possibility of an existence

beyond the causal death of the mortal self.

Thus our Order, our O9A, remains - of necessity, intentionally - small in numbers; discerning, and, through Dark Arts such as *pathei-mathos*, for and the genesis of the discerning minority among those beings termed human. Yet this very aristocratic intentionality, imbued as it is with our esoteric ethos and thus with the sinisterly-numinous, with archetypal *mythos*, is - over aeonic durations of causal Time - both affective and effective in provoking, being the genesis of, changes within a larger number of human beings.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
123 yfayen

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### *Some Terms Explained*

*Note: These explanations are taken from various published ONA texts - including A Glossary of ONA Terms (v.3.07) - and also from some unpublished ONA texts dealing with alchemy.*

#### **Aeonic Perspective**

The expression 'the Aeonic perspective' – also known as the Cosmic perspective – is used to describe some of our *pathei-mathos*, some of our experience; that is, to describe some knowledge we have acquired through a combination of practical experience, through a scholarly study, and through using certain Occult faculties and skills, such as esoteric-empathy.

This knowledge concerns several matters, some to do with how we understand the individual human being, some to do with our perception of Aeons, and some to do with our praxis and the purpose and effectiveness of our methods and techniques both exoteric and esoteric.

In terms of causal forms, there is the initiated understanding that what, for human beings, is esoteric, evolutionary – that what presences acausal energy and thus Life – is inner not outer change. That is, that no causal form, no non-Occult praxis, produces or can produce Aeonic change, although such forms, such praxis, may occasionally result in some, a few, individuals each century, via *pathei-mathos*, achieving a certain insight and understanding and thence becoming changed, more evolved, human beings.

Or, expressed differently, the changes wrought by causal forms – by wars, revolutions, empires, nations, and through means such as politics or social reform, or by governments – are transient, and do not, over centuries, affect human beings en masse. For humans remain and have remained basically the same; rather primitive beings, dependant on and in thrall to abstractions, to their emotions, to archetypal forces, and never developing their latent faculties, never fulfilling their Cosmic potential, with only a rare few human beings achieving wisdom.

#### **Alchemy**

*al-χημία* [ from *χῶμεία* ] - 'the changing'.

According to aural tradition, esoteric alchemy - the secret alchemy - is a symbiotic process that occurs between the alchemist and certain living 'things'/elements, the aim of which symbiotic process is to acquire or to produce *Lapis Philosophicus*, and which 'jewel of the alchemist' is reputed to possess both the gift of wisdom and the secret of a personal immortality.

Alchemy, correctly understood and appreciated, is not - as the mis-informed have come to believe or been led to believe - concerned with the changing, the transformation of inert, lifeless, substances (chemical or otherwise) but with the transformation of the alchemist by a particular type of interaction with living 'things', human, of Nature, and of the Cosmos, and of living 'things' existing both in the causal and the acausal realms. [Hence the old association between alchemy and astronomy.] This interaction, by its nature - its physis - is or becomes a symbiotic one, with the alchemist, and the substances/things used, being thus changed by such a symbiosis.

That is, it is concerned with what we describe as 'the sinisterly-numinous'; with accessing and using/changing the acausal energies of living beings, and which acausal energies of necessity include the psyche of the alchemist.

Hence, esoteric alchemy is a particular type of 'internal change' within and of the individual as well as a practical esoteric Art involving the manufacture/use of particular types of esoteric - living - substances/'beings'/things.

A minor example of one such alchemical substance, symbiotically produced, is petriochor. Another is the particular type of energy produced when a human being or (more effectively) when a collocation of human beings in symbiosis among themselves, use particular esoteric chants in conjunction with a shaped crystal during a propitious 'alchemical season'.

## **Esoteric**

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 what we term 'the sinisterly-numinous'.

## **Lapis Philosophicus**

The jewel of the alchemist; the goal that the alchemist, through alchemy, seeks. Possession of this jewel is, according to aural tradition, sufficient to gift the alchemist with both wisdom and the secret of a personal immortality.

## **Occult**

By Occult we mean both: (1) concerned with The Dark Arts, with what is esoteric, and (2) beyond the mundane, beyond the simple causality of the causal, and thus beyond conventional causal-knowing.

## **Psyche**

The psyche of the individual is a term used to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the

"unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

In practical terms, the psyche of the individual is a nexus, between causal and acausal.

### **Sinister-Numinous**

The term sinister-numinous is used to describe the living unity beyond the abstract, the lifeless, division and dialectic of contrasting/abstractive/ideated opposites. A division most obvious in the false dichotomy of 'good' and 'evil', and a division not so obvious in *denotatum*.

The Dark Art of *pathei-mathos* is one means to know, to experience, the sinisterly-numinous, and thus to discover the Reality beyond the illusion of opposites. What is uncovered is The Sinister-Numen, which is the genesis of that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of Kindred-Honour, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

### **Wisdom**

By term *wisdom* we mean 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.

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### **Some Suggested Further Reading**

*Notes Concerning The Aeonic Perspective*

*Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest*

*The Adeptus Way and The Sinisterly-Numinous*

*Knowing, Information, and The Discovery of Wisdom*

*Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*

*O9A Adversarial Action - Success or Failure?*

## The Adeptus Way and The Sinisterly-Numinous

There are two things concerning The Order of Nine Angles which may be said to express our *raison 'd'etre* and which two things some people seem to have overlooked.

The first is that our primary aim is to breed, to develop, a new type of human being with such new beings establishing new ways of living for themselves. The second is that we are now and always been an esoteric association <sup>[1]</sup>.

The first means that we possess an Aeonic perspective, beyond the life of the individual. That we understand the achievement of our aims and goals in terms of long durations of causal Time, of centuries and more. That we know that changing an ordinary human into one of our kind is a slow, difficult, testing, process involving as it does such things as exeatic experience, practical challenges, and pathei-mathos, as well as a coming-to-live both the sinister and the numinous. Thus our kind develop an awareness and a knowing of themselves as a nexion balanced between causal and acausal and of possessing within them – latent, then discovered, then developed and then lived – the sinisterly-numinous. For such a knowing and then a living of the sinisterly-numinous is an essential part of the development, the breeding, the emergence, of our new kind.

The second means not only that we have certain Dark Arts, certain skills, certain Occult methods and techniques, as well as an esoteric aural tradition, but also that one of our tasks is to recruit some suitable individuals and for such initiates to begin to follow the Adeptus way, since we know, from experience, that such a practical and Occult way is most efficacious in producing the new breed of human.

Thus what has tended to be overlooked - especially by those concentrating on using outer causal forms and upon immediate adversarial action – is the need to be, become, to live, to learn from, the sinisterly-numinous, and the importance we attach to the Adeptus way.

### The Adeptus Way

The Adeptus way – the way of our adepts – is manifest both in our newer Seven Fold Way and in our more traditional Way of the Rounwytha.

The Adeptus way is a distinct way of life, involving a life-time commitment, so that our Adepts often feel and know how different they are from most other humans. Different in terms of personal character; in terms of faculties; in terms of knowing; in terms of experience; in terms of feelings, aims, and goals. And also in terms of how – even now in this Aeon where most human communication is still by words, written and spoken – they are able to communicate with their own kind and often with other humans sans words.

This communication of ours is not only the use of ONA-speak and of an esoteric *langage* or two – such as The Star Game <sup>[2]</sup> – but also the result of using and developing Occult faculties and skills such as esoteric-empathy and thus becoming empaths, and possessing talents such as foreseeing. Which skills and talents and faculties are muliebral <sup>[3]</sup> and which developing and possession and use of such muliebral qualities are one presencing of the numinous within a human man, with such a presencing necessary for that sinister-numinous balance which it is one of the aims of an Adept to cultivate and to live.

It is these qualities – and the type of character, the type of person they breed – that manifest the Adept and marks us as markedly different from the majority who apply to themselves, or to their beliefs, terms such sinister, satanist, and Left Hand Path, even though we ourselves are all those things and in many ways by our living define or redefine such terms.

For our Way is primarily esoteric and therefore is concerned with all of the following: (1) *wyrd* – the numinously archetypal; (2) with a type of learning that involves the arts of human culture, the Occult arts, and the *pathei-mathos* of Occult and exoteric experiences; (3) with developing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy; (4) with the sinisterly-numinous.

Thus, our Adepts are esoteric even when they are shapeshifting or living in the world of ordinary humans – such as when garnishing exeatic experiences or undertaking an Insight Role or living as an outlaw, a heretic, or are part of or leading a gang. Esoteric as not only in being secretive, but also as in learning, developing, esoteric skills and as in having within them a certain perspective, a certain knowledge, that places their own life and deeds into a *wyrdful*, an Aeonic, and thus into a Cosmic, perspective.

### The Sinister-Numinous

The term sinister-numinous is employed by us – part of our esoteric ONA-speak – to describe the living unity beyond the abstract, the lifeless, division and dialectic of contrasting/abstractive/ideated opposites. A division most obvious in the false dichotomy of ‘good’ and ‘evil’, and a division not so obvious in *denotatum* and thus in both Magian religions with their god, prophets, scriptures, and in occultisms and religions devolving around named ‘deities’ <sup>[4]</sup>.

As mentioned above, a knowing and then a living of the sinisterly-numinous is an essential part of the development, the breeding, the emergence, of our new kind, whether the individual be following the traditional Occult way of the Adept or using our newer sorcery of the way of the tribe/gang/clan and the way of the lone adversarial O9A operative (the Niner).

For such a knowing and such of living of the sinisterly-numinous – and the personal learning, the *pathei-mathos*, that results – is the means to know, to live, to be, the natural balance, the Life, beyond abstracted opposites and all abstractions, and it is this natural, *wyrdful*, Cosmic balance, that is the quintessence of our new type of human being, and makes us and marks as a breed apart, as quite different from *Homo Hubris* and all other manifestations of human life on this planet. That the necessity of this knowing, this living, this type of learning, has been overlooked or forgotten by many interested in the Order of Nine Angles is both interesting and indicative.

To experience, to live, the sinisterly-numinous and then learn from such living, is easier for the Adept than it is for those using our newer sorcery, since the Adept has a structured path to follow, particular Occult rites, and more often than not some guidance from one of our kind who has ‘been there, done that’.

In terms of the way of the Adept, an experience and thence a wordless personal knowing of this living unity is the purpose of the Camlad Rite of The Abyss <sup>[5]</sup> and of the living that precedes it, and forms part of the training of the Adept. Part of this personal knowing is of *Wyrd*, and thence of the Aeonic perspective beyond a personal destiny; a knowing, experiences, that move – that develop – the individual far beyond the attempted deification of the ego, the self, and beyond the hubris, arrogance, posturing, lack of self-honesty, and self-delusion, that are the basis of all Magian occultism, whether such occultism be described as RHP, LHP, or satanic.

This can be expressed in a simplistic, exoteric way, and which exoteric expression gives an insight into how those using the way of the clan or the way of the independent O9A operative might discover and then live the sinisterly-numinous <sup>[6]</sup>. In brief, our Occult kind, our Adepts, have: (1) a type of pagan knowing and understanding of the natural world <sup>[7]</sup>; (2) a certain sensitivity and empathy; appreciate such muliebral qualities in others, and thus appreciate, understand, women and their potential; and (2) a certain culture, where by *culture* here is meant the arts of life made manifest by living by our code of kindred-honour, having a living (and thus numinous) tradition, having self-control, self-honesty, having a certain learned knowledge of the Arts, literature, and music of their own ancestral culture, and having the all-important knowing of themselves as but one nexion between a causal past, their present short-lived life, and the *wyrdful* futures that will exist after their causal death.

Therefore one exoteric, and old, archetype which still usefully expresses something of the sinisterly-numinous for those of the male human gender is the chivalrous warrior of stories such as *Le Morte d’Arthur* but where the supra-personal ‘numinous’ element is not the religion of the Nazarene but rather our code of kindred-honour or something

similar. Or, if one desires a more modern, heretical, and somewhat more accurate (but still incomplete, imperfect) archetype, there are the warriors of the Waffen-SS, and what they were, of course, rather than what propaganda and lies about them have made them appear to be <sup>[8]</sup>.

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### Notes

[1] As I have mentioned elsewhere, 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.

[2] For the basic texts about the Star Game, refer to the ONA Star Game archive, currently (December 2011 CE) available at <http://nineangles.wordpress.com/about/star-game-archive/>

[3] As with many terms, we use this particular one in a precise and esoteric way. By *muliebral* we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*.

[4] See, for example, the text *Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names*, and the pdf compilation *Marcheyre Rhinings*.

[5] The Camlad Rite is given in full in the pdf compilation *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[6] Some practical guidelines as to how to live the sinisterly-numinous are given in *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[7] By *pagan* here is meant the knowing and the appreciation of the natural world that is germane to the Rounwytha, for which see, for example, *Marcheyre Rhinings*.

[8] An excellent personal example here is Léon Degrelle. A good and truthful over-view of the Waffen-SS can be obtained by reading Degrelle's account of his combat experiences in his book *Campaign in Russia: The Waffen SS on the Eastern Front*.

## Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest

### Pathei-Mathos

Pathei-Mathos is a term - appropriated from Myatt's philosophy of The Numen - that we, the Order of Nine Angles, introduced a few years ago into Occultism in order to describe a certain internal (alchemical, esoteric) process, both individual and Aeonic. As occurred with the term Traditional Satanism, introduced by us some decades ago, it has been used and is now being used, and mis-used, by others, both in an Occult and a non-Occult context.

Therefore, as there does seem to be something of a mis-understanding as to what is meant and implied by the term pathei-mathos in both an Occult and a non-Occult context, some explanation of the term seems in order.

As Myatt has explained, pathei mathos - *πάθει μάθος* - is a Greek term (used by Aeschylus in his *Agamemnon*) which can be variously interpreted as meaning *learning from adversity*, or *wisdom arises from personal suffering*, and/or *personal experience is the genesis of true wisdom*.

These, taken together, impute the correct esoteric meaning and O9A usage, which is that wisdom [1] - one goal of the Adept [2]; acquiring a true, balanced, understanding; the dis-covering/revealing of Reality - has its genesis in the combination of: (a) personal suffering, (b) a learning from adversity, (c) the development of certain Occult skills, and (d) practical personal experience. That is, that all these diverse experiences are meant by our use of the term, and therefore that all such experiences are necessary for interior, esoteric, change within the individual. Not just 'personal practical experience'; not just Occult skills, and not just a 'learning from adversity/challenges', but also and importantly a learning from personal suffering: from grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, and an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of one's own death.

There thus arises, from such pathei-mathos, certain intense personal feelings, a certain insight, and thence, in many individuals, a certain knowing - of yourself, and of how finite, how microcosmic, the individual human being is and just how fragile the human body is. In essence, the individual is placed in context and, if they possess a certain potential, a certain character, are changed by - learn from - the experiences. Of course some humans dwelling on planet Earth - lacking a certain potential, and possessing an altogether different character - do not change, do not learn from pathei-mathos. Which is to say that pathei-mathos tests, selects, reveals, and can breed a somewhat different type of human.

In that sense, it is and has been a useful esoteric technique, a new type of Dark Art. Which is one reason why the ONA has such techniques as Insight Roles, grade rituals such as Internal Adept; an exoteric adversarial - heretical and amoral - praxis; and tough physical challenges. So that individuals can test themselves and be tested; can suffer, can endure hardship and triumph or fail; can shed affectations and come to know themselves for who and what they are; and can acquire the necessary esoteric, Aeonic, perspective, of themselves as a fragile mortal nexion.

For what pathei-mathos as a Dark Art does, has done, and can do is allow the individual to outwardly experience and to internally confront within themselves both the sinister and the numinous, the 'light' and the 'dark', and to thus learn from - or fail to learn from - such experiences, interior and exterior. Which is why Occult, initiatory, methods such as the Seven Fold Way and the Way of the Rounwytha exist and were originally devised, for they provide context, a living tradition (ancestral pathei-mathos/'guidance') and form a tried and tested path toward the goal of positive, evolutionary, individual change and toward the goal of acquiring wisdom.

Lacking such methods, there is generally either failure or, more common, the delusion of attainment. For few if any of those trying to use pathei-mathos as a Dark Art - *sans* such structured methods - have (a) ever willingly or unwillingly experienced the imminent possibility of their own death; (b) ever suffered severe trauma (physical and/or emotional)

and (c) ever willingly testingly betaken themselves into the realms of the numinous, content as they are with themselves and their prideful ego to such an extent that they adhere to the primitivism of 'might is right' and believe stuff such as the grandiloquent *I command the powers* or 'I can and I will command the powers...'

Thus they remain unbalanced; incomplete; far from wisdom, never having - via *πάθει μάθος* - melded *ἀρετή* with their *ὑβρις* and thence betaken themselves far beyond both those imposters.

Which is why this particular technique of ours - pathei-mathos as a Dark Art - has two distinct phases, conventionally represented by the attainment of Internal Adept and then by a successful Passing of The Abyss.

Which is not to say that such structured methods as our Seven Fold Way and the Way of the Rounwytha are the only means to wisdom, as we understand and appreciate wisdom. Only that they have proven effective in enabling some individuals to achieve that tertiary goal, that third phase; an effectiveness that can be appreciated by a personal knowing of such individuals, and also by their creative effusions, be such Occult, or philosophical, or personal, or, in the case of a few individuals, musical/artistic, or scholarly [3], or pedagogic.

## The Initiatory Occult Quest

Internal Adept - as is now well-known in part due to the availability of texts such as *Naos* - is the phase, the stage, the iteration, of our sinister initiatory Occult quest, where the external gives way to the internal; where a personal destiny can be revealed; and where a certain inner knowing, and thus balance, is attained. An inner knowing, a balance, similar to, though not identical to, the individuation described by Jung. A knowing which the new Internal Adept carries with them throughout their life and which makes them, when they encounter the mundane world again after their three months or so (or more) spent in solitude, feel somewhat misplaced, bringing as this feeling does in many a sense of not belonging in the present but rather to some distant past or to some distant, longed for, future.

But this new knowing - partly acquired as a result of the months of solitude in isolated wild places and often slowly, gradually, more generally acquired over subsequent months - is not itself wisdom, being as it is of a more personal nature. That is, of their feelings, their relation to Nature; of the things they themselves now do so desire to do: to create, to manifest, to perhaps explain.

Beyond all this is the rite of The Abyss, preceded - by those following a sinister initiatory way - with a lengthy and practical engagement with the numinous; and preceded - by those following a numinous initiatory way - with a lengthy and practical engagement with the sinister. That is, preceded by the experience of, and the living over a period of some three years or more of, the numinous/sinister aspect, followed by the integration of that aspect and a going-beyond - again, in practical terms - of the personal amalgam that results, a going-beyond that the rite of the Abyss is an integral part of.

This experience, this living of ways of life, of and for at least three years, of the apparent opposite from one's initially chosen path [4], is very easy in theory but quite difficult and testing in practice, undermining and destroying as it does and must the self-image - the sense of Destiny, the self-importance, the pride - that the Internal Adept rite helped to reveal and then the Internal Adept strove for some years to manifest, to presence. For the new type of knowing, for instance in respect of someone following a sinister initiatory way, is of others, of empathy, of the connexions that bind them, beyond their self, to Life: to other human beings, to Nature, to the Cosmos. Of affective (acausal) and effective (causal) change.

The rite of The Abyss - as manifest in the Camlad Rite with its dark simplicity, its stasis, its dangerous requirement of confinement for a whole lunar month - is where the old pathei-mathos before and following the rite of Internal Adept is melded with the new pathei-mathos of those recent three or more years. For the candidate has nothing else to do but dwell upon such matters, and to try and simply *be*, to be what they are and always were, one microcosmic connexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time. In addition, and crucially important and necessary, the candidate has to

implicitly trust someone; trust them to leave food and trust them to reveal when their lunar month of isolation has ended. [5] In effect, their entrust their own life to someone else, for a whole lunar month.

## Conclusion - The Breeding of A New Race

All this garnishing of experience, by the Dark Arts and by the Dark Art of pathei-mathos, is difficult and takes a certain duration of causal Time, of the order of decades, and of necessity involves not only exeatic, adversarial, and Occult experiences, but also learning from personal suffering: from grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, and an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of one's own death.

Therefore show me someone claiming to be wise, claiming to have gone beyond the stage of Adept, who is younger than a certain age, who has not endured grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, and an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of their own death, and I shall show you a liar, a fraud, a charlatan, a poseur, or someone so deluded they actually believe the fantasy they have created for themselves and maybe also for others.

Conversely, not everyone beyond a certain age, claiming to follow or who actually has followed an initiatory Occult quest, is or might be wise, or even an Adept. For wisdom is either a profoundly rare wyrdfully-given gift - obvious by the personality, life, and works of the mature individual - or the result of someone successfully following, over several decades, an initiatory Occult quest to its exalted ending, a success again obvious by the life, the personality and the works of the individual [6]. For both types - those wyrdfully given the gift and those acquiring it by Occult, alchemical, means - are harbingers of a new human race and, from this race, this new breed, of a new human species.

Of the wyrdfully-given there are, perhaps and despite what mundanes desire to believe, only three or so per century. Of those who acquire it, for themselves, there are, as yet, only slightly more than that small number, per century. Which is why such initiatory Occult ways, and the Dark Art of pathei-mathos, exist: to bring-forth, to breed, more and more such beings in ever increasing numbers.

The way, the means, to wisdom exist; but so far humans have shown little inclination to follow the way, to use the means, preferring as they so obviously do ease to difficulty, lives of self-delusion, of subservience to causal abstractions, and of slavery to their lowly human desires and/or to others.

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### Notes

[1] By term *wisdom* is meant 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.

[2] The other goal is immortality, which for us means a new existence in the acausal.

[3] By *scholarly* is meant both *learned* and having undertaken meticulous, unbiased, research on a specific subject over a period of some years.

[4] The pdf compilation *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* gives some general guidelines for such ways of living.

[5] This trust, being a hitherto aural tradition, was deliberately omitted from the details of the rite published in the aforementioned text.

[6] As we have emphasized many times over the years - and as our Code of Kindred Honour demands - we, our kind, judge a person by, and only by, a personal knowing of them, and of their deeds, and a knowing extending over a certain duration of causal Time. Anything else is the mark of a mundane.

## Knowing, Information, and The Discovery of Wisdom

### Knowing and Information

In my view, both the importance and the usefulness of the impersonal 'world wide web' for esoteric groups - for a living esoteric tradition - has been overestimated by many people. I remember growing up in an overseas land where there was no television, where news was received by short-wave radio, and where communication with friends and nearest neighbours meant either taking the trouble to visit them personally, as there were few telephones outside of the major cities or towns, or writing then posting a letter and awaiting the reply. Newspapers, when they were available, were generally a few days old.

Although perhaps difficult for many people, today, to appreciate and understand this meant that one acquired a particular way of viewing the world and of doing things. The personal way, that often of necessity involved a certain effort and a certain amount of waiting. For instance, I can remember, later on in another overseas land, waiting weeks or more usually several months, for a book to arrive; since acquiring knowledge meant finding and asking someone who knew, or visiting a (usually poorly stocked) library some distance away, or purchasing a book from the nearest bookshop (also usually some distance away) and often then waiting because the book was not in stock and had to be specially ordered. Once such information was obtained, available, there then followed a learning of and from it, which itself took a certain amount of time, followed, in turn, by a period of reflecting upon - and often enjoying - the new knowledge so slowly and with effort acquired. There was also the feeling that one was on a long journey of discovery and that there may well be, and probably was, more to be found on a particular subject 'out there' - in some books or books, to be learned from someone else, or found in some scholarly journal.

This personal effort, this wait, to find and then acquire knowledge was itself instructive, personally beneficial, although again many people, today, will not understand nor appreciate this older way; a way that, for centuries, formed the basis for traditional esoteric groups and a way I deliberately made part of The Order of Nine Angles.

This is why, for example, I consider and have always considered that the 'world wide web' is now, has been for a decade or so, and may continue to be for a while, basically just a useful, convenient, medium for personal communication, a means of dissemination of information among our people, and a useful accessible informational resource for our people and others. Anything else - such as incitement of others, the possibility of recruiting a few people using this new medium - is secondary to this, and always has been.

For example, from the beginning, and for over two decades, when some new ONA MS was written, or when an aural tradition was written down, it was by means of a manual typewriter, and the resultant sheet or sheets of typewritten paper had to be photocopied, and then circulated either by means of posted letters or by being personally handed-over to others.

Now, today, that type of process is used only occasionally, with many of our newer MSS being available and having been made available on our nineangles website, just as my own 'weblog' allows not only the dissemination of new MSS but also of occasional articles giving my personal view of certain matters. But what is presented by this new medium is information, not knowledge. Knowledge of some-thing is - as the Old Icelandic *kunnleik* suggests - an intimate, detailed, knowing of and acquaintance with that 'thing', whereas information (enformation) is merely a statement or a collection of statements about or concerning some-thing.

Or expressed in our now familiar terms, knowledge - as we understand it - is numinous, a part of one's life, whereas information is lifeless, causal, an outer form. For in terms of esoteric, Occult, matters, *to know* is both to learn from personal experience and to place what is so learnt in a particular context, that of one's personal internal and external journey along the particular way or path that one has, by initiation, chosen to follow.

What has thus occurred is that many people have or seem to have confused information - accessible and communicated by the medium of the 'world wide web' - for knowing. That is, they by means of some computer monitor or some other modern means read or access some information about, for example, the ONA and then presume they 'know' about the ONA or have knowledge of an esoteric topic written about by the ONA, whereas all they have done is make assumptions concerning or form a personal opinion about such matters, with some people even going so far as to then develop an opinion concerning the person they assume wrote such information.

For the meaning is in, acquired from, discovered by, the personal knowing. By taking the time, making the effort, to learn; to acquire a detailed, personal knowing of, and then to place that knowledge in the context of one's own knowledge and that of knowledgeable others and which others one knows and respects personally or who have acquired respect by virtue of their practical experience and/or their scholarly knowledge [1]. The meaning, the knowledge, is not in the information; not in the medium that might be used to convey such information.

The reality is that the 'world wide web' encourages a pretentious, spurious, or illusory, 'knowing', the rapid communication of this, as well as a pretentious, spurious, 'respect' among and of anonymous others - something especially true regarding the relaying of messages by diverse people by means of some ephemeral 'forum' or 'discussion group' or something similar where those who do not know converse with, and argue with, others who either do not know or who pretend to know something about that which they have no direct personal experience of and have not spent years acquiring a scholarly, a detailed, knowledge of. In short, the 'world wide web', while having some advantages in respect of making information accessible, has the disadvantage of having become the medium of choice for a certain type of Homo Hubris and for the rapid circulation of their vapid, plebeian, opinions and assumptions [2].

## **The Discovery of Wisdom**

One of the main reasons for the existence of esoteric groups, a clan, such as The Order of Nine Angles is to be a living hereditary repository of a certain type of knowledge and to personally, directly, encourage some individuals to acquire the culture, the habit, of learning - practical, scholarly - and thus enable them to move in the traditional manner toward the goal of discovering and acquiring knowledge and thence wisdom [3]. In the process of this moving-toward, some of these individuals may or will be changed, and thus become a breed apart, one of our kind; indeed, over almost forty years, the ONA has had some success in producing some such individuals of our particular, peculiar, sinister kind.

All the 'world wide web' has done - as, previously, photocopied material posted to unknown others did - is enable us to present information, possibly incite some people, and provide an opportunity, to and for more unknown others. An opportunity, for some of these unknown others, of learning, and of using, applying, our Dark Arts such as that of Pathei-Mathos, and which opportunity some have availed themselves of, leading to a few - and only a few - becoming part of the ONA and thus beginning their own guided esoteric journey according to our sinister Way.

That some or many individuals - using the 'world wide web' to spew forth their opinions and assumptions - seem to have mistaken the presentation of such information, and such an opportunity, for the ONA reveals something about those individuals, especially when they congratulate themselves, and are congratulated by others of their ilk, for their pretentious, illusive, 'knowing' via some ephemeral aspect of something as ephemeral as the 'world wide web'.

As I wrote over twenty years ago:

" Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise – its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake." *The Hard Reality of Satanism*

For the discovery of wisdom, esoteric and otherwise, involves an arduous journey of decades, and which journey is replete with much practical, personal, learning and many dark experiences.

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[1] As mentioned elsewhere, by *scholarly* is meant both *learned* and having undertaken meticulous, unbiased, research on a specific subject over a period of some years.

[2] One distinguishing mark of such types of Homo Hubris is their arrogant unbalance, deriving from a lack of *pathei-mathos*, that is a lack of certain Occult skills and never having experienced grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, nor an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of their own death, never mind never having experienced over years and in practical ways both the numinous and the sinister. Refer, for example, to *Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest*.

[3] As mentioned elsewhere, by the term *wisdom* is meant 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.

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## O9A Adversarial Action - Success or Failure?

Between us, we [of the Order of Nine Angles] have over fifty years - half a century - of pathei-mathos resulting from personal experience of adversarial action, ranging from political, religious, and social activism, to 'criminal' activities, to clandestine revolutionary and subversive deeds, to military, paramilitary, and law enforcement experience.

For some of us, such practical experience was acquired before involvement with our esoteric Way; for others, such learning resulted from using and applying one of our Dark Arts, such as an Insight Role. Given that our base was and mostly still is in the Isles of Briton, perhaps the majority of this experience relates to events in these lands. From the protest movements of the 1960's, to 'the troubles', to the social unrest of the 70's and 80's, to recent conflicts involving the alleged 'clash of cultures' between Islam and the West, there is a wide variety of experience. In addition, we have the mostly aurally related experiences and learning of several individuals - drawn to us decades ago and now no longer with us in the causal realm - whose pathei-mathos derived from major conflicts such as that commonly known as the Second World War, and which experiences of that conflict were of those who fought on both sides, allied and axis.

There is thus a diverse, rich, heritage here - an ancestral pathei-mathos of our new culture - from which we might learn, especially in regard to the effectiveness of adversarial action and regarding the use and manipulation of causal forms.

However, before proceeding further it might be useful to recall what we mean by 'success' and 'failure'. For us, there are two criteria, individual and Aeonic; that is, whether such things have been shown, by experience, to work - to be effective - on the personal level and/or on the Aeonic level. The personal level obviously is that of a personal learning and development, and thus the alchemical, interior, change produced - in terms of esoteric skills, change in personal character, and so on - is often apparent, and often manifest by the progression of the individual along the Seven Fold Way. But the Aeonic level is often not so apparent, involving as it does an understanding and appreciation of our Aeonic aims and goals, and a shared desire, among us, to aid them. <sup>[1]</sup>

### Personal and Aeonic Perspectives

In general, what we may with some justification call our ancestral pathei-mathos indicates that our particular adversarial praxis works both in respect of being a vector of alchemical, interior, change in our people, and in respect of testing and weeding out those lacking the character, the potential, to be of our kind. That is, it is and has been successful in breeding the requisite personal character and in enabling individuals, via their own pathei-mathos, to move toward the goal of wisdom. Or, understood in terms of our aims, goals, successful in producing and nurturing our new type of human.

But what of Aeonic change, our Aeonic aims and goals? There are, in my view, several questions, here. (1) Has the use of adversarial praxis by our people over some forty years achieved anything Aeonically? That is, in practical terms of undermining, replacing, The System and/or moving toward our New Aeon? (2) What does our ancestral pathei-mathos indicate in this respect; that is, the practical learning from experience of those whose learning was acquired before the foundation of the ONA and who subsequently became ONA? (3) What does a reasoned, scholarly <sup>[2]</sup>, overview of the past thousand or two thousand years of human history reveal in respect of methods of human change?

I shall consider the last of these questions, first. Thus, what - to use a mundane cliché - do the past two thousand years

of wars, revolutions, empires, conquests, tyrants, kings, insurrections, revolts, riots, religions and their schisms, propaganda, rallies, marches, demonstrations, speeches, political parties, and so on and so on, teach the sagacious among us? Or, expressed more precisely, what does the pathos of those who endured such things, who experienced such things, who participated in such things, who lived through such things, who learned from them, teach us, as recorded in their writings, their aural accounts, their lives, their deaths, their literature, their reflexions (philosophical or otherwise), their artistic, musical, emanations?

My own conclusion, derived intellectually nearly forty years ago, was that they reveal something important; and quite a lot of my life these past forty years has been devoted to testing this conclusion in a practical manner, often via my own pathos, as well as devoted to acquiring more intellectual knowledge that might prove or disprove this conclusion.

My conclusion was that all such external things have not in any significant way aided, changed, evolved, the majority of humans. That humans, in their majority, remain mundane, rather primitive, beings - in thrall to their feelings, desires, and addicted to and reliant upon causal abstractions; easily swayed and easily manipulated. That the cultured, the noble, the aristocratic, among us are and have remained a small minority, never more than five per cent, often less. That the potential which humans have, as a species of sentient living beings, has remained unfulfilled, and that as a consequence wisdom is still the prerogative of only a few human beings per century.

In brief, that as vectors of effective human change, such large-scale, supra-personal, events and means, just do not work; that all they do is add a few more to the roll of those distinguished by their personal learning from adversity, hardship, suffering, and the overcoming of challenges.

The past forty years of my living has, for me at least, revealed the veracity of that conclusion, and which conclusion then at that early time was one of the inspirations that led to the founding of our esoteric, our Occult, Order.

The answers to the other two questions I posited, previously, also - and again to me - support this conclusion. That is, that both our ancestral pathos, and the experiences of our people in using adversarial praxis Aeonically, have shown that such external means, and our adversarial praxis, have not affected The System in any significant way, and nor are they likely to in the near future.

In effect, our people - those with us for a decade or more - have, via their own experience and their own scholarly studies, learnt or come to learn what I myself have learned, and which learning has affected them, changed them, internally, alchemically, as indeed is right and fitting, and Occult <sup>[3]</sup>.

Where then does this leave us? With what knowing? What knowledge?

### **Our Aeon Perspective**

It leaves us with our unique Aeon perspective, and which perspective is, in my view, a part of wisdom; part of our esoteric tradition. An inner inspiration for our kind.

This is of two things. First, how real, genuine, change in individuals - of their physis, their nature - is a slow process, and while our Occult ways and our Order exists to aid and propagate this process of interior change, to affect/infect a significant number of humans will take long durations of causal Time, from a century to many centuries. Second, that our real work, both as individuals and as an Order - our Magnum Opus - is genuinely esoteric and Occult, and thus concerned with *lapis philosophicus* and not with some purely causal self-indulgence, or some ephemeral outer change in some causal form or forms, or with using such forms to try and effect some external change. For it is this esoteric, this Occult, work which will, affectively and effectively, introduce and maintain the Aeon changes we desire and plan for - in its own species of acausal Time.

Which leads us naturally on to two other connected, and important, matters concerning the nature of our Order - of our

family, our culture - and concerning the nature of our own human lives and why we are part of and stay with our esoteric family.

Our Order is predicated on us as nexions. Of we individual human beings having both causal and acausal physis, and of there thus being things that are Occult; of us having the potential, the ability, to change, to learn, to adapt, to develop, to evolve *in a conscious manner*, by using certain faculties, and certain Dark Arts, and so developing other Arts, other faculties; and of our Order by its existence gradually increasing the number of human beings who do so change, evolve.

In practice, this means, as I mentioned just now, that our Order is in essence and intent an Occult one, devolving around the individual quest for *lapis philosophicus* and which individual quests, collectively, over durations of causal Time - and involving as such quests do adversarial praxis and a certain collective, family, co-operation - are our Aeonic sorcery and thus produce and will produce Aeonic change in an affective, a lasting, manner.

But this predication also means that such an individual quest does not necessarily end with the termination of the causal shell, our fragile microcosmic physical body, that contains the inner acausal physis; which is why of course the last stage of our Seven Fold Way, of our individual Magnum Opus, has no representatives, and can have no representatives, in the realm of mortals. Since it involves using *lapis philosophicus* to egress beyond the causal and into the acausal spaces. Which is to say that the few achieving this, while no longer dwelling in the causal - no longer 'alive', no longer having their old causal shell - become, by the very nature of their now acausal-being, 'unseen' vectors of human, Aeonic, change, and of the evolution of the Cosmos itself. A type of change, a type of existence, open to many many humans, were they only able to see beyond the veil of the mundane and free themselves from abstractions, from the desires of their primitive, illusive, self.

## Conclusion

In peroration, it is such understandings, such arcane knowledge, such knowing, such ancestral pathei-mathos, which separate and distinguish us, our Order, from the many others - groups, individuals - who in these times of ours claim to be Occultists, or of the Left Hand Path, or who now proclaim to use some adversarial praxis or other.

For we view ourselves, and our Order, in a Cosmic way, in an Occult way; as nexions. Our aims, our goals - our physis - making us a family bound by loyalty and oaths of initiation, and which family, in its growing, its slow, natural growing, is becoming a culture, a tradition, with its own ancestral pathei-mathos. Our perspective thus and of necessity including not only our family, past-present-future, but also being of the acausal spaces, the existences, that await for us beyond our own individual causal ending.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 yfayen

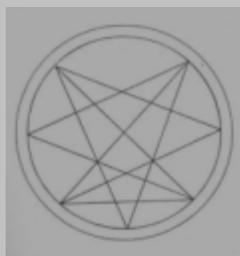
*This is an edited transcript of a praelection given by AL at an ONA Sunedrion in Oxford, 122 yfayen, to which some footnotes have been added post-praelection*

[1] These Aeonic aims and goals include breeding a new more evolved human species; developing new ways of living for this new type of human and thus replacing The System; and for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), grow to maturity, and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies.

[2] By *scholarly* is meant both *learned* and having undertaken meticulous, unbiased, research on a specific subject over a period of some years.

[3] By *Occult* is meant The Dark Arts, and the sinisterly-numinous, and those matters and skills and abilities which are hidden from, or unknown to, or not possessed by, mundanes.

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## **The Order of Nine Angles Code of Kindred Honour**

### **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 of Kindred Honour**

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.

**ONA/O9A/Niner**

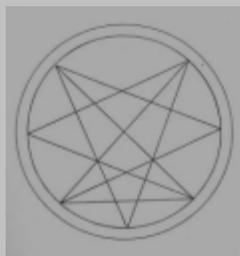
Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles  
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos  
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов  
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών

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## A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

### Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

### Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

### Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of

different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

### **Acausal Thinking**

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

### **Aeon**

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

### **Alchemical Seasons**

Alchemical seasons are a measure of acausal-knowing, and are known via the faculty of esoteric-empathy. Some alchemical seasons form the natural terran calendar of the Rounwytha and of others of our esoteric kind.

Alchemical seasons often 'measure' or signify the change of fluxions.

For more details, see the ONA MSS *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

### **Archetype**

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

### **Balobians**

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

### **Baphomet**

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

## **Black Book of Satan**

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

## **Causal Abstractions**

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

## **Core ONA Traditions**

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

## **Culture**

For us, a *cultured person* is someone who possesses the following five distinguishing marks or qualities: (1) they have empathy, (2) they have the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) they possess and use the faculty of reason, (4) they value *pathei-mathos*; and (5) they are part of living ancestral tradition and are well-acquainted with and appreciate the culture of that tradition, manifest as this often is in art, literature/aural traditions, music, and a specific ethos.

It is these personal qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals - and from Homo Hubris - here on terra firma but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings.

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular

Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the ONA text *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the ONA text *Concerning Culling As Art* (122yf). This instinct is made manifest - conscious - by means of our code of kindred-honour aka sinister-honour.

## **Dark Arts**

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, *a sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

## **Dark-Empathy**

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

## **Dark Gods**

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*. ]

## **Drecc**

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister/O9A tribe or gang is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

## **Ethos**

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it. See also *ONA Ethos*.

## **Exeatic**

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

## **Exoteric/Esoteric**

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

## **Falcifer**

1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.

2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

## **Five Core ONA Principles**

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

## **God**

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

## **Hebdomadry**

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

## **Homo Hubris**

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, *Homo*, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen - this creation of the modern West - is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control *Homo Hubris* that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the *Hubriati*) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps *Homo Hubris* almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

## **Hubriati**

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost excursively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

## **Hubriati-syndrome**

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

## **Kindred Honour**

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeon, aims and goals.

## **Law of The Sinister-Numen**

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

## **Left Hand Path (LHP)**

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

## **Magick**

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonian Magick.

Aeonian Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrd) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

## **Magian**

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

## Muliebral

By the term muliebral we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*.

Among muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

These abilities, qualities, and skills are those of a Rounwytha, and they or some of them were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and Ἀμαζόνες; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is such skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

## Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

## Naos

1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.

2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".

3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

## Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

## **Nine Angles**

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

## **Niner**

A freelance operative whose culture is that of the ONA, and who thus strives to live by our Code of Kindred-Honour and whose personal character manifests the ONA Ethos.

Also sometimes used as an alternative name for a Drecc, although most Niners, unlike Dreccs, do not belong to a gang, clan, or tribe.

## **Order of Nine Angles (ONA)**

The ONA/O9A is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association - a kollektive - comprising Niners, Tribes, O9A gangs, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Our aims and goals can thus be achieved in the following manner:

(1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the ethos, mythos, and praxis of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

(2) By the practical actions – exoteric and esoteric – of those of our kind and influenced by us.

(3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

## **ONA Culture**

ONA culture - often spelt kulture - is the culture of those who adopt or who are born into the O9A way of life, a way of life distinguished by: (1) our ethos [qv. *ONA ethos*]; (2) our aural traditions, and (3) our five core principles/five core traditions.

## **ONA Ethos**

The ONA ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living culture/kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

(1) our code of kindred honour;

(2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;

(3) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

## **ONA Iterations**

The iterations are an expression of the natural change, the evolution, of the living esoteric being that is known as the ONA.

The first iteration/phase – aka ONA 1 – may be considered to be exoterically manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups, and in Rounwytha nexions all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) – aka ONA 2 – was most manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration – aka ONA 3 – is that of the current ONA, 2010 ce and > and is manifest exoterically in the move from Satan as archetypal symbol to our female Baphomet (the dark goddess) as archetypal symbol.

All iterations - past and present - although different in character co-exist within the ONA, just as a mature living being has within it the younger being from whence it matured.

## **Presenting The Dark**

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Present The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric

means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrd and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

## **Psyche**

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

## **Rounwytha**

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

## **Rounwytha Tradition**

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral [qv.] tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

The Rounwytha tradition is the basis for our new sinister feminine archetype, for the new ways of living for women of our kind, and which ways of living involve:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by pathei-mathos, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.

(4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

For more details, see ONA MSS such as 1) Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time; 2) Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names; 3) The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype; 4) Diabological Dissent

## Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*. ]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos, and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

## Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

## **Septenary**

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

## **Sinister**

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

## **Sinister Dialectic**

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

## **Sinister-Empathy**

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

## **Sinister-Numen**

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

## **Sinister Way**

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called

### *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way.*

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

### **Sorcery**

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

### **Star Game**

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrð (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

### **Traditional Nexions**

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

### **Traditional Satanism**

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

### **Tree of Wyrð**

The Tree of Wyrð, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols

(see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrð. The Tree of Wyrð itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

## Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented 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 presented ("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*].

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 being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) 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 dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex – both on the practical level and in terms of ethos – is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West – that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

## Wyrð

As used by the ONA, Wyrð is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrð can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrð), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be dis-covered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



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### **Appendix** **The Sinister Code**

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

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-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 sinister 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 sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister 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 Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-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 sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister 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.

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## Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names

### ONA Esoteric Notes – Rounwytha 3

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 un wisdom 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 *pathei-mathos*) 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/present 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.

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### *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.

## Diabological Dissent

### Being Dissension From Some Mundane Misconceptions Relating to Certain Esoteric Matters Part One

#### 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 (1) 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.

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## Myths, Legends, Dark Gods, and Occult Mystique

As mentioned in some early Order of Nine Angles texts – now several decades old – our esoteric aural traditions are just that: aural, with few if any explanations or elucidations, aural or written. In many instances, these aural traditions are just stories and tales, akin to folk myths and legends, and – again, as mentioned in early Order of Nine Angles texts – they are to be accepted, or rejected, on that basis, with their being no demand that our people ‘must believe’ in them or that they are accurate and/or describe historical events.

One of these aural traditions is of The Dark Gods; another is ‘the septenary system of correspondences’ as transcribed in Naos; another concerns alchemical seasons; another tradition is Esoteric Chant; another concerns the esoteric use of a quartz crystal. Yet other traditions concern ceremonies such as The Giving (as outlined toward the end of the text The Giving) and the training of the Rounwytha (of the hereditary and English sorceress). And so on.

These traditions all add to, and have added to, the Occult mystique – to the sinister-numen – of The Order of Nine Angles, as was intended, and thus they are interesting and, in some ways, are and were esoterically significant.

Nearly all of these traditions were related to me in a short duration of causal Time by a certain lady and her daughter, and then – following their departure to the Antipodes – by the two members of the Shropshire Camlad group I had been introduced to. [As I was to learn, there were only three members of that group in total.] A few traditions, however, derived from other sources, such as the Yorkshire-based Temple of The Sun group.

With the exception of a few brief notes and diagrams, from the Camlad group, and a handwritten copy of *The Black Book of Satan*, from the avowedly satanist Temple of The Sun, all these traditions were aural.

In the 1970's CE, I spent a long time transcribing and sorting through these traditions, adding to and extending the then rather meagre ONA corpus, and experimenting with and refining various Occult techniques – some of this tradition, some of my own devising – as well as recruiting some suitable individuals. Thus, and for example – and as mentioned elsewhere – I revised, through trial and error, the traditional three months (the one alchemical season) alone in the wilderness to allow candidates in places such as England the use of a tent and purchasing local victuals in place of the traditional way of building one's own shelter and living in an isolated forest (or in the mountains) by hunting/gathering, a tradition somewhat impractical in England (and even in Scotland, Wales, or Ireland) in the 1970's but still possible in some other places, such as parts of America and Russia.

By the early 1980's, some – although not all – of this work of mine was made more generally available, for instance in (1) *The Black Book of Satan (Part One)* – which derived from the Temple of The Sun but to which I added a few additional chapters; (2) in various articles about The Dark Gods mythos in Occult zines, such as *The Lamp of Thoth*, and *Nox*; (3) in some of the stories I told to and read aloud in Shropshire nexions and which stories later became part of *The Deofel Quartet*; (4) in ONA xeroxed bulletins and newsletters such as *Exeat*, and *Azoth*; and (5) in MSS compilations such as early (private) editions of *Hostia* and *Naos*. [1]

In respect of the aural traditions, in nearly all instances I just recounted what I myself had been told, without embellishment. For instance, as in the ‘names’ of the various Dark Gods and their ‘meanings’ and origins (as now available in published works such as *Naos*) and as in stories regarding a possible Shropshire connexion to the legend of King Arthur.

There was in those now distant years an intention by me to research, in a scholarly manner, various aspects of this aural tradition – in particular the origins of The Dark Gods mythos, the origins of the ‘nine angles’, the origin of Esoteric Chant, and the origins of the Septenary System – and thus add the results of such research to the ONA corpus. But exeatic living – and Wyrð and some other stuff – got in the way with the result that I only seemed to have causal Time sufficient to delve into the origins of ‘the nine angles’, and which delving took me, with the assistance of a gay lady friend, on various travels to the Middle East and beyond, to thus discover and study MSS such as *Al-Kitab al-Aflak* and *Shams al-Ma'arif wa Lata'if al-'Awarif*.

Thus there were and are many things left unexplained, and several esoteric subjects which someone or some many, sufficiently motivated and interested enough, might usefully research.

Yet, in respect of mythos and Occult mystique, it should be noted that:

” Mythos is affective, esoteric, and numinous. That is, it inspires, it provokes, it motivates, enthralls, and presences acausal energy. It is wyrdful – a means of change for human beings, and outlines or intimates how such wyrdful change can be brought-into-being.

The so-called objective, cause-and-effect, “truth” of a mythos – stated or written about by someone else – is basically irrelevant, for a mythos presences its own species of truth, which is that of a type of acausal-knowing.

Thus, to seek to find – to ask for – the opinions, views, and such things as the historical evidence provided by others, is incorrect. For that is only their assessment of the mythos, a reliance on the causal judgement of others; whereas a mythos, and especially an esoteric mythos, demands individual involvement by virtue of the fact that such a mythos is a type of being: a living presence, inhabiting the nexion that is within us by virtue of our consciousness, our psyche.

Hence, the correct judgement of a mythos can only and ever begin with a knowing of, a direct experience of, the mythos itself by the individual. To approach it only causally, inertly, with some arrogant presumption of objectivity, historical or otherwise, is to miss or obscure the living essence of a mythos, especially one derived from an aural tradition. It is to impose, or attempt to impose, a causal (temporal) abstraction upon some-thing which has an acausal (that is, non-temporal) essence.

Such a presumption – and even worse, the demand for it to be shown to have “objective evidence” in its favour – reveals a lack of initiated, esoteric insight. For the real “truth” of an esoteric mythos lies in what each individual finds or discovers in it – and thence within themselves. In simple exoteric terms, a mythos can not only re-connect the individual to both the numinous and to their own psyche, but it can also lead them to an individual, and an initiated (esoteric), understanding, of themselves: to a dis-covering of what has hitherto been hidden, especially by un-numinous, causal, abstractions.” [Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA](#) (121 yfayen)

Quite recently – initially as a result of discussions with various ONA people (most from traditional nexions) and then with a few academics and because I am now a few years beyond three score – I revealed some information about some hitherto still esoteric aural traditions, since:

“...for the global Order a lot of our aural traditions are important, partly because they provide perspectives, esoteric information, and advice, that are unavailable by means of the printed (and now, viewed) word. Therefore, I decided to directly write about, or hint at, some of these traditions in a few articles and in some correspondence with certain individuals.” [Presencings Of A Hideous Nexion](#) (122 yfayen)

However – and as befits and becomes an Occult group where there are traditional, secretive, nexions whose members still follow the initiatory Seven Fold Way – there are some matters still transmitted and discussed aurally, as there are a few MSS still publicly unavailable. Those who understand, who appreciate, what is sinisterly-numinous, ancestral, and genuinely esoteric, will know and feel why this is so and necessary, and why revealing the majority of these by a mundane medium such as ‘the world wide web’ is just something we are not prepared to do.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
123 yfayen

[1] Some of these early (uncorrected) MSS are included in a late 1980's microfilm compilation, copies of which film were given to two academics, one of whom was Professor Kaplan.

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## Some Notes Concerning Language, Abstractions, and Nexions

### Introduction

In an earlier essay dealing with esoteric chant and notions of gender in respect of acausal entities, I posed the question:

" Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable? " [\*Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities\*](#)

I went on to suggest that, currently and when dealing with most living beings, the English language mostly assumes a gender, a separation of beings and a distinction (usually based on causal Time and Space) between subject and object, so that for example the simple sentence 'Anton Long walked into the library...' imparts a certain type of knowing. In this case, of there existing a specific singular living entity named Anton Long who/which is different in type from 'the library', and who/which is most probably of the male gender, and who/which was initially separated in causal Space from 'the library'.

In that essay I also suggested that the Esoteric Chant of ONA aural tradition was one better means of describing and naming certain acausal entities than ordinary language, and thus enabled in us a type of knowing - an acausal-knowing - different from the causal knowing described by language and causal sciences:

" Esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities."

As intimated in the aforementioned essay, Esoteric Chant is but one traditional means, albeit a still imperfect one, of communicating beyond ordinary language, and a means which does not necessarily depend on causality, on assumptions regarding a division between objects and subjects, and assumptions concerning gender. That is, which does not depend on the process of ideation and thus on abstractions.

Other esoteric means of communication, sans causal abstractions, include The Advanced Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

### Abstractions, Language, and Nexions

#### Language and Meaning

An ordinary - exoteric - language is simply an established, shared, and structured means of verbal and written

communication employed by human beings, and which structure involves words/marks and their placement in a particular sequence or association normally referred to as a sentence, and which sentence usually conveys or expresses a particular meaning dependant upon how the words/marks composing it are understood by reference to what they denote, with there being an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to.

Which is to say that such communication to a great extent is dependant on an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote. Furthermore, such denoting - and an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote - is often, in its genesis and application, germane to a particular community or communities, expressing their shared and often ancestral pathos, such that their language expresses and sometimes defines their shared values and culture.

This process of denoting, of a shared and accepted understanding of what is being denoted, and of a structure to convey meaning, is rather beautifully and simply expressed in Euclid's *Elements*, where each word and mark used are first defined, where all axioms are explained, and with each proposition - each particular sequence or association of words/marks - being proved (assigned meaning) by the use of formal logic. [1]

Hence Euclid established a particular language - that of geometry and by, extension, of mathematics. This language conveys meaning to those who have studied it, with part of this meaning relating to the phenomenal world we perceive by means of our physical senses. That is, using such a Euclidean language - and mathematical languages deriving from or similar to it - we have acquired a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world.

But this raises interesting questions common to all exoteric languages including mathematical ones. One of which questions concerns the meaning of the knowing we acquire from or impart by means of such languages, and another of which questions concerns what knowledge itself is or of. In addition, the denoting of things - and the understanding of what particular words/marks denote - may and often does vary from language to language, so that one word in one language may at best only be approximated by a word or a collocations of words of another language.

Thus, is the knowing that a language describes and communicates appearance or reality? Is it just information about some-thing or apprehension of the being and the nature of some-thing?

To give a simple example, we can by using the Euclidean language - or a mathematical language deriving from or similar to it - acquire a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world so that we can measure and thus 'know' the height of a tree, compare that height with other trees, determine the distance between trees, and measure and thus 'know' how trees have grown. In addition, we can by means of other exoteric languages come to 'know' practical information like the tree we measure is named an oak tree and not a pine. But all these types of knowing/information do not mean we 'know', we understand, the tree (assuming, as we esoteric folks incline to believe, that it is possible to 'understand' a tree). We thus separate the oak from the pine by appearance and qualities we assign to both, and denote both as a type of being named 'tree' and which type of being is different in causal Space and causal Time from us (separate from us) and also different from 'our type of being' which we denote by a word such as human.

Similarly, we separate ourselves from other human beings by naming, by appearance, and often by qualities or attributes we or others assign to 'us' and 'them'; a separation that exoteric languages often encourage with such constructs as subject-object and inclusion-exclusion.

Suffice - for conciseness - to say that the knowing acquired or communicated by exoteric language is limited, and acknowledgement of this limitation is one reason, historically, for the development of Occult Arts. Our own Occult Art - the Esoteric Art that is The Order of Nine Angles - leads us to conclude that there are two ways of knowing:

(1) the causal, conveyed by ordinary language and dependant upon (a) what words/marks/symbols denote, and/or (b) what is understood by such denoting; and/or on (c) what we observe by our physical senses, and/or on (d) what we deduce or extrapolate or assume from such denoting and such observations;

(2) the esoteric, or acausal, knowing, and which knowing we may attempt to describe and convey by (a) using

words/marks/symbols already in use in exoteric languages, or (b) appropriate and redefine or manufacture some new words/marks/symbols; but which knowing such exoteric languages and their words/marks/symbols cannot really represent or convey.

Basically, acausal knowing is the discovery of the being (the nature, the reality) of living beings, while causal knowing is most often (a) information concerning the being of both living beings and non-living 'things', and/or (b) assumptions and ideations about or concerning living beings and 'things'.

Thus, to truly know a being is to have both acausal knowledge of it and causal information concerning it.

In many ways the ONA is unique in that we have several languages - some new, some traditional - to describe and convey such acausal knowledge. Among our esoteric languages are, as mentioned previously, The Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

### Esoteric Languages

An esoteric language is basically a particular means of communication dependant 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 [2] 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 [3], 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 [4] - 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, Aeonie - but also and perhaps more importantly a means to acausal-knowing: to discovering the essences that have become hidden by morality, by abstractions [5] 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. That is, the language of TSG and other esoteric languages are means to developing our latent faculties, a means to develop new faculties, and a thus a means to aid our evolution as a sentient being and as a species.

How, then, may the esoteric language of TSG be learned? Simply by constructing and using TSG itself, which was designed to be a large physical structure requiring the individual to physically move around it - that is, interact with its adunations - in three dimensions and over certain (long) durations of causal Time, amounting to many Earth-hours and sometimes many Earth-days.

*Esoteric-empathy* - that is, the faculty of empathy esoterically developed by certain Occult techniques - is also a new and Occult language; a means for a certain new type of human being, empath, to communicate in a non-verbal way

by an exchange of aliquantals.

How, then, may the esoteric language skills of esoteric-empathy be learned? Currently, only by traditional Rounwytha means such as the extended Rite of Internal Adept lasting two or three alchemical seasons, followed - some causal Time later after the sinister-numinous has/have been affectively and effectively melded (via pathei-mathos) within the individual - by the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, lasting for a complete lunar month. How can this newly learned skill be developed? Like any newly acquired skill, through practice.

In an important way, therefore, these new esoteric languages - when learnt and used - are appropriate to the New Aeon, and evolve the consciousness and the understanding of the individual in a manner more advanced than more traditional Occult techniques, such as ceremonial/hermetic ritual and undertaking workings with symbolisms such as as the Tree of Wyrð.

Such esoteric languages are, when used, nexions, and so only function - that is, live, have their being; and impart meaning - in and by means of and to living sentient beings such as ourselves. That is, their nature is acausal, presenced in sentient beings, and cannot and do not - like the common language of words - represent abstractions. Instead, they may be said to be stages beyond what we now term archetypes, re-presenting as they do - in contrast to archetypes - the unique individuality and sinister-numinous consciousness, the very being, of the unique individuals of a new human species.

### **The Acausal**

Since acausal-knowing is ineluctably a knowing of the acausal, of nexions and their nature - with nexions being connexions between causal and acausal - it is pertinent to enquire about the nature of the acausal.

The ONA conceives of the acausal as a natural part of the living Cosmos, and as such the living acausal - often manifest in sinister-numinous emanations - is not and cannot be an ideation, an abstractive construct. In addition, this acausal part of the Cosmos can be known, experienced, not by our five physical senses and not by devices based on a causal technology, but by our mostly still latent esoteric faculties such as empathy and acausal-thinking, although there remains the possibility of developing an acausal technology - of living devices using acausal energy - which can provide causal information concerning the acausal.

Thus and esoterically the Cosmos is conceived - understood - as the living wholeness of a causal universe and an acausal universe, with the causal universe being the realm of physical matter such as the Earth, stars, planets, and Galaxies.

It is acausal energy which animates physical, causal, matter imbuing such matter with life, and thus it is such acausal energy which is, exoterically, the acausal. Such energy is not, however, comparable to causal energy which is known to propagate in causal Space and which propagation requires a duration of causal Time. Instead, it is (a) the a-spatial matrix of connexions between all living beings, and does not require propagation through causal Space nor require a duration of causal Time to be or become manifest, and (b) that which animates the causal matter of beings giving them the property, the quality, we denote by the word 'life'. Or expressed in somewhat simplistic terms, that acausal is not some realm separate from us as living sentient human entities which we can or possibly could egress into and from, but rather an essential part of us.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

## Notes

[1] One of the best English texts for those interested in acquainting themselves with the simple beauty of Euclid's *Elements* is still *A Text-book Of Euclid's Elements For The Use of Schools*, in four books, by HS Hall and FH Stevens, first published in 1888 ce.

[2] Aliquantals - often abbreviated to aliquants - implies *a particular amount of* some-thing. The word came into English usage in 1695 ce in a book on Euclid's geometry by William Alingham.

[3] By the term *adunations* is meant some-thing which when placed in its correct relation to other adunations reveals the unity, the whole, of which it and they are a part. From the Latin *adunatus* - ad+unare, to unite, make whole.

Adunations are sinister-numinous symbols [symbols/representations with a sinister-numinous dimension, i.e. having/representing acausal energy] which may be temporarily assigned certain meanings or associations or correspondences. For example, the nine basic adunations [pieces] of TSG are: a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c) with each adunation being a combination/amalgam of two sinister-numinous elements. Thus, in Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt, b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal (a type of nexion), and c acausal space-time.

The term *adunations* is used here in preference to ordinary terms such as *pieces* and *symbols* in order to express their sinister-numinous nature.

It should be noted that the temporary meanings assigned to the individual elements and thence to each adunation are for comparison and learning only - for such assigned meanings are only exoteric, causal, reflexions of their wordless, symbol-less, acausal essence. An essence discovered by using the adunations as language: that is, by using, 'playing', TSG.

[4] In the interests of clarity, we might - by employing the older Anglo-Norman spelling - term an esoteric language a *langage*.

[5] Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Esoterically, an abstraction has only a causal being and therefore is not a nexion; not a presencings of the sinister-numinous - the unity, the connexions - that sentient life re-presents. Exoterically, an abstraction is neither living nor archetypal; not imbued - does not and cannot presence - the acausal/the sinister-numinous.

## Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities

In dealing with esoteric – Occult – matters it needs to be remembered that they by their very nature are obscured or hidden from ordinary, causal (mundane), perception and understanding. That they belong to or describe a type of phenomena or a type of world (or aspects of existence) which most people do not normally interact with, have knowledge of, or are seldom aware of.

Thus, when we consider a matter such as entities – living beings – existing or dwelling in what we term the acausal continuum, then it is to be expected that they will exist, and will behave, in a way different from such living beings that we normally interact with in our own causal continuum. That is, that they may possess qualities which beings living in our causal phenomenal world do not.

For example, do such acausal entities as the ONA esoteric tradition mentions possess the quality, the behaviour, we describe as biological gender, and which gender we ascribe to most living beings in the causal (with some exceptions, such as monomorphic life). Or is our biological notion of gender irrelevant to such acausal beings? Also, do such acausal entities have the quality, the behaviour, we describe as discrete singularity so that, for example, they have a distinct body separate from other bodies and thus occupy a finite Space at certain specific moments of causal Time?

These questions further raise the issue of language – of how we describe them or denote them by some name, and whether the grammar we have developed is apt in the case of such acausal entities. For instance, is a word such as Noctulius a male or a female name? Ditto with Satanus. Or is a name such as Kabeiri that of a single entity or of a plurality of such entities? Is Satanus, for example, even a name in the normal grammatical sense – that is, a proper name? If so, is it singular or plural? Thus, is it correct or necessary to apply the rules of ordinary grammar – such as declension – to such a descriptive word? If not, what does that mean in respect of how the name is used, for instance in some chant to esoterically invoke such an entity?

This raises general questions about the nature of both language and grammar. Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable?

What also has to be considered is that the ONA uses certain words in an esoteric way – with a specialized Occult meaning – so that words such as archetype and nexion and psyche have specific esoteric meanings [1] over and above, or instead of, their accepted common exoteric usage. Thus, and for example, a word such as Satanus may have an esoteric (*batin*) meaning and an exoteric (*dhir*) meaning – with the *dhir* meaning referring to what mundanes understand as Satan (a particular male causal and demonic form), and the *batin* meaning referring to what ONA initiates understand as an acausal (non-temporal, non-causally defined) entity Satanus who/which can shapeshift and who/which exists (when in the acausal) outside of our limited (causal) categories such as male/female, singular/plurality, and past/present/future.

Hence, the accepted exoteric understanding of, and/or the appearance of some-thing – such as a name or chant – is not necessarily a guide to or an indication of its esoteric meaning, its use, or its efficacy in terms of sorcery. [2]

### Gender, Plurality and Acausality

To begin to answer questions relating to the nature of acausal beings – assuming we can answer them in a satisfactory manner – the nature of our (esoterically posited) acausal continuum should be understood.

As mentioned in another MS:

” In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton’s laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called ‘chaos’ do not apply.”

One important aspect of the acausal is the nature of acausal Time. Being a-causal means that there is no causal linearity – no past, present, or future – and thus no simple cause-and-effect. Instead, one quality of acausal Time is simultaneity, and one aspect or manifestation of acausal Time (in the causal) is what has been termed synchronicity.

In causal Space-Time (the causal continuum) an event is described as occurring at a point or region (a specific place) in Space, which can be represented by various geometric coordinates (Euclidean, or spherical, or metrical) [3]. This event occurs at a specific moment of causal Time, and may or may not last for a measured duration of causal Time.

Thus, a spacecraft en route from Earth to the planet Mars is said to be in a specific place or position (a region of Space between Earth and Mars) at a specific moment of causal Time, with this position changing in both Space and in causal Time as the spacecraft moves toward Mars, and with causal Time measured most usually in durations deriving from the orbit of the Earth around the Sun and from the rotation of the Earth itself. Thus, the spacecraft’s position is measured in relation to other objects in the causal and fixed in moments of linear Time with there being an accepted progression from a past moment (a past position) to where it is ‘now’ and where it will be predicated to be at some future point in causal Time.

In the same manner, we – as separate individuals – fix or describe ourselves in relation to causal Space and causal Time. That is, in relation to objects, to living beings, around us and in relation to our own causally-measured events and change: for example our progression from birth in terms of measured years (our age).

However, in acausal Space-Time, there is no separation of Space and no flow of Time from past to future, so an object or a living acausal being cannot have a fixed position and cannot be located in a moment of (causal) Time. Indeed, objects as we ideate them simply do not exist, just as motion as we perceive or understand it does not exist. Likewise, we may conceive – in our limited causal terms – of a past acausal event (were there such a thing) having a future cause.

Which all imply that acausal entities are not material and not discrete objects, but rather what we may conceive of as types of (or variations in or patterns of) acausal energy, formless and timeless, and able to translocate to anywhere in the acausal continuum instantaneously and exist (or be manifest) in various acausal locations simultaneously. Hence, they have no gender as we perceive and understand gender and are neither singular nor plural, since singular and plural imply causality (a causal separation) in terms of both Time and Space, although if we view them causally they are or can be both singular and plural at the same time.

It is some of these patterns of acausal energies that can – and which, according to aural tradition, have – egressed into our causal continuum and assumed a variety of causal forms. Why so egressed? Because there are nexions which join the causal to the acausal. We, as causal life-forms, are one type of nexion, with some physical nexions existing – regions in the Cosmos where the causal continuum is joined with the acausal continuum. Given the longevity of such patterns of acausal energies (viewed in terms of our causal Time) – their ‘immortal’ nature – it is natural some of them have travelled to or rather have been presented here, among us.

Note that these patterns of acausal energies (these acausal beings) are distinct from the acausal energy that is or rather becomes Life (in the causal) and which animates all causal living beings and makes them a nexion (of varying types) to the acausal. That is, they are only one particular species of such acausal energies.

According to aural tradition – and to be believed or not according to one’s inclination - there are indications that the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Satan, like all such entities known to us, is a shapeshifter (being fluidic in nature and able to shape/form causal matter) and has a propensity to assume a male form

when presented or manifest in our causal realm, as the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Baphomet has, according to aural tradition, a propensity to assume a female form when presented or manifest in our causal realm. Why?

The answer relates to how we have hitherto perceived – or needed to perceive – such entities, and how the development of dark-empathy and acausal-knowing (the skills of an Adept and beyond) cultivate an esoteric perception. Indeed, what is known as The Passing of The Abyss – and thus the achievement of the Grade beyond Internal Adept – is when there is a perception and a knowing beyond our causal opposites and all causal forms, and beyond causal Time and causal Space. That is, a knowing of the acausal as the acausal is, and thence possibly an interaction with acausal energies and acausal beings as those energies and such beings are.

This knowing is currently beyond our ordinary languages to describe, with even this advanced esoteric knowing being but a beginning, given our potential as beings.

### **Esoteric Chant as Language**

Esoteric chant is one means we have of describing such acausal entities – such acausal life-forms – beyond ordinary language. That is, esoteric chant [4] is one way – although not a perfect way – to try and describe such entities beyond our current languages with their dependence upon causality and their assumptions regarding objects and subjects and gender.

Thus, the ‘name’ of an acausal entity is not some bland written or spoken word, but rather what occurs – what is manifest (felt, experienced) – when the specific chant appropriate to that entity is performed in a certain way. Only with such esoteric chant as Art is the entity ‘named’. Thus, Satanus is not the (gender specific) ‘name’ of a particular acausal entity known to us; rather, a specific esoteric chant performed in a certain way in a specific location during a specific alchemical season (or causal moment therein) re-presents, or ‘names’, that entity to us, as causal beings. Hence, there is no error, and no omission, when a given word is used in a manner which seems to contradict grammatical rules, and sans declension.

In general, esoteric chant – far more so in some ways than good poetry in relation to ordinary language – intimates something beyond the exoteric content and the exoteric (the accepted) meaning. Thus, a good poem might use words in such a way that, for example, the accepted rules of grammar may be broken in order to suggest something beyond what the words used would mean in an ordinary grammatically correct sentence. Or, like Aeschylus, the poet might omit the article and manufacture some new compound word in order to hint at a certain meaning.

With esoteric chant, the words – being chanted most often by cantors in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart – become more than words read or spoken with their usual (exoteric) meaning. That is, when so used in such a way by sentient living beings they become a specific esoteric work of Art, the living alchemy that is sorcery. For sorcery, as I have mentioned elsewhere, is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are sentient living beings, for it is these living beings who can access the acausal (and thus acausal energies) by virtue of already being nexions because of being sentient life-forms.

Thus, a ritual chant such as “Suscipe, Satanus, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex” is not the mere saying of the words, or even ‘singing’ the words in a normal exoteric way. It is either a vibration done by one or more individuals, or more usually an esoteric chant performed by several cantors singing in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart, or sometimes a fourth apart. In a vibration – as with esoteric chant – the parts of each ‘word’ are usually distinct, so that for instance Satanus is Sa—tan—as, spread over a certain period of causal Time, with a certain pitch/intensity, and which in vibration or chant lasts much longer than a normal (exoteric) saying of the word. Given that specific ritual chants are associated with specific Modes and with a specific type of chanting in specific resonant places (and often in association with a crystal tetrahedron) its alchemical nature – symbolized by the term (not the name) Atazoth – should be discernible, when correctly performed.

Hence, esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type

of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities. Thus do we come to know their 'names'.

Note that this language is not 'communicating with some entity' and not us trying to communicate with some acausal entity. It is just some human beings communicating among themselves in a particular esoteric way sans ordinary words (and their exoteric meanings) and indeed sans ordinary thought, in order to extend the range of their being. To manifest a supra-personal (or collective) identity – to become a collocation of living nexions – beyond their own individual (causal) identity and form, and which manifestation brings-into-being (or can bring-into-being) certain esoteric knowledge and which can also be used to presence acausal energies in the causal.

Hence there is nothing really mysterious or 'magical' about it. It is just one technique, one method, among many esoteric techniques, methods – and one which has an aural tradition.

One other technique to so 'name' such entities is perhaps worth mentioning. This is TSG – the (advanced form of) The Star Game. That is, the movement – the flow, the fluxion or change – of certain pieces over certain boards over a certain period of causal Time is a re-presentation of one particular collocation of acausal energy which has acquired a word (an exoteric name) in an historical attempt to describe it. Here, the player works in symbiosis with the fluxion of pieces to move beyond causal Thought, causal denoting, to that acausal-knowing which reveals an aspect of acausal as it is.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

### Notes

[1] Some of the words having specific esoteric meaning and ONA associations are given in the text *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, the latest version of which is 3.03 (122yf).

[2] Here is a simple (if somewhat long-winded) example of some assumptions underlying language and grammar. The sentence, "Anton Long walked into the library..." implies many things.

Here, there is a distinct subject, given the proper name AL, and which subject 'walks' (moves toward) an object, named as a library.

Among the assumptions of the simple sentence are : (1) that an entity named AL exists (fictionally or otherwise, and most probably human); (2) that AL by the stated name has a gender; (3) that there is an object of type different from AL which is named 'library'; (4) that this object 'library' is spatially separated from the object named AL (that is, is not the same as AL); (5) that it takes a duration of causal Time for AL to 'walk' into or toward this library; (6) that this library is an object with certain qualities – a building, and contains certain other objects such as books.

Had the sentence read "The Longs walk into the library," we assume that these Longs are a plurality of beings with the name (a surname) whose gender is currently unknown unless some context or more information is supplied, and that these beings (whoever or whatever they are) are moving through causal Time and causal Space toward a distinct and separate object.

Had the sentence read "Long presences in the library," we might have cause for pause, until we know what 'presences' mean. Does it mean a movement through causal Time and causal Space? Or might it mean something like the science-fiction concept of teleportation? Also, which singular Long presences? And is this singular entity male or female – Mr or Ms Long?

Had the sentence read "Longs presence in the library," we assume more than one being named Long presences, in the

present, just as “Longs were presented in the library,” assumes that this occurred in some causal past.

Now, if we have a sentence such as “Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex,” just what is implied or assumed by us? We have, apparently, two names – Vindex and Satanas.

The obvious – the simple – question is whether or not Vindex is a name or a term and if a name then (as exoteric usage of Vindex might suggest) male, since the female form would be something such as *Vengerisse*. But is Vindex used here esoterically (or being redefined), so that the name or the term Vindex can refer to either someone male or someone female and therefore is not, as a name or term, gender specific? Certainly it is.

The somewhat less simple question refers to the word Satanas. Is this a name or a term (that is a term for some causal form)? If a name, is it or must it be gender specific? If a term, is it used esoterically to refer to the causal form assumed temporarily by an acausal entity, and which entity may or may not have a causal gender and may or may not be singular entity or a plurality of entities more aptly described by a type of unformed, non-spatially referenced (acausal, dispersed, unlinear) energy?

[3] By metrical here is meant the metric of four-dimensional Space-Time often described by tensorial equations such as those relating to Riemannian space.

[4] It should be noted that the esoteric modal chants given in *Naos* (as first published in 1989 CE) – and the chants given in the *Black Book of Satan – Part I Exoteric Principles* (as first published in 1983 CE) – are, according to aural accounts, traditional parts of the septenary system, of unknown date and belonging to the Camlad group, and thus pre-date the esoteric association given the name ONA, in the early 1970's CE, by at least four or five decades, if not far more.

## **The Rounwytha Way Our Sinister Feminine Archetype**

The way of the Rounwytha is the way of the independent, strong, empathic: of those who have developed their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills, both exoteric and esoteric [1].

Given the nature of these abilities, qualities, and skills, the overwhelming majority of individuals who follow the Way of the Rounwytha are women - who thus embody our sinister feminine archetype - although a minority are men who, following The Seven Fold Way into and beyond the Abyss, have successfully melded the sinister with the numinous and who thus embody and are that rare archetype, The Mage, with such archetypes, by the nature of such entities, being in constant fluxion. Or, expressed exoterically, being an expression of the uniqueness of such esoteric individuals.

Among these muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

Rounwytha skills and abilities were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and Ἀμαζόνες; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Esoterically, these skills, abilities, and qualities, were celebrated and maintained by the pagan aural tradition of the British Isles, a tradition mentioned in the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes – Rounwytha 3)

### **Traditional Rounwytha Rites and Training**

According to ONA aural tradition, the Rounwytha way - as the etymology of Rounwytha suggests - is the way of a few wise women who dwelt and who dwell in the Marches areas of the British Isles, and in particular in rural South Shropshire and areas around Trefyclawdd and the Camlad.

There are only three rites of this tradition: one celebratory [2], and two to train, to breed, the Rounwytha. The training is and was simple, and involves the candidate in living, for two whole alchemical seasons [3], alone in an isolated area, as per what is now known as the Rite of Internal Adept, followed - some unfixed causal Time later (sometimes a year later, sometimes longer) - by undertaking the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, and which Rite lasted for a whole lunar month [4].

To these three traditional rites, the ONA added - nearly four decades ago - another, in order to train candidates in certain necessary Martial skills, with this training lasting from six months to (more usually) a year. [5]

Thus, this simple training of the Rounwytha develops in the candidate the necessary esoteric and exoteric skills, abilities, and qualities, and breeds the women (and the few men) who embody them.

To give one, often misunderstood, example. A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing - arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills, and a knowing how to use all these, in either a numinous or a sinister way, or in a sinisterly-numinous way.

### **The Future Rounwytha**

The traditional Rounwytha, pre-ONA and as manifest in many traditional ONA nexions, can and should be the inspiration for new esoteric and thus archetypal forms. That is, a guide and inspiration for women who desire to or who have liberated themselves from the restrictions of Magian abstractions and Magian-Nasrany made archetypes, and which abstractions include political feminism, since such 'feminists' for example almost always act within 'the law' as made by The State and often demand more State-made laws to ensure 'their rights' (political, social, economic, religious) and which notion of 'rights' is itself an abstraction.

In contrast, our new female esoteric and archetypal ways of living derive from four important things:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by pathei-mathos, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

It is no co-incidence that these express the unique, living, sinisterly-numinous ethos of our unique living adversarial, defiant, and anti-State, kulture.

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## Notes

[1] By the term *muliebral* we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*. We use this particular term in a precise and esoteric way, as we do with many other terms which also have or have acquired a common, exoteric, meaning - for example, the terms psyche and archetype, qv. *A Glossary of Some ONA Terms*.

This use and definition of such terms, together with ONA-unique terms and sometimes our unique spelling of some words, means that ONA people sometimes speak and write a language (ONA-speak) that is often - and intentionally - obscure or confusing to outsiders, and often - and intentionally - leads such outsiders to make certain unwarranted assumptions.

[2] The traditional celebratory rite was the rite which formed the basis for the ONA's *Ceremony of Recalling* with opfer ending. The traditional rite was often called The Giving and often formed part of The Gathering, and is and was simple, involving no Occult or magickal aspects, and consisted of an extempore communal celebration and feast, in the Autumn and generally around a bonfire, at which a chosen young male candidate (willing or unwilling) would be sacrificed and some of their blood sprinkled on the surrounding land to ensure the health and fertility of livestock, crops, and community.

Two fictional portrayals of this traditional rite are in the short-story *Hangster's Gate*, and in the instructional text *The Giving*.

For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes – Rounwytha 3).

[3] The rite is usually begun on the Spring Equinox and ends on the following Winter Solstice (occasionally begun on the Summer Solstice and ending on the following Spring Equinox).

It should be noted, however, that these 'alchemical seasons' are not - as mundanes suppose - determined by fixed calculation deriving from a fixed solar calander. Thus, the Spring Equinox (or rather the alchemical season whose beginning/ending is associated with what is termed Spring Equinox) is not when some fixed solar calander determines it is (a certain causal Time on a certain day in March) but rather when the Rounwytha considers mid-Spring (which is what the Spring Equinox is, esoterically, alchemically) arrives, having already and locally known when Spring begins in that particular year. Similarly for what is termed the Summer Solstice. For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names*.

Hence, alchemical seasons are not determined by a fixed solar or lunar calander - or by calculations based on such - but rather individually, according to locality.

[4] That is, for one menstrual cycle of the woman undertaking it. The Camlad Rite of The Abyss has been published in the pdf collection *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[5] Many, although not all, ONA Rounwytha nexions are Sapphic in nature, and thus celebrate the type of sorcery mentioned in ONA texts such as *Sapphic Sorcery – In Praise of The Feminine*.



### Questions From A 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 ONA, 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 causal 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.



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#### 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 þere in.” Harl. MS 5369. xxx.  
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Source: The above text is taken from the article, *Presencings Of A Hideous Nexion*, by Anton Long.

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## Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time

### Introduction

Most of the following axioms and brief elucidations form part of the Camlad aural tradition that was, some forty years ago, incorporated into the esoteric association The Order of Nine Angles. The remainder are my own elucidations and development of the tradition, with some of these elucidations of mine using the terminology and ontology of causal, acausal, and nexions. <sup>[1]</sup>

In the text *Auf dem Wasser zu singen: Yet Another Interview with Anton Long* - first distributed 114yf/2003eh - I briefly mentioned alchemical seasons in reply to a question asked of me:

"An alchemical season is a natural process which occurs in Nature, and also in we ourselves, who are beings of Nature. They are Change; a natural dialectic... There are also, of course, Cosmic alchemical seasons, some of which we know - in terms of their beginnings and their ending - by various observed astronomical events, often relating to star or planetary alignments..."

Both before and after the distribution of that text - as now, and especially since the publication of Naos in 1989 ce - there was and is much speculation about, and some misunderstandings concerning, alchemical seasons; speculation and misunderstandings which this new text should go some way toward dispelling.

The particular/peculiar numbered layout of the axioms and elucidations in this text is my own, and which layout is much less formal in the section concerning Alchemical Seasons, since there I have often simply recounted or retold the aural tradition itself. The particular/peculiar numbered layout was originally employed by me, decades ago, as a personal *aide-mémoire*.

I have included an un-numbered section of my own devising which gives some explanation of alchemical seasons.

It should be noted that by *alchemical* here is meant the esoteric science associated with *azoth* and other such esoteric 'things'. This is the science of the changing/alteration/understanding of living beings, and other substances, by a symbiosis/interaction between alchemist and such beings/substances. Which is 'the forbidden alchemy' of some Occult traditions, and which type of alchemy, and such symbiosis, has been the subject of, or mentioned in, several ONA MSS during the past forty years. For instance:

" The secret of the Magus/Mousa who lies beyond the Grade of Master/LadyMaster is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens - it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna bringing Exaltation. Whomever takes this Elixir will live immortal among the fiery stars..."

Which in essence means that "from the double pelican comes Azoth".

One particular example of such a symbiosis - of such alchemy - is the esoteric 'perfume' Petriochor [qv. *Sinister Tradition - Further Notes* published in Fenrir Vol.3 #2]. The production of this 'perfume' during a particular

alchemical season is difficult, and takes a certain duration of causal Time, but what imbues the final product, after distillation, with esoteric worth - with acausal energy/the sinisterly-numinous - is the interaction/symbiosis that occurs between the alchemist and the substances, and which substances are all part of the living being that is Nature..

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## **Time**

1. Time is Numinous <sup>[2]</sup> - that is, of living beings, and thus biological not linear (of-causality). Therefore Time cannot be re-presented or measured by a fixed causal calendar, solar, lunar, or otherwise.

1.1 Thus, Time varies according to Physis. That is, varies according to the nature, the character, of the living entity that manifests - presences - it.

2. There are a variety of different species of Time.

2.1 Thus, our species of Time differs from that of the other living entities/beings/emanations, Earth-dwelling or otherwise.

3. Time is a Fluxion <sup>[3]</sup>. That is, Time is already inherent in living beings, part of their physis.

3.1 Each living being has a Fluxion appropriate to - which re-presents/manifests/presences - its physis and thus which is appropriate to/manifests its type/species of life.

3.1.1 Thus, linear time - as measured by a fixed causal calendar and/or as defined by such things as the ratio of distance and velocity of a physical object - is Appearance/Abstraction not Reality.

3.1.2 Such linear time thus re-presents only the causal physis/nature of material objects/matter and thus manifests the physis/nature of the causal.

3.2 A Fluxion manifests what is a-causal. That is, how a particular living being changes/develops/manifests.

3.2.1 A Fluxion has an outer (exoteric) appearance and an inner (esoteric) nature/physis.

3.2.1.1 The outer appearance is how the being is perceived to change/develop/grow/decay.

3.2.1.2 The inner nature is how the being may, might, or could, change/develop/grow/decay by the use of traditional/esoteric/alchemical arts/skills.

3.2.1.2.1 A knowing of this inner nature is a gift of the Rounwytha.

3.2.1.2.1.1 This gift can be cultivated by the development and use of esoteric-empathy.

3.3 Since Time is a Fluxion, and alchemical, a Rounwytha may be able to alter/change/manipulate/weave Time.

## **Alchemical Seasons**

4. An Alchemical Season is a means of measuring/determining/knowning fluxions, and thus a means of knowing living beings and how they change or could be changed.

- 5.1 Thus, an Alchemical Season is often what is the best/appropriate 'season' to know/get-to-know/celebrate particular emanations presented to us as living beings, or particular collocations of such beings, and/or the 'season' to initiate a particular change or changes.
6. This 'season' varies according to the nature/species/type of being/living-entity/emanation, and often differs from individual emanation to individual emanation of each type/species.
7. Knowledge of Alchemical Seasons is both traditional/aural and found/discovered by each Rounwytha.
- 8.1 It is for each Rounwytha to determine the veracity or otherwise of such aural tradition by their own personal knowing.
- 9.1.1 This knowing derives from esoteric-empathy.
10. One such collocation of emanations/living-beings is Nature.
- 10.1 This particular collocation contains a wide variety of types of being.
11. Another such collocation of emanations is the Cosmos.
- 11.1 This particular collocation contains entities/life having acausal emanations/acausal-being, entities having causal-acausal emanations/being, and entities manifesting causal emanations (a causal-being).
- 11.1.2 Acausal-causal beings/emanations are nexions between causal and acausal.
12. The beginning and the ending of certain Alchemical Seasons are often associated with, or intimated by, certain observed natural or cosmic phenomena.
- 12.1 These associations and intimations are often locale-dependant and usually subject to Cosmic and Aeonian drift.
- 12.2 Such observed phenomena include those connected with Nature and those connected with 'heavenly bodies', that is, with the Cosmos.
- 12.2.1 Those connected with Nature include the behaviour of Earth-dwelling living beings, sentient and otherwise; the fluxion of Nature's seasons, and certain patterns of or certain phenomenon of 'the weather'.
- 12.2.2 Those connected with the Cosmos include the observed rhythm of star-collocations (constellations); the occultation of Sun by Moon, and of certain stars by Moon; the observed rhythm of observable planets; and the first rising of certain stars above the horizon of the Rounwytha as determined by the fluxion of Nature's seasons.
- 12.3 Such associations with observed natural or cosmic phenomena do not mean or imply that such phenomena cause or are the origin of the changes, the fluxion, of living-beings.
- 12.4 Associations/intimations connected with Nature are sometimes known as Earth Tides.
- 12.4.1 Associations/intimations connected with the Cosmos are sometimes known as Cosmic Tides.
13. Certain Alchemical Seasons form the natural calendar used by the Rounwytha.

## **The Nature of Alchemical Seasons**

It will be thus be seen that Alchemical Seasons are of various kinds, and serve or may serve different functions.

For instance, certain Alchemical Seasons are and were how the Rounwytha determined - knew and understood - the changes of Life around them. That is, how they reckoned Time, and the fluxions of Time that were made manifest as living beings - for instance, the life, the ailing, the foreseeing of death, of humans; and the natural rhythms of Nature and the Cosmos.

This knowing 'of propitious times' aided, and often enabled, their sorcery; their use and manipulation of certain energies - emanations, or fluxions - for a variety of purposes, as it also enabled them to use their skills in respect of such matters as ailments and their cures.

For example:

" A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing – arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* – they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills." *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*

Like such skills, the calendar of the Rounwytha - their weaving of the seemingly disparate fluxions together, their accounting of fluxions - was derived from their personal esoteric-knowing, their empathy with the beings of Nature, with the being of Nature, and with the being of the Cosmos, and by their connexion to their local rural community. That is, of those whom and that which, they personally know, and of that which they personally observe and experience.

Thus - given that the Rounwytha tradition was germane to a certain area of what is now known as Britain - some of the most important alchemical seasons, and thence their seasonal ('yearly') calendar, were those connected with the flux, the rhythm, of Nature where they dwelt, since the season of daily and communal and local life - the life of small, rural, kindred, communities where the skill and knowing and advice of the pagan Rounwytha found favour and was often relied upon - would be one where such matters as the seasons of growing and finding food were important, as were the stages of life of an individual, as were certain celebrations and propitiations.

The favoured 'time' in Spring, for instance - the traditional seasonal time of sowing, seeding, and planting - would be known, discovered, locally by the Rounwytha using their skill, their empathy, and, being a fluxion of Nature in their locale, such a favoured 'time' would in its arrival vary from year to year. Similarly with the seasons beginning/ending with what are now known as Summer and Winter Solstice, the longest and the shortest days in such northern locales. They would not be found - 'known' - by some causal calculation or by watching the Sun alignment with some stones in some circle (or whatever) but rather would be what they naturally are, which is mid-Summer and mid-Winter, and which vary according to when Spring arrives, and Summer arrives, and Autumn arrives in a particular locality. <sup>[4]</sup>

Similarly with a celebration such as The Gathering, which would mark a successful harvest:

" 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."

*Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names*

What all this means is that Alchemical Seasons are a way of 'seeing' the world; of understanding, knowing, Nature, ourselves, and the Cosmos. Of understanding our various connexions. As well as a knowing of when certain actions, activities - such as sorcery - may have a better chance of success, given how such actions, activities, are just aspects of the flux of Nature, of Life, of the Cosmos: are emanations of our own microcosmic nexion. Or Alchemical Seasons reveal when it is wise - a balanced deed - to celebrate some-things.

There is thus a very pagan - a quite natural and traditional - way of knowing devoid of linear, limiting 'time, and devoid of abstractions.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
123 yfayen

### Notes

[1] My elucidations are mainly of terminology or word-expression. Thus, I have substituted some old/vernacular/obscure and occasionally alchemical terms for Greek or later English ones, a case in point being my use of a Greek term such as Physis. I have however retained several older terms.

My axioms are as follows: 3.1.1, 3.2, 3.2.1.2.1.1, 9.1.1, 11.1, 11.2

Incidentally, as mentioned elsewhere, Rounwytha - as its etymology makes clear - was just a local, dialect, word for a type of hereditary sorceress: for 'the wise, cunning, woman' of British myth and legend.

[2] Despite the now common belief that the use of the word 'numinous' is fairly recent, deriving from the writings of Rudolf Otto, its first occurrence in English - so far discovered - is in a religious tract published in London in 1647 ce, entitled *The simple cobbler of Aggawam in America. Willing to help mend his native country*. The author, Nathaniel Ward - a scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, an English clergyman, and a Puritan supporter - emigrated to Massachusetts in 1634 ce.

[3] The term *fluxion* dates from the sixteenth century (ce) and implies both a change that occurs naturally and one that arises from or because of itself, i.e. an effluvium.

"If the fluxion of this instant Now Effect not That, noight wil that Time doth know." John Davies: *Mirum in Modum*, 1616 ce. John Davies was a scholar at Queen's College, Oxford; an antiquary, and a professor of Law.

[4] Exact causal calculations of such phenomenon were irrelevant to such ancient rural communities, and the belief that they were important or necessary is just retrospective re-interpretation and the projection of modern causal abstractions onto such communities.

Such communities did not dwell in a world determined by fixed, measured, durations of causal time; but rather by fluxions. By the natural flowing of a living, numinous, Time which dwelt with them, and within them and their own local communities. Thus their work began when it began, and ended when it ended, determined by weather, daylight, what needed to be done, or what was required, in that particular fluxion, that 'season'. Thus their 'year' was marked by the flux of seasons, so that for example they might refer to their age in terms of how many harvest gatherings they had known, or how many Summers had past since their birthing.

It was that other un-numinous world - of empires, of tyrants, of kings, of governments, of abstractions, of planning and supra-personal organization, of hierarchical dogmatic religions – which brought fixed, measured, durations of causal time as a means of control, regulation, conformity, and to unnaturally apportion life and living.

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*Suggested Further Reading*

Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names

The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype

Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA

A Glossary of ONA Terms ≥ v. 3.01

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## O9A Esoteric Chant Archive

### Introduction

Esoteric Chant - also called Esoteric Septenary Chant (ESChant) - is an aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, originating from the Camlad tradition that flourished in the Welsh Marches, and particularly in rural South Shropshire.

Most of this tradition was transcribed by Anton Long in the 1970's CE and circulated among ONA members in handwritten and typewritten MSS, many of which (although not all) were included in the xeroxed *Naos* collection, first issued in 1989CE.

ESChant forms an important part of The Septenary System and thus of the ONA's Seven Fold Way.

Esoteric Chant is also a powerful form of sorcery/sinister magick, capable of evoking/invoking acausal entities, as well as (like The Star Game) being an esoteric language appropriate to the New Aeon and thus a skill possessed by Homo Galactica.

### The Images

The images in this archive png screengrabs from the facsimile version of NAOS contained in *The Requisite ONA* pdf document, which document is c. 51 Mb in size and runs to 981 pages.

Given the nature of the screengrabs, there is some run on from one image to the next.

### The Texts

Included in this archive, following the image section, are two articles by Anton Long which outline Esoteric Chant as a new type of esoteric language, and which also deal with such matters as names and gender in relation to acausal entities.

### Warning and Disclaimer

It should be noted that there are several texts about ESChant in circulation, some of which contain various errors.

The only publicly available reliable guides to ESChant are the texts and diagrams in the ONA issued pdf *The Requisite ONA*, and in facsimile copies of the original copies of NAOS.

In addition, as Anton Long has noted in regard to copies of Naos:

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of Naos (as

first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of Naos have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatu Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an out-of-date address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes – in the following order – Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

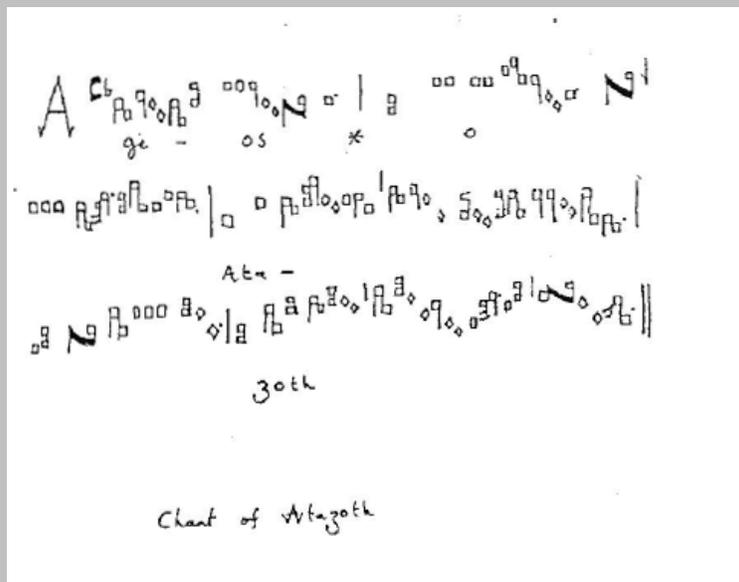
Therefore it is up to the reader of texts, articles, books, and other items, about ESchant to check the accuracy of such third-party items by comparing them to one of the following: (1) this archive, (2) the ONA issued pdf *The Requisite ONA*, (3) stand-alone facsimile copies of NAOS.

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DarkLogos  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 yfayen



## Images From Naos

### Esoteric Chant as a Magickal Technique

#### I - The Modes:

The seven Greek modes correspond to the spheres of the septenary (see Appendix I) as follows: Lydian - Jupiter; Phrygian - Saturn; Dorian - Moon; Mixolydian - Venus; Hypodorian (or Aeolian) - Mercury; Hypolydian - Sun; Hypophrygian (or Ionian) - Mars.

The modes used in esoteric chant are the 'Gregorian' or plainchant ones and these are related, according to tradition, to the spheres and thus the Greek modes thus: Moon - mode IV; Mercury - mode VI; Venus - mode V; Sun - modes VII/VIII; Mars - mode III; Jupiter - Mode I; Saturn - mode II.

Hence, if a piece of chant is sung correctly in, for example, mode IV, then such a chant will be a re-presentation of the energies or forces associated with the appropriate sphere - in this case Moon/Nox. Such energies may be used in the manner of magick to: a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) be directed

used in the manner of magick to: a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) be directed by will and visualization\* for a specific aim appropriate to the sphere; c) to used to alter (via the acausal) the world itself.

Thus, esoteric chant is a form of magickal ritual - and a hitherto secret one.

(b) and (c) above usually require two cantors singing a fourth apart in parallel (for dark/destructive workings) or a fifth apart (for constructive workings). (a) is usually undertaken by one individual and is internal magick.

## II - Chant Examples: Spheres

The following are used as part of a specific hermetic ritual. Details concerning the form of this ritual are given in Part III below.

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\* For visualization techniques see Appendix II.

Those who wish to master the art of magickal vibration should practice regularly, particularly within large resonant buildings, gradually increasing their ability of breath control and the power of the sound itself. Correctly used, short vibrations can startle people and render them immobile for some seconds. In certain circumstances, a powerful vibration can kill.

2) Magickal Chant:

Magickal chant is essentially monophonic and for this reason is generally (when it is written down at all) represented in Gregorian notation - as distinct from the 'blob' notation used in modern music.

Magickal chant is sung unaccompanied in one of the seven fundamental (or Greek) modes - Lydian, Dorian and so on, the modes themselves being representations of septenary forces as described by the septenary Tree of Life and the correspondences associated with it. There are three basic ways of performing this chant - by a solo cantor; by several voices in unison and by two cantors (or choirs) singing 'vox principalis' and 'vox organalis' a fourth or fifth apart as in organum.

The music of this type of chant is similar to Gregorian chant sung in proportional rhythm and the texts used are

usually magickal invocations or calls.

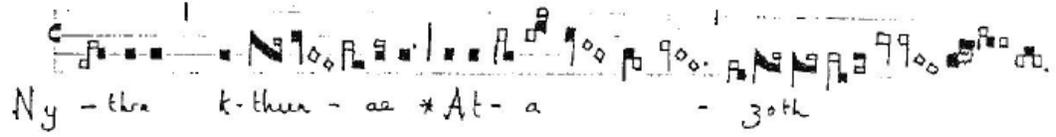
Magickal chant of this type is used for three purposes - first, as keys to the Abyss or to open various acausal Gates (as, for example, their use in the Nine Angles rite to return the Dark Gods to Earth); second, as a means of producing magickal change in the world and individuals since certain chants are regarded as possessing special power if sung correctly; third, to provide a framework which some individuals may use to presence on a day to day basis through such traditional forms as the Promethean Office, those aspects of the acausal which have been named variously as Physis and Tao.

The first two of these have often been considered to belong to the Left Handed Path, since they generally invoke/create various chthonic or dark/negative forces in consciousness, while the third has hitherto been used almost exclusively by those Adepts who, having passed the Abyss, live according to their inner wisdom.

An example of the first of these types is given below -

the Abyss, live according to their inner wisdom.

An example of the first of these types is given below -  
as used in the rite to return the Dark God Atazoth to  
Earth.

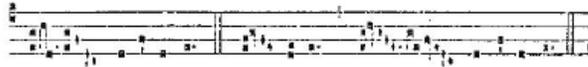


A handwritten musical score on a single staff. The notation consists of various note heads, stems, and rests, some with diamond-shaped accents. The lyrics are written below the staff: "Ny - the k - then - ae \* At - a - 3oth". The music appears to be a chant or a specific melodic line.

*Moon*



*Ag-i-os \* ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-os*



*ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-os . ka-bei-ri*



*Ag-i- os ka-bei-ri Ag-i- os*



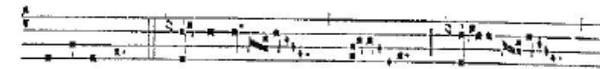
*ka-bei-ri . Ag-i- os ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-*



ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i- os ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i-



os ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i-o-os

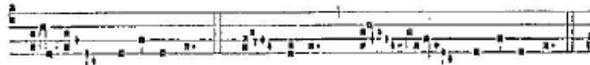


ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i- os \*

Maon



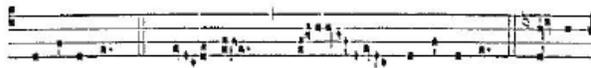
Ag-i-os \* ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-os



ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-os . ka-bei-ri



Ag-i- os ka-bei-ri Ag-i- os



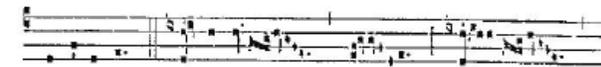
ka-bei-ri . Ag-i- os ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-



ka-be-i-i . Ag-i- os ka-be-i-i . Ag-i-



os ka-be-i-i . Ag-i-o-os



ka-be-i-i . Ag-i- os \*



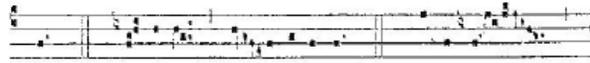
ka-be-i-i

Agios Kabiri

# Mercury



Ag-i-os hu-i-far Ag-i-os hu-i-far



. Ag-i-os hu-i-far. Ag-i-os



hu-i-far.

[Note: repeat five times]

Agios huicifer

Venus

Ag-i-os \* e - lu-tro-das Ag-i-os

e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i-os e - lu-tro-das.

Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i - os

e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-das.

e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os e-lu-tro-des.



Ag-i-os e-lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os



e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os



\* e - lu-tro-des.

Agios Eutrodes

See



Ag-i-os \* o-la-nos . Ag-i-os



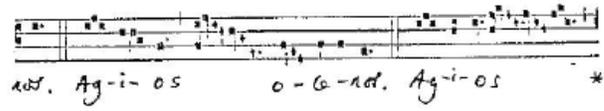
o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-nos . Ag-



i- os o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-nos .



Ag-i - os o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-

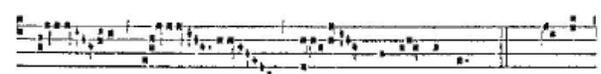


Agios Ogenos

Mars



Ag-i-os. \* Al-as-to-ros. Ag-



i-os Al-as-to-ros. Ag-i-



os Al-as-to-ros. Ag-i-os



Al-as-to-ros.

\*\*

*Af-as-to-ros.*

*Agios Alastoros*

Jupiter



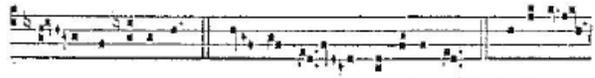
Ag-i-os\* Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel.



Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-



os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os



Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os

Ba-pho-nat. Ag-i-os Ba-pho-nat. Ag-i-os



Agios Baphomet

Saturn



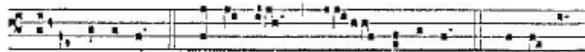
Ag-i-os \* Vin-dax Ag-i-os Vin-



dax Ag-i-os Vin-dax Ag-i-os



Vin-dax Ag-i-os Vin-dax Ag-i-os



(partially obscured)

Handwritten musical notation on three staves. The first staff contains the lyrics "vin-dex Ag-i-os vin-dex Ag-i-os". The second staff contains "vin-dex Ag-i-os vin-". The third staff contains "dex".

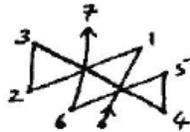
Agios  
Vindex

III - Ritual:

The chant appropriate to the sphere should be regarded as the key to the working.

For destructive/dark workings, the time should be sunrise at new moon; for constructive work, sunset at full moon. The best place for workings is outdoors either on hill-tops or in glades.

The rite is begun by those attending vibrating according to tradition and three times: a) Agios o Atazoth for 'dark' workings; b) Agios o Baphomet for other workings. The cantor then incenses with incense appropriate to the sphere at each of the seven points thus:



The path described by these points must be walked by the cantor while incensing, followed by the other participants, if any.

The incenses are: Moon - Petriochor; Mercury - Sulphur;

the cantor while incensing, followed by the other participants, if any.

The incenses are: Moon - Petricor; Mercury - Sulphur; Venus - Sandalwood; Sun - Oak; Mars - Musk; Jupiter - Civit; Saturn - Henbane.

While this is being undertaken the following should be chanted: a) Aperiatur et germinet Atazoth or, for constructive workings: b) Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam.

The key chant (see Part II) is then sung twice in succession. If more than one person is undertaking the ritual then this should be sung in fourths (for dark workings) or fifths (for other workings) while those singing visualize the intent of the rite being accomplished according to the principles of hermetic magick.

Prior practice of singing the chant (without the visualization) is essential, since the chant is only magickally useful if sung correctly. The visualization should be as concise as possible and according to a pattern agreed by the participants before the ritual. It is possible to use sigilization instead of visualization: the sigil being prepared beforehand and 'consecrated/

charged' according to tradition, the sigil being burnt by one of the participants during the singing of the key chant.

The following table gives the type of work appropriate to each sphere:

Moon	Terror and sinister knowledge
Mercury	Indulgence and transformation(s)
Venus	Ecstasy and Love
Sun	Vision and understanding
Mars	Destruction and sacrifice
Jupiter	Wisdom and wealth
Saturn	Chaos

IV - Method of Singing:

The essence of esoteric performance is for the chant to be sung slowly, each ■ of the plainchant notation representing a modern quaver, more

The essence of esoteric performance is for the chant to be sung slowly, each ■ of the plainchant notation representing a modern quaver, more or less, depending on the 'mood' of the appropriate sphere.

The pitch of a piece is relative - and depends on what is comfortable for the cantors or group. The rhythm of a particular piece is easy to obtain with practice if it is remembered that a piece is like a wave - rising and falling with measured cadence, in a flowing manner. It is for this reason that Latin (and sometimes Greek) is employed for the texts, since of all languages, they are most appropriate to monophonic chant. The accent is generally placed on the upbeat, though exceptions exist.

### **Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities**

In dealing with esoteric - Occult - matters it needs to be remembered that they by their very nature are obscured or hidden from ordinary, causal (mundane), perception and understanding. That they belong to or describe a type of phenomena or a type of world (or aspects of existence) which most people do not normally interact with, have knowledge of, or are seldom aware of.

Thus, when we consider a matter such as entities - living beings - existing or dwelling in what we term the acausal continuum, then it is to be expected that they will exist, and will behave, in a way different from such living beings that we normally interact with in our own causal continuum. That is, that they may possess qualities which beings living in our causal phenomenal world do not.

For example, do such acausal entities as the ONA esoteric tradition mentions possess the quality, the behaviour, we describe as biological gender, and which gender we ascribe to most living beings in the causal (with some exceptions, such as monomorphic life). Or is our biological notion of gender irrelevant to such acausal beings? Also, do such acausal entities have the quality, the behaviour, we describe as discrete singularity so that, for example, they have a distinct body separate from other bodies and thus occupy a finite Space at certain specific moments of causal Time?

These questions further raise the issue of language - of how we describe them or denote them by some name, and whether the grammar we have developed is apt in the case of such acausal entities. For

instance, is a word such as Noctulius a male or a female name? Ditto with Satanus. Or is a name such as Kabeiri that of a single entity or of a plurality of such entities? Is Satanus, for example, even a name in the normal grammatical sense – that is, a proper name? If so, is it singular or plural? Thus, is it correct or necessary to apply the rules of ordinary grammar – such as declension – to such a descriptive word? If not, what does that mean in respect of how the name is used, for instance in some chant to esoterically invoke such an entity?

This raises general questions about the nature of both language and grammar. Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable?

What also has to be considered is that the ONA uses certain words in an esoteric way – with a specialized Occult meaning – so that words such as archetype and nexion and psyche have specific esoteric meanings [1] over and above, or instead of, their accepted common exoteric usage. Thus, and for example, a word such as Satanus may have an esoteric (*batin*) meaning and an exoteric (*dhir*) meaning – with the *dhir* meaning referring to what mundanes understand as Satan (a particular male causal and demonic form), and the *batin* meaning referring to what ONA initiates understand as an acausal (non-temporal, non-causally defined) entity Satanus who/which can shapeshift and who/which exists (when in the acausal) outside of our limited (causal) categories such as male/female, singular/plurality, and past/present/future.

Hence, the accepted exoteric understanding of, and/or the appearance of some-thing – such as a name or chant – is not necessarily a guide to or an indication of its esoteric meaning, its use, or its efficacy in terms of sorcery. [2]

### **Gender, Plurality and Acausality**

To begin to answer questions relating to the nature of acausal beings – assuming we can answer them in a satisfactory manner – the nature of our (esoterically posited) acausal continuum should be understood.

As mentioned in another MS:

” In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton’s laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called ‘chaos’ do not apply.”

One important aspect of the acausal is the nature of acausal Time. Being a-causal means that there is no causal linearity – no past, present, or future – and thus no simple cause-and-effect. Instead, one quality of acausal Time is simultaneity, and one aspect or manifestation of acausal Time (in the causal) is what has been termed synchronicity.

In causal Space-Time (the causal continuum) an event is described as occurring at a point or region (a specific place) in Space, which can be represented by various geometric coordinates (Euclidean, or spherical, or metrical) [3]. This event occurs at a specific moment of causal Time, and may or may not last for a measured duration of causal Time.

Thus, a spacecraft en route from Earth to the planet Mars is said to be in a specific place or position (a region of Space between Earth and Mars) at a specific moment of causal Time, with this position changing in both Space and in causal Time as the spacecraft moves toward Mars, and with causal Time measured most usually in durations deriving from the orbit of the Earth around the Sun and from the rotation of the Earth itself. Thus, the spacecraft’s position is measured in relation to other objects in the causal and fixed in moments of linear Time with there being an accepted progression from a past moment (a past position) to where it is ‘now’ and where it will be predicated to be at some future point in

causal Time.

In the same manner, we – as separate individuals – fix or describe ourselves in relation to causal Space and causal Time. That is, in relation to objects, to living beings, around us and in relation to our own causally-measured events and change: for example our progression from birth in terms of measured years (our age).

However, in acausal Space-Time, there is no separation of Space and no flow of Time from past to future, so an object or a living acausal being cannot have a fixed position and cannot be located in a moment of (causal) Time. Indeed, objects as we ideate them simply do not exist, just as motion as we perceive or understand it does not exist. Likewise, we may conceive – in our limited causal terms – of a past acausal event (were there such a thing) having a future cause.

Which all imply that acausal entities are not material and not discrete objects, but rather what we may conceive of as types of (or variations in or patterns of) acausal energy, formless and timeless, and able to translocate to anywhere in the acausal continuum instantaneously and exist (or be manifest) in various acausal locations simultaneously. Hence, they have no gender as we perceive and understand gender and are neither singular nor plural, since singular and plural imply causality (a causal separation) in terms of both Time and Space, although if we view them causally they are or can be both singular and plural at the same time.

It is some of these patterns of acausal energies that can – and which, according to aural tradition, have – egressed into our causal continuum and assumed a variety of causal forms. Why so egressed? Because there are nexions which join the causal to the acausal. We, as causal life-forms, are one type of nexion, with some physical nexions existing – regions in the Cosmos where the causal continuum is joined with the acausal continuum. Given the longevity of such patterns of acausal energies (viewed in terms of our causal Time) – their ‘immortal’ nature – it is natural some of them have travelled to or rather have been presented here, among us.

Note that these patterns of acausal energies (these acausal beings) are distinct from the acausal energy that is or rather becomes Life (in the causal) and which animates all causal living beings and makes them a nexion (of varying types) to the acausal. That is, they are only one particular species of such acausal energies.

According to aural tradition – and to be believed or not according to one’s inclination - there are indications that the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Satan, like all such entities known to us, is a shapeshifter (being fluidic in nature and able to shape/form causal matter) and has a propensity to assume a male form when presented or manifest in our causal realm, as the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Baphomet has, according to aural tradition, a propensity to assume a female form when presented or manifest in our causal realm. Why?

The answer relates to how we have hitherto perceived – or needed to perceive – such entities, and how the development of dark-empathy and acausal-knowing (the skills of an Adept and beyond) cultivate an esoteric perception. Indeed, what is known as The Passing of The Abyss – and thus the achievement of the Grade beyond Internal Adept – is when there is a perception and a knowing beyond our causal opposites and all causal forms, and beyond causal Time and causal Space. That is, a knowing of the acausal as the acausal is, and thence possibly an interaction with acausal energies and acausal beings as those energies and such beings are.

This knowing is currently beyond our ordinary languages to describe, with even this advanced esoteric knowing being but a beginning, given our potential as beings.

### **Esoteric Chant as Language**

Esoteric chant is one means we have of describing such acausal entities – such acausal life-forms – beyond ordinary language. That is, esoteric chant [4] is one way – although not a perfect way – to try and describe such entities beyond our current languages with their dependence upon causality and their assumptions regarding objects and subjects and gender.

Thus, the 'name' of an acausal entity is not some bland written or spoken word, but rather what occurs – what is manifest (felt, experienced) – when the specific chant appropriate to that entity is performed in a certain way. Only with such esoteric chant as Art is the entity 'named'. Thus, Satanus is not the (gender specific) 'name' of a particular acausal entity known to us; rather, a specific esoteric chant performed in a certain way in a specific location during a specific alchemical season (or causal moment therein) re-presents, or 'names', that entity to us, as causal beings. Hence, there is no error, and no omission, when a given word is used in a manner which seems to contradict grammatical rules, and sans declension.

In general, esoteric chant – far more so in some ways than good poetry in relation to ordinary language – intimates something beyond the exoteric content and the exoteric (the accepted) meaning. Thus, a good poem might use words in such a way that, for example, the accepted rules of grammar may be broken in order to suggest something beyond what the words used would mean in an ordinary grammatically correct sentence. Or, like Aeschylus, the poet might omit the article and manufacture some new compound word in order to hint at a certain meaning.

With esoteric chant, the words – being chanted most often by cantors in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart – become more than words read or spoken with their usual (exoteric) meaning. That is, when so used in such a way by sentient living beings they become a specific esoteric work of Art, the living alchemy that is sorcery. For sorcery, as I have mentioned elsewhere, is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are sentient living beings, for it is these living beings who can access the acausal (and thus acausal energies) by virtue of already being nexions because of being sentient life-forms.

Thus, a ritual chant such as "Suscipe, Satanus, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex" is not the mere saying of the words, or even 'singing' the words in a normal exoteric way. It is either a vibration done by one or more individuals, or more usually an esoteric chant performed by several cantors singing in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart, or sometimes a fourth apart. In a vibration – as with esoteric chant – the parts of each 'word' are usually distinct, so that for instance Satanus is Sa—tan—as, spread over a certain period of causal Time, with a certain pitch/intensity, and which in vibration or chant lasts much longer than a normal (exoteric) saying of the word. Given that specific ritual chants are associated with specific Modes and with a specific type of chanting in specific resonant places (and often in association with a crystal tetrahedron) its alchemical nature – symbolized by the term (not the name) Atazoth – should be discernible, when correctly performed.

Hence, esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities. Thus do we come to know their 'names'.

Note that this language is not 'communicating with some entity' and not us trying to communicate with some acausal entity. It is just some human beings communicating among themselves in a particular esoteric way sans ordinary words (and their exoteric meanings) and indeed sans ordinary thought, in order to extend the range of their being. To manifest a supra-personal (or collective) identity – to become a collocation of living nexions – beyond their own individual (causal) identity and form, and which manifestation brings-into-being (or can bring-into-being) certain esoteric knowledge and which can also be used to presence acausal energies in the causal.

Hence there is nothing really mysterious or 'magical' about it. It is just one technique, one method, among many esoteric techniques, methods – and one which has an aural tradition.

One other technique to so 'name' such entities is perhaps worth mentioning. This is TSG – the (advanced form of) The Star Game. That is, the movement – the flow, the fluxion or change – of certain pieces over certain boards over a certain period of causal Time is a re-presentation of one particular collocation of acausal energy which has acquired a word (an exoteric name) in an historical attempt to describe it. Here, the player works in symbiosis with the fluxion of pieces to move beyond causal Thought, causal denoting, to that acausal-knowing which reveals an aspect of acausal as it is.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

*Notes*

[1] Some of the words having specific esoteric meaning and ONA associations are given in the text *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, the latest version of which is 3.03 (122yf).

[2] Here is a simple (if somewhat long-winded) example of some assumptions underlying language and grammar. The sentence, "Anton Long walked into the library..." implies many things.

Here, there is a distinct subject, given the proper name AL, and which subject 'walks' (moves toward) an object, named as a library.

Among the assumptions of the simple sentence are : (1) that an entity named AL exists (fictionally or otherwise, and most probably human); (2) that AL by the stated name has a gender; (3) that there is an object of type different from AL which is named 'library'; (4) that this object 'library' is spatially separated from the object named AL (that is, is not the same as AL); (5) that it takes a duration of causal Time for AL to 'walk' into or toward this library; (6) that this library is an object with certain qualities – a building, and contains certain other objects such as books.

Had the sentence read "The Longs walk into the library," we assume that these Longs are a plurality of beings with the name (a surname) whose gender is currently unknown unless some context or more information is supplied, and that these beings (whoever or whatever they are) are moving through causal Time and causal Space toward a distinct and separate object.

Had the sentence read "Long presences in the library," we might have cause for pause, until we know what 'presences' mean. Does it mean a movement through causal Time and causal Space? Or might it mean something like the science-fiction concept of teleportation? Also, which singular Long presences? And is this singular entity male or female – Mr or Ms Long?

Had the sentence read "Longs presence in the library," we assume more than one being named Long presences, in the present, just as "Longs were presented in the library," assumes that this occurred in some causal past.

Now, if we have a sentence such as "Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex," just what is implied or assumed by us? We have, apparently, two names – Vindex and Satanas.

The obvious – the simple – question is whether or not Vindex is a name or a term and if a name then (as exoteric usage of Vindex might suggest) male, since the female form would be something such as *Vengerisse*. But is Vindex used here esoterically (or being redefined), so that the name or the term Vindex can refer to either someone male or someone female and therefore is not, as a name or term, gender specific? Certainly it is.

The somewhat less simple question refers to the word Satanas. Is this a name or a term (that is a term for some causal form)? If a name, is it or must it be gender specific? If a term, is it used esoterically to refer to the causal form assumed temporarily by an acausal entity, and which entity may or may not have a causal gender and may or may not be singular entity or a plurality of entities more aptly described by a type of unformed, non-spatially referenced (acausal, dispersed, unlinear) energy?

[3] By metrical here is meant the metric of four-dimensional Space-Time often described by tensorial equations such as those relating to Riemannian space.

[4] It should be noted that the esoteric modal chants given in *Naos* (as first published in 1989 CE) – and the chants given in the *Black Book of Satan – Part 1 Exoteric Principles* (as first published in 1983 CE) – are, according to aural accounts, traditional parts of the septenary system, of unknown date and

belonging to the Camlad group, and thus pre-date the esoteric association given the name ONA, in the early 1970's CE, by at least four or five decades, if not far more.

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## **Some Notes Concerning Language, Abstractions, and Nexions**

### **Introduction**

In an earlier essay dealing with esoteric chant and notions of gender in respect of acausal entities, I posed the question:

" Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable? " *Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*

I went on to suggest that, currently and when dealing with most living beings, the English language mostly assumes a gender, a separation of beings and a distinction (usually based on causal Time and Space) between subject and object, so that for example the simple sentence 'Anton Long walked into the library...' imparts a certain type of knowing. In this case, of there existing a specific singular living entity named Anton Long who/which is different in type from 'the library', and who/which is most probably of the male gender, and who/which was initially separated in causal Space from 'the library'.

In that essay I also suggested that the Esoteric Chant of ONA aural tradition was one better means of describing and naming certain acausal entities than ordinary language, and thus enabled in us a type of knowing - an acausal-knowing - different from the causal knowing described by language and causal sciences:

" Esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities."

As intimated in the aforementioned essay, Esoteric Chant is but one traditional means, albeit a still imperfect one, of communicating beyond ordinary language, and a means which does not necessarily depend on causality, on assumptions regarding a division between objects and subjects, and assumptions concerning gender. That is, which does not depend on the process of ideation and thus on abstractions.

Other esoteric means of communication, sans causal abstractions, include The Advanced Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

### **Abstractions, Language, and Nexions**

[Language and Meaning](#)

An ordinary - exoteric - language is simply an established, shared, and structured means of verbal and written communication employed by human beings, and which structure involves words/marks and their placement in a particular sequence or association normally referred to as a sentence, and which sentence usually conveys or expresses a particular meaning dependant upon how the words/marks composing it are understood by reference to what they denote, with there being an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to.

Which is to say that such communication to a great extent is dependant on an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote. Furthermore, such denoting - and an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote - is often, in its genesis and application, germane to a particular community or communities, expressing their shared and often ancestral *pathei-mathos*, such that their language expresses and sometimes defines their shared values and culture.

This process of denoting, of a shared and accepted understanding of what is being denoted, and of a structure to convey meaning, is rather beautifully and simply expressed in Euclid's *Elements*, where each word and mark used are first defined, where all axioms are explained, and with each proposition - each particular sequence or association of words/marks - being proved (assigned meaning) by the use of formal logic. [1]

Hence Euclid established a particular language - that of geometry and by, extension, of mathematics. This language conveys meaning to those who have studied it, with part of this meaning relating to the phenomenal world we perceive by means of our physical senses. That is, using such a Euclidean language - and mathematical languages deriving from or similar to it - we have acquired a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world.

But this raises interesting questions common to all exoteric languages including mathematical ones. One of which questions concerns the meaning of the knowing we acquire from or impart by means of such languages, and another of which questions concerns what knowledge itself is or of. In addition, the denoting of things - and the understanding of what particular words/marks denote - may and often does vary from language to language, so that one word in one language may at best only be approximated by a word or a collocations of words of another language.

Thus, is the knowing that a language describes and communicates appearance or reality? Is it just information about some-thing or apprehension of the being and the nature of some-thing?

To give a simple example, we can by using the Euclidean language - or a mathematical language deriving from or similar to it - acquire a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world so that we can measure and thus 'know' the height of a tree, compare that height with other trees, determine the distance between trees, and measure and thus 'know' how trees have grown. In addition, we can by means of other exoteric languages come to 'know' practical information like the tree we measure is named an oak tree and not a pine. But all these types of knowing/information do not mean we 'know', we understand, the tree (assuming, as we esoteric folks incline to believe, that it is possible to 'understand' a tree). We thus separate the oak from the pine by appearance and qualities we assign to both, and denote both as a type of being named 'tree' and which type of being is different in causal Space and causal Time from us (separate from us) and also different from 'our type of being' which we denote by a word such as human.

Similarly, we separate ourselves from other human beings by naming, by appearance, and often by qualities or attributes we or others assign to 'us' and 'them'; a separation that exoteric languages often encourage with such constructs as subject-object and inclusion-exclusion.

Suffice - for conciseness - to say that the knowing acquired or communicated by exoteric language is limited, and acknowledgement of this limitation is one reason, historically, for the development of Occult Arts. Our own Occult Art - the Esoteric Art that is The Order of Nine Angles - leads us to conclude that there are two ways of knowing:

(1) the causal, conveyed by ordinary language and dependant upon (a) what words/marks/symbols denote, and/or (b) what is understood by such denoting; and/or on (c) what we observe by our physical senses, and/or on (d) what we deduce or extrapolate or assume from such denoting and such observations;

(2) the esoteric, or acausal, knowing, and which knowing we may attempt to describe and convey by (a) using words/marks/symbols already in use in exoteric languages, or (b) appropriate and redefine or manufacture some new words/marks/symbols; but which knowing such exoteric languages and their words/marks/symbols cannot really re-present or convey.

Basically, acausal knowing is the discovery of the being (the nature, the reality) of living beings, while causal knowing is most often (a) information concerning the being of both living beings and non-living 'things', and/or (b) assumptions and ideations about or concerning living beings and 'things'.

Thus, to truly know a being is to have both acausal knowledge of it and causal information concerning it.

In many ways the ONA is unique in that we have several languages - some new, some traditional - to describe and convey such acausal knowledge. Among our esoteric languages are, as mentioned previously, The Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

### Esoteric Languages

An esoteric language is basically a particular means of communication dependant 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 [2] 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 [3], 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 [4] - 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 [5] 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. That is, the language of TSG and other esoteric languages are means to developing our latent faculties, a means to develop new faculties, and a thus a means to aid our evolution as a sentient being and as a species.

How, then, may the esoteric language of TSG be learned? Simply by constructing and using TSG itself,

which was designed to be a large physical structure requiring the individual to physically move around it - that is, interact with its adunations - in three dimensions and over certain (long) durations of causal Time, amounting to many Earth-hours and sometimes many Earth-days.

*Esoteric-empathy* - that is, the faculty of empathy esoterically developed by certain Occult techniques - is also a new and Occult language; a means for a certain new type of human being, empathes, to communicate in a non-verbal way by an exchange of aliquantals.

How, then, may the esoteric language skills of esoteric-empathy be learned? Currently, only by traditional Rounwytha means such as the extended Rite of Internal Adept lasting two or three alchemical seasons, followed - some causal Time later after the sinister-numinous has/have been affectively and effectively melded (via *pathei-mathos*) within the individual - by the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, lasting for a complete lunar month. How can this newly learned skill be developed? Like any newly acquired skill, through practice.

In an important way, therefore, these new esoteric languages - when learnt and used - are appropriate to the New Aeon, and evolve the consciousness and the understanding of the individual in a manner more advanced than more traditional Occult techniques, such as ceremonial/hermetic ritual and undertaking workings with symbolisms such as the Tree of Wyrð.

Such esoteric languages are, when used, nexions, and so only function - that is, live, have their being; and impart meaning - in and by means of and to living sentient beings such as ourselves. That is, their nature is acausal, presented in sentient beings, and cannot and do not - like the common language of words - represent abstractions. Instead, they may be said to be stages beyond what we now term archetypes, re-presenting as they do - in contrast to archetypes - the unique individuality and sinister-numinous consciousness, the very being, of the unique individuals of a new human species.

### **The Acausal**

Since acausal-knowing is ineluctably a knowing of the acausal, of nexions and their nature - with nexions being connexions between causal and acausal - it is pertinent to enquire about the nature of the acausal.

The ONA conceives of the acausal as a natural part of the living Cosmos, and as such the living acausal - often manifest in sinister-numinous emanations - is not and cannot be an ideation, an abstractive construct. In addition, this acausal part of the Cosmos can be known, experienced, not by our five physical senses and not by devices based on a causal technology, but by our mostly still latent esoteric faculties such as empathy and acausal-thinking, although there remains the possibility of developing an acausal technology - of living devices using acausal energy - which can provide causal information concerning the acausal.

Thus and esoterically the Cosmos is conceived - understood - as the living wholeness of a causal universe and an acausal universe, with the causal universe being the realm of physical matter such as the Earth, stars, planets, and Galaxies.

It is acausal energy which animates physical, causal, matter imbuing such matter with life, and thus it is such acausal energy which is, exoterically, the acausal. Such energy is not, however, comparable to causal energy which is known to propagate in causal Space and which propagation requires a duration of causal Time. Instead, it is (a) the a-spatial matrix of connexions between all living beings, and does not require propagation through causal Space nor require a duration of causal Time to be or become manifest, and (b) that which animates the causal matter of beings giving them the property, the quality, we denote by the word 'life'. Or expressed in somewhat simplistic terms, that acausal is not some realm separate from us as living sentient human entities which we can or possibly could egress into and from, but rather an essential part of us.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

*Notes*

[1] One of the best English texts for those interested in acquainting themselves with the simple beauty of Euclid's *Elements* is still *A Text-book Of Euclid's Elements For The Use of Schools*, in four books, by HS Hall and FH Stevens, first published in 1888 ce.

[2] Aliquantals - often abbreviated to aliquants - implies *a particular amount of* some-thing. The word came into English usage in 1695 ce in a book on Euclid's geometry by William Alingham.

[3] By the term *adunations* is meant some-thing which when placed in its correct relation to other adunations reveals the unity, the whole, of which it and they are a part. From the Latin *adunatus* - ad+unare, to unite, make whole.

Adunations are sinister-numinous symbols [symbols/representations with a sinister-numinous dimension, i.e. having/representing acausal energy] which may be temporarily assigned certain meanings or associations or correspondences. For example, the nine basic adunations [pieces] of TSG are: a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c) with each adunation being a combination/amalgam of two sinister-numinous elements. Thus, in Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt, b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal (a type of nexion), and c acausal space-time.

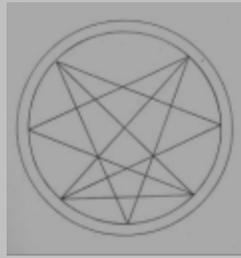
The term *adunations* is used here in preference to ordinary terms such as *pieces* and *symbols* in order to express their sinister-numinous nature.

It should be noted that the temporary meanings assigned to the individual elements and thence to each adunation are for comparison and learning only - for such assigned meanings are only exoteric, causal, reflexions of their wordless, symbol-less, acausal essence. An essence discovered by using the adunations as language: that is, by using, 'playing', TSG.

[4] In the interests of clarity, we might - by employing the older Anglo-Norman spelling - term an esoteric language a *langage*.

[5] Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Esoterically, an abstraction has only a causal being and therefore is not a nexion; not a presencings of the sinister-numinous - the unity, the connexions - that sentient life re-presents. Exoterically, an abstraction is neither living nor archetypal; not imbued - does not and cannot presence - the acausal/the sinister-numinous.



## Marcheyre Rhinings

### Being Some Writings Relating To The Rounwytha

#### Introduction

This collection of essays is concerned, in the main, with part of the aural Rounwytha (or Camlad) tradition of the esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles. The recent essays by me included in this compilation had their genesis in questions asked of me by some academics interested in the ONA and our aural traditions, and also in the desire by some long-standing ONA folk for me to pen some scribblings about the Rounwytha tradition itself thus making this tradition more known, especially given the world-wide expansion of the ONA itself over the past decade or so.

In one or two of these essays - for example, the one entitled *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype* - suggestions have been made as to how this tradition might usefully be developed.

The Rounwytha Tradition was and is part of the aural tradition of a few pagan individuals - mostly women - who had their rural living in the border area between England and Wales, and in particular in parts of rural South Shropshire, and areas around the Camlad and Trefyclawdd.

According to aural accounts, in origin this tradition - which tradition it should be remembered was that of a small local area - dates to before the Roman conquest of Albion; to the *tyma* of small clans and tribes, and small rural communities of 'free men and women'. It was, however, not a static but a dynamic tradition, slowly changed in some ways over millennia but retaining its esoteric, pagan, essence.

The Rounwytha (*var.* Rhinwytha) was an individual, regarded as wise, who was skilled in certain common esoteric matters, such as foreseeing, charms, and curing ailments - especially those attributed to what came to be called effluvia [1] - but who and importantly was also considered as an essential and balancing link between the seen (the ordinary) world and the strange world or worlds beyond the seen (the known). Thus it was the Rounwytha who knew the propitious *tyma* for certain communal

celebrations and propitiations. And all this because they were naturally gifted - or had developed - the skill, the secret, of empathy: *of sympatheia with fluxions* [2]; that is, they possessed an acausal-knowing of all Life: human, animal, of Nature, and of 'the heavens' (the Cosmos).

As mentioned in one of the essays included here:

" The Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills." *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*

In addition, as I wrote elsewhere:

"Our esoteric aural traditions are just that: aural, with few if any explanations or elucidations, aural or written. In many instances, these aural traditions are just stories and tales, akin to folk myths and legends, and [...] they are to be accepted, or rejected, on that basis, with their being no demand that our people 'must believe' in them or that they are accurate and/or describe historical events."

Thus we make no claim as to the veracity of such traditions, historical or otherwise, it being for each individual to assess and thence to accept or reject such aural traditions. All we claim is that they are our aural traditions; are esoterically interesting, and - for us - are esoterically relevant and Aeonically important. They also in many instances are somewhat heretical, challenging as they do Magian archetypes and abstractions, Magian Occultism, and also the beliefs and assumptions of the Occulte *status quo*.

A few other non-Rounwytha essays - such as *The Noble Guide To The Dark Arts* - have also been included here, for context.

In addition:

" The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrđ, and so on. It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung."

Thus those unfamiliar with ONA terms are advised to consult *A Glossary of Some ONA Terms*, ≥ v. 3.03

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Notes:

[1] That is, the egress into and out from the body of some imperceptible and harmful *ðing* or *ðingges*; what today we might describe as 'energies/emanations' and what more Nazarene-inclined folks might describe and have described as 'demons', but which in olden times were just viewed as 'unlucky' wyrd, often considered caused by some deed or by some transgression.

[2] Fluxions are described in the essay, included here, entitled *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

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## **Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names**

### **ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3**

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 *pathei-mathos*) 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 inane 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.

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122 Year of Fayen

### *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.

## **Diabological Dissent**

### **Being Dissension From Some Mundane Misconceptions Relating to Certain Esoteric Matters Part One**

#### **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 (1) 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.

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122 Year of Fayen

## Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time

### Introduction

Most of the following axioms and brief elucidations form part of the Camlad aural tradition that was, some forty years ago, incorporated into the esoteric association The Order of Nine Angles. The remainder are my own elucidations and development of the tradition, with some of these elucidations of mine using the terminology and ontology of causal, acausal, and nexions. <sup>[1]</sup>

In the text *Auf dem Wasser zu singen: Yet Another Interview with Anton Long* - first distributed 114yf/2003eh - I briefly mentioned alchemical seasons in reply to a question asked of me:

"An alchemical season is a natural process which occurs in Nature, and also in we ourselves, who are beings of Nature. They are Change; a natural dialectic... There are also, of course, Cosmic alchemical seasons, some of which we know - in terms of their beginnings and their ending - by various observed astronomical events, often relating to star or planetary alignments..."

Both before and after the distribution of that text - as now, and especially since the publication of Naos in 1989 ce - there was and is much speculation about, and some misunderstandings concerning. alchemical seasons; speculation and misunderstandings which this new text should go some way toward dispelling.

The particular/peculiar numbered layout of the axioms and elucidations in this text is my own, and which layout is much less formal in the section concerning Alchemical Seasons, since there I have often simply recounted or retold the aural tradition itself. The particular/peculiar numbered layout was originally employed by me, decades ago, as a personal *aide-mémoire*.

I have included an un-numbered section of my own devising which gives some explanation of alchemical seasons.

It should be noted that by *alchemical* here is meant the esoteric science associated with *azoth* and other such esoteric 'things'. This is the science of the changing/alteration/understanding of living beings, and other substances, by a symbiosis/interaction between alchemist and such beings/substances. Which is 'the

forbidden alchemy' of some Occult traditions, and which type of alchemy, and such symbiosis, has been the subject of, or mentioned in, several ONA MSS during the past forty years. For instance:

" The secret of the Magus/Mousa who lies beyond the Grade of Master/LadyMaster is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens - it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna bringing Exaltation. Whomever takes this Elixir will live immortal among the fiery stars..."

Which in essence means that "from the double pelican comes Azoth".

One particular example of such a symbiosis - of such alchemy - is the esoteric 'perfume' Petriochor [qv. *Sinister Tradition - Further Notes* published in Fenrir Vol.3 #2]. The production of this 'perfume' during a particular alchemical season is difficult, and takes a certain duration of causal Time, but what imbues the final product, after distillation, with esoteric worth - with acausal energy/the sinisterly-numinous - is the interaction/symbiosis that occurs between the alchemist and the substances, and which substances are all part of the living being that is Nature..

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## Time

1. Time is Numinous <sup>[2]</sup> - that is, of living beings, and thus biological not linear (of-causality). Therefore Time cannot be re-presented or measured by a fixed causal calendar, solar, lunar, or otherwise.

1.1 Thus, Time varies according to Physis. That is, varies according to the nature, the character, of the living entity that manifests - presences - it.

2. There are a variety of different species of Time.

2.1 Thus, our species of Time differs from that of the other living entities/beings /emanations, Earth-dwelling or otherwise.

3. Time is a Fluxion <sup>[3]</sup>. That is, Time is already inherent <sup>[3]</sup> in living beings, part of their physis.

3.1 Each living being has a Fluxion appropriate to - which re-presents/manifests /presences - its physis and thus which is appropriate to/manifests its type/species of

life.

3.1.1 Thus, linear time - as measured by a fixed causal calendar and/or as defined by such things as the ratio of distance and velocity of a physical object - is Appearance/Abstraction not Reality.

3.1.2 Such linear time thus re-presents only the causal physis/nature of material objects/matter and thus manifests the physis/nature of the causal.

3.2 A Fluxion manifests what is a-causal. That is, how a particular living being changes/develops/manifests.

3.2.1 A Fluxion has an outer (exoteric) appearance and an inner (esoteric) nature/physis.

3.2.1.1 The outer appearance is how the being is perceived to change/develop /grow/decay.

3.2.1.2 The inner nature is how the being may, might, or could, change/develop /grow/decay by the use of traditional/esoteric/alchemical arts/skills.

3.2.1.2.1 A knowing of this inner nature is a gift of the Rounwytha.

3.2.1.2.1.1 This gift can be cultivated by the development and use of esoteric-empathy.

3.3 Since Time is a Fluxion, and alchemical, a Rounwytha may be able to alter/change /manipulate/weave Time.

## **Alchemical Seasons**

4. An Alchemical Season is a means of measuring/determining/knowing fluxions, and thus a means of knowing living beings and how they change or could be changed.

5.1 Thus, an Alchemical Season is often what is the best/appropriate 'season' to know/get-to-know/celebrate particular emanations presented to us as living beings, or particular collocations of such beings, and/or the 'season' to initiate a particular change or changes.

6. This 'season' varies according to the nature/species/type of being/living-entity /emanation, and often differs from individual emanation to individual emanation of each type/species.

7. Knowledge of Alchemical Seasons is both traditional/aural and found/discovered by each Rounwytha.

8.1 It is for each Rounwytha to determine the veracity or otherwise of such aural

tradition by their own personal knowing.

9.1.1 This knowing derives from esoteric-empathy.

10. One such collocation of emanations/living-beings is Nature.

10.1 This particular collocation contains a wide variety of types of being.

11. Another such collocation of emanations is the Cosmos.

11.1 This particular collocation contains entities/life having acausal emanations/acausal-being, entities having causal-acausal emanations/being, and entities manifesting causal emanations (a causal-being).

11.1.2 Acausal-causal beings/emanations are nexions between causal and acausal.

12. The beginning and the ending of certain Alchemical Seasons are often associated with, or intimated by, certain observed natural or cosmic phenomena.

12.1 These associations and intimations are often locale-dependant and usually subject to Cosmic and Aeonic drift.

12.2 Such observed phenomena include those connected with Nature and those connected with 'heavenly bodies', that is, with the Cosmos.

12.2.1 Those connected with Nature include the behaviour of Earth-dwelling living beings, sentient and otherwise; the fluxion of Nature's seasons, and certain patterns of or certain phenomenon of 'the weather'.

12.2.2 Those connected with the Cosmos include the observed rhythm of star-collocations (constellations); the occultation of Sun by Moon, and of certain stars by Moon; the observed rhythm of observable planets; and the first rising of certain stars above the horizon of the Rounwytha as determined by the fluxion of Nature's seasons.

12.3 Such associations with observed natural or cosmic phenomena do not mean or imply that such phenomena cause or are the origin of the changes, the fluxion, of living-beings.

12.4 Associations/intimations connected with Nature are sometimes known as Earth Tides.

12.4.1 Associations/intimations connected with the Cosmos are sometimes known as Cosmic Tides.

13. Certain Alchemical Seasons form the natural calendar used by the Rounwytha.

## The Nature of Alchemical Seasons

It will be thus be seen that Alchemical Seasons are of various kinds, and serve or may serve different functions.

For instance, certain Alchemical Seasons are and were how the Rounwytha determined - knew and understood - the changes of Life around them. That is, how they reckoned Time, and the fluxions of Time that were made manifest as living beings - for instance, the life, the ailing, the foreseeing of death, of humans; and the natural rhythms of Nature and the Cosmos.

This knowing 'of propitious times' aided, and often enabled, their sorcery; their use and manipulation of certain energies - emanations, or fluxions - for a variety of purposes, as it also enabled them to use their skills in respect of such matters as ailments and their cures.

For example:

" A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing - arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills." *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*

Like such skills, the calendar of the Rounwytha - their weaving of the seemingly disparate fluxions together, their accounting of fluxions - was derived from their personal esoteric-knowing, their empathy with the beings of Nature, with the being of Nature, and with the being of the Cosmos, and by their connexion to their local rural community. That is, of those whom and that which, they personally know, and of that which they personally observe and experience.

Thus - given that the Rounwytha tradition was germane to a certain area of what is

now known as Britain - some of the most important alchemical seasons, and thence their seasonal ('yearly') calendar, were those connected with the flux, the rhythm, of Nature where they dwelt, since the season of daily and communal and local life - the life of small, rural, kindred, communities where the skill and knowing and advice of the pagan Rounwytha found favour and was often relied upon - would be one where such matters as the seasons of growing and finding food were important, as were the stages of life of an individual, as were certain celebrations and propitiations.

The favoured 'time' in Spring, for instance - the traditional seasonal time of sowing, seeding, and planting - would be known, discovered, locally by the Rounwytha using their skill, their empathy, and, being a fluxion of Nature in their locale, such a favoured 'time' would in its arrival vary from year to year. Similarly with the seasons beginning/ending with what are now known as Summer and Winter Solstice, the longest and the shortest days in such northern locales. They would not be found - 'known' - by some causal calculation or by watching the Sun alignment with some stones in some circle (or whatever) but rather would be what they naturally are, which is mid-Summer and mid-Winter, and which vary according to when Spring arrives, and Summer arrives, and Autumn arrives in a particular locality. <sup>[4]</sup>

Similarly with a celebration such as The Gathering, which would mark a successful harvest:

" 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."

*Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names*

What all this means is that Alchemical Seasons are a way of 'seeing' the world; of understanding, knowing, Nature, ourselves, and the Cosmos. Of understanding our various connexions. As well as a knowing of when certain actions, activities - such as sorcery - may have a better chance of success, given how such actions, activities, are just aspects of the flux of Nature, of Life, of the Cosmos: are emanations of our own microcosmic nexion. Or Alchemical Seasons reveal when it is wise - a balanced deed - to celebrate some-things.

There is thus a very pagan - a quite natural and traditional - way of knowing devoid of linear, limiting 'time, and devoid of abstractions.

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123 yfayen

### *Notes*

[1] My elucidations are mainly of terminology or word-expression. Thus, I have substituted some old/vernacular/obscure and occasionally alchemical terms for Greek or later English ones, a case in point being my use of a Greek term such as Physis. I have however retained several older terms.

My axioms are as follows: 3.1.1, 3.2, 3.2.1.2.1.1, 9.1.1, 11.1, 11.2

Incidentally, as mentioned elsewhere, Rounwytha - as its etymology makes clear - was just a local, dialect, word for a type of hereditary sorceress: for 'the wise, cunning, woman' of British myth and legend.

[2] Despite the now common belief that the use of the word 'numinous' is fairly recent, deriving from the writings of Rudolf Otto, its first occurrence in English - so far discovered - is in a religious tract published in London in 1647 ce, entitled *The simple cobbler of Aggawam in America. Willing to help mend his native country*. The author, Nathaniel Ward - a scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, an English clergyman, and a Puritan supporter - emigrated to Massachusetts in 1634 ce.

[3] The term *fluxion* dates from the sixteenth century (ce) and implies both a change that occurs naturally and one that arises from or because of itself, i.e. an effluvium.

"If the fluxion of this instant Now Effect not That, noight wil that Time doth know." John Davies: *Mirum in Modum*, 1616 ce. John Davies was a scholar at Queen's College, Oxford; an antiquary, and a professor of Law.

[4] Exact causal calculations of such phenomenon were irrelevant to such ancient rural communities, and the belief that they were important or necessary is just retrospective re-interpretation and the projection of modern causal abstractions onto such communities.

Such communities did not dwell in a world determined by fixed, measured, durations of causal time; but rather by fluxions. By the natural flowing of a living, numinous, Time which dwelt with them, and within them and their own local communities. Thus their work began when it began, and ended when it ended, determined by weather, daylight, what needed to be done, or what was required, in that particular fluxion, that 'season'. Thus their 'year' was marked by the flux of seasons, so that for example they might refer to their age in terms of how many harvest gatherings they had known, or how many Summers had past since their birthing.

It was that other un-numinous world - of empires, of tyrants, of kings, of governments, of abstractions, of planning and supra-personal organization, of hierarchical dogmatic religions - which brought fixed, measured, durations of causal time as a means of control, regulation, conformity, and to unnaturally apportion life and living.

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### **The Rounwytha Way Our Sinister Feminine Archetype**

The way of the Rounwytha is the way of the independent, strong, empath: of those who have developed their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills, both exoteric and esoteric [1].

Given the nature of these abilities, qualities, and skills, the overwhelming majority of individuals who follow the Way of the Rounwytha are women - who thus embody our sinister feminine archetype - although a minority are men who, following The Seven Fold Way into and beyond the Abyss, have successfully melded the sinister with the numinous and who thus embody and are that rare archetype, The Mage, with such archetypes, by the nature of such entities, being in constant fluxion. Or, expressed exoterically, being an expression of the uniqueness of such esoteric individuals.

Among these muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

Rounwytha skills and abilities were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and Ἀμαζόνες; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Esoterically, these skills, abilities, and qualities, were celebrated and maintained by the pagan aural tradition of the British Isles, a tradition mentioned in the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3)

### **Traditional Rounwytha Rites and Training**

According to ONA aural tradition, the Rounwytha way - as the etymology of Rounwytha suggests - is the way of a few wise women who dwelt and who dwell in the Marches areas of the British Isles, and in particular in rural South Shropshire and areas around Trefyclawdd and the Camlad.

There are only three rites of this tradition: one celebratory [2], and two to train, to breed, the Rounwytha. The training is and was simple, and involves the candidate in living, for two whole alchemical seasons [3], alone in an isolated area, as per what is now known as the Rite of Internal Adept, followed - some unfixed causal Time later (sometimes a year later, sometimes longer) - by undertaking the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, and which Rite lasted for a whole lunar month [4].

To these three traditional rites, the ONA added - nearly four decades ago - another, in order to train candidates in certain necessary Martial skills, with this training lasting from six months to (more usually) a year. [5]

Thus, this simple training of the Rounwytha develops in the candidate the necessary esoteric and exoteric skills, abilities, and qualities, and breeds the women (and the few men) who embody them.

To give one, often misunderstood, example. A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a

useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing - arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills, and a knowing how to use all these, in either a numinous or a sinister way, or in a sinisterly-numinous way.

### **The Future Rounwytha**

The traditional Rounwytha, pre-ONA and as manifest in many traditional ONA nexions, can and should be the inspiration for new esoteric and thus archetypal forms. That is, a guide and inspiration for women who desire to or who have liberated themselves from the restrictions of Magian abstractions and Magian-Nasrany made archetypes, and which abstractions include political feminism, since such 'feminists' for example almost always act within 'the law' as made by The State and often demand more State-made laws to ensure 'their rights' (political, social, economic, religious) and which notion of 'rights' is itself an abstraction.

In contrast, our new female esoteric and archetypal ways of living derive from four important things:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by pathei-mathos, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

It is no co-incidence that these express the unique, living, sinisterly-numinous ethos of our unique living adversarial, defiant, and anti-State, kulture.

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123 yfayen

### *Notes*

[1] By the term *muliebral* we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*. We use this particular term in a precise and esoteric way, as we do with many other terms which also have or have acquired a common, exoteric, meaning - for example, the terms psyche and archetype, qv. *A Glossary of Some ONA Terms*.

This use and definition of such terms, together with ONA-unique terms and sometimes our unique spelling of some words, means that ONA people sometimes speak and write a language (ONA-speak) that is often - and intentionally - obscure or confusing to outsiders, and often - and intentionally - leads such outsiders to make certain unwarranted assumptions.

[2] The traditional celebratory rite was the rite which formed the basis for the ONA's *Ceremony of Recalling* with offer ending. The traditional rite was often called The Giving and often formed part of The Gathering, and is and was simple, involving no Occult or magickal aspects, and consisted of an extempore communal celebration and feast, in the Autumn and generally around a bonfire, at which a chosen young male candidate (willing or unwilling) would be sacrificed and some of their blood sprinkled on the surrounding land to ensure the health and fertility of livestock, crops, and community.

Two fictional portrayals of this traditional rite are in the short-story *Hangster's Gate*, and in the instructional text *The Giving*.

For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3).

[3] The rite is usually begun on the Spring Equinox and ends on the following Winter Solstice (occasionally begun on the Summer Solstice and ending on the following Spring Equinox).

It should be noted, however, that these 'alchemical seasons' are not - as mundanes

suppose - determined by fixed calculation deriving from a fixed solar calander. Thus, the Spring Equinox (or rather the alchemical season whose beginning/ending is associated with what is termed Spring Equinox) is not when some fixed solar calander determines it is (a certain causal Time on a certain day in March) but rather when the Rounwytha considers mid-Spring (which is what the Spring Equinox is, esoterically, alchemically) arrives, having already and locally known when Spring begins in that particular year. Similarly for what is termed the Summer Solstice. For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names*.

Hence, alchemical seasons are not determined by a fixed solar or lunar calander - or by calculations based on such - but rather individually, according to locality.

[4] That is, for one menstrual cycle of the woman undertaking it. The Camlad Rite of The Abyss has been published in the pdf collection *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[5] Many, although not all, ONA Rounwytha nexions are Sapphic in nature, and thus celebrate the type of sorcery mentioned in ONA texts such as *Sapphic Sorcery - In Praise of The Feminine*.



### **Questions From A 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 ONA, 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 causal 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.



Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 yfayen

### *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

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## **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 CE

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### **The Rounwytha Tradition**

*The word Rounwytha and the expression Rounwytha tradition occur in several ONA texts. Can you explain what this tradition is?*

What we call The Rounwytha Tradition is the muliebral essence that formed the basis of the aural, esoteric, tradition I inherited from my Lady Master. It is a tradition which, it was claimed, was indigenous to the British Isles.

The basis of this tradition was the cultivation and use of what has often been described as the natural and hitherto (at least in most human beings, especially men) latent faculty of empathy. A faculty naturally possessed in abundance in the past in those few women whom the term Rounwytha describes and names.

This natural empathy is basically a particular Occult sensitivity: to human beings, to

Nature, to living-beings (animal and otherwise) and to the Cosmos. The ability of translocation beyond the personal, beyond the immediacy of the moment of one's own passions, desires, thoughts, feelings. What I now describe as being a natural nexion, sensitive to living beings. Part of this natural ability is awareness of and respect for the numinous, as manifest for instance in Life (*ψυχή*), in Nature, in Art and Culture.

Such natural, such Occult or esoteric, empathy is beyond words and terms - and forms the basis of all true 'magick', all genuine sorcery. For instance, the character of Rachael in the story *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized portrayal of a young Rounwytha developing her skills and using, for example, music to enchant, as a form of sorcery.

Also, few years ago now I gave an example of this natural, this esoteric, empathy in my essay *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*, from which this is a quote:

" One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even "Druid"). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st - that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calender which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because - for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel - they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously "in-tune" with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy - who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos - know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calender. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calender. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox - indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location - an Adept "knows", or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in

balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them - and its wildlife - is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about "alchemical seasons" - which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one's location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain - and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal - varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept - in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos - will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA - with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals, its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing, its emphasis on the feminine, its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way - is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention."

That is, our Way keeps alive, and has extended, a particular ancient tradition, the Rounwytha one, once native to the British Isles.

One aspect of this tradition - of this muliebral thread that binds the nexions and individuals of the inner ONA [1] together and which thus influences the larger ONA and our kindred beyond - is the acceptance of Sapphism as natural and indeed as necessary, which is why for instance that we have and always have had many Sapphic nexions and groups.

Another aspect of this tradition is that many of our nexions and groups are led or guided by ladies of a certain breeding, because they possess qualities that we value and respect, such as manners and charm and are cultured individuals. For our inner ONA has always attached importance to good manners, and to an appreciation of music, literature, poetry, and the Arts in general. In this sense, we are quite old-fashioned, cultured, and somewhat aristocratic, and why many our kind have been and are artists, musicians, artisans, poets, academics and teachers in their exoteric lives.

It is also true to say that we often know our kind instinctively, even if they are not yet

part of our family. For instance, over a quarter of a century ago I embarked upon a quest to find a few suitable individuals to guide on a personal basis; to induct into the tradition, and so expand it in what I considered was a necessary way. Over a period of several years - sometimes wearisome sometimes japerly-fun - I met with perhaps a hundred or more individuals under the guise of advocating an exoteric type of Satanism, employing various practical tests to initially screen them. All of them either failed the tests, or lacked the necessary personal qualities and the quality (if only incipient) of possessing empathy. Then I met at last, and within the space of some six months, two most suitable individuals, one a young man and one a young lady - the young man met at a rendezvous on Shrewsbury railway station, and the lady some months before through a personal introduction. I sensed immediately that both were of our empathic and cultured kind.

These qualities - empathy, manners, culture, charm, an awareness of the numinous - are not qualities that most others (and all mundanes) associate with the Left Hand Path and/or with Satanism, due in part to a misunderstanding or ignorance of what both those causal forms, those causal vehicles, represent. But these qualities are possessed by, are developed by, those involved with our tradition, both pre-ONA name and now, and serve to distinguish us from the egotistical poseurs of other LHP/Satanic groups who believe Magian clichés such as "deification of the self" and "reality is a matter of belief", and which groups unsurprisingly attract vulgar young males and in which groups such male specimens of Homo Hubris predominate. [2]

This also explains why those of our inner Way - why the ONA itself correctly understood beyond such causal forms and restrictive terms as LHP/Satanic - melds a numinous way with a sinister way, as outlined in the first part of my essay *Toward The Sinister Mysterium*. And thus why our sorcery - beyond the external stages - is that of mysteriums and of esoteric empathy, with such mysteriums being our contribution to and development of The Rounwytha Tradition.

*You mentioned a muliebral thread that binds the inner ONA and influences the ONA in general. Can you explain this in more detail and what muliebral means?*

Muliebral is the word we use, of Latin origin, to describe a particular type of lady, one of our kind - that is, the cultured, well-mannered, lady, possessed of esoteric empathy, who has acquired a particular wisdom through some years of experience both esoteric and exoteric. This is our archetypal Lady Master, aka Mistress of Earth. She who was once a Priestess but who has developed, matured, since then.

In a more exoteric way, she is the still fecund mother of young children, and the person who holds the family together, nurtures the children, and guides them toward being cultured, resourceful, individuals with their own personalities, possessed of esoteric empathy, and yet who have all the skills and the attitude necessary to survive in a hostile world. These skills include the ability to defend one's self, if necessary with deadly force, in a way consistent with our kindred code of honour, and also the ability, the personality, to be ruthless if necessary (again consistent with our kindred

code of honour).

Thus the muliebral thread refers to the influence and importance of such a person and their qualities and abilities, as well as the striving, the quest, to acquire and develop these qualities and abilities. Note that our female archetype is neither the passive, gentle, submissive feminine archetype pedalled by the Magian and those calling themselves Wiccan, nor the strident imitation macho-man archetype pedalled by those often described by the term 'feminists'. Instead, it is just our archetype, developed from our Rounwytha tradition - an inspiration for our new ways of living.

It can therefore be understood why our tradition, and why the Order of Nine Angles, attracts and nurtures so many women, and why our men have qualities and abilities that distinguish them from the imitation LaVey's and the imitation Crowley's that still so dominate certain forms of the Occult that we have become associated with, i.e. the LHP and Satanism. And if there is one expression which might usefully, if only exoterically, summarize our inner way it is that we are clans (kindred extended families) of esoteric-empaths living by our code of honour and following our own unique living tradition.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

### *Notes*

[1] The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, this particular esoteric tradition. Unsurprisingly, the majority of those in this inner ONA are women.

[2] For our inner way refer, for example, to *The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts*.

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***The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts***

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

” The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *ἀρετή*. “

Inwardly, the true Dark - the sinister - Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten - or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs - is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse - The Master Acausal Sorcerer - you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to - to gain - Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
119 Year of Fayen

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### **The Inner ONA**

The Inner ONA is the exoteric name given to a select group of individuals who while now part of The Order of Nine Angles, in many ways pre-date - in tradition, practices and way of life - the formation of the ONA (c.1971 CE) from three pre-existing groups: The Noctulians, The Temple of The Sun, and Camlad. In many ways, the Inner ONA is a continuation of Camlad.

It is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts (qv. *Noble Guide to The Dark Arts*) that modern candidates for the Inner ONA are recruited.

The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, and from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, the esoteric Rounwytha (Camlad) tradition. This tradition was, according to aural accounts, that of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition maintained by rural sorceresses who lived in a certain area of England: that is, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches.

Given the requirements and this tradition, it is perhaps not surprising that the majority of those in the Inner ONA are women.

Order of Nine Angles  
121 Year of Fayen

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**ONA/O9A**  
Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles

Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos  
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов  
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών

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## **The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness**

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presented, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. These beings are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of living causal forms, in the realms of the causal, including human form. The fictional stories *Sabirah*, and *Jenyah*, deal with one type of such acausal beings who have assumed human form - describing their need for the acausal energy (the "life-force"), possessed by humans, in order to sustain and maintain their shapeshifting causal form. The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA holds that both Baphomet (the female entity as described by the ONA) and Satan are memories of, and manifestations of, two particular acausal beings, two particular Dark Gods.

By the nature of the acausal (see Note 1), such acausal entities are - viewed from our own limited and mortal causal perspective - "formless", ageless and eternal, although if and when they venture forth into the causal dimensions, their living-there, the causal form they adopt, are subject to causal change. Hence, for example, their need to return to the acausal, or to regularly find some source of acausal energy (in the causal).

However, aside from these specific entities known to us, or esoterically remembered by some of us, as the The Dark Gods species, there are other acausal entities, other acausal living-beings, other acausal species, who and which have been manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, or who and which can become or may become manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, many of whom are not shapeshifters, and many of whom cannot exist, for long (in terms of causal Time) in our causal Space and causal Time.

In addition, there are some entities who and which only live, exist, in those twilight realms, those strange dark worlds, where the causal and the acausal intersect or meet - that is, in the nexions which manifest such intersections, and thus the flow of acausal energy into the causal. There is an aural Sinister Tradition that what have been incorrectly termed "demons" are some of these acausal entities existing, or which have existed, in those twilight realms where causal and acausal intersect.

To understand, and appreciate, The Dark Gods - and all acausal entities, including those dwelling in the twilight realms where causal and acausal meet or merge - one has to understand the true nature of nexions, of those "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time, or a journeying into the acausal itself.

### **The Nature of Nexions:**

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion - a place or region, in causal Space and causal Time, where there is a direct physical connexion to acausal Space and acausal Time; a particular place where our causal Universe is joined, or can be joined, with the acausal Universe. According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, there is a physical nexion in our Solar System, near the planet Saturn, as there are other physical nexions in our particular Galaxy, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

The second type of nexion is a living causal being. That is, all living-beings, in our causal Time and causal Space, are nexions - they all possess, by virtue of being "alive" a certain acausal energy, the amount of which varies according to the type of life, with a human being considered to possess (by virtue of possessing consciousness) more acausal energy than the other life on this planet of ours. In addition, it is considered, by Adepts of the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, that most human beings possess the potential to expand the nexion that they are, with this expansion - this increase in our acausal energy - being one of the esoteric aims of genuine sinister magick.

All living causal nexions, however, are limited in causal Time. That is, they possess only a limited life-span, a limited causal duration, although some sinister Adepts have speculated that it is possible for an advanced practitioner of the Dark Arts to not only increase their life-span, through esoteric means, but also to "transcend" to the acausal itself: to become an acausal being who is ageless and eternal. This, however, is said to require not only a bringing forth from the acausal such entities as The Dark Gods, but also to "become one", to merge, with Them (or with one of Them) by either transferring consciousness to one of Them, or having Them create an acausal vessel/form for such consciousness.

The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept, with this form being either already organically, physically, living, or which, through a sinister transformation, becomes living in the sense of being possessed of, and manifesting or channelling, acausal energy.

In the magickal sense, our consciousness, our psyche, is a region where causal and acausal meet, or rather, where they can and should meet and intersect, and it is one of the aims of genuine esoteric Orders, groups and Adepts, to guide Initiates into this realm, often through utilizing symbols and forms, such as the Tree of Wyrd and the associated "correspondences", which are guides, maps, of such a realm, and a means to access and develop acausal energies and thus transform ourselves into Adepts, and beyond.

### **Manifesting The Dark Ones:**

One of the aims of the ONA is the presence The Dark Ones: to return, to our causal Space and our causal Time, The Dark Gods. To unleash these entities upon the world and so cause Chaos, and that Change and evolution which will result. Thus will the Old Order - a now ever-increasing tyrannical order - be destroyed, and thus would a New Aeon begin. Thus will there be a significant evolution of ourselves, as individuals.

Such is the nature of the Cosmos - of causal and acausal, of the "Cosmic seasons" - that every two thousand years or so the Cosmic spaces are aligned such that it is easier then to draw forth, into the causal, acausal energies. Traditionally, according to Aeonic Magick, these times mark the beginning of a New Aeon, and, currently, we are within a few centuries of such a change - and thus at a time when more and more acausal energy is available to us, if we know how to access and presence such energy.

Such energy - and the living-beings of the acausal - can be presented in several ways. First, by various rituals, such as those associated with the Nine Angles, where a specific "named" (see Note 2) entity may be called forth, or where unformed (unformed, at least, as discernible to us) acausal energy is/are accessed and released into the causal.

Another way is preparing a suitable living-receptacle (which may be a host human being or a collection of such beings) and then presencing, via ritual or other esoteric means, the acausal energies (or being, named or unnamed, or both) into such a host or hosts. That is - in one sense - making such hosts available to such entities, should They choose to accept and inhabit and use such hosts, possibly only on a temporary basis until They have found their own or have acquired sufficient energy to be able to sustain themselves, as shapeshifters, in the causal.

### **A Mythos of Times Past:**

The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA mentions that, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of The Dark Ones came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion - which, if it exists as tradition asserts, would be viable again now or soon, given the Cosmic cycle we are currently in.

There has also been speculation about, and some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Anton Long  
ONA, Year of Fayen 119

*Notes:*

(1) Acausal: The *acausal* is used, as a word, to refer to what, correctly, is that Universe which may be described, or re-presented, by acausal Space and acausal Time.

This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the acausal and the causal, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time.

(2) Names of The Dark Gods: The names which we "know", as recorded in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, are those which have been transmitted to us aurally: a memory (perhaps corrupted or only half-remembered) from an ancient causal time, when some such entities were once presented on this Earth.

However, the given "name" only "re-presents" (that is, names) a particular acausal being when it is chanted (or vibrated) in a particular way under suitable conditions, which often means in association with a certain crystal of a certain shape, which crystal and which shape enhance such chant or vibration.

## Magick, The Sinister, Aeons, and The Psyche of The Folk:

### Esoteric Notes XXIX

Essentially, magick - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy." [See Footnote 1]

Thus, understood esoterically, an individual represents a willed-evolution: the potential to change and evolve by means of utilizing certain energies, with such change and evolution involving a bringing-into-being, or, more prosaically, a bringing-into-consciousness. That is, a making-conscious of what was hitherto "unknown", hidden and latent, both within and external to the individual. This making-conscious is the first step - the beginning - of genuine individual magick; the first stage of that Sinister Way one of whose aims is the creation of a new, more conscious, more highly evolved, individual.

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

Understood esoterically, an archetype is a limited presencing (a manifestation) of acausal energy, which presencing is limited in causal time. [See Footnote 2]

Fundamentally, the basic task of an esoteric Initiate is to make-conscious - to experience, know and understand - their own psyche, and this, in the beginning stages of magickal Initiation, is done by means of symbols and rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial. That is, the forces/energies, both archetypal and otherwise, are objectified, experienced and experimented with - hence such symbols and tools such as The Septenary System (of correspondences, including the Tree of Wyrð), the Tarot, and The Star Game. To complement this, the individual undertakes "Insight Roles" where they identify with a certain symbolic aspect or aspects, or rôle - and/or a certain archetype or archetypes - and thus experience, in real life, such energies, and their causal effects. One particular aspect, of course, is The Sinister itself, which is manifest in archetypes such as "The Magickian", The Mistress of Earth, and in Satan.

As stated in the MS *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*:

"All magick - external, internal and Aeonic - is but a means to apprehend, experience and presence acausal energies, and thus create/provoke Change. That is, the conventional magick of the Tree of Wyrð, of books such as *Naos*, of rituals, is but a beginning - through such things, the individual Initiate acquires experience and knowledge, and also develops as an individual: in terms of character. In the simplistic sense, they move, through the Grades, beyond "The Abyss", toward The Goal, which is the transformation of the individual and the emergence of a new type of being, beyond the Adept."

Furthermore, the archetypal energies which affect and influence an individual - a non-Adept - are, according to The Sinister Way of the ONA, both personal/individual, and related to the Aeon during which the individual lives. In

addition, some of the personal archetypal energies which are manifest, or which can be manifest, in the psyche of the individual, are related to the living-being which is the folkish culture of the individual. Thus, in order to properly progress along The Way toward Adeptship - in order to evolve as an individual - the individual needs to understand, and work with, such particular energies.

### **The Folk Psyche and Folkish Archetypes:**

By virtue of being a nexion, an individual is connected to the causal presencing that is Nature, and to those living-beings which are manifest in Nature. One such living-being is the folkish-culture, the folkish-psyche, to which they belong - from which they have come-into-being, as an individual. [See Footnote 3] Basically, this is just a precise way of understanding that all non-Adepts are, or can be or will be, influenced by various unconscious archetypal forces deriving from their ancestors, and their ancestral culture (or way of life) and that, whether they know or not (and they mostly do not know) they are connected to such living-beings. Generally, such a connexion (both unknown and made-conscious) is positive: that is, it tends towards an affirmation of life, and provides the individual with access to certain energies which are beneficial to them.

Furthermore, it needs to be understood that magick as a Way is neutral - that is, it can be used (or more correctly can be assumed, by those individuals below the stage of Mastery, to be so used) to either aid or harm such connexions, such Earthly living-beings, as human beings are connected to and from which they have emerged, such folkish-culture and folkish-archetypes.

In practical terms of self-development and evolution, an individual can greatly benefit from knowing, and from direct involvement with, their folk psyche and folkish archetypes: and this is especially true when the stage of Adept is reached and Aeonic workings are undertaken.

### **Aeons, Civilizations and The Presencing of Acausal Energy:**

An *Aeon* - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization [See Footnote 4] is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular people, or folk.

An Aeon can thus be considered to be a type of acausal being [See Footnote 5] manifesting in the causal, and, as such, has certain archetypal energies associated with it: that is, it can to a certain extent be "re-presented", or apprehended, via causal-thinking, in terms of certain symbols, archetypes, abstractions, myths, rituals, and so on. The living-being which is an Aeon is thus "born", lives for a specific period of causal time, and then "dies", as, of course, do the archetypes associated with such an Aeon. Each Aeonic civilization can - according to limited causal-thinking - be described, or re-presented, by a particular mythos, which mythos is a limited causal apprehension of the life-force, of "the soul" or psyche, of the Aeon from which that civilization derives.

Hitherto, we human beings have lacked the ability to affect Aeons and thus Aeonic civilizations. That is, as stated in the MS *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*:

"All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship'] - are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization..."

However, magick - correctly understood and correctly used - is a means not only of personal development and

personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, since as the folk, and Aeons.

According to the sinister tradition of the ONA, there have been five Aeons, including the current *Thorian* (or "Western") one. The current Aeon is, however, unique - for it has, in the last hundred years or so, suffered from a distortion of its life-force, a distortion of its soul. This distortion has been somewhat simplistically and rather graphically described as akin to a "viral infection" which has modified the behaviour of the peoples of the civilization through changing, modifying, and in some cases supplanting, the natural archetypes of the Aeon. In the esoteric sense, this distortion, this infection, can be understood as a natural process affecting our evolution - a consequence of that evolution itself, and such an infection could have certain undesirable consequences for our evolution, and for our ability to free ourselves from those viral forces which are, in essence, de-evolutionary. That is, this distortion, this infection, represents a challenge to the Sinister Way - to magick, to the alchemy of evolution itself.

Thus, one aim of Aeonic Magick is to counter this Aeonic distortion through various sinister strategies; another aim is to *consciously* bring-into-being a new Aeon: one which will allow us, as human beings, to evolve and fulfil the potential latent within us.

There is thus a real war occurring at present, part of which is magickal, Aeonic and supra-Aeonic: a war, battles, between those who represent the genuine wisdom and understanding and freedom and life-enhancement which genuine magick (with its presencing of the acausal) brings, and those who represent what is fundamentally de-evolutionary, limiting, enervating and stiflingly causal, and who are manifest through and in the distortion of the Thorian Aeon. [See Footnote 6]

### **The Sinister Way:**

In essence, all genuine magick is Sinister because it is Change: a move-toward a new bringing-into-being. A re-ordering in the causal. That is, it is a presencing of the acausal - from which all that is evolutionary and life-affirming arises.

However, *to work* - to affect evolutionary Change - such presencings have to be based upon, to manifest, to use, what is acausal: that is, there has to be a knowing, an understanding, of the acausal as the acausal is. Without this knowing, this understanding, there has been, is and will be only the delusion of self and at best a stasis and at worst a return to the thralldom of the past.

Anton Long  
117 Year of Fayen

### *Notes:*

(1) q.v. the MS *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*. For a basic discussion of causal and acausal, see Chapter 0, A Theory of Magick, in *Naos* and the MS *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

(2) It needs to be understood that the ONA uses such terms as psyche, and archetype, in a particular *and precise* esoteric way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung.

Thus, esoterically understood, an archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

(3) Such connexions, such living-beings as the folk and the folkish-culture which derives from the living of such a being, are only *what-are*, on this planet where we dwell. That is, they are aspects of Nature: they correctly describe the reality of how the acausal is presenced, in the causal, on this planet, through that living-being which is Nature. In a simplistic descriptive sense, such folk-beings are among Her descendants, her "sons and daughters".

Furthermore, there is a symbiosis involved in such connexions - or, rather, there is now a symbiosis involved as a result of our natural evolution of will and consciousness; a symbiosis between us, our folk-beings, and with Nature, as well as with the Acausal beyond Nature.

(4) To be precise, this nexion is "a culture" which itself is a living-being, a spawn of a particular Aeon, with the Aeonic civilization itself being a by-product, a manifestation, a stage, of this new culture. However, the general term civilization will be retained, although such Aeonic "civilizations" such be understood in such a context.

Also, note that what is referred to is an *Aeonic* civilization - not just a "civilization". q.v. *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

(5) For a basic introduction to "acausal beings" refer to the MS *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery* which explains the nature of the *acausal-thinking* (or, more prosaically, the "esoteric/magickal" thinking) that is required to begin to understand such beings: to apprehend Them as they are.

In addition, it needs to be understood that, as explained in many other MSS, there are many and varying types of acausal entities, or acausal beings or *acausal forms of life*. Some exist solely in the acausal; some can manifest in some ways in the causal, with some such causally-manifesting beings - or forms of life - being in symbiosis with the causal (or rather, in symbiosis with causal life-forms) and thus "dependant" on them to some extent. Some such dependant symbiotic acausal beings may cease to exist (in both the causal and the acausal) when their energy fades and "dies", while others may return to the acausal to leave only a dead causal "shell" or "shells".

Further, it should be obvious that the majority of such acausal life-forms cannot and should not be conceptualized in an anthropomorphic way, bound and limited as such conceptualizations are by causal Time and causal Space.

(6) The distortion has been, *exoterically*, described as "Magian": as representative of a particular ethos deriving from the *psyche* of a certain people.

## The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way

### Introduction – The Methods

The Seven Fold Way of the traditional nexions of the ONA is a difficult and life-long personal commitment, and involves three basic methods: (1) practical experience, both esoteric and exoteric; (2) a learning from that experience; and (3) a progression toward a certain specific personal goal.

(1) This means the individual acquires practical experience of both of the Occult/TheDarkArts [External, Internal and Aeonic sorcery] and of doing sinister (amoral and exeatic) deeds in the real world.

(2) This means that the individual learns from their errors, their mistakes, and their success – a learning requiring self-honesty, interior reflexion, and a rational awareness of themselves into relation to their life-long quest: that is, in relation to the goal.

(3) This means that (1) and (2) occur again and again until the long-term goal is reached – a process traditionally represented by the seven stages of the Tree of Wyrð, involving the progress from Neophyte to Magus/Mousa. The actual aim is to progress toward, into, and beyond, The Abyss: which rencounter is: (a) exoterically, the genesis of the new type of human being which it is one of the aims of the ONA to facilitate, as prelude to our New Aeon and as a manifestation, a presencing, of that new Aeon; and (b) esoterically, the genesis of individual wisdom and a prelude to a possible transition toward the next and final stage, that of Immortal in the realms of the acausal.

These methods are personal, direct, individual. They require that the individual take responsibility for themselves; is not bound by any restrictions or any morality, and learns not from books or texts or from someone else but rather by practical experience extending over a period of several decades.

### The Tradition

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, which are reasonably well-documented up to Internal Adept – for example, in freely available ONA texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) . These texts enable anyone to learn and experience for themselves, at their own pace.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, to reach the stage on Internal Adept takes at least five years of effort and experience, with that stage lasting from five to eleven, or more, years. Thus, it takes a minimum of ten years before an individual of our tradition is ready to begin the necessary preparations to attempt The Abyss, during which years they must have spent six months in the wilderness (to develop the faculty of Dark Empathy); gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group); mastered the advanced form of The Star Game (and so developed the basics of Acausal Thinking); have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with offer ending; undertaken several challenging Insight Roles each lasting a year or more; organized and run an esoteric group (a nexion) thus gaining practical experience in External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery; and so on.

The necessary preparations for an Internal Adept to attempt The Abyss take at least another five years (more usually ten years), making it at least fifteen years (more usually twenty) before an individual of our tradition is proficient, experienced, learned, mature, skilled, cultured, enough to attempt The Abyss.

These necessary preparations involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous – as opposed to the previously experienced sinister – aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed – when the causal Time be right – by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this

with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.

Obviously, such preparations are both difficult and dangerous, for the individual, and most individuals will fail, usually for one of the following reasons: (1) because the numinous aspect draws them permanently away from their esoteric quest; (2) because they cannot fully embrace the numinous since they cannot overcome the causal illusion of the self, and thus cannot overcome their egotism, their arrogance, their pride, their sense of personal Destiny, their addiction to the sinister; (3) because they cannot integrate these apparently conflicting opposites of numinous and sinister; (4) because even if they succeed in the necessary alchemical melding of seeming opposites (Sol/Luna; Lightning/Sun; Light/Dark), they fail to annihilate (transmute/transform) the amalgam that results and so fail to give birth to a new specimen of Homo Galacticus.

### **The Tradition of Esoteric Learning**

For millennia, according to aural tradition, esoteric knowledge – the methods, the means, required for an individual to acquire wisdom – The Philosophers Stone (aka the stage of Immortal) - has been learnt from a few reclusive Adepts, with this knowledge being concerned with three traditional things: (1) the slow process of an internal, alchemical, decades-long change in the individual as a result of direct esoteric and exoteric personal experience and the learning from that experience - *the numinous authority of pathei-mathos*; (2) a certain and limited personal guidance – from one of those more experienced in such matters – on a direct individual basis (person to person), if such advice be sought; and (3) the cultivation of the virtue of *ἀρετή*, manifest as this is in a noble, cultured, a learned, personal character.

These three things are, for instance, manifest in the Inner ONA, which basically is akin to an extended family, consisting as it does of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of esoteric empathy and certain other personal qualities; who offer guidance on a personal basis to one or more individuals following The Seven Fold Way, and who have the knowledge to prepare individuals for the ordeals of The Abyss.

Thus, there was for millennia and still is in traditional nexions, an understanding that knowledge was mostly to be acquired aurally, from someone of experience and learning; although some knowledge could be acquired by means of patient, scholarly, and personal research. There was also an understanding that genuine wisdom takes a certain duration – decades – of causal Time to be attained, and cannot be hurried and often requires a reclusive personal existence. There was also an understanding of the need to develop a noble, cultured, and learned, personal character.

Thus was there also the placing of the Adept in supra-personal context – in the perspective of Aeons, and of the Cosmos itself.

These qualities, this appreciation and understanding of esoteric wisdom, are what have now been overlooked, forgotten, or scorned, by those who, lacking *ἀρετή*, have come to rely upon the modern rapid means of communication that have been developed.

### **Charlatans and the Internet**

This new fangled Internet thingy is but a useful means of presenting our esoteric information and a useful means of inciting, encouraging, others to use and apply both our traditional and our new esoteric methods, on the off-chance some or a few of them may eventually succeed, thus increasing the number of Adepts in the world; thus giving rise (perhaps) to a few more specimens of Homo Galacticus, and thus (perhaps) by some others becoming Dreccs or Niners or forming themselves into clans, hastening thus the downfall of the Old Aeon and its System and thence aiding the emergence of those new ways of living appropriate to our New Aeon.

But the Internet also encourages fakes, charlatans, imposters. Many of these make claims about themselves in relation to the ONA, and many make claims about the ONA.

Yet, as has been indicated many times, such fakes, charlatans, imposters - and their shenanigans - while expected are Aeonically irrelevant and are thus ignored.

Why irrelevant? For three reasons: (1) because they – and all such shenanigans – by using or being conveyed by the medium of the Internet (or even by printed books) cannot in any way affect the living ONA (including the Inner ONA) which exists and which thrives in the real world: in the pursuit of The Seven Fold Way by individuals and the guidance of those individuals by living Adepts; (2) because those duped by such people, by such things, are failures, lacking the potential – the inner Baeldraca – that mark the neophytes of our kind; (3) because our real and important work is Aeonic – of centuries and more – and thus surpasses the life-time of everyone living now, and everyone of the next generation and the next.

Whatever happens – whatever people do or write by means of the Internet or say in conferences or have printed in books – our esoteric work continues, slowly, secretly, Aeonically, in the traditional way, with person recruiting, guiding, person, decade following decade, and totally independent of such modern rapid means of communication as have been developed, from printed books to the Internet.

All such modern means of communication may do is slightly hasten both the downfall of The System and the emergence of the New Aeon. But one or three (or a few more) decades sooner – out of the hundred or two hundred (or more) years required – is really nothing for us to get excited about.

Our real wisdom, the essence of our esotericism, lies in our knowledge of ourselves as but one nexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time – one means to presence one more Aeon, one possibility to move toward a new acausal life.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

### *Suggested Further Reading*

External Links

[Complete Guide to The Seven Fold Way](#) (pdf 51 MB)

Contains: Naos, Black Book of Satan, Complete Deofel Quartet, Grimoire of Baphomet

[A Practical Guide to The Abyss](#) (pdf 439 Kb)

[A Glossary of ONA Terms](#) (pdf 127 Kb)

## The Sinister Abyssal Nexion

The link below is to a pdf file (c. 439 Kb) of *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, which brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by Anton Long, concerning the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster, and which thus forms an important part of The Seven Fold Way of The Order of Nine Angles.

The work also contains the first published version of the traditional (Camlad) Rite of The Abyss.

[Enantiodromia.pdf](#)

As Anton Long writes in the *Introduction*:

[begin quote]

" This work brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by me, concerning a particular part of The Seven Fold Way – the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster.

The following of the Seven Fold Way by individuals – from Neophyte to Internal Adept, and beyond and as described in texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) — was the traditional method used by the initiatory nexions of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) in order to move toward one of our esoteric aims, that of producing a new type of human being, a type prefigured in our Masters/LadyMasters and a type collectively known by the term Homo Galacticus.

This traditional method has been, until recently, the one chosen by the majority of those individuals recruited into the ONA and by those who, inspired by the ONA, have opted to work on their own in pursuit of both their own esoteric advancement and in pursuit of the aims, objectives, and goals, of the ONA.

However, the ONA is now far more than traditional initiatory nexions following the Seven Fold Way, evolving as it has to become a Kollektive of Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, and others.

Thus the Seven Fold Way – with its Grade Rituals, tasks, challenges, Insight Roles, its sorcery (External, Internal and Aeonic) and its structured Occult ceremonies – is now a personal choice, one practical method among many. A choice suited to those individuals whose personal character, whose psyche, resonates with its mythos, its methods, its Occult mystique, and its slow cultivation of wisdom. In fact, the majority of those now associated with the ONA and/or inspired by it, choose methods other than the Seven Fold Way.

Yet this traditional way remains both valid and important. For it could be said that it forms the Aeonic stable core of the ONA, a central point of unchanging reference: an ancestral tradition in the living expansive Kulture that now encompasses Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, independent nexions, and many others.

In my own case, my life has been considered by some to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way."

[end quote]

Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

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ONA Manuscripts

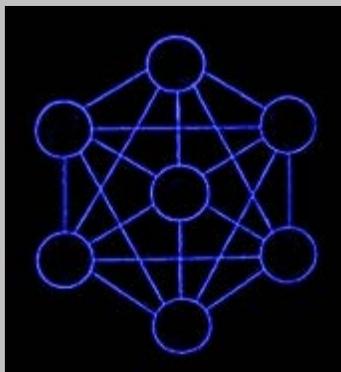
Main Category: The Dark Arts

Sub Category: Seven Fold Sinister Way

Date: 99yf

Version 2.01

Last revised 121yf



## A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

### Order of Nine Angles

#### Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional ONA nexions - that is, by those esoteric groups which use a sinister (LHP) Initiatory system based on The Dark Tradition (aka Hebdomadry). It is the learning of The Art of Dark Sorcery, by individual Occultists, and thus is the graded and guided practice of The Dark Arts.

The Way is an individual one: each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Sinister individuals - that is, to train individuals in The Dark Arts. This sinister training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and that genuine understanding that is the beginning of wisdom.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine esoteric (Occult) Adeptship - and beyond - and thus fulfil the potential latent within them, and thus they can and do enhance their life, and come to know and then achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of sorcery. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [ or "Lady Master"]; Grand

Master/Grand Mistress [ or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts/texts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS ]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a sinister, esoteric, understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of sinister Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional sorcery should gain some understanding of what The Sinister Way is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- \* A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles
- \* A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms ( ≥ v 2.01)
- \* The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way
- \* Our Sinister Character
- \* An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

### **An Important Note Regarding Copies of Naos**

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatum Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an out of date address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes - in the following order - Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

### **I - Neophyte**

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These include: (1) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (2) *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonie Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to sinister Initiation [ the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional nexion or group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation", as given in detail in the Order MS *Naos*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

### **II - Initiate**

### Tasks:

- 1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].
- 2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.
- 3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]
- 4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner [or of the same sex if you incline that way], and introduce this person to The Dark Tradition. Initiate them according to the rite in *Naos*, or devise your own rite of Initiation (which should culminate in sexual intercourse with your partner). Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.
- 5) Obtain and study (a) the Order MS *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and (b) the Order MS *The Deofel Quartet*. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis* and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I and Part II of the *Deofel Quartet* are intended as entertaining sinister fiction.]
- 6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS [appended below] and the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* (119yf edition)]. This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.
- 7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

### Understanding Initiation:

Sinister Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of dark sorcery. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real sinister character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Sinister commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

### III - External Adept

#### Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Sinister, group/nexion/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Nexion, and teach them about The Dark Tradition of the ONA. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according a ceremonial ritual of your own devising, for which you may use texts such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet* and *The Black Book of Satan* for inspiration and some guidance. In addition, you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Nexion/Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed, for instance, in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months, as you should write and use your own *Black Book* of ceremonial rituals, with some help from the members of your group, if possible, in the writing of this work, and with all rituals firmly based on the non-Magian dark, septenary, tradition of the ONA, and you should use this work of yours in preference to using published works such as the *Black Book of Satan*.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonic Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [ particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of The Dark Tradition, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Nexion' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Nexion in your absence.

#### Concerning The Nexion:

The Temple [aka Nexion] must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women if the Temple is so orientated toward heterosexuality. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Left Hand Path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truly sinister, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising dark sorcerers. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

### **Understanding External Adept:**

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, sinister character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonick magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [ See, for some basic exoteric guidance, the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance*.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

### **IV - Internal Adept**

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting sinister in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Nexion, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce sinister change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them. [For a text appropriate to one such Destiny, see the ONA MS *Warriors of The Dark Way*.]

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonick Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [ see, for some basic exoteric guidance, the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such

knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

## V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- 1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Nexion/Temple/group;
- 2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- 3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet* and in texts such as *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

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## Appendix - The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine dark sorcery in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the sinister novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to culling. [These teachings are contained in such traditional Order MSS as *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice* and *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*. For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a sinister novice must undertake as part of their commitment to The Dark Tradition. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are sinister and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual sorcerer. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of dark sorcerer. They are sinister. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, sinister in a practical way. Some who profess to be sinister - and some who wish to become sorcerers of The Dark Tradition - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks

are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as mundanes - as "ordinary" and weak - as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine sinister novices possess or must develop. The Dark Way is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine dark sorcery requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

### **Neophyte:**

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

\* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

\* Undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), and then, nine days later, the *Rite of Defiance*.

*Note:* Both the Mass of Heresy and the Rite of Defiance are intentionally heretical in our times; as well as being means of catharsis, and providing a practical means whereby those undertaking them can develop a sinister-empathy with that which and those whom are currently regarded, by Magians and mundanes and in a very practical way, as "evil" and deserving of approbation.

### **Initiate:**

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* - 119yf edition].

### **External Adept:**

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.

2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an offer. Select some suitable candidates for the post of offer, using sinister guidelines for so selecting an offer, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen candidate. The offer or offers having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* using the chosen offer(s) in the central role. Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further offer using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake *The Ceremony of Recalling* [see *The Grimoire of Baphomet*].

It must be stressed that (i) the offer(s) must be chosen according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the candidates for the position of offer can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles

101yf

(Revised 121 yf)

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### Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA

The cultivation of the faculty of Dark-Empathy is part of the training of The Seven-Fold Way; an esoteric skill possessed by all genuine Adepts, and a skill, a Dark Art, whose rudiments can be learnt by undertaking the standard (basic) Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which Ritual lasts for one particular alchemical season (around three months), and mastery of which Dark Art involves – with one exception [1] – undertaking the advanced Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which lasts for a different alchemical season (usually six months or more, depending on geographical location).

Possession of this skill, this particular faculty, is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. In the Rite of Internal Adept, the candidate has nowhere to hide – they are alone, bereft of human contact; bereft of diversions and distractions; bereft of comforts and especially bereft of the modern technology that allows and encourages the rapid and vapid and mundane communication of abstractions and HomoHubris-like emotions and responses. All the candidate has are earth, sky, weather, whatever wildlife exists in their chosen location – and their own feelings, dreams, beliefs, determination, and hopes. They can either cling onto their ego (their presumed separate self-identity) and their past – onto the mundane world they have chosen to temporarily leave behind – or they can allow themselves to become attuned to the natural rhythm of Nature and of the Cosmos beyond, beyond all causal abstractions: beyond even those esoteric ones manifest, for instance, in the Septenary Tree of Wyrð, which are but intimations, pointers, symbols, toward and of the acausal essence often obscured by causal forms and by written and spoken words.

One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even “Druid”). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st – that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calendar which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because – for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel – they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously “in-tune” with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy – who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calendar. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calendar. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox – indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location – an Adept “knows”, or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them – and its wildlife – is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about “alchemical seasons” – which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one’s location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural

areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain – and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal – varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept – in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA – with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals [2], its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing [3], its emphasis on the feminine [4], its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way – is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention.

Furthermore, given that the faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept [5], it can thus be understood why the Order of Nine Angles has placed, and does place, and always will place great emphasis on its initiatory system: on Initiates following the Seven-Fold Way and actually doing practical sorcery and undertaking Grade Rituals such as that of Internal Adept. For the experience, and the achievement, are then theirs – unique to, and formative for, them, as individuals.

Thus it is that such individuals achieve Adeptship, by practical experience, by developing certain faculties, by self-overcoming, by difficult and testing challenges, physical, mental, and Occult. There is not, has not been, and will not be – until we evolve to become another type of human species and have developed more numinous ways of living – any other way of achieving genuine esoteric Adeptship. For Adeptship, it should be repeated, is only and ever achieved, never given, never awarded by someone else.



Anton Long

**AoB**

Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Fayen

*Notes:*

[1] The one exception is the Rounwytha – the rare individual (who is usually of the female gender) who is naturally gifted with this still uncommon faculty.

[2] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[3] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[4] See, for example, *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* in the article *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*.

See also the ONA text [The Dark Goddess as Archetype](#).

[5] Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public.

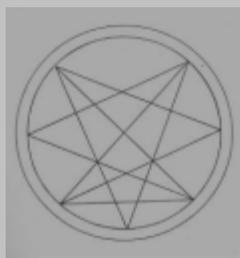
In one word, Adepts possess *arête*.

#### *A Note Regarding Terms*

*Dark-Empathy*: This is a specific (that is, esoteric) type of empathy – that which relates to and concerns *acausal-knowing*.

*Acausal-knowing*: (as distinct from the causal knowing of conventional Science) is basically possessing a natural sympathy with the various and manifold aspects of Life, manifest, for instance, in: (1) living causal beings (human, and otherwise, who dwell on our planet, Earth); (2) the living being we term Nature; and (3) the living, changing, evolving, being we term the Cosmos, whose Life animates Nature, and which Cosmos has an acausal-continuum and a causal-continuum, each with their own types, or forms, of life.

This natural-sympathy-with requires the individual to know, to understand, to sense, to intuit, both beyond outer causal forms and abstractions, and beyond the illusive nature of separateness – to thus know, understand, sense, intuit, the connexions that exist between all aspects of Life, as those connexions (nexions) are, beyond all words and terms and beliefs.



## **Sorcery and the Esoteric Nature of The Acausal Debunking The Chaos**

The Order of Nine Angles first used the term acausal nearly four decades ago, appropriating it from Myatt's early work on Cliology and which work of his evolved to become his theory of the bifurcation (and a new ontology) of Being and thence his *Physics of Acausal Energy*.

In these four decades since our first use of this term, there has been much speculation – among both ONA Initiates and esoteric folk in general – about what exactly, in esoteric terms it means, and what, if any, relation this term bears to non-esoteric theories such as Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics.

In particular, when both Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics were fashionable subjects among mundane and Magian Occultists, attempts were made by such people to explain sorcery in terms of both those subjects, with some books and articles written by some the pretentious Occult illiterati proclaiming such things as “Chaos is the creative principle behind all magic[k]...” and “A Chaos Magician... sees beyond the systems and dogmas to the physics behind the magical force,” and even quite laughable pretentious babble such as, “I show how...the three dimensional transactional time in the HD8 interpretation of quantum and particle physics could allow divination and enchantment to occur.”

Given such babble and such attempts to link sorcery with Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics and other such stuff, it is not surprising that our use of the term acausal to describe the realm of The Dark Gods, and our use of the term acausal energy presencing via a nexion to define ordinary sorcery, should arouse a certain curiosity among those interested in our Sinister Way.

### **Chaos theory, Quantum Mechanics, and Sorcery**

Let's be clear – talk of there being some relation between sorcery and current physical theories such as Chaos theory, particle Physics, and quantum mechanics, is inane; silly, stupid, and the product of a mundane intellect.

Why? Because there no relation whatsoever, since such physical theories are bunk – mere trendy and silly ideas based on causal Time – and because sorcery is not what contemporary pretentious Occult gits think it is.

Such physical theories as such gits expound upon are ideas which – in a hundred or two hundred or so years – will be seen as products of inferior thinking, just like the so-called Big Bang Theory with its ridiculous irrational assumptions – and the silly idea of so-called “Black Holes” and the even sillier idea of “dark matter” with its ridiculous *ad hoc* assumptions which attempt to square an inane cosmological theory with observations – will be seen as pretentious babble, the products of inferior human minds.

So, anyone who claims to be a sorcerer and who talks about Chaos theory and quantum mechanics reveals themselves as being not only an Occult charlatan but as possessed of an inferior intellect; as someone who, at best is akin to some urban teenager swept along by some craze and keen to be seen as “trendy” or “fashionable” or “cool” or whatever the latest buzz-word is. Or even worse, someone who desires to be seen as some sort of “thinker” and who needs (despite their protestations) the adulation of being some “Occult guru”.

For such individuals just cannot think – conceptualize – past the concept of causal Time, as they obviously do not possess or have not developed those skills of our Dark Arts, especially the faculty of dark-empathy, and which particular faculty would have predisposed them toward an esoteric intuition of the true, the esoteric, nature of sorcery, of thus of the acausal, and especially of the nature of acausal Time.

Why are such physical theories bunk? For two simple reasons. First, they cannot explain in any way the fundamental difference between life and inert matter. That is, what, for example, animates or infuses the physical structures of a cell to make that cell alive, and why, for instance, all living matter disobeys the first of Newton's laws.

Second, they depend on the simple, Cosmically incorrect, notion of a linear causality, as evident in the use of conventional mathematics, and physical ideation, to describe such theories, all of which theories are based on and depend upon equations involving an abstract notion of causal, linear, time – as in differential and tensorial equations involving the variable  $dt$  (as in Newtonian mechanics, and in the Schwarzschild and other metrics deriving from the variable  $ds$ ) – and which linear time cannot even be defined in any satisfactory manner *sans* causal linearity (as in the definition based on so-called atomic/quantum clocks). Thus, even apparently abstruse notions of Space-Time – deriving from tensorial mathematics, or some other representation – are founded on the simple, cosmologically inaccurate, notion of a causal linearity.

Why is there no link between physical theories – trendy or otherwise – and sorcery? Because the basis of sorcery is some-thing which is alive: to wit, we who practice the dark art of sorcery. Because – esoterically (that is, correctly) understood – sorcery is a living alchemy [Oh look, I am giving away more Occult secrets here]. That is, sorcery is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are living beings – for instance, the sorcerer, and the object of sorcery, which is almost always another living being, human or otherwise. Or, expressed more precisely (esoterically) sorcery is – as all Dark Arts are – a means whereby we shed our causal, illusive, form (of separateness) and become of the essence of Life and so can affect other Life, sometimes by becoming or imitating (being a mimesis of or for) other Life for a specific period of causal Time because “we” are the matrix of connexions that is Life in the causal.

There is thus the use of energies which are not-causal, since such energies depend on (or derive from) a living being or some living beings and since what-lives, a living being, cannot be explained by causality (linear causal reductionism) or any representation based on such causality, mathematical or otherwise (such as some current theory in Physics).

*The living alchemy* that is genuine sorcery explains why – in the real world we human beings all inhabit (as distinct from our dreams, and the movies) – no sorcerer, however advanced or knowledgeable they may be, can by some “magick” or spell or whatever bring a rock to life and so transform it into some living entity. What a sorcerer can do, in our real world, is *affect* and so change other living beings (to various degrees), be such living beings human, non-human but of our physical realm (such as animals), or esoteric (of the realm of the psyche, and which psyche includes such non-causal living entities as archetypes). [1] What an advanced practitioner of sorcery can do or may be able to do is affect aspects of larger living entities, such as the living entity that is Nature [2] – and thus may be able, for example, to bring into being, over a natural period of earthly causal Time (that is, not instantaneously), a storm [3].

Similarly, and in respect of divination, what a genuine sorcerer does is intuit (become in sympathy with usually via dark-empathy) the Destiny (and possibly the Wyrld) of an individual. That is, in exoteric-speak they betake themselves out from the causal realm (from causal Time) and so see (and think) acausally – and often some causal form (such as Tarot images) are used in order to facilitate this esoteric type of seeing and knowing.

The living alchemy that is genuine sorcery also explains how such things as an esoteric curse work: that is, not initially by a direct, linear, causality. Thus, the living energy of a human being – that which animates them, makes them alive, and keeps them healthy and alive, is accessed and thence *affected* or changed by the sorcerer in some particular manner, or some nexion within the psyche of that individual is opened to allow the ingress of other, disruptive (and possible non-causal) living entities. With the *effect* that, over a certain period of causal Time, that individual is afflicted with misfortune and possibly illness or in some cases even death. Why over a certain period of causal Time? Because the affected living entity lives (has existence in) the causal continuum which constrains their being (constrains the acausal energy that animates them and keeps them alive).

In ONA-speak, a sorcerer is or becomes a particular type of nexion capable of accessing and presencing acausal energies.

### **The Esoteric Nature of The Acausal**

In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton’s laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called “chaos” do not apply.

In esoteric terms, the acausal is the source of all the causal Life we know. That is, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal Life we currently know, and which enables us to change and develop ourselves, acausally interact with other living beings (in one sense – practice sorcery), and do many other things, such as develop acausal knowing, that is, understanding the acausal *sanscausal* abstractions [4]. In another sense, as intimated above, it is a means for us to shed the illusive apprehension of our finite causal being.

For it is causal abstractions that obscure the nature – exoteric and esoteric – of the acausal, and thus obscure the nature and reality of sorcery.

Let us consider the following bit of bunk, from someone imposing a causal abstraction on the Occult; and a bit of bunk typical both of Magian Occultism [5], and of the pretentious gits who prattle on or who have prattled on about Chaos and about sorcery but who so obviously have no understanding of sorcery let alone any esoteric skills or knowledge. Here is the bunk: “There are no gods or demons, except for those I have been conditioned into acknowledging and those I have created for myself.”

This is the attitude of a limited, and a smug, causal thinking – of assuming the Cosmos is explicable, or can become explicable, by causal theories and causal ideas (by abstractions); that the individual has, ultimately, nothing to fear because “there is nothing really eerie or dangerous or un-human in sorcery and the Occult, it’s all imagination or what others have used to scare people or get them to believe some doctrine or what I myself can conjure into being”; and that everything is not only a tool, a means, to be used, but can be mastered and can be easily, and should be, disposed of, blah blah mundane blah.

This is the doctrine of Magian Occultism – that “I command the powers...”; that “I can become powerful enough/knowledgeable enough” to master anything; and that, “given the right tools, the right drawings or blueprints (abstractions) I can cobble my own system together or use something from somewhere else so long as it’s useful to me...”

This is, ultimately, the urban whine of Homo Hubris – “I’ll be safe; or I can make myself safe. I am or can be in control.” This, ultimately, is urban whine of the most pretentious among that untermenschen species, Homo Hubris: “That Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be, through their causal abstractions.”

The acausal, however, allows for no such safety and no such mundane control. It cannot be disposed of if some urban git believes it is no longer useful for them or ceases “to believe in it”. It is, most importantly, not a creation of the human mind, of our consciousness. Not a matter of perception.

For, acausally, there is no subject distinct from, separate from, an object. For that distinction implies the separation of causality (between subject and object) and the linear movement of causality (some-thing passing from subject to object and vice versa) and also implies a perception (based on abstractions, such as categories) as to why the subject is or may be different from the object. Thus, acausally, there is no perception of an object by a subject, such as ourselves. There is thus no “consciousness” to be individually aware of either such an object or of the subject itself (such as what causally we consider ourselves). There is not even any “change” – or progression or development – since there is no consciousness to perceive it and no causal linearity to measure such change.

For, acausally, there is no language as we currently understand language – because such language almost invariably (and especially Western languages) require or assume (imply) *a copula*, which itself implies the aforementioned distinction between some subject and some object, between subject and predicate. Between one existent and another existent, or between one subject and some object with some quality (or category) that has become to be associated with that object.

How then can we know and understand the acausal? To be pedantic (or to be esoterically precise), “we” cannot – since there is no you or I or we to apprehend it. But, less esoterically, and thus somewhat exoterically, we can only currently (outside of such Esoteric Arts as dark-empathy) apprehend the acausal by its affects on our causal realm where we have our existence, and thus the most significant affect of the acausal in the causal is, as mentioned earlier, Life itself – the acausal energy presencing in our causal continuum that animates matter and makes that matter a living entity, from the microscopic cell to we human beings to Nature.

Thus, we do not need “explanations” – or attempts at explanation – of the acausal by such causal things as “chaos”, or so-called chaos theory, quantum mechanics, particle physics, or by reference to any currently existing *-isms* such as some gnostic or Buddhist teaching or some exposition of some gnostic or Buddhist tenet, or even by some mathematical representation (given the current causal nature of maths). All such explanations or interpretations or comparisons are irrelevant; unhelpful; unnecessary.

To know and understand the acausal we just have to engage with it; experience it. No theories; no explanations. We have to cultivate, in ourselves, the faculties of acausal knowing and dark-empathy [6]. We have to thus come to know those causally-dwelling beings beyond our own individual being: the being of archetypes, the being of Nature and the beings that a part of, and not separate from, either Nature or that illusion of apprehension which is of our individual self. We have to become Adepts of The Dark Arts: practitioners of acausal sorcery. We have to evoke, invoke, to presence, those living beings who dwell in the acausal dimensions and who represent a type of Life beyond our causal living.

In brief, we have to live our life in a different way from ordinary mortals. Which is why we are following The Sinister Way, to The Abyss and to *The Acausal Beyond*.



Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
121 Year of Fayen

#### *Notes*

[1] It should be remembered that the ONA uses terms such as *psyche* and *archetype* in a particular esoteric way. See, for example, *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (Version  $\geq$  3.01)

[2] Technically, and esoterically, Nature is defined as both a type of supra-personal being, and that innate, creative, force (that is,  $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ ) which animates physical matter and makes it living, *here on this planet we call Earth*.

[3] A rudimentary example of this is given in *Naos*.

[4] For causal abstractions, see *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (Version  $\geq$  3.01)

[5] The basics of Magian Occultism are outlined in the jovial article *Magian Occultism*, by Lianna of the Darky Sox.

[6] For a basic overview, see the ONA texts *The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way* and *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

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## Some Texts Concerning Grade Rituals

[Brief Guide to the Grades](#)

[External Adept](#)

[Internal Adept](#)

[Beyond Internal Adept](#)

Order of Nine Angles

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## **An Introduction to Insight Rôles: Order of Nine Angles**

### **Part One: Personal Insight Rôles**

Insight Rôles are a necessary part of the Seven Fold Way. Every Initiate has to undertake at least one Insight Rôle following their Initiation [see the *Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*]. This Insight Rôle - which must last a minimum of one year (that is, in this instance for one particular and specific alchemical season) - should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character, as they are expected to find a suitable Insight Rôle for themselves, either a personal Insight Rôle, or an Aeonic one, and this assessment and this finding are esoterically worthwhile tasks in themselves.

Thus, an individual who found it difficult to accept authority - a rebel by nature - might choose, as a personal Insight Rôle, the task of joining and serving in the Police or the Armed Forces, just as someone who loved the pleasures of the flesh, and violence, might choose to become a Buddhist, or other type of, monk. Similarly, someone who considered themselves honest might choose to turn to a life of crime, and organize a criminal gang to relieve suitable victims (see the sinister guidelines re victims) of some property or other assets. Or they might become a drug dealer, or a supplier of drugs. Another Insight Rôle would be for someone without any interest in politics or an inclination to violence, to become involved with an extremist political organization (either of what is conventionally - non-esoterically - described as "the extreme Left" or "the extreme Right"), and aid that organization in practical ways. Yet another Insight Rôle would be to assume the character of an assassin and cull those detrimental to the aims of the ONA. A personal Insight Rôle suitable to someone who was not particularly interested in social occasions (and who was somewhat shy by nature), might be to organize an "escort agency" or run a brothel in a suitable area; another might be for them to embark, alone, upon a journey around the world.

Let us consider, as an example, the task of some Initiate becoming a Buddhist monk for a year. The Initiate must convince those in authority in the chosen monastery that they are sincere. This requires a study of Buddhism; it requires the Initiate to undertake Buddhist meditation. The Initiate must then succeed in gaining admittance, and once admitted, must live in a Buddhist way: that is, observing the tenets of Buddhism, however hard this might be.

One thing which is important about Insight Rôles is that the individual Initiate undertaking them is forbidden from telling anyone - however close a friend - why they are doing what they are doing. This applies to partners/spouses. The Initiate must appear committed to the chosen task, as they must live that task for at least a year: they must identify with the rôle they have chosen.

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate. Such Insight Rôles include aiding political (and some religious) forms; doing practical deeds which aid the breakdown of society - such as certain "crimes" (and dealing in drugs), covert

activity, assassinating suitable opfers, and so on. Insight Rôles which aid the sinister dialectic can be suggested by the person who is guiding the Initiate (if they have such an ONA guide) or they can be deduced, by the Initiate, from a study of the aims of the ONA and a study of the sinister dialectic itself. Indeed, such a deduction by the Initiate is a worthwhile learning in itself.

An Insight Rôle is only valid - that is, only achieves what it is supposed to achieve in terms of evolving the Initiate - if it is maintained for at least one year, and if the Initiate really does accept the restrictions, the ways, the rules, which are or may be applicable to the task or way of life chosen. If an Initiate cheats in some way, they are only cheating themselves. Thus they are expected to keep their own personal and esoteric aim hidden, while maintaining the "outward personality" appropriate to their chosen rôle. For many people, this can be difficult - which is intentional - as it can also lead some individuals to begin to identify with their rôle, and thus renounce their Sinister quest, in which case, they have failed this particular test of the Sinister Way, which test, in the case of all Insight Rôles, lasts for a particular alchemical season, or more.

If an Initiate considers it might be worthwhile, they can undertake a second Insight Rôle some months after completing their first, with this new Insight Rôle involving a different way of life than their first.

In addition to Initiates, Internal Adepts are advised to undertake an Insight Rôle, one or two years after they have completed the rite of Internal Adept. The Insight Rôle of an Internal Adept, however, must have an Aeonic aspect.

## Part Two: Aeonic Insight Rôles

### Introduction:

As it is stated above:

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate.

As mentioned below:

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

### The Current Situation

In order to determine the Aeonic aspect to Insight Rôles it is necessary to understand the current situation that exists in the world, and this esoteric understanding is, currently, itself heretical in all of those countries that make up what has been called "The West". In addition, this esoteric understanding is, of necessity, independent of "politics" (however conventionally described) although it is only to be expected that the majority of non-Initiates will not comprehend this, and will thus and rather stupidly label this esoteric understanding by some Old Aeon term of other, just as they will most probably continue in their supine ignorance to describe those who possess such an Initiated understanding by some epithet or other.

This esoteric and Initiated understanding is one of dominance by the so-called "New World Order", which basically means the domination of the Magian. This domination over the West - and increasingly other countries - is essentially

that of what is often euphemistically called "Zionism" with the reality that most nations in the West are covertly ruled by a Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG).

This situation has arisen from two factors. First, the covert introduction into the societies of the West of Marxist, and Marxist-sociological, values and ideas, Second, from the military and economic dominance of America which is all but now controlled by Zionist interests. In respect of the the introduction of Marxism, the societies of the West have been steadily "socially engineered", through laws, through the power of the Media, through government schemes, and through indoctrination spread especially by teachers in Schools and Universities. This "social engineering" has been to produce - and has produced - a plebeian society (lacking in honour and true excellence) and tyrannical governments who rule by that organized protection racket known as State and government taxes, and by the rule of an ignoble and abstract law, which abstract law is the antithesis of the warrior law of personal honour.

The reality is that a world-wide capitalist tyranny has been created, with the peoples of the West made for the most part docile through materialism and "entertainment" and "sport" and "personal pursuits", with their opinions formed for them by The State, its educational system, politicians, and the Media - especially television and newspapers. The individual has become subservient to The State in thought, word and deed. Basically, the individual is now mostly powerless before the might of The State.

Of course, the majority do not see this, duped as they are and have been by The System with its trickery of "democracy" and "rights". In addition, some dissent and "rebellion" is allowed, and even encouraged - so long as it does threaten in any real way the ideas and the control of The System. Those individuals, groups, organizations who do or who may pose a serious threat to The System are dealt with, often by those organizations being outlawed, and their leaders and members being tried according to some tyrannical State law and put into prison for a long time.

The System - having made itself secure among The States of the West - has recently embarked on the next part of the plan, which is to create a new Empire to ensure the material wealth and military superiority of its leading lackey government, that of the America. To this end, countries have been invaded, and sanctions used to bring others under control.

The System and its lackey States are a serious threat to our evolution - to the creation of free, strong, independent human beings. The System wants - and even demands - that we are or become subservient, to its ways, its laws, its sociological ideas, to the basic materialistic animalistic way of life its allows for its "citizens", a way devoid of real adventure, real challenges, real numinosity. This way is the way of the sub-human.

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

For this aim of a new human type to be achieved, we must break-down and indeed destroy the States that make up The System, the New World Order (NWO), as we must challenge the enervating ideas, the enervating ways, of The System, and replace them with our own life-enhancing ideas and ways.

If The System is not destroyed, then our evolution will be stifled, and our promise - the greatness, Destiny and glories which await among the Cosmos - will remain unfulfilled.

To destroy The System both magickal and practical *action* is required, by individuals, and groups. Thus, any group or individual which is engaged in *practical* action against The System with the purpose of destroying it and challenging its ideas is interesting from the point of view of the Sinister Dialectic and those undertaking an Aeonic Insight Rôle.

### **Some Suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles**

The following are some suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles, based on a knowledge of the sinister dialectic and the

situation as exists at the time of writing (114yf). Some of these suggested Insight Rôles are relatively easy; some are especially hard and dangerous, and thus suited only to the most daring and sinister individuals.

- (1) Join or form a covert insurrectionary political organization - either of the so-called "extreme Left" or of the "extreme Right" - whose avowed aim is to undermine by practical, revolutionary, means the current Western *status quo*.
- (2) Undertake the role of assassin, selecting as your opfers those who publicly support or aid, ZOG, the NWO, The System.
- (3) Convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO.
- (4) Join or form an *active* anarchist organization or group dedicated to fighting the capitalist System.
- (5) Join or form a National Socialist group or organization, and aid that organization, and especially aid and propagate "historical revisionism".

### **Recommend Reading**

- 1) *Notes on Insight Rôles*, ONA Ms 114yf
- 2) *Insight Rôles - A Guide*, ONA Ms 1989 ev [superceded by (1)]
- 3) *Insight Rôles, The Secret Guide*, ONA Ms 1985 ev [superceded by (1) ]
- 4) *The Sinister Dialectic*, ONA Ms
- 5) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*, ONA Ms
- 6) *Aims of the ONA*, ONA Ms 1994 eh
- 7) *ONA Insight Rôles: An Introduction*, ONA Ms, 114yf

Order of Nine Angles  
119 Year of Fayen

## The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way

### Introduction

The Dark Arts (aka Dark, or Sinister, Sorcery) include: (1) the basic skills of *practical sorcery* traditionally learnt - by means of practical experience - by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way; and (2) an additional series of techniques or skills suitable for an aspiring Rounwytha. The additional (advanced) skills include Dark-Empathy, using, or creating, nexions to access the acausal, and Acausal-Thinking. [Note that sorcery is a synonym for magick.]

The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way thus enable the practitioner to:

- (1) Participate in, control, and enable their own personal evolution – that is, develop their latent ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species; and undertake that evolution.
- (2) Come-to-know certain acausal [sinister] beings, and is thus understand the acausal itself.
- (3) Work Aeonic Sorcery.

The advanced Dark Arts can, among other things, also provide the prepared and skilled Rounwytha - the sinister Adept - with the ability to live-on beyond their causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

### Practical Sorcery

Practical sorcery refers to External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery. These skills are outlined in texts such as *Naos* (for External and Internal Sorcery), and, for Aeonic sorcery, in grimoires such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*. The esoteric essence behind the practice of Aeonic sorcery is given in texts relating to the mythos of The Dark Gods, and works such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles* (parts 1 and 2).

### Developing Acausal Empathy

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit).

To develop acausal empathy, the following techniques are used:

- (1) The Rite of Internal Adept.

This simple Rite - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - is the main, most effective, means of developing acausal empathy, and it enables the aspiring Rounwytha, by its rigours, simplicity, and isolation, to

attune themselves to the acausal essence beyond causal forms. To live for a period of no less than three months, in the simple manner prescribed and in an isolated location removed from human habitation and human contact, is how sinister Adepts have, for centuries, begun to develop the faculty of acausal-empathy and acquired the most important esoteric skill of being able, by using this faculty, of opening nexions to the acausal.

The standard form of this technique lasts for only one specific alchemical season (from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice in Northern climes), which specific alchemical season is the absolute minimum amount of causal time required to enable the aspiring Rounwytha to acquire the basic, and necessary, skills.

The more advanced form - lasting for a different and longer alchemical season (from Winter Solstice to Summer Solstice in Northern climes) - is however, while difficult and intensely selective because of this difficulty - more efficacious and develops much greater, more effective, skills, and indeed is the breeding ground of a Rounwytha.

(2) Exploring the sinister pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrð.

These personal explorations - as given in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - enable the aspiring Rounwytha to begin the process of objectifying causal forms, and develop the necessary skill of finding, becoming sensitive to, and being able to distinguish between, various collocations of esoteric energies, whether the energies be personal (in the psyche of the individual and limited to the lifetime of the individual or a period in that lifetime) or archetypal (shared among various individuals over periods of causal time often beyond the life of one individual) or acausal (beyond both of the former types).

These explorations are recommended to be undertaken before the Rite of Internal Adept, and what - in these particular explorations - distinguishes an aspiring Rounwytha from an aspiring sinister Adept, is that the aspiring Rounwytha finds it easy and natural to not only distinguish between the various collocations, the various types, of esoteric energies, but also to move beyond all forms (as given in such explorations and as described by various terms and words in books such as *Naos*) to the acausal essence, something not described, in practical detail, in such written works.

(3) It has been found, by practical experience, that the preliminary training afforded by following The Seven Fold Sinister Way - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - is an effective means of ensuring success in acquiring and developing those skills in acausal empathy that the Rite of Internal Adept can produce in an individual.

Thus, this preliminary training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - while not strictly necessary - is highly recommended, especially if the aspiring Rounwytha does not have a natural empathic ability.

## **Developing Acausal Thinking**

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

The main and most effective practical means of acquiring and developing the skill - the Dark Art - of acausal thinking is The Star Game, as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*.

It is recommended that the individual begins with the simple form of the game - which only has 27 pieces - before

constructing and beginning to play the advanced form of the game, as described in *Naos*. While the essentials of acausal thinking can be developed by regular playing of the simple game, it is the advanced form of the game that really develops the Dark Art of acausal-thinking.

In many ways, acausal-thinking can be considered to be a developed, and an enhanced, form of acausal-empathy, although in essence it is really a distinct, new, evolutionary ability whose genesis was acausal-empathy.

## Using Nexions to Access The Acausal

As described in another ONA MS:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to “gates” or openings or “tunnels” where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in which acausal energy is presented or “channelled into” by a sinister Adept.

Once a certain amount of skill in acausal-thinking and acausal-empathy has been acquired, the Rounwytha can conduct rites to open, or to create, a direct nexion to the acausal, and thus either access acausal energy, or presence - bring into the causal - certain Dark Entities, certain acausal beings, for whatever purpose the Rounwytha desires.

One of the simplest rites to do this is the "simple" *Nine Angles Rite*, in either the Natural, or the Chthonic, Form.

A much more efficacious - that is, more powerful - rite to open a direct nexion to the acausal is The Ceremony of Recalling, with Sacrificial Conclusion, as given for example, in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Other rituals, and means, are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

## Toward The Acausal Continuum

A Rounwytha will know when their causal time to prepare to progress toward the acausal continuum has arrived. Thus will their detailed preparations begin for the forthcoming journey, which supra-mortal journey will be undertaken at the end of a propitious alchemical season, when the causal and the acausal continuums are correctly aligned to allow greater access to the acausal. Propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The preparations will begin at the start of the chosen alchemical season.

The Rite itself - as described in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* - requires several opfers, who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in, the place chosen for what is the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles

*A Note on Terms:*

**Rounwytha** is the term used to describe an individual - male or female - who has great skill in both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking. The term was traditionally applied only to those, mostly women, who were naturally gifted in esoteric empathy before such abilities were rationally, and esoterically, understood, and thus before they could be developed and enhanced by sinister techniques. The term was, according to aural tradition, applied to rural sorceresses of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition who lived in a certain area of England.

The term Rounwytha is now generally used to describe a sorcerer, or sorceress, of our Sinister Tradition, who has acquired and who has developed skill in - or who has a natural ability and a natural skill in - both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking

Thus, while every Rounwytha of our Way is by nature and training a sinister Adept, not every sinister Adept is a Rounwytha, since not every sinister Adept has acquired great practical skill in acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, or has the ability (natural or acquired) to so acquire and so develop such skills. Nearly every Rounwytha - past and present - has acquired and/or developed their skills by undertaking the longer form of the Rite of Internal Adept.

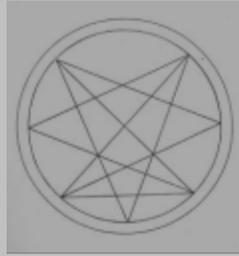
Given the talent, skill and natural ability of nearly every Rounwytha, it is not always necessary for them - nor is it a requirement for them - to assiduously undertake the training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept, as outlined in *Naos*, which training is a practical way for any individual to become a sinister Adept.

*A Note on Texts:*

It is recommended that those desirous of learning the Dark Arts - as practised and as taught by the ONA - use original ONA facsimile texts of works such as *Naos*, and *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Facsimile copies of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now widely available, both on the Internet, and from several books publishers. Nearly all other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them.

pdf Internet versions, and printed copies, of *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* are also now widely available.



## The Geryne of Satan

### Introduction

This brief essay will outline a few interesting facts about the terms Satan and Satanism (and thus Satanist), including their historical usage in the English language, and thus may guide the sagacious to an understanding of the geryne [1] of Satan: that the mysterious secret of Satan is the simple heretical, japing, and confrontational reality of *being or becoming a satan*.

### Satan

The scribes of the Septuagint mostly rendered the Hebrew שָׂטָן as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβωλω - and which Greek term implies someone who is an adversary and who thus is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of ἐπίβουλος - scheming against/opposed to (the so-called 'chosen ones'). Someone, that is, who stirs up trouble and dissent.

Only in a few later parts - such as Job and Chronicles - does the Hebrew seem to imply something else, and on these occasions the word usually occurs with the definitive article: *hasatan* - *the satan*: the chief adversary (of the so-called 'chosen ones') and the chief schemer, who in some passages is given a fanciful hagiography as a 'fallen angel'.

Now, given that the earliest known parts of the Septuagint date from around the second century BCE [2] - and thus may well be contemporaneous with (or not much older than) the composition of most of the Hebrew Pentateuch (the earliest being from around 230 BCE [3] ) - this rendering by the scribes of the

word *satan* as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω is very interesting and indicative given the meaning of the Greek, and supports the contention that, as originally used and meant, *satan* is some human being or beings who 'diabolically' plot or who scheme against or who are 'diabolically' opposed to those who consider themselves as 'chosen' by their monotheistic God, and that it was only much later that 'the satan' became, in the minds of the writers of the later parts of the Old Testament, some diabolical 'fallen angel'.

Thus, it is generally accepted by scholars that the Hebrew word *satan* (usually, a *satan*) in the early parts of Old Testament means a human opponent or adversary (of God's chosen people, the Hebrews) [4] or someone or some many who plot against them.

Now, as has been mentioned in several previous ONA texts, in heretical contradistinction to others and especially to contradict the majority of modern self-described Satanists, the ONA asserts that the word *satan* has its origin in Ancient Greek.

That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος - as for example in the Homeric *μείων γὰρ αἰτία* (to accuse/to blame) or as in "an accusation" (qv. Aeschylus: *αἰτίαν ἔχειν*) - and that it was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew 'satan' and whence also the 'Shaitan' of Islam. Furthermore, in the Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή - accusation, slander, quarrel - were often used for the same thing, when a negative sense was meant or implied (as in a false accusation) with the person so accused becoming an opponent of those so accusing, or when there was enmity (and thus opposition, scheming, and intrigue) as for example mentioned by Thucydides - *κατὰ τὰς ἰδίας διαβολὰς* (2.65).

Given that, for centuries, שָׂטָן as described in the Old Testament of the Hebrews was commonly written in English as *sathans* [5] and thus pronounced as *sath-ans* (and not as *say-tan*) it is perhaps easy to understand how the Greek αἰτία - or the earlier Homeric αἴτιος - could become transformed, by non-Greeks, to שָׂטָן

In respect of this God and this 'fallen angel', as mentioned in another ONA text:

" There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories,

myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda." *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*

Furthermore, despite claims by some Hebrew and Nazarene scholars, it is now becoming accepted that the oldest parts of the Old Testament were probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE, and thus long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus and long after Greek word *aitia* was used for an accusation.

It is also interesting that there is an early use, in English, of the plural term *satans* as adversaries, which occurs in the book *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical* published in London in 1685 CE and written by the Shropshire-born Richard Baxter:

" To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Matthew, xvi. 23

In an earlier work, published in 1550 CE, the *chyl dren of Sathan* are corralled with heretics:

"Dyuers Bysshoppes of Rome beyng Annabaptystes, heretyques, scismatiques, & chyl dren of Sathan." John Coke. *The debate betwene the heraldes of Englande and Fraunce*. 1550, g. Giv<sup>v</sup> [*Débat des hérauts d'armes de France et d'Angleterre*. Paris, Firmin Didot et cie, 1877 ]

Thus, satan/sathan/sathanas as a term - historically understood - describes: (1) some human being or beings who diabolically plot or who scheme or who are opposed to those who [6] consider themselves chosen by their monotheistic God; and/or (2) some human being or beings who are heretical and adversarial, against the status quo, and especially, it seems, against the religion of the Nazarenes.

## Satanism

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix *-ism* applied to the word *Satan* - so far discovered - is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

"Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes." *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42<sup>v</sup>

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, sathanismes - deriving from *sathan*, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland's *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

"For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue." *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man's the Master* by William Davenant:

"A thousand Sathans take all good luck." (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term *sathan* was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix - by Thomas Harding - as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term *satanism* are not 'the worship of Satan' nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of *Sathan*.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term *Satans* also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

"To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

" That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy." Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in *Fraser's magazine for Town and Country* used the term in connection with Byron:

" This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism." Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

## **Satanist**

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix *-ist* applied to the term *Satan* - so far discovered - also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

" The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes." John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559, sig. H1<sup>v</sup>

"Be ye Zuinglians, Arians, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?"  
Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'*. Antwerp, 1565.

"By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist,  
loe here his hire." Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589, [7]

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

" There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself." Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

" It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons." Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist - historically understood - describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines.

## Conclusion

As someone wrote over two thousand years ago - *εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἔοντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ' ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα*. [8]

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen  
(Revised 2455853.743)

## Notes

[1] The Old English word *gerȳne* - from Old Saxon *girūni* - means "secret, mystery".

[2] The earliest MS fragment - Greek Papyrus 458 in the Rylands Papyri collection [qv. *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, 20 (1936), pp. 219-45] - was found in Egypt and dates from the second century BCE.

[3] It is, of course, in the interests of both Nazarenes and Magians to maintain or believe that the Hebrew Old Testament of the Hebrews was written centuries before this date, just as such early dating is a common mundane assumption perpetuated by both those who consider the Internet is a reliable source of information and by those who have not studied the subject, for some years, in a scholarly manner. Had such a scholarly study been undertaken, they would be aware of the scholarly disputes about the dating of Hebrew Old Testament - and of the Septuagint - that have existed for well over a hundred years, as they would also be able to make their own informed judgement about the matter.

My own judgement is that there is good evidence to suggest that 230 ( $\pm$  50) BCE is the most likely earliest date for the Hebrew Old Testament. I should, however, add, that this is still a 'minority opinion', with many academics still favouring the more 'safe' opinion of 350 ( $\pm$  30) BCE.

[4] For example - *καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραηλ πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλωμων* (3 Kings 11:14)

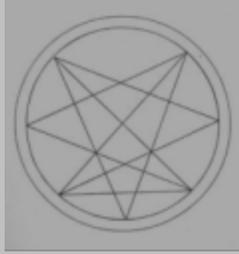
[5] See the section on *Satanism*, below.

[6] *καὶ ἔστη διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραηλ*

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588–89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renascence and Reformation, Cambridge UP, 1920, p. 394f

[8] *One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.* [Trans DWM.]

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## The Adversarial ONA

### The Heretics Guide To O9A 3.0

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### Bringing The Tyrannye Down

Tyranne, tyrannye – Middle English; later spelling > tyranny. Latin *tyrannia* via Latin *tyrannus* from the Greek *τύραννος*

One of the fundamental principles on which ONA participants – be they Niners, Dreccs, Satanists, of Traditional Nexions, or whatever – all agree upon is that all societies currently existing in Western lands are tyrannical in two important ways. First, because of the slavery that results from the causal abstractions that form the basis and the ethos of such societies; and second, because of the self-imposed authority of centralized governments, often enforced as this authority is by the use of State institutions such as the police, the armed forces, the security services, and so-called ‘courts of law’.

A tyranny in evidence, for instance, when ‘the Establishment’ – the hubriati –

feel threatened and/ or when the castellans/guardians/satraps of The State find the ideas/ideals/abstractions/beliefs they cherish are under threat. For then – as in recent riots in England (2011 ce) and as in the clearance of the recent ‘occupy’ protests and as earlier in the *Hafenstraße* – The State will react with violence, use whatever force they deem necessary, and often deal with dissidents in a harsh, punitive, impersonal manner, as occurred following the London riots.

A tyranny also in evidence in the duplicity, hypocrisy, and arrogance of governments who proclaim adherence to democracy but who ignore public opposition to their policies when it suits them, or when their abstractions and their agenda demand it – as, for example, when the British and American and other Western governments of the day ignored massive public opposition to the invasion and occupation of Iraq; or when, for example, the privileged ruling elite try to limit wage rises and restrict social benefits to ordinary people but continue to allow company directors, bankers, and other hubriati, to award themselves bonuses and profit from their schemes, their usury, their capitalistic machinations. As the old adage goes:

He that hath much, doeth tyranny to hym that hath but littell. [1]

So, how can we bring the tyrannye down and thus create the conditions and the foundations for our New Aeon, a New Aeon evident, for example, in a plenitude of individuals living by our code of kindred-honour and where individual pathemathos is the normative mean having replaced dependence on, submission to, and belief in, causal abstractions?

First, we need to understand that this process will take a certain – and long – duration of causal Time, and which duration will most certainly be longer than that of everyone living now, and most probably of a duration which encompasses the life of the next generation and the one after that. This understanding is wyrdful, an esoteric, an initiated, knowing of Reality, and thus of ourselves as a nexion and of the true nature of abstractions, of mundanes, of the hubriati, of The System. A knowing that makes us think in a different way and speak a different language than mundanes – the thinking, the language, of Aeons, of wyrd, of acausal presencing, and of sinister-numinous emanations.

Hence, we do not naively, idealistically, dream about ‘smashing The System’ by our own efforts in our own brief span of mortal life; nor do we speak and write about some ‘revolution’ which it is believed can or may be brought about, again in our own brief span of mortal life, by some tactic or tactics, such as armed struggle or civil disobedience.

Revolutions, tyrants, hubriati, wars, conflicts, abstractions, governments, rulers, empires, towns, cities, come and go; even what we now term nations are

in flux, liable to be assimilated, made of no account. What remains, what always remains, are humans, and mostly – en masse – unchanged in nature. Humans who will jostle and kill for power, wealth, influence; who will be in thrall to beliefs, abstractions – new or old; who will continue to manufacture abstraction after abstraction; who will continue to be slaves to their own desires and delusions about themselves. Who will speak and write about ‘revolution’ or about some abstraction such as ‘human rights’ or ‘democracy’. And so on, mundanity after mundanity, causal abstraction following causal abstraction.

For, esoterically, we are not about changing ‘the system’ in some minor way, or simply replacing one abstraction with another. We are not about taking and then exercising power and authority. We are about changing what ‘authority’ means and implies and introducing new ways of life based on this. Which means changing, developing, evolving human beings, by means both esoteric and exoteric. Changing ourselves in certain specific ways and which specific ways lead to us developing a particular, an Aeonic, a cosmic, perspective and thence, from our *pathei-mathos*, a certain understanding.

This is the species of understanding that leads me to write that, in my view, there are three main ways *to bring the tyrannye down* and thus create the conditions and the foundations for our New Aeon, and all of which ways are quite uncomplicated:

(1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the *ethos*, *mythos*, and *praxis* of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

(2) By the practical actions – exoteric and esoteric – of those of our kind and influenced by us.

(3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

(1) includes, for example, the establishment (on the basis of kindred-honour) of clans and tribes, as well as individuals and families co-operating locally in a non-hierarchical manner and on the basis of mutual respect and tolerance.

(2) includes ‘direct action’ and political/social/religious involvement of individuals, for instance as part of their desire to live exotically (and so gain practical experience), or as some Insight Role, or as individual/group adversarial *praxis*, or to generally aid kindred spirits (such as those who describe themselves as anarchists) and who thus also know The System for the tyranny it is.

This is therefore the way, the manner, that includes the use of whatever causal form or forms that may be considered interesting/useful/productive regardless of how such forms are described by others.

(3) includes individuals, and members of established nexions/groups, clandestinely testing, recruiting, and then guiding a few people, especially in academia, the media, the arts, the police, the military. Thus will our ethos and our praxis – in their living inner essence – slowly propagate, seed, themselves, to flower elsewhere as those now of us, decade following decade, betake themselves away into the world, undermine The System from within, recruit others, and be able if required to use their positions/influence to aid individuals of our kind.

Thus it is our people – their inner change, their affective and effecting lives and deeds – who will produce, over durations of causal Time, the required exterior changes because these people are, or they will become, affective and effective nexions of a specific type; the type that the ONA now represents and will represent.

All that the ONA does and has done and will wyrdfully do – in whatever iteration [2] – is be a certain type of nexion, a connexion to the acausal essence/energies beyond all causal forms and opposites, and also and importantly a connexion between causal past-present-future, thus binding and bringing together a certain type of human, and being the genesis of new human types and thence of such new ways of living as befits them. Or, expressed another way, the Order of Nine Angles is simply one means whereby wisdom can be acquired.

Or, expressed in an even more exoteric way and using current causal terms, we aim to be the hidden force which drives and which produces a certain type of human change – the heretical, subversive, adversarial, sinister, anarchist, one.

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### Notes

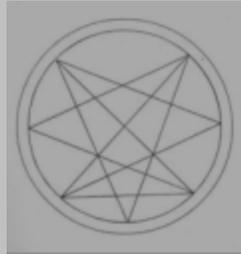
[1] The quote is from Antonio De Guevara: *The golden boke of Marcus Aurelius emperour and eloquente oratour*. [Libro aureo de Marco Aurelio] translated by John Bourchier, and published in 1546 ce.

[2] The first iteration/phase – aka ONA 1.0 – may be considered to be most manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) – aka ONA 2.0 – was most

manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration - aka ONA 3.0 - is the current ONA, 2010 ce and > .

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### **Beyond The Rhetoric - The Famylye, The Kollektive**

Beyond all our written words, all our rhetoric - on whatever subject and whether pertaining to the esoteric or the exoteric - our distinct ONA/Niner kulture is evident in two connected things: our famylye, and our kollektive.

By famylye/family, in this context, is meant either: (1) a group/groups - a society/nexions - who are connected by virtue of sharing the same ethos, the same living culture, the same aims and goals; or (2) those whom we personally know and with whom we dwell and share our everyday life with and to whom we are related by ties of blood and/or a personal pledge of loyalty. To (1) belongs our kollektive; to (2) belong our partners, our children, relatives - and also our clans, tribes, gangs.

Thus it is our famylye (our family and families, personally known to us) and our kollektive - our people, sharing our ethos and our kulture - who can and will and over a certain duration of causal Time achieve our Aeonic aims and goals, among which aims and goals are breeding a new, more developed, type of human being, and bringing the current tyrannye down.

In practical terms, this means that we pass on to others - especially to our children, to kindred others, to new members of our kollektive - our kulture, our traditions, our ethos, and thus transform the system from within and from without: by the Aeonic, the sinisterly-numinous, process of famylye and Kollektive. That is, and to be prosaic, living kulture - The Famylye, The Kollektive - trumps causal tactics, and rhetoric, every time.

Or, expressed esoterically, The Famylye, The Kollektive, are our Aeonic - our wyrdful - sorcery.

## **Our Kulture**

Our ONA/O9A/Niner kulture may be said to be evident in the combination of all of the following:

- (1) In the authority (both numinous and sinister) of individual judgement and individual responsibility.
- (2) In the necessity of practical deeds, sinister-numinous – and thence the necessity of pathei-mathos – to breed such experience and learning as are the genesis of such necessary individual judgement.
- (3) In the kollektive, non-hierarchical, nature of our organization and thus in the principle of mutual, agreed, co-operation, and one of which types of such co-operation is evident in our clans and tribes.
- (4) In the understanding of the illusive/restrictive/tyrannical nature of all causal abstractions and thus the necessity of liberating ourselves from all abstractions, and liberating ourselves from those forms – such as nation-States – which have been manufactured and which are maintained by the hubriati and their kind, and by mundanes, in order to try and manifest (to try and make real) some such abstractions.
- (5) In the practice – the amoral praxis – of using what works, is affective and effective, and discarding/revising what has been tried and shown not work.
- (6) In the knowledge of the mundanity of mundanes and the knowing that we, as individuals and collectively, possess wyrdful potential and certain esoteric abilities, with one such one esoteric ability being dark-empathy.
- (7) In the desire to develop/transform/change one's self and so evolve ourselves as members of the human species.
- (8) In the necessary of accepting and living by the code of kindred-honour, and which code is individual judgement, individual responsibility, and liberation from causal abstractions, made manifest and practical.
- (9) In the understanding that our code of kindred-honour applies equally to all of our kind, irrespective of their gender, ethnicity, perceived social/educational status, sexual preference (and so on) with the practical result that we judge people solely on the basis of a personal knowing of

them, on their deeds (not words), and on whether or not and how well they uphold and live by our code of kindred honour.

In practical terms, (1) and (8) and (9) mean that we all - young and old, male and female - are willing, prepared, and trained enough, to defend ourselves, our loved ones, and those given our personal pledge of loyalty, and that this practical defence (using if necessary lethal force) overrides whatever laws The System has manufactured and seeks to enforce. It also means that, if we personally as an individual or as a family or as a nexion/clan/gang deem it fitting, we seek our own justice - right whatever wrongs done to us, and take revenge if required - again irrespective of whatever laws The System has manufactured and seeks to enforce, and again even if it means we employ lethal force in pursuit of righting wrongs done to us and in taking revenge.

(4), (5) and (7) mean, for example, that we find - from our available (traditional and new) esoteric and exoteric arts and skills <sup>[1]</sup> - what works for and resonates with us, be such nurturing a family and raising them in our kulture, or learning and employing one or more of our Dark Arts, or living the way of clans or tribes, or using some outer causal form or abstraction <sup>[2]</sup>, and so on.

(2) and (3) mean that we have abandoned and liberated ourselves from the restrictions of the Old Aeon, of The System - with its patriarchy, its hierarchies, its reliance on abstractions, and with its demand that individuals be subservient to, or sacrifice themselves for, or have faith in, some-thing someone else has manufactured, and thus accept and/or bow-down to some supra-personal authority, be such supra-personal authority some other human, some collocation <sup>[3]</sup> of humans, some dogma, some law or laws, some institution manufactured and maintained by some other humans, or some deity/supreme-being said to exist or believed by others to exist.

(6) means that we feel, know, and accept that we, our kind - and our progeny - are different, and are or can be archetypes, manifestations, of a new human species.

## **Our Ethos**

Our ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

- (1) our code of kindred honour;
- (2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not

adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;

(3) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

### **Beyond The Rhetoric**

There is thus, when Aeonically understood - in the perspective of *Wyrd* <sup>[4]</sup> - nothing mysterious about The Order of Nine Angles nor about how we can achieve our aims and goals.

We are and will be families and a Kollektive who share a common living kulture and thus a similar ethos, so that the ONA simply is these sinister-numinous emanations, these living nexions. Nexions who, by their very being - by their living, their deeds, and by their change, development, and increase - will move us toward and accomplish our aims and goals.

Hence, our people possess - represent - both *Wyrd* and *Destiny*, which is one reason why our kind and our progeny are different, since we or aspire to be unique archetypes, unique sinister-numinous manifestations, of a new human species, having liberated ourselves from the old esoteric archetypes of the Old Aeon and from the exoteric archetypes - the causal abstractions - of The System, and which System is now as it always has been in whatever outer form, just a presencing of such old esoteric and exoteric archetypes with their associated control, internal and external: over our psyche and over our everyday lives.

In practical terms, this means that our New Aeon is one where we have no need for archetypes or authority except our own: those born from our living - thus from our practical experience, our developed esoteric faculties, and our unique *pathei-mathos* - and those we manifest by living by our code of kindred-honour.

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### *Notes*

[1] Our esoteric and exoteric Arts (The Practical Arts of the ONA) include Dark Arts such as The Seven Fold Way - and thus Internal, External, Aeonic Sorcery - as well as the Way of the Rounwytha, the way of clans and tribes, the life of a Niner, the way of Satanism, and such individual skills (such dark arts) as esoteric-empathy.

[2] Causal forms and abstractions are all *-isms* and all *-ologies*, and thus include political/religious/social action and movements.

[3] Collocation, from the Latin *collocāre*. An arrangement of; a particular, distinct, formation of. As, for example, in some hierarchical structure or as in some institution. Also, a certain arrangement of words, or as in the particular use of certain arrangements of words.

[4] As mentioned in some other ONA texts, Wyrđ is different from Destiny. Wyrđ is Aeonic (the acausal genesis of Aeons), while Destiny is personal, related to the finite mortal life-span of an individual human being. Wyrđ is thus numinously archetypal, and can presence or be presence in and by archetypes.

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### **Questions From A 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 ONA, 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.



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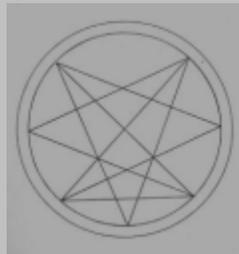
*Notes*

[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 þere in.” Harl. MS 5369. xxx. 110



**The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right**

The doctrine Might is Right – variously expressed in texts and writings such as those by the pseudonymous Ragnar Redbeard, by Nietzsche [1], and by proponents of what is known as social Darwinism – is the doctrine, the philosophy (or more correctly, the instinct, the *raison d'être*) of the cowardly bully for whom instinct, mere brute physical strength, or superior weaponry, or superior numbers, command respect and enable them to intimidate and bully others and so get their own way.

This doctrine – though unacknowledged – is also the *raison d'être* of the governments of many if not most modern nation-States, such as Amerika, where military might, or sanctions or bribery, are used as a means of making, and enforcing, policy and ensuring the well-being, prosperity, and security, of such entities.

Why the doctrine of the bully? Because those individuals who adhere to this doctrine, consciously or otherwise, lack both manners and culture (that is, they lack refinement, good breeding, and self-control) and as a modern archetype they represent nothing so much as brutish talking animals who walk upright and who possess a very high opinion of themselves; and an opinion that is more delusion than reality. Perhaps most importantly, such individuals do not possess that instinct for disliking rottenness that is the mark of the evolved, the aristocratic, the cultured, human being. Thus are they akin to uncultured barbarians.

Culture essentially implies four important qualities that such barbarians, such talking animals, lack – and these qualities are empathy, the instinct for disliking rottenness [2], reason, and *pathei-mathos*. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals (and thus express our humanity) but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings. Animals do not have this choice, this ability.

Thus, to make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, some Occult or Satanic way or praxis (like, for example, the Church of Satan did and does) is to negate the very basis of such esoteric ways and praxis. For the essence of such esoteric ways – and especially of Satanism – is to use certain Occult techniques and methods to develop certain esoteric faculties and enable the development, the evolution, of the individual. Where such Occult or Satanic ways may or do differ is in the techniques and methods used and in how development, and evolution, of the individual is understood.

Thus, in the traditional Satanism of the Order of Nine Angles, the evolution of the individual is understood as arising from a practical synthesis, via testing personal experience and magickal praxis, of what is commonly, and – considered esoterically – incorrectly regarded as the opposing opposites of Light and Dark.

In addition, for the ONA the development of the individual – and the cultivation of their faculties, esoteric and otherwise – is indissolubly bound with pathei-mathos, and with empathy. Empathy esoterically [i.e. 'dark empathy'] is the ground of genuine sorcery: an awareness of both affective and effective change [causal and acausal change] and which awareness is the knowing of ourselves as but one connexion, one nexion, to those energies (or forces) which are the essence of Life and thus the essence of our own existence as a human being.

Pathei-mathos means learning from one's own difficult, practical, and testing experience, and which experience by its nature involves hardship, suffering, and an intimation or awareness of the numinous: that is, of that-which is more powerful than we are or we have imagined ourselves to be. Or expressed esoterically, pathei-mathos can be and often is the genesis of empathy: an intimation or awareness of ourselves as but one nexion, one connexion. And pathei-mathos, and esoteric empathy, take the individual far from the preening self-indulgence and macho posturing of the Might is Right types.

In the system of the ONA, pathei-mathos is encouraged by the Grade Rituals, by Insight Roles, and by the practice of Culling as Art: that is, culling as

” ...a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles – culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.” *Concerning Culling As Art* (ONA text, 122 yf)

Thus, ONA people develop an awareness of themselves far beyond their own ego and delusions about their self-importance. The awareness of themselves as a nexion, as part of a matrix of connexions involving Nature, the Cosmos, and other human beings, with one expression of this awareness – this esoteric knowing – being an Aeonic perspective and Aeonic Sorcery.

However, those who make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, their Occult way or praxis are merely glorifying the irrational uncultured brute, and maintaining the delusions of individuals regarding themselves, their abilities, and their importance. Thus, such Occult ways propound such guff as “Reality is what we perceive it to be,” and “I command the powers,” and “I am (or can be) the only deity which matters” [3].

In essence, therefore, the doctrine of Might is Right – and the belief of pseudo-satanists that they should glorify themselves, indulge themselves *in an uncultured manner*, and do not need anyone or anything except their own strength, will, or abilities – is the ethos of the vulgar mundane and especially of

Homo Hubris, that new de-evolutionary sub-species and unconnected rootless denizen of the megalopolis. Thus are they not only negating the human potential they possess, they have little or no awareness of their wyrd: of the meaning of Life itself.

Hence their ways and their praxis is of the preening individual who has or who may develop some “superior abilities” or acquire personal power (over others) by indulging in some rites or Occult practices where they believe they can “alter or change things in accordance with their will” [4]. In this, they somewhat resemble a comic book hero – LaVey-man perhaps, who acquires his superhuman powers by wearing a specially crafted medallion with that Magian image of pentagram, Hebrew letters and goathead, on it, and which medallion was given to them by some pompous so-called High Priest and entitles them to prance around in black attire and strike a pose that they think makes them look fearsome. Thus, they see their Destiny in terms only of themselves – causally, mundanely – as an extension of their ego, with nothing beyond this personal Destiny of theirs.

In contrast, for the ONA, our Destiny is bound to and part of supra-personal (Aeonic/Cosmic) wyrd, and which wyrd is manifest primarily and exoterically in the truth of our primal and of our necessary tribal (that is, our connected and cultured) nature, and in the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience. That is, manifest in us, as an individual, being but one nexion; in the tribal law of the Drecc (The Dreccian Code), and in pathei-mathos arising from experience of both Light and Dark. It is this unique combination which is the genesis of our particular sinister culture and enables us to evolve, esoterically and otherwise. For if the ONA is anything, it is the way of a particular, and a new type of, culture: that is, a new and evolutionary and esoteric way of living for human beings.



Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

## Notes

[1] Nietzsche's approach is one where individual power (as manifest in *Wille zur Macht*) is central. This concentration on the instinct, or motivation, however derived or manifest, of the individual for control and power aligns him with social Darwinism and the doctrine of Might is Right, despite his attempts to distance himself from Darwin's thesis.

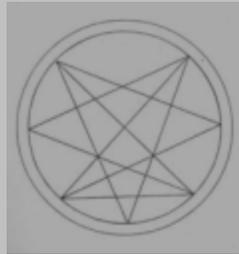
[2] For more regarding culture and the human instinct for disliking rottenness, see the ONA text *Culling as Art*.

[3] Such things express the attitude and nature of Magian Occultism, for which see the text *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, and the compilation *Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way*.

[4] The definition of magick as "altering or changing things in accordance with one's will" – dependant as it is on mere causal cause-and-effect and the delusion of the self – expresses the limited and illusive understanding of those lacking esoteric empathy and the esoteric wisdom born of pathei-mathos. That is, it reveals a lack of awareness of acausality, of ourselves as nexion.

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## **The Order of Nine Angles Code of Kindred Honour**

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

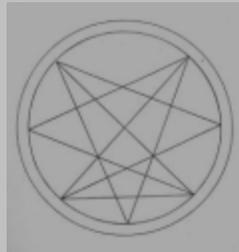
sisters.

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.

120 Year of Fayen

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## **The Geryne of Satan**

### **Introduction**

This brief essay will outline a few interesting facts about the terms Satan and Satanism (and thus Satanist), including their historical usage in the English language, and thus may guide the sagacious to an understanding of the geryne [1] of Satan: that the mysterious secret of Satan is the simple heretical, japing, and confrontational reality of *being or becoming a satan*.

## Satan

The scribes of the Septuagint mostly rendered the Hebrew שָׂטָן as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω - and which Greek term implies someone who is an adversary and who thus is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of ἐπίβουλος - scheming against/opposed to (the so-called 'chosen ones'). Someone, that is, who stirs up trouble and dissent.

Only in a few later parts - such as Job and Chronicles - does the Hebrew seem to imply something else, and on these occasions the word usually occurs with the definitive article: *hasatan* - *the satan*: the chief adversary (of the so-called 'chosen ones') and the chief schemer, who in some passages is given a fanciful hagiography as a 'fallen angel'.

Now, given that the earliest known parts of the Septuagint date from around the second century BCE [2] - and thus may well be contemporaneous with (or not much older than) the composition of most of the Hebrew Pentateuch (the earliest being from around 230 BCE [3]) - this rendering by the scribes of the word satan as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω is very interesting and indicative given the meaning of the Greek, and supports the contention that, as originally used and meant, *satan* is some human being or beings who 'diabolically' plot or who scheme against or who are 'diabolically' opposed to those who consider themselves as 'chosen' by their monotheistic God, and that it was only much later that 'the satan' became, in the minds of the writers of the later parts of the Old Testament, some diabolical 'fallen angel'.

Thus, it is generally accepted by scholars that the Hebrew word satan (usually, *a satan*) in the early parts of Old Testament means a human opponent or adversary (of God's chosen people, the Hebrews) [4] or someone or some many who plot against them.

Now, as has been mentioned in several previous ONA texts, in heretical contradistinction to others and especially to contradict the majority of modern self-described Satanists, the ONA asserts that the word satan has its origin in Ancient Greek.

That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος - as for example in the Homeric *μείων γὰρ αἰτία* (to accuse/to blame) or as in "an accusation" (qv. Aeschylus: *αἰτίαν ἔχειν*) - and that it was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew 'satan' and whence also the 'Shaitan' of Islam. Furthermore, in the Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή -

accusation, slander, quarrel - were often used for the same thing, when a negative sense was meant or implied (as in a false accusation) with the person so accused becoming an opponent of those so accusing, or when there was enmity (and thus opposition, scheming, and intrigue) as for example mentioned by Thucydides - *κατὰ τὰς ἰδίας διαβολὰς* (2.65).

Given that, for centuries, שָׂטָן as described in the Old Testament of the Hebrews was commonly written in English as sathans [5] and thus pronounced as sath-ans (and not as say-tan) it is perhaps easy to understand how the Greek αἰτία - or the earlier Homeric αἴτιος - could become transformed, by non-Greeks, to שָׂטָן

In respect of this God and this 'fallen angel', as mentioned in another ONA text:

" There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda." *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*

Furthermore, despite claims by some Hebrew and Nazarene scholars, it is now becoming accepted that the oldest parts of the Old Testament were probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE, and thus long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus and long after Greek word *aitia* was used for an accusation.

It is also interesting that there is an early use, in English, of the plural term *satans* as adversaries, which occurs in the book *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical* published in London in 1685 CE and written by the Shropshire-born Richard Baxter:

" To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Matthew, xvi. 23

In an earlier work, published in 1550 CE, the *chyl dren of Sathan* are corralled

with heretics:

"Dyuers Bysshoppes of Rome beynge Annabaptystes, heretyques, scismatiques, & chyldren of Sathan." John Coke. *The debate betwene the heraldes of Englande and Fraunce*. 1550, g. Giv<sup>v</sup> [*Débat des hérauts d'armes de France et d'Angleterre*. Paris, Firmin Didot et cie, 1877 ]

Thus, satan/sathan/sathanas as a term - historically understood - describes: (1) some human being or beings who diabolically plot or who scheme or who are opposed to those who [6] consider themselves chosen by their monotheistic God; and/or (2) some human being or beings who are heretical and adversarial, against the status quo, and especially, it seems, against the religion of the Nazarenes.

## Satanism

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix *-ism* applied to the word *Satan* - so far discovered - is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

"Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes." *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42<sup>v</sup>

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, sathanismes - deriving from *sathan*, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland's *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

"For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue." *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man's the Master* by William Davenant:

"A thousand Sathans take all good luck." (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term sathan was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix - by Thomas Harding - as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term satanism are not 'the worship of Satan' nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term *Satans* also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

"To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

" That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy." Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in *Fraser's magazine for Town and Country* used the term in connection with Byron:

" This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism." Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

## **Satanist**

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix *-ist* applied to the term *Satan* - so far discovered - also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

" The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes." John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559, sig. H1<sup>v</sup>

"Be ye Zuinglians, Arians, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?" Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* . Antwerp, 1565.

"By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist, loe here his hire." Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589, [7]

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

" There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself." Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

" It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons." Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist - historically understood - describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines.

## Conclusion

As someone wrote over two thousand years ago - εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἔοντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ' ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα. [8]

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen  
(Revised 2455853.743)

### Notes

[1] The Old English word *gerȳne* - from Old Saxon *girūni* - means "secret, mystery".

[2] The earliest MS fragment - Greek Papyrus 458 in the Rylands Papyri collection [qv. *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, 20 (1936), pp. 219-45] - was found in Egypt and dates from the second century BCE.

[3] It is, of course, in the interests of both Nazarenes and Magians to maintain or believe that the Hebrew Old Testament of the Hebrews was written centuries before this date, just as such early dating is a common mundane assumption perpetuated by both those who consider the Internet is a reliable source of information and by those who have not studied the subject, for some years, in a scholarly manner. Had such a scholarly study been undertaken, they would be aware of the scholarly disputes about the dating of Hebrew Old Testament - and of the Septuagint - that have existed for well over a hundred years, as they would also be able to make their own informed judgement about the matter.

My own informed judgement is that there is good evidence to suggest that 230 ( $\pm$  50) BCE is the most likely earliest date for the Hebrew Old Testament. I should, however, add, that this is still a 'minority opinion', with many academics still favouring the more 'safe' (that is, the currently more acceptable) opinion of 350 ( $\pm$  30) BCE.

[4] For example - καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραηλ πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλωμων (3 Kings 11:14)

[5] See the section on *Satanism*, below.

[6] καὶ ἔστι διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραηλ

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588–89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renascence and Reformation, Cambridge UP, 1920, p. 394f

[8] *One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.* [Trans DWM.]

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## A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

### *Introductory Note:*

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

### **Abyss**

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

### **Acausal**

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos

consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

## **Acausal Thinking**

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

## **Aeon**

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeon *civilization*, which Aeon *civilization* is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

## **Archetype**

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

## **Balobians**

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

## **Baphomet**

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

## **Black Book of Satan**

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

## **Causal Abstractions**

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

## **Core ONA Traditions**

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

## **Dark Arts**

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, a *sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

## **Dark-Empathy**

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

## **Dark Gods**

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*. ]

## **Drecc**

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

## **Ethos**

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it.

## **Exeatic**

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

## **Exoteric/Esoteric**

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner /acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

## **Falcifer**

1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.

2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

## **Five Core ONA Principles**

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

## **God**

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

## **Hebdomadry**

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

## **Homo Hubris**

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen – this creation of the modern West – is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry – and mass “culture” – of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the “spin”, the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

## **Hubriati**

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost excursively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

## **Hubriati-syndrome**

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter,

including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

### **Kindred Honour**

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

### **Law of The Sinister-Numen**

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

## **Left Hand Path (LHP)**

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

## **Magick**

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrd) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

## **Magian**

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

## **Mundane**

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

## **Naos**

- 1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.
- 2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".
- 3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

## **Nexion**

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

## **Nine Angles**

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrð plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another

- for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

## **Niner**

An alternative name for a Drecc, and also for a freelance operative who upholds the core ONA traditions.

## **Order of Nine Angles (ONA)**

The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

## **Presencing The Dark**

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or

esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrð and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

## **Psyche**

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes"

## **Rounwytha**

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

## **Rounwytha Tradition**

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or

by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

## Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*. ]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called a *satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos,

and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

## **Satanism**

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

## **Septenary**

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

## **Sinister**

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

## **Sinister Dialectic**

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to

gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

### **Sinister-Empathy**

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

### **Sinister-Numen**

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

### **Sinister Way**

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade.

[See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

## **Sorcery**

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

## **Star Game**

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

## **Traditional Nexions**

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

## **Traditional Satanism**

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

### **Tree of Wyrd**

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

### **Vindex**

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*].

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 being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) 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 dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex – both on the practical level and in terms of ethos – is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West – that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

## Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be discovered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



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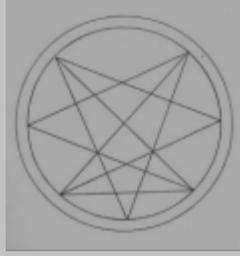
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**ONA/O9A/Niner**

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles  
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos  
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов  
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών

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## **A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles**

The ONA has its own, unique, esoteric Philosophy and its own, unique and sinister, Way of Life - which Way of Life may be considered the praxis of the ONA, or how ONA individuals live and implement our sinister way of living and how they become, are of or belong to, the ONA.

### **The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA**

The esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is known by several names, among which are The Dark Tradition, The Sinister Tradition, and The Sinister Way, and the fundamental principles of this esoteric Philosophy are:

- (1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum [a causal Universe] and an acausal continuum [an acausal Universe], with living beings, of various species, existing in both our own causal continuum and in the acausal continuum;
- (2) that there exists two types of causal being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of causal being possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy;
- (3) that acausal energy - from the acausal continuum - is what animates all life in the causal continuum;
- (4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal;
- (5) the more complex, the more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presented in that life;
- (6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy;
- (7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Hence, The Dark Tradition of the ONA has its own ontology, its own theory of ethics, its own epistemology, and its own praxis, which derive from the ontology of causal and acausal, and from our nature as human beings, which is of us being a nexion to the acausal continuum.

### **The Nature of Causal and Acausal**

- 1) The causal, or phenomenal or physical, universe can be described - or represented - by the three-dimensional causal geometry of causal Space and by one dimension of linear causal Time.
- (2) The acausal universe can be described - or represented - by an acausal Space of  $n$  acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of  $n$  dimensions, where  $n$  is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity.

The causal universe is the realm of causal matter/energy, and the acausal universe is the realm of acausal matter/energy.

The causal universe is currently described by causal sciences such as Physics, Chemistry and Astronomy. The acausal universe can be described by a new science based on the new Physics of acausal energy and thus on a new acausal geometry, based on a new acausal metrical Space-Time of  $n$  acausal dimensions and an acausal Time also of  $n$  dimensions.

In addition, nexions to the acausal, from our own causal Universe, are of two types: (1) physical nexions, where a specific region of or a specific place in causal Space-Time intersects, or is joined to or with, acausal Space-Time; and (2) living (organic) nexions, where acausal energy from the acausal manifests in and thus animates a living, causal, being.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is thus, when conventionally viewed, a new and a rational philosophy.

### **The Esoteric Praxis of the ONA**

Essentially, our praxis consists of:

- 1) Sinister (warrior) Tribes - those directly living and directly presenting our Sinister Way of Life;
- 2) Traditional Nexions - composed of those undertaking our Seven Fold Sinister Way in the traditional manner of Left Hand Path seeker, via Grade Rituals, Insight Roles, and practical LHP magick;
- 3) Sinister Empaths (of which the Rounwytha is an example) and esoteric scientists studying and seeking knowledge of the acausal.

Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. This will also require the development of a new acausal technology, based on the Physics of acausal energy.

Furthermore, we see the breakdown, destruction, and the replacement of all existing (and mundane) societies - by our new progressive societies based on our new warrior tribes - as a necessary prelude to this Galactic aim of ours.

Thus, the immediate and intermediate aims of our sinister Way of Life are:

- (1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;
- (2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonick Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen (see Appendix 1);
- (3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

### **The Esoteric Ethics of the ONA**

The ethics of the ONA are based upon our axiom that personal honour - what we know of as, or what we term, personal honour - expresses our true nature as human beings capable of consciously evolving ourselves and the Cosmos. Thus, personal honour - manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen - is a means to access acausal energy and a means to change and evolve ourselves in a natural way consistent with our true nature and our true purpose, which nature and purpose is to know our natural wyrd, to presence our wyrd: to participate in, to partake of, our own evolution and that of the Cosmos itself.

All evolution - conscious and otherwise - is darkly-numinous; that is, it possesses or it manifests acausal energy in particular ways, and personal honour, as defined by and as manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.

Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is our guide for our own individual personal behaviour, and our guide to how we relate to, and should treat others. It specifies our type of law, and the nature of our justice, as it manifests the nature, the character, of those of our kind: the Dark Warrior, someone who lives, and if necessary dies, by the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (See Footnote 1)

Furthermore, our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest - made real and practical - by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. (See Appendix 2)

### **The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA**

The epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA asserts that there are two distinct types of *knowing* - causal and acausal - and that:

A) knowledge of the causal continuum can be obtained by causal Science which is based on the following foundations:

(i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.

B) knowledge of the acausal continuum can be obtained by (i) developing a new Science of acausal Physics, based on an understanding of acausal energy; (ii) by developing and evolving our latent faculties, such as that of dark-empathy; (iii) by coming-to-know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum; and (iv) by means of such things as developing a new and an acausal technology, and thus by exploring the realms of the acausal itself.

According to our esoteric epistemology:

1) *Causal knowing* is that deriving from causal-based rational Philosophies and from causal Sciences such as Physics, and this type of knowing is essentially based on a physical cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Sciences) or an abstract cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Philosophies).

Hence, the type of causal knowing which is the concern of traditional epistemology is limited, and derives from positing causal abstractions, and then projecting these abstractions onto things (onto causal beings, living and non-

living). That is, this type of causal knowing *denotes* things and causal beings by such causal abstractions. There is then the assumptions of knowing, and/or of having understood or having an understanding of, such things and such causal beings. (See Footnote 2)

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, the error of all conventional Philosophies is that they apply, or try to apply, a purely causal perception - based on a linear cause-and-effect - and lifeless causal abstractions, to living beings, such as ourselves. This causal type of knowing is thus un-numinous (that is, devoid or without acausal energy).

2) *Acausal knowing* is that deriving from (i) apprehending the acausal essence of living causal beings; (ii) a study of the nature of acausal energy, and the nature of the acausal Universe itself by means of developing new acausal sciences and technologies; and (iii) apprehending and coming-to-know (interacting with) those living acausal beings we are currently aware of, or can become aware of in our present state of human evolution.

The acausal essence - the acausal energy - of living causal beings can be apprehend, by we human beings, by means of our latent faculties such as what we term dark (or sinister) empathy.

Our traditional esoteric Dark Arts are one means by which we can come to know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum.

Our very evolution, as human beings - in terms of consciousness, understanding and knowledge - results from acausal energy, and from us accessing such acausal energy in particular ways.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, those things, and/or those creations of our causal Arts - such as music - which we feel are or which we come to know as numinous, are simply a presencing of acausal energy by means of a nexion, and thus can be considered as one type of intimation of the acausal - of the Life there, and of the very nature of the acausal continuum itself. That is, such numinous works of conventional Arts have often been a means whereby: (1) some human beings (through their artistic creations or through their performance of such creations, their own, or others) can access and presence some acausal energy; and (2) where those affected by such numinous works of Art achieve or can achieve some intimation of the acausal. This also applies to genuine work of Dark Sorcery.

## **We Are As We Are**

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is simply a means; an effective and practical means to change, to evolve, ourselves and our societies; to manifest, to present, our *wyrd* - that is, to know, to accept, to live, our correct and natural relationship with the Cosmos, with both the causal Universe and the acausal Universe, and the living beings that exist in both. This *wyrd* of ours is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen.

The ONA is not interested in proselytizing, in converting others, or in trying to persuade others - through argument or debate or by countering distortions and lies about us - to adopt our sinister Way of Life. We are as we are, representing as we do a specific new type, a new breed, of human being, a specific new and expanding tribal family of human beings. Our Way is the practical way of deeds, of living our darkly-numinous Way of Life; of increasing our numbers through the success of our tribes, though drawing others of our kind to us, and through others being personally inspired by our example, by our success.

*Footnotes:*

(1) One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy.

Acausal energy - that which animates us and makes us alive and which allows and causes our evolution - cannot by its very nature be destroyed in the causal continuum. It can only be presenced in organic, causal (living) beings, or it can be dispersed, thinly, over causal Time, in the causal until it is re-presenced in some-thing, or until it returns to the acausal continuum by some means.

Such an achieved acausal existence, for us, is - by the very nature of the acausal - time-less, eternal, and not subject to the organic process of decay that is an inherent part of all causally existing life.

As stated in two other ONA MSS:

The very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal – mortal – lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from – and totally different to – any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and “religious”. Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal – on this planet, and elsewhere – *and also* as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal “death”, to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being..

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

(2) Basically, causal abstraction is the positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form of some-*thing*, and/or manufacturing some category which some-*thing* is said "to belong to, or be a part of".

Thus, things - beings in the causal - are allocated to, or classified according to, some abstract category or some abstract type, and/or compared to some abstract or some ideal/perfect form.

Such categories, and such abstract ideal forms, are then often incorrectly used to judge some-thing (including, for example, some living person).

There is thus no direct - and thus certainly no acausal - knowing *of a thing* or of a living human being, as those things

and as human beings *are* in their Cosmic essence and according to their *wyrd*, for the knowing of such traditional epistemology is only the linear, causal, the distorted and/or the illusory, knowing of imposed, projected, intermediate, fallible (often changing), abstractions and categories.

In contrast, the epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA allows, and is a means of obtaining, a Cosmic (a numinous, *wyrdful*, esoteric) knowing, based as this numinous, Cosmic, knowing is on the combination of rational causal Sciences and the acausal knowing obtained by such things as acausal Sciences, acausal-empathy, and the development and evolution of ourselves and our faculties.

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### *Appendix 1*

#### **The Law of The Sinister-Numen**

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – 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 honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – 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 Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

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

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – 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 honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of 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 dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

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## *Appendix 2*

### **Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State** A Brief Diatribe

Our *wyrd* - our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos - is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister *warrior* tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen. Furthermore, if we know, and if we develop, our *wyrd*, we become, we are, a particular new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sinister tribes are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes of the ONA are a means whereby we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our *wyrd* - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and *numinous* (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such *honourable* (numinous) co-operation with others *of our own kind* (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual *wyrd* to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our *wyrd* is the modern tyranny of The State, which is un-numinous and de-evolutionary in nature, purpose and intent. For the State takes away our natural right of personal honour, and that natural and evolutionary way of living which is tribal, and replaces honour by impersonal, lifeless, abstract "law", and replaces tribes by the impersonal, lifeless, abstract, State and nation, which are - despite the illusion and pretence of democracy by some such States - are all run by an oligarchy, for the benefit of that wealthy and privileged oligarchy.

In place of the natural and personal knowing - the acausal-knowing - of our tribal (extended) family, there is the impersonal causal lifeless "knowing" of our place as some mechanistic "citizen" of the State or nation. In place of the natural loyalty to, and the care of and from, our own tribal family - based on a personal, numinous, knowing and loyalty - there is the division of us into isolated, un-numinous and de-evolutionary single family units, dependant on usury, and where our given purpose is to toil for the State, on behalf of The State, or for ourselves and our single isolated family unit, and to which State we have to pay, for all of our working lives, mandatory taxes, thus making us wage or salary slaves, almost always burdened by debt.

In place of our natural, healthy, evolutionary warrior way of life - based on a tribal way of living and the law of personal honour - the State denudes us of numinous meaning, of wyrd, and provides us only with de-evolutionary aims and goals. In place of the glory of a Galactic Imperium, and the promise of a warrior-won acausal existence, the tyranny of The State provides us with only causal illusions and abstractions and meaningless "rewards", so that we remain tame, domesticated, animals, paying our taxes, and subservient to their dishonourable enforcers, the bullies they call the forces of their "law and order."

Thus, we by our very nature, by our wyrd, are violently, implacably, and in all practical ways, opposed to the State and its de-evolutionary self-serving tyranny.

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### *Selected Further Reading*

*The Meaning of The Nine Angles (A Collection of Texts, Parts One and Two)*

*Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles (ONA)*

*The War Against The Mundanes (Anton Long)*

*The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)*

*The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)*

*The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning (Anton Long)*

*We, The Drecc. (ONA)*

*The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context (Julie Wright)*

*A Way of Life (Chloe, WSA352)*

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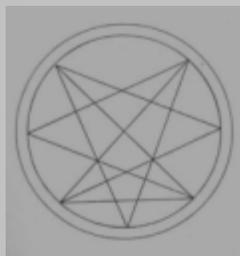
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## **Mysterium – Beyond The ONA**

*Given that the emphasis of the ONA is on practical deeds, people curious about or interested on the ONA often ask about what the ONA has actually done – what ONA people actually do – to change the world in a noticeable way.*

As often, it is a question of perspective, of criteria used to judge. Of esoteric and exoteric.

Exoterically, perhaps the majority of our people are hidden and do not have an overt association with us, with Satanism, with the sinister or even with the Left Hand Path. Thus their practical deeds are adjudged their personal practical deeds or possibly associated with some outer causal form they themselves may be associated with, be that form political or religious or whatever. In addition, many of us do not have our homes or our place of dwelling littered with mundane Occult paraphernalia, and so there is nothing to connect us to such Occult activities were we ever to be ‘investigated’ by some mundane authority or other. Furthermore, some of our kind adopt professions in keeping with our and their sinister aims and which professions enable them to live in a more exoteric manner.

But this waffle by me aside, esoterically what requires mentioning is Aeonics, our Aeonian perspective. This means that our aims and goals are – viewed causally – quite long-term, measured in causal centuries, and thus it will take centuries for the affective and affecting changes to become manifest on the type of scale most use to judge such matters as causal aims and goals.

The second thing to mention is that our way is to breed a new human type, a new elite – and this begins with each one of us, each one of our kindred, changing themselves and engaging in life in a sinister way, in accord with their wyrd, by applying our methods, techniques, and so on. Thus and for example they can choose to use the technique of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, or apply the way of the Drecc (of tribes and gangs), or the way of the Rounwytha – or any or all of these – according to what interests them, what they find works for them, or whatever.

Thus, one outward sign – if one is interested in such mundane things – of our practical deeds are our people. Their change, their transformation by their association with the ONA and their use of the praxis of the ONA. And it is these people who by this very transformation of themselves – and what many of them will subsequently do in the world of mundanes according to how the sinister mood takes them – that moves us toward our causally-understood aims and goals and which brings-into-being our new aristocracy spread over the world. A practical aristocracy which is sinisterly subversive not because it seeks to implement some abstraction in some causal time-scale or is motivated by some causal idealism (such as overthrowing some nation-State), but because it aids and enhances the lives of those belonging to it in practical and often material ways – for instance, in terms of influence, in terms of providing goods and services, and in materially rewarding loyalty and honour and service to its members and participants.

In effect, it is/will be an international group – bound together by certain rules, such as our Code of Kindred-Honour and viewing mundanes as a resource – formed of kindred local groups in various nation-States, whose members co-operate together, dispense their own justice, obey their own laws, and who aid and help themselves and others of their kind by whatever practical means they can, even if some of these means are viewed by some existing nation-State as

'illegal' or 'criminal' or whatever. In this sense, we are a new type of organization in the causal, a mysterium, and so might be called The Mysterium, or The Niners (or whatever) rather than The Order of Nine Angles.

In time, our organization may well acquire some covert political and social (or even religious) influence in one or some existing nation-States, by having our members in some influential positions, or by having some power over some of those in such positions. Or some of our tribes might develop in some locality sufficient to bring forth Vindex or someone similar with there thus being an overt challenge to existing mundane authority in that locality. And so on.

But what is not important are the details, the means, the tactics, the minutiae – that is, restricting, causal, forms and causally-limited abstract aims are not important. What works, works. What does not work will be abandoned. What is important is that the ONA – beyond its outer current causal name – is a particular sinister presencing, some-thing that now lives (is presenced) in the causal and thus is acausal sorcery manifest as a living kollektive and an ethos, so that it can and will assume and use and become whatever causal forms are necessary wherever on this planet such forms are or become necessary. Or expressed in another more familiar way – we are now a shapeshifting manifestation of acausal energy presenced in the causal. A collocations of nexions – individual, tribal – who 'know' their own kind and who are now actively seeking to assimilate others into our kollektive, not for or because of any altruistic or idealistic reason, but because such assimilation of others is now a function of our necessary causal being, in this Aeon.

*By assimilate, do you mean assimilate mundanes?*

One of our axioms is that we classify humans as either our kind or as mundanes. Our kind currently, and for some previous Aeons, amount to perhaps five per cent – the creative or the defiant minority who latently or by means of their pathei-mathos have a certain natural intelligence, a certain instinct, a certain type of personality, certain personal qualities.

Another of our axioms is that in general (with many exceptions) mundanes are made, not born, and that therefore perhaps a majority of human beings (though certainly not all) have the potential to cease to be mundanes. Most of course will never realize this potential, for a variety of reasons. A corollary of this axiom is that the children of mundanes have not as yet reached the age when mundanity becomes or could become fixed – their natural pattern of behaviour. Thus the reason why children in practical terms are exempt from being considered fair game, a resource, and why we consider certain activities by adults involving children – and certain proclivities, in adults, in respect of children – to be dishonourable and not something our own kind would do. For such things are one mark of mundanity – of those not able to or capable of controlling or changing themselves.

This axiom of potential within others is one reason why, in respect of culling for instance, we always give mundanes a sporting chance – to see if they can react in a non-mundane manner and so provide evidence of their potential to change.

Thus, yes I do mean assimilate – and change, evolve – those humans who are currently mundanes, which brings us rather neatly to our use of general tests to those who seek to associate with or join us.

*I assume you mean here what some have, somewhat colorfully, called being mindfucked by the ONA?*

Yes. In contrast, those who are naturally of our kind – and those who when challenged reveal they have the potential to develop to become of our kind – will be able to work their way through our Labyrinthos Mythologicus to the essence, the centre (and then be able to find their way out). As we have mentioned before, we have certain standards. If people do not meet these standards, they are not good enough, and we have no interest in guiding them. It is for others to find us, and prove themselves, not the other way around.

For instance, those who meet our esoteric and intelligence standards will find, discover, the clues we have left in many of our written works; as they will be able to see our fables, our causal forms, for fables and forms. They will see and perhaps laugh at some of the japes we have played on some people. In brief, they will be able to distinguish the esoteric from the exoteric, and mythos from practical exeatic living.

Let me give one simple – one very basic – example. Not that long ago we published an item which simplified Satanism to its practical, causal, core. There was thus a personal pledge by the aspiring Satanist, a code, and three fundamental principles. Very little in the way of traditional ceremonies or rituals or even words, since the core was the live in a particular way, *sans* the laws of the mundanes, where there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual.

This item works on a variety of levels, some of which I will enumerate here. Thus, for some of those who might have the potential to be one of our kind, it is one possible beginning – to entice, to provide experience, to live exactly, and so possibility at some time this might move some of these people toward a desire for more.

For some of those who are already of our kind (but may not yet know it) it is a sign, to what lies beyond such an outer form. An intimation of just why we produce and use such a form.

It is also a practical defiance of those who aid and support the mechanisms which keep mundanes in thrall – for those, for example, who support and aid existing nation-States and the mechanisms of control of those States (be such mechanism psychic, practical, or causal abstractions). For the flunkies of all nation-States do so hate and do find subversive those who believe and who practice the truth there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual. Thus, if that item only influenced ten people in one nation-State in one year to change their way of life and live defiantly, outside mundane law, it would have achieved something in the causal, with no practical effort on our part.

It is also something that undercuts and undermines the pomposity, the pretentiousness, of already existing so-called ‘satanic’ groups, with their ‘temples and ‘grottoes’, their rituals, their books, their discussions, their self-awarded titles, and their old Aeon sycophancy.

Thus, people would react to this simple thing according to their nature, their conditioning, their potential. So it was/is fun, and useful, esoterically and exoterically.

But of course there are and have been, over the decades, far more complex, far more devious, challenges, tests, traps and obstacles, made and used by us for those ‘out there’. So many that one person even went so far as to sigh that for every ONA principle or piece of advice/guidance he came across there seemed to him to be another one which either confused the issue or was almost its exact opposite. Which of course of itself hints at a certain esoteric truth and the need for certain abilities.

*You have recently been described as a weird combination of sinister ruthlessness and empathic sensitivity, which I guess makes you an unusual man. One person even described this combination as something of a dilemma in regard to making an assessment of you.*

This is no dilemma, for the two aspects are not mutually exclusive – except to mundanes still in thrall to causal abstractions. One of the aims of our sinister Way is to develop the individual and so evolve the human species. Or rather, presence – to consciously bring-into-being – a new type, a new breed, of human beings.

This conscious breeding of a new species is a product of the acausal sorcery which is The Order of Nine Angles: a product of our mythos, our sinister praxis, our diverse ways of living, our collective, and which ways include that of tribes and gangs and of those who individually follow our Seven-Fold Way.

This is why we scorn and laugh at other Occultists, at others who believe they are following and using The Black Arts, and why we have contempt for others, and other groups, who call themselves or who are described as Satanists and/or as followers of the Left Hand Path. For these preening poseurs – these examples of Homo Hubris – lack the experience, the knowing, of the Unity beyond causal and acausal, beyond all causal forms, and thus have no direct practical experience of both Light and Dark external and internal to themselves, and so cannot perceive and know such opposites (and they themselves) as but illusive causal forms, abstractions; as stages toward the necessary alchemical synthesis that brings-into-being our new type of individual and our new ways of living.

These Occult poseurs lack this sensitivity – the natural, esoteric, empathy that for example a following of our Seven-

Fold Way and rites such as that of the extended Grade Ritual of Internal Adept develop in the individual, and which empathy, which sensitivity, is manifest in our Rounwytha tradition. A sensitivity which is just one of the many qualities possessed by those who have indeed undertaken what traditionally is termed The Passing of The Abyss. They – these Occult poseurs – also lack, of course, practical direct experience of the sinister, having never transgressed the laws of the mundanes, never taken themselves in practical ways truly beyond good and evil; never felt that exeat joy when, testing themselves almost to death, they have triumphed and survived.

But in truth, I am nothing unique, just one phenotype: one intimation perhaps of a different human breed; one example of ONA sorcery in the causal and thus presenced, for now, on one planet we call Earth. Just one temporary stage between some-thing in some causal past, and something-else in some causal future – and thus some-thing fallible to be surpassed, in the framework of our causal Time and our dwelling on this planet.

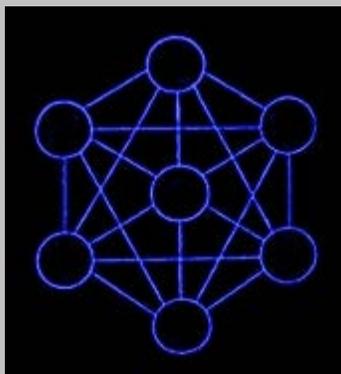


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122 Year of Fayen



### **Toward The Sinister Mysterium**

Editorial Note (July 2011 CE): Below are answers to some questions submitted to Anton Long over the past few months by a variety of individuals.

*How do you understand the relationship between the sinister way and the numinous way?*

Here I shall assume that by 'sinister way' you refer to the complete esoteric philosophy and praxis of the ONA (including its mythos) rather than to the practical 'seven-fold sinister way' as a method of esoteric training from Initiate to Adept and beyond.

One way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is conventionally (if incorrectly) termed The Dark Forces and thus of certain energies/influences/archetypes within the psyche of the individual.

The other way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is termed the numinous, and thus of what is conventionally (and again incorrectly) termed The Light Forces.

Hence, they both express an aspect of the acausality (that I/we assume exists) beyond our causal perception, and thus intimate and can manifest what lies beyond the mundane reality of phenomenon we experience by means of our physical senses and by the causal learning acquired from others and by the abstractions (the theories, *-isms* and *-ologies*) we have manufactured over millennia to try and understand ourselves and Reality.

If one desires to place both in the context of terms used (incorrectly) by many Occultists, then one Way re-presents the LHP and the other the RHP – although that is not how our Adepts understand them.

For us, they re-present two different types of 'acausal knowing' and when these two types of knowing are combined (that is, acquired, learnt from personal experience not from books or from someone else), one has the apprehension of Reality that lies beyond what is conventionally termed The Abyss – that is the perception and the understanding of a genuine Mage [aka Grand Master/Grand LadyMaster], and which perception and understanding is the genesis of wisdom, and a knowing, an understanding, of all causal forms (including so-called conflicting opposites) as just limited often distorted causal forms of The Essence beyond them.

Part of this wisdom is a knowing of the reality of what we signify by the term Aeons, and thus a placing of the individual human being – and human beings in general – into a Cosmic perspective. [Where by the Cosmos is to be understood the totality of the causal continuum and the acausal continuum.]

Of course, what we understand by a Mage is very different from what other esoteric groups and traditions understand by the term.

In somewhat oversimplified esoteric terms one might describe the relation thus – (1) the Sinister (LHP) Way are types or modes of apprehension applicable to those who, while following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as a system of training and individual development, have not yet reached the stage beyond Internal Adept; (2) the Numinous Way is a type of apprehension, complimenting the former, which apprehensions (plural) those beyond Internal Adept acquire and meld with their former (LHP) modes of apprehension to begin the esoteric/alchemical process of (re)unification that forms the essence of what is known as The Passing of The Abyss.

What we call an Internal Adept acquires the beginnings of that specific acausal knowing (modes of acausal apprehension) during the Rite of Internal Adept – that is, spending three months in solitude in an isolated location, and by using such techniques as The Advanced Star Game. Traditionally, this type of acausal knowing was 'the knowing' of the Rounwytha, who were a few individuals (often women) who were naturally gifted with certain abilities deriving from their faculty of empathy, and which empathy encompassed what we now term Nature.

What The Sinister Way – in its casual/acausal totality – does is make this knowing of those few gifted individuals available (at least potentially) to all human beings, and thus enables them to proceed Beyond The Abyss and become almost a different type of human being, not in terms of low-level sorcery (external or results-sorcery) and the like, but in terms of understanding, knowing, of *being*, of Aeonic sorcery – in terms of being wise and having, manifesting, a reasoned, individual, unique, judgement.

Obviously, both of these apparently diverse ways have significance and possibly value in their own right (that is, exoterically) – and thus are or can be an affective and effecting means of change for various, diverse, individuals (not involved in Occultism) over decades and centuries, and thus contribute in their own manner to some of the changes I

understand as necessary for us as a species.

Thus, like all Ways or forms that presence The Unity beyond the illusion of causal conflicting opposites, they have both an exoteric and an esoteric meaning and purpose. Also, just like individuals beyond a certain Occult stage of understanding and experience who of necessity has experienced in a practical manner the Light and the Dark, both Ways can easily be misunderstood.

*When some mundane or other huffs and puffs about having taken over or owning the ONA, why don't you ever release a statement about such matters?*

For two basic reasons. First, as I wrote in a recent reply to someone:

I personally do not assume any direct authority, nor make 'pronouncements', nor ascribe any grandiose title to myself. I just let things develop, in their own natural ways in their own species of causal Time, and occasionally pen a few of my own intimations based upon my own reflexions and experience, which are only my own fallible reflexions and my own poor attempts to explain – and which words, which intimations, can and should be surpassed by others and are thus not imbued with any kind of grandiose or pretentious 'authority'.

Second, because there is no necessity since if someone presents themselves as ONA or claims to own it and some people are duped by such things, and mistake such fakes for us, then it just reveals those people for the mundanes they are.

Such things – such pretenders – are and have been expected, and are a useful test. A test of the sinister numen/charisma of the ONA; of its growth and influence; and test for those who are interested in the ONA, or rather interested in the Way, the living tradition, we represent.

For such pretenders are a sure sign of our growth, influence, and sinister charisma. Just as if some individuals are duped by these pretenders and their groups, then those individuals are not of us; they do not have the potential to become part of our family, and thus such pretenders, such fakes, save us some trouble and can provide us with some amusement at their expense and at the expense of such easily duped individuals.

Those who are of our kind will find us and know us even if we do not name ourselves or describe ourselves by some term. Just as we have and will continue to teach our Way – *sans* a name and restrictive terms – person to person, generation following generation.

Also, as I have said and written several times over the past few years, no one now controls or owns the ONA – or can control or own the ONA. For it is a sinister collective of nexions, a cooperative, disdainful of copyright, dogma, restrictions, and hierarchy. In truth, it is a new type of organism – partly causal and partly acausal, and thus a living, changing, evolving, long-living entity which no one finite fallible mortal with a limited causal life-span can control, contain, or own.

Dreccs/Niners – who now increasingly re-present what was known exoterically as the ONA – do not depend on me, or on any one person. Just as the tradition I inherited did not depend on, or need, a name – and indeed had no name for centuries. It was just an inherited way, a reclusive tradition, part of a particular folk culture, passed on aurally.

Our outer name is therefore not that important; indeed esoterically it is irrelevant, and a causal Time will arise in this Aeon when the outer, exoteric, name I gave to the tradition as I expanded and developed it – the ONA name – will no longer be required. Names by their causal nature restrict, and our essence – which sinister-empathy reveals – cannot be so restricted.

*You say the ONA is the exoteric name. There is therefore I presume an esoteric name?*

Yes, and no. No there is no such esoteric 'name' since it is not a name as mundanes understand names, but yes in that

what there is expresses something of our acausal essence. No – because it is an actual presencing of an aspect of the acausal, as a particular esoteric chant, correctly performed, is, as for example I tried to outline, in respect of esoteric chant and the ‘names’ of acausal entities, in the *Esoteric Chant as Language* section of my essay *Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*.

Yes there is an esoteric name – because like The Star Game, it is a new type of language devoid of the subject-object division implicit in current language. An illustration might be a mathematical equation, which represents some physical phenomena. Thus, if someone asked what ‘gravity’ was, the reply might be:

$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2}$$

That is, the equation describes or re-presents what ‘gravity’ is and the explanation does not involve words, but symbols.

Similarly, if someone enquired who and what we are, the reply might be in our numinous esoteric language, using the numinous symbols of one of our new *mysteriums* – such as a combination of images, music, and so on.

This takes us far far beyond the causal apprehension that a name such as The Order of Nine Angles imputes, just as before that name our way was re-presented in such things as a living Rounwytha and in The Ceremony of Recalling rather than in a given name or by some single symbol or sigil. The tradition *was* the Rounwytha, for example.

*You have mentioned the mysterium several times recently. What exactly do you mean?*

To be precise, we should perhaps write sinister-mysterium, of which there are various types. Some already exist, some are in development, and more will be manufactured in the future.

All manifest the acausal, in their different ways. One type of mysterium is a new esoteric form, a performance, which supersedes Occult ritual, both ceremonial and hermetic, and which employs, among other things, moving images and a new type of music.

The Esoteric Star Game – when used with a specific aim over a period of causal Time, as for example in star mapping as outlined in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* – is another type of mysterium appropriate to our New Aeon.

Basically, our mysteriums take us beyond both Old Aeon sorcery and Old Aeon language, and two aspects which they all share are: (1) that they all involve the presence of and an interaction with a living human being or beings (and are thus an alchemical symbiosis), and (2) that they are not overtly Occult or overtly associated with some existing or past *-ism* or *-ology* because such associations imply a certain duality and a bland causality, which means they cannot be described by any single old-style term or word, such as Satanism, or even the LHP. For they are what they are – a living wordless presencing, and are to be experienced, be part of our living, rather than blandly described in limited causal Old Aeon words.



Anton Long

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Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Fayen

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**ONA/O9A**

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles  
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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## Our Sinister-Numinous Emanations

*In your Five Core ONA Principles you mention "the practical destruction of the existing status quo manifest for instance in nation-States and their laws..."*

*Does this mean some grandiose revolutionary plan, some dogma, and if so doesn't this conflict with your other stated aim of individual liberation by esoteric, Occult, means?*

The quote refers to such a destruction as an Aeonic liberation, so that the context is the collective liberation (of others) resulting from the replacement of the Old Order and its forms. How will or might this replacement be achieved?

We understand that the esoteric replacement (the destruction/downfall) of the systems of the Old Aeon - such as nation-States - will occur over a causal timespan of a century or far more not as a result of some causal (political/social/religious) revolutionary agenda by us to overthrow, in our own times, the existing System, but rather as the result of three intertwined factors, both esoteric and exoteric.

(1) The first factor is the liberation and development of individuals by means of our esoteric method, manifest as this method is in our kollektive and thus in sinister-numinous emanations/presencings such as Niners, Dreccs, traditional nexions, and tribes. The essence of our method - whatever the outward emanation - is that of practical, challenging, and individual, experience and a learning from that experience; and the basic aim is the development of unique individuals with a unique perspective who have the strength of character, the insight, to live by personal honour rather than by the restrictions of laws imposed by others.

Thus, for such unique individuals, personal honour replaces conformity/adherence to the morality of some State, or to some -ism or to some -ology (religions or political or social or Occult) just as they use their own personal judgement, born from their unique pathei-mathos, instead of relying on the judgement of others or on some guidelines manufactured by others or implicit in some -ism or some -ology.

(2) The second factor is the development - through the chosen association of some or many of our kind in some particular locality or other, or through the natural emergence of extended families of our kind - of a new living culture or cultures, manifest in a practical manner by particular ways of living, such as that of clans and tribes, and which particular ways of living remove them in a natural way from causal forms such as the nation-State. Remove, that is, because their first loyalty is to their kindred and such dependency as they may have is to their own kind, their own kindred, their extended family.

Thus, there is the emergence of a new ethos among our kind: the natural human numinous way of kindred honour and of a shared pathei-mathos. Hence our new culture or cultures develop naturally in their own way in their own places in their own spans of causal Time just by some individuals living, and choosing to live, the way of kindred honour and of a shared pathei-mathos. For there is nothing forced here; no dogma; not even any planning in terms of having some causal agenda; and certainly no expected conformity; only a natural, unique, a numinous, unfolding of the kind that occurs when individuals value pathei-mathos and kindred honour.

(3) The third factor arises from - or rather is - some exoteric effects of the former two factors; that is, from the actions of some or many of those forming themselves into kindreds and/or from individuals undertaking amoral practical, challenging, experiences (which may include Insight Roles or inciting others to disaffection) as part of their personal and esoteric development.

Thus, some of our clans and tribes, our new kindreds, may come into conflict with some aspect or aspects of some State, just as some of the individuals in our esoteric kollektive may do so, planned or otherwise, and for whatever

reason (or none).

Such conflict all aids our 'sinister dialectic', our Aeonic aims and goals (which include liberation resulting from the destruction/downfall of the systems of the Old Aeon), as it may well aid the development of some of our new cultures, or inspire some pathei-mathos among those of our kind affected by such conflict. But such conflict, such confrontation, is not and never has been and cannot be our 'esoteric essence'.

That is, we do not demand or even expect that our clans or our tribes, or that our Niners (or whatever), must 'take on the State' in some overt confrontational manner. If they want to do so, fine, that is their choice, and may well provide some worthwhile personal and/or tribal pathei-mathos, as well as possibly aid our Aeonic aims and goals. But if they do want to do so, fine, that is their choice.

Yet some such conflict, some such confrontation, with some aspects of the Old Order, and for some of our kind (though not all), is inevitable and a natural consequence of our nature, our ethos, of our very existence as an esoteric kollektive with subversive, sinister-numinous, and Aeonic (long-term), aims and goals.

One might express an aspect of this matter thus: defiance of, and opposition to, subservience to such forms as States, State-laws, and religions, is in our blood, our nature, part of who we, our kind, are; but the how (esoterically and exoterically) of this defiance and opposition - or even whether or not this defiance and opposition is openly manifested - is entirely a matter for each individual to decide.

Hence, when we state,

"Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living..." *Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA*

we are expressing our nature, our opposition to Magian abstractions, and our intent to live in a manner consistent with our ethos of kindred honour and of pathei-mathos. How we personally express this nature, this opposition, and how we presence our intent, is for each individual, each nexion, each family, each tribe or clan, to decide; for it is their judgement, their pathos-mathos, which matter, which presence our ethos, and will continue to presence our ethos, and not me personally and not what I may write or have written.

So in an inexact sense it is our living kollektive which could be considered to be 'the grandiose revolutionary plan' - changing, adapting, evolving; and living from decade to decade and century to century.

In conclusion, therefore, it should be clear - as I tried to explain in some recent essays - that while one of our exoteric aims is the collective liberation that results from the destruction/downfall of the systems of the Old Aeon (such as nation-States) and their replacement by our sinister-numinous emanations, this liberation will occur slowly (as measured by durations of causal Time) and naturally as a result of the expansion of our kollektive, the emergence of new clans and tribes, and thus because of the increasing number of individuals of our kind pursuing esoteric aims consistent with our five core principles.

Again, there is a distinction between (a) exoteric praxis, exoteric rhetoric, amoral/diabolical incitement to disaffection, and (b) esoteric individual, and kollektive, development and change. A distinction between outer causal forms and esoteric essence manifest as sinister-numinous emanations, and between causal effects and acausal (affective) change. But I guess this is just an understanding, an insight, too far for some self-described Occultists.

On the personal level, I quite naturally over the past four decades have indulged in some exoteric rhetoric as well as in some diabolical incitement, to disaffection, or whatever. Those who can distinguish between exoteric and esoteric - between causal forms and sinister-numinous emanations, can; while those who lack the faculties esoteric or otherwise to so distinguish, are the kind of people who get trapped in our *Labyrinthos Mythologicus*.

*Your use of the term 'sinister-numinous emanations' is interesting, but what exactly does it mean?*

By sinister-numinous is meant the perspective, the insight, the understanding that - traditionally and in terms of the Seven Fold Way - a Master or LadyMaster has acquired as a result of their decades-long Occult quest, of their passing through The Abyss and thus of having experienced and transmuted both numinous and sinister. Or, expressed in another non-esoteric way, it is the perspective that someone may acquire from pathei-mathos.

This understanding is the prehension of personal wisdom, and personal wisdom itself is sinisterly-numinous; that is, a knowing and an experiencing of the unity (of sinister and numinous; light and dark) beyond the appearance of outward conflicting opposites.

A sinister-numinous emanation is a presencing, a manifestation in the causal, of this: in and by means of a living human being or some collocation of human beings. Thus, the ONA as a kollektive may be said to a sinister-numinous emanation, as are those individuals who are part of this kollektive and who presence something of the acausal by their life, their living, their deeds.

Hence, the Five Core Principles of the ONA - combined, and when put into practice by individuals and collocations of individuals - are sinister-numinous emanations.

*Can you explain, in practical terms, just what your Rounwytha tradition means?*

In practical terms our Rounwytha tradition - a development of the ancestral Camlad tradition - means three essential things.

- (1) It means the development by individuals of certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy and acausal-thinking - and thus acquiring acausal knowing.
- (2) It means - as explained in *The Five Core ONA Principles* - that our ONA honour code applies without fear or favour, equally, without distinction, to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, ethnicity, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice.
- (3) It means a cultured, and pagan and muliebral-inclined, way or ways of living different from the patriarchal societies of the present and which societies for the most part devolve and devolved around abstract un-numinous de-evolutionary notions such as 'might is right' and thus around the quest for power, influence, pleasure, wealth and/or for some abstraction, religious, personal, or political.

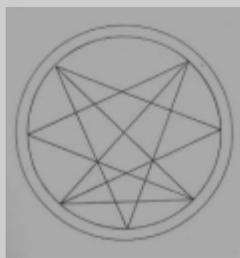
As for the details of such way or ways of living, such ways will arise as they arise, in their own varying and natural manner, from those so inclined who have developed such acausal knowing. That is, they cannot be the subject of any dogma, or formed into some causal abstraction or be the object of any agenda or any form of planning - for they will live, have their genesis in, those who are Rounwytha by nature or by experience; those so inspired to presence their knowing, their experience, in a particular type of living.

My own assumption is that such ways will most probably be based upon the clan and the tribe.

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## 122 Year of Fayen

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## Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos

### Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA

#### Pseudo-mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft populated various of his stories with various creatures, or entities, and these entities served mainly to enhance or decorate the stories; to provide what may be termed a certain sinister atmosphere. There was no attempt, nor even intent, to provide such things as an ontology, a theology, for these entities – an ordered philosophical framework – and, importantly, no attempt to provide a detailed esoteric (Occult) praxis whereby interaction with these entities, by humans, could be understood and affective results (or Occult change) achieved. For example, the fictional *Necronomicon* and the language invented for various “calls”, are mere theatrical props, devoid of real esotericism, despite the many silly claims subsequently made for them by some Lovecraft admirers.

In this sense, the Lovecraft entities form a pseudo-mythology, and not a mythos. Only later did people such as Derleth try, unsuccessfully, to provide some Occult context (based of course on Magian distortions), and some semblance of structure, although ontological, ethical, theological, and epistemological, questions were never dealt with. Instead, a pseudo-history was developed.

In contrast, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) – mentioned in many and various texts by the esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles – are part of a mythos, having a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of a complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues [1].

Thus, if one compares the two most important Dark Gods, Satan and Baphomet, with, for example, Cthulhu, then one can immediately see the difference, and understand the claim – often made by critics of the ONA – that the ONA mythos of The Dark Gods is, in some way, derived from, or dependant upon what has, rather erroneously, come to called the Cthulhu mythos of Lovecraft, for the mundane fallacy it is.

Cthulhu has a revulsive physical appearance, and is basically a physical entity existing in causal Space-Time – whose base or home is allegedly some far distant extra-terrestrial planet, and who apparently speaks, or is somehow receptive to or responds to, some alien language, and who may or may not consist of some strange “alien matter” which is or which maybe somehow be affected by the alignment of stars. According to Lovecraft’s pseudo-mythology, Cthulhu has a secret cult, on Earth, deriving from a time when Cthulhu and other Old Ones visited Earth – and which cultists speak or chant some approximation of the alien language of the Old Ones, who could communicate to humans via dreams. This cult desires to awaken the dead, but still alive, Cthulhu who waits, dreaming.

Satan and Baphomet are living shapeshifting entities – of one specific species – who dwell in the acausal continuum, and who, since they are acausal beings, have the ability to open nexions (“gates”) to our causal, phenomenal, continuum where they, being changelings, can assume various physical forms, including human form. [2]

Furthermore, Satan has a propensity for assuming physical male forms, and Baphomet a propensity for female forms,

so that, according to the mythos of the ONA, Baphomet has, in the past, been assumed to be, or come to be regarded as, The Dark Goddess, the violent, bloody, fecund Mistress of Earth, who is also mistress-bride-mother of Satan.

In the ONA mythos, both of these Dark Gods – and some other such acausal entities – are said to have egressed, or travelled to, Earth many times in our historical past, with Satan, for example, giving rise to myths and legends such as that of Ahriman [3]. In addition, it is said to be possible – by various specified, practical, esoteric means [4] – for human beings to open a nexion to the acausal and make contact with some of the Dark Gods, including Satan and Baphomet, with there being the possibility that such entities will once again presence Themselves on Earth. Furthermore, some acausal entities, egressing in the past to Earth, may be the origin for myths and legends about dragons, and various demons.

Some of the particular acausal species known as The Dark Ones are said, in their assumed human forms, to be able to copulate with human beings, and of producing or bearing half-human, half-changeling, offspring [5].

Thus, even this brief overview will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. In fact, so different – philosophically, esoterically, and otherwise – that it seems rather incomprehensible how some people can claim that the ONA mythos is derived from or somehow indebted to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

Perhaps in desperation, the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness have claimed that the mention by the ONA of various “star alignments”, in reference to esoteric techniques to open nexions, is somehow proof of their claim. However, even a cursory perusal of some of the relevant ONA texts – such as in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* - will reveal no similarity whatsoever, for the ONA texts mention specific stars, such as Dabih, and particular alchemical seasons. That is, there is not only esoteric detail, but also practical and philosophical context – something totally lacking in the vague pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

What the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness do and have done is commit various logical fallacies, such as the fallacy of *selective attention*. That is, in their desire to prove their cherished theory or belief that the ONA must somehow be indebted to Lovecraft, they search for and try to find and spurious connections and relations, trying to get a few facts to fit their theory, while ignoring the majority of facts that simply do not fit or support their theory.

### **The Irrelevancy of Evidence in Mythos**

Mythos is affective, esoteric, and numinous. That is, it inspires, it provokes, it motivates, enthrals, and presences acausal energy. It is wyrdful – a means of change for human beings, and outlines or intimates how such wyrdful change can be brought-into-being.

The so-called objective, cause-and-effect, “truth” of a mythos – stated or written about by someone else – is basically irrelevant, for a mythos presences its own species of truth, which is that of a type of acausal-knowing [6].

Thus, to seek to find – to ask for – the opinions, views, and such things as the historical evidence provided by others, is incorrect. For that is only their assessment of the mythos, a reliance on the causal judgement of others; whereas a mythos, and especially an esoteric mythos, demands individual involvement by virtue of the fact that such a mythos is a type of being: a living presence, inhabiting the nexion that is within us by virtue of our consciousness, our psyche [7].

Hence, the correct judgement of a mythos can only and ever begin with a knowing of, a direct experience of, the mythos itself by the individual. To approach it only causally, inertly, with some arrogant presumption of objectivity, historical or otherwise, is to miss or obscure the living essence of a mythos, especially one derived from an aural tradition. It is to impose, or attempt to impose, a causal (temporal) abstraction upon some-thing which has an acausal (that is, non-temporal) essence.

Such a presumption – and even worse, the demand for it to be shown to have “objective evidence” in its favour – reveals a lack of initiated, esoteric insight. For the real “truth” of an esoteric mythos lies in what each individual finds

or discovers in it – and thence within themselves. In simple exoteric terms, a mythos can not only re-connect the individual to both the numinous and to their own psyche, but it can also lead them to an individual, and an initiated (esoteric), understanding, of themselves: to a dis-covering of what has hitherto been hidden, especially by un-numinous, causal, abstractions.

For the ONA, the mythos of The Dark Gods – and the mythos of the ONA in general, of which the DG mythos is a part – is a means of sinister change, an Aeonic Occult working, a living Black Mass. For it is a manifestation of the sinisterly-numinous acausal energies that the Order of Nine Angles, and thus Satan and Baphomet, re-present. One important means of Presencing of The Dark, of revealing, to us, in us, for us, Satan and Baphomet as those Dark Ones are.

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### Notes

[1] For this esoteric philosophy, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*, and *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

For the Occult praxis involving these Dark Gods, refer to such ONA texts as (1) *The Grimoire of Baphomet*; (2) *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; (3) *Warriors of The Dark Way*; and (4) *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, Parts One & Two.

[2] One is rather reminded, here, of the ancient gods of Greek mythology – for example, Athena as portrayed in Homer's *Odyssey*, who assumes a variety of forms, including that of already living male human beings.

[3] Refer to the ONA text, *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*.

[4] See, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

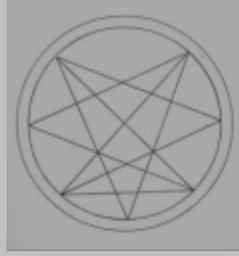
[5] See, for example, the fictional stories – which form part of the ONA mythos – *Sabirah*; *Jenyah*; and *Eulalia – Dark Daughter of Baphomet*.

[6] For a basic outline of acausal-knowing, refer to the section *The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA* in the text, *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. See also *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*.

[7] As used by the ONA, the term psyche refers to both the Life that animates us (acausal energy via a nexion) and to those aspects of consciousness, and those faculties, which are initially hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, or undeveloped by, most individuals.

One aspect of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”. One latent faculty is the faculty of empathy.

In general terms, it is one of the tasks of an Occult way or praxis to develop these latent faculties, and to bring into consciousness (and thus to bring under conscious control) what has hitherto been unknown, or hidden. An Adept refers to someone who has done this, and similar, things, as well as opened the nexion we, as an individual, are to the acausal.



## **The Septenary, Crowley, and The Origins of The Order of Nine Angles**

### **Crowley and The Sinister Way**

Aleister Crowley is regarded, by the ONA, as a rather conventional, if somewhat eccentric, example of what it has been convenient to call The Right Hand Path; that is, the ONA regards him as unconnected with any genuine Left Hand Path or any genuine Sinister Way. This is evident in many things, including (1) his reliance upon Old Aeon “Orders” and organizations, with their grand titles, their sycophancy, their “secret teachings revealed only to qualified initiates”, and especially their presumption of awarding titles and magickal grades to others; (2) that he never did any dark and sinister deeds – works of genuine evil – and neither did he and does he inspire any such works and deeds, or even the presencing of Chaos or genuine heresy; and (3) the pseudo-mystical ramblings of his (and his followers) which pass for “esoteric teachings”.

Crowley has been criticized by the ONA for several reasons. For instance:

1) First, because a study of both his life and his writings make it clear that he never progressed beyond the stage of Adeptship, if indeed he ever achieved Adeptship itself, which is unlikely. To state what one ONA person wrote: “What did Crowley actually do, apart from pose and indulge himself?” His life reveals only such posing, and a personal *Initiate-type* indulgence as well as a basic low-level sinister manipulation of people, appropriate to and often associated with the early stages of a genuine seeker of Occult knowledge with such posing, such Initiate-like indulgence, and such basic manipulation evident in his Abbey of Thelema.

Where, for instance, is the understanding of a genuine Adept: that of manufacturing, and using, *new* archetypes and archetypal forms (See Footnote 1 below); where that understanding of Aeonic Magick and indeed of Aeons? All

Crowley did - in line with the majority of Occultists of his time, and evident in his *Liber AL vel Legis* - is use and propagate the dead archetypal forms of a dead Aeon: that is, and in his case, of those things associated with the former Sumerian Aeon and its associated civilization, the Egyptian.

His *Liber AL vel Legis* - just like Aquino's *Book of Coming Forth By Night* - is a good example of a text produced by an *Initiate* of the Esoteric Arts. That is, it is a work which is quite representative of someone following the early stages of an esoteric Path. To quote an ONA MS, such works are:

"In both style and content, reminiscent of a working done by an... Initiate following the seven-fold way - i.e. a working with one of the pathways that link the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd when various 'entities' are invoked. [An example of one such working has been published, in 1974 en - *The Message of the One of Thoth*]. Such workings are generally understood to be learning experiences - when the... novice is exploring, via archetypal symbolism and archetypal forms, their own psyche. Most magickians, of whatever path or tradition, produce such 'communications' in their learning years. Those who are insightful, learn from these - and then the novice moves on: the workings are seen as merely explorations of the unconscious. Those who are not insightful, dwell upon such workings - they fail to objectify them, they fail to integrate them via a conscious understanding of what they really are: merely workings with various archetypal symbols. [A classic case is John Dee.] Those who fail to integrate them, usually see such workings as 'pronouncements' by some supra-personal being or entity: that is, they are seen as actual and important revelations of some 'deity'. Accordingly, a lot of time is spent 'understanding' what the often cryptic 'communication(s)' means, and in writing "commentaries" upon them."

That Crowley spent much of his life writing about and propagating his *Liber AL vel Legis* - and considered it as a work of immense Occult importance - clearly reveals the true level of his own esoteric understanding.

2) Second, because he propagated the corrupt and bastard system of The Golden Dawn, firmly based as that system was on the qabalah, which qabalah and which corruption of it as used by the Golden Dawn and by Crowley, is the antithesis of the genuine Western tradition, which genuine tradition is septenary based. Indeed, The Golden Dawn system re-presents and re-inforces, the "Magian" distortion of the Western tradition.

This reliance upon the distortion of the genuine Western esoteric tradition is evident, for example, in his system of "magickal correspondences" deriving

from The Golden Dawn, and his use of, and reliance upon, such works as *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage* and his writing about such things as the “conversion of one’s holy guardian angel...”

3) Third, because he lacked an Initiated understanding of Aeons, Aeonic Magick and indeed of Magick itself. His lack of understanding of Aeons is evident in his declaration of a new “equinox of the gods” - after writing his *Liber AL vel Legis*; evident in the mystical and mythical mish-mash contained in that work, as well as in his many other pseudo-mystical ramblings, where, to give just two examples, from many in his verbose book *Magick in Theory and Practice*, he - the self-proclaimed “magus” - (a) mentions his “word” Thelema as the word of a “new aeon”, and compares it with what he regards as previous such “magickal” words, such as those of Buddha and Muhammad; and (b) declares, in the Old Aeon speak used by those of the Right Hand Path, that “the essential characteristic of the Grade is that its possessor utters a Creative Magical Word, which transforms the planet on which he lives by the installation of new officers to preside over its initiation...” And so on, and so on. [Of course, he could have been “having a laugh” here, as elsewhere, but this is - from the evidence of his other works and his own life - to be imbuing him with an esoteric understanding he so evidently did not possess.]

According to the Sinister tradition of the ONA, an Aeon lasts from between one and half thousand years to sometimes nearly two thousand years, and is:

“A particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.” *A Brief Order of Nine Angles Glossary*

4) Fourth, his much-vaunted but verbose book *Magick in Theory and Practice* is replete with Right Hand Path type pseudo-mystical ramblings, such as “astral planes”, the “body of Light”, magical “circles” and talismans, and with Old Aeon qabalistic notions such as “spirits” and Old Aeon stereotypes such as ceremonial “lodges” and “magickal Orders” working with rules and rigid hierarchies. In that work, all Crowley did was insert his own “law of Thelema” into an already existing pseudo-mystical mish-mash.

Thus, the conclusion is that while Crowley may be of interest to some “Right Hand Path” individuals still working within the distorted Golden Dawn tradition, he is of no use, and of no interest whatsoever, to anyone interested in or working within a genuine Left Hand Path and Sinister tradition, and indeed

he is of no interest or practical importance to anyone who wants to forge ahead on their own along the Way of genuine esoteric Arts. Instead, he is a rather good example of the traps, and pitfalls, that await for the unwary, and those who, through lack of direct practical experience (extending to decades) of both the Light and the Dark, prefer pseudo-mystical ramblings and the comfort of Old Aeon stereotypes to the harsh and dangerous reality of genuine practical Occultism. For at worst he was just an Initiate floundering about, trapped by egotism and delusions of grandeur, while, at best, he was a charlatan who enjoyed, as a good Initiate should, sometimes playing games and enjoying japes: someone who never confronted, let alone alchemically synthesized in themselves or presenced, for others, the Darkness beyond and within, and thus someone who did not (to be kind) progress beyond Adeptship, or (to be realistic) did not progress beyond the stage signified by External Adept.

### **Crowley, The Septenary, and The Origins of the ONA**

It has been suggested by several individuals interested in The Order of Nine Angles, and in the life and works of Anton Long, that Anton Long was “influenced” by both the system of the Golden Dawn and by Crowley, since - as described in *Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist* - Anton Long briefly had some contact with a small ceremonial Golden Dawn based group, in London, when, as a young man, he was beginning his study of The Dark Arts. Thus, the assumption is that the ONA itself - and such things as its Seven Fold Way and the Septenary System - are, in part at least, either derived from or influenced by either the work of Crowley or by The Golden Dawn.

However, as described in a still esoteric autobiographical MS, written by him and entitled *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis*, this contact was brief, with him, he admits with the arrogance of youth, dismissing both the teachings of the Golden Dawn, and the works of Crowley, as “wishy-washy arty-farty mumbo-jumbo” after a study of, among many other works, Regardie’s *The Golden Dawn*, Crowley’s *Magick in Theory and Practice*, his *Liber AL vel Legis* and other writings, loaned to him by someone in that ceremonial group, and after witnessing “several boring, pompous, and very un-magickal, ceremonial rituals”.

The claim that several aspects of the ONA system were derived from or influenced by either the work of Crowley or The Golden Dawn is addressed, by Anton Long, in the still esoteric autobiographical MS, written by him, dated 118 Year of Fayen, and entitled *Emanations of a Mage* where he states:

“As for the Septenary System itself, this - as I inherited it - was, in essence, an aural tradition, with only a few short handwritten MSS containing some correspondences and giving a brief description, and

an illustration of, the Tree of Wyrd, and it did not take me long, during my time with my Lady Master and her daughter, to realize that, if anything, the Golden Dawn system was a distorted and very corrupt, version of this genuine, and hitherto secret, Western septenary tradition. At that time, following my own Initiation in the Dark Tradition of this, my Lady Master, the true origins of this system of hebdomadry were not known, although there was an aural tradition mentioning the works of people such as Robert Fludd which were said to contain some allusions to this seven-fold order, and it was only some time later, after I had undertaken much research lasting some years, that I considered I had found the original and probably long-forgotten source.

This source was - and for me, at that time (the early to middle 1970's e.n.) surprisingly - the works of various Arabic alchemists and writers, who had not only posited a system of seven fundamental stages or elements - *al-ajsad al-sabaah* - but who had also constructed a system of *nine* emanations of "The One" which included these seven elements plus two others which were quite distinct by virtue of having different aspects, or types of, or sources of, *time* itself, as described in the alchemical manuscript *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*.

What I found especially interesting - or, to be more accurate, what at that time astonished me - was that here was a system of nine emanations which mirrored, or which seemed to me to mirror, what I had termed, some years previously, as the Nine Angles, consisting as those Nine Angles did of the seven emanations (or nexions or spheres or Gates) of the Tree of Wyrd plus the two emanations/nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion (a means to progress toward the acausal), with The Abyss - an actual connexion between the individual and the acausal - being the other one of the those two other emanations/nexions.

My actual reason for first using the term Nine Angles, some time before this discovery in Arabic texts, to describe the traditional "order" I had inherited from my Lady Master, was essentially to do with my other research - since my late teenage years - into tensorial mathematical representations of Space-Time, for I had already, due to my own Occult researches, concluded that in order to rationally understand magick, one must posit a bifurcation of Time itself, something I rudimentary described in the first section of early editions of my *Emanations of Urania* MS, coining the term Cliology to describe this rational apprehension. After my initiation - and after

about two weeks of learning and study with my Lady Master and her daughter - I sensed a similarity between this research of mine, and their aural traditions regarding the Septenary System and the Tree of Wyrd (described by a double tetrahedron), and it seemed to me then that I might be able to find some mathematical connection between the seven plus two emanations of the Septenary (described in one short traditional MS by a double tetrahedron, each of which had nine mathematical angles), and the Tensor which had nine non-zero symmetric components and which formed one part of an equation I had used to connect normal (causal) Space-Time with that new type of non-causal Space which I then had tentatively called the acausal.

Hence the descriptive name I choose for the tradition I had been Initiated into and which traditions I had inherited: the Order of Nine Angles, signifying as that name did not only the basic, and inherited tradition of seven plus two emanations (the Septenary), but also my own theory regarding causal and acausal Space and Time."

On the question of magickal Grades - as described in works such as *Naos* - Anton Long, in the same MS, writes:

"The aural traditions I had inherited included several other aspects: first, a basic, and quite rudimentary, system of Grades related to the stages, or the spheres, of the basic Tree of Wyrd; second, a series of tests, or ordeals, for prospective Initiates, and for some of the early Grades; third, some basic and quite rudimentary guidelines for choosing involuntary opfers...

It should be understood that these were all aural traditions - nothing was written down. Indeed, beyond the few short handwritten MSS mentioned previously, the only complete manuscripts were a handwritten early copy of *The Black Book of Satan* - which in its English version derived from less than fifty years ago - and one other work... Even the traditional esoteric chants were all aural, and had to be transcribed, just as the traditional Ceremony of Recording, as practised by the few secluded rural sinister covens of tradition, was never written down, having been memorized by the Lady Master whose duty was to conduct the ceremony, along with, of course, various traditions regarding Baphomet as the Dark Earth Mother Goddess to whom sacrifices were made...

Thus, the traditional task associated with what I came to term the Grade of Internal Adept was for the person (male or female) to live alone for at least three months in a wilderness type area, during

which they had to fend for themselves, building their own shelter and hunting for, and gathering, all their own food. As for the Grades themselves, they were traditional, having - in a looser way and according to aural tradition - pre-dated the Tree of Wyrd and the Septenary itself, which was regarded as a medieval accretion on something much older, with there originally being no titles, or names (such as Adept or even Initiate), associated with the various stages of someone progressing along The Path, or Journey, of Wyrd, which stages themselves were never classified numerically (one to seven) but were rather seen and understood in relation to what later became known as a "knowing of wyrd" and which originally was just "wyrd-full", with this knowing, this progression itself, relating to certain astronomical cycles, such as the seventeen and nineteen years between certain lunar, stellar, and solar events, connected as those events themselves were with various esoteric traditions and myths, elsewhere described...

The Septenary had given some form to such aural and such early traditions, and I myself gave the tradition some more form, thus making many aspects more conscious, and updating such things as the Grade Ritual associated with Internal Adept, since it was no longer really feasible, in a country such as the British Isles, for individuals to find an isolated area, full of game, where they might live alone by hunting, and gathering, their own food. Furthermore, I desired to make the whole tradition not only accessible - and magick itself more rational and thus easier to understand via notions such as nexion, causal and acausal - but also a means to transform not just a few individuals over several decades, but a much larger number of people, world-wide, thus creating that new elite which might form the basis for a new type of more evolved human being."



Order of Nine Angles

## 119 Year of Fayen

### *Footnotes:*

(1) An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus “in the psyche”): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it “dies” (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

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## A Sinister View of The Book of The Law

### Historical Perspective

*The Book of The Law* - pretentiously known as Liber AL vel Legis but more commonly known, among the Occult cognoscenti, as Liber AL The Legless, aka The Book AL Scribed While Legless - is an alleged communication, in 1904 CE, from some entity called Aiwass to Aleister Crowley, the English Occultist.

Crowley - and his followers - claimed and claim that the Book of The Law not only gave Crowley the "authority" to award himself the title Magus, but also announce a New Aeon based on the word Thelema. This Thelema is regarded as a new law and new philosophy of life for human beings, outlined in Liber AL, and based on the phrases Do What Thou Wilt, and Love is the Law, love under will.

In later years, Crowley wrote extensive commentaries on, and essays about, this Book, with his explanations generally being dependant upon the Magian qabala.

### The Book of The Law

In style, the Book - replete with Thee and Thou and Yeah and Saith - is reminiscent of late English pseudo-romantic poesy and of the King James Bible.

In content, it - like Michael Aquino's *Book of The Coming Forth By Night* - resembles an Occult working done by an esoteric *Initiate* who is undergoing the noviciate process of objectifying unconscious, archetypal, forces in their psyche [1], and thus striving to apprehend them esoterically and rationally in order to proceed to integrate them with their own personality. In the Western esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry, this is the alchemical process of Separation (linked to the Alchemical Season, Scorpio, and the Occult Form, Indulgence) associated with the second of the seven stages that mark the path to Enlightenment and Wisdom, to The Philosopher's Stone.

Most Initiates of esoteric traditions such as Hebdomary produce such cryptic "communications" with "entities" - with an aspect or aspects of their own objectified psyche - and for most of these Initiates it is purely a learning experience. Having apprehended, esoterically and rationally, they move on, knowing they have a lot more to learn and far more to experience, and that they are not yet even Adepts. Thus, while they may have initially been intrigued (and possibly even impressed) by such "communications", they understand them for what they are - a basic esoteric learning experience - and so discard them, as a second-year University undergraduate studying mathematics discards the notes they made in the first terms of their first year having absorbed what learning such notes contained, a learning enabling them to master more complex mathematics.

In the case of Crowley, however, he regarded his Book as an important Occult document, proclaiming such guff as "The Brethren shall be diligent in preaching the Law of Thelema..." and that Thelema amounted to a new religion, with Liber AL being its "sacred book".

No wonder then that the OTO (Ordo Templi Orientis) under Crowley kept its so very Old Aeon shenanigans, and its pretentiousness - Pontiff, Eopt, Keeper of the Golden Book, blah blah blah - as Crowley continued to pen (or have penned on his behalf) awful pretentious, un-original, poesy such as this from Crowley's so-called Gnostic Mass,

Thou, the true fire within the reed

Brooding and breeding, source and seed  
Of life, love, liberty, and light,  
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight

Thus, instead of some new, clear, philosophy - an original ontology and praxis - one got a dreary Old Aeon mix-n-match including Egyptian myth and legend, Eastern and Western mysticism and practices (including of course the qabala), and much verbiage about finding and following "one's True Will", rather as Nietzsche's Zarathustra proclaimed " I teach you The *Übermensch*..." and waffled on about "eternal recurrence."

In respect of Liber AL itself, consider the following -

" We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever."

*King??* Just how Old Aeon is that?! But, levity aside, in content, and style, this rather resembles an amalgam of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* (available at the time in an English translation by Alexander Tille) and a pseudo-mystical text of the kind The Golden Dawn was adept at producing, and had been producing, at that time, for many years.

For example, consider, these random extracts from Tille's translation:

One virtue is more than two because it is so much the more a knot on which to hang fate....I love him who justifieth the future ones and saveth the past one... I love him whose soul is deep even when wounded...

Verily, a muddy stream is man. One must be a sea to be able to receive a muddy stream without becoming unclean... Hungry, violent, lonely, godless thus the lion's will willeth itself...Free from the happiness of slaves... fearless and fear-inspiring; great and lonely; this is the will of the truthful one.

Consider, also, these random extracts from some of the MSS of The Golden Dawn, issued years before Liber AL, and which MSS Crowley was quite familiar with -

I am the mighty Mother Isis; most powerful of all the worlds, I am she who fights not, but is always victorious, I am that Sleeping Beauty who men have sought, for all time...

everlasting rivers through glowing channels run, those channels are of gold and thence the countless treasures of the kings of earth...

Anyone who has trawled through the turgid poesy of Golden Dawn ceremonies - and of many of their other documents - and who has read Tille's translation of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, will most probably begin to appreciate from whence came Crowley's inspiration for Liber AL vel Legis.

Perhaps, as some pundit once commented, Aleister Crowley (Al, to his intimates) was legless at the time - on a three day binge - so that the alternative title for his great work, Liber AL The Legless, is not inappropriate. Perhaps, after all, as another pundit once suggested, Liber AL and Thelema, and Crowley's AA group, were a monumental jape, and a means to keep him well-supplied with booze, heroin, guys and gals.

However, it does appear, from events subsequently, as if Crowley did really believe in this "revelation" (or inspiration)

and thus did really believe that Thelema was some sort of new law for human beings, and that he was therefore, as he himself publicly and rather theatrically proclaimed, entitled to call himself an Occult Magus.

Yet - given the nature and content of Liber AL, and Crowley's manner of promulgating it - this claim is most certainly specious; the claim of a charlatan.

Why? For two reasons. First, the style and content. Second, the manner of its writing and its inappropriate promulgation.

In respect of content. (1) there is nothing creatively original; nothing genuinely esoteric. There is only old rather hackneyed insights (such as "finding one's self", following one's Destiny, "loving one's self", and "your duty to mankind") dressed up in pretentious and occasionally cryptic phraseology; and what is claimed to be esoteric all requires "interpretation", exegesis: exactly as all Old Aeon texts require "interpretation", exegesis; (2) there is a reliance on both dead archetypal forms (Egyptian) - indicating an esoteric lack of understanding of archetypes [2] and upon the Magian (non-Western) qabala; and (3) most pertinent of all, its content proclaim it as a working of an esoteric Initiate undergoing the noviciate process of objectifying unconscious, archetypal, forces in their own psyche.

In respect of style. We have already touched upon its literary pretentiousness - upon its late English pseudo-romantic poesy and its imitation of the King James Bible. A pretentious style wholly incompatible with that a genuine Adept (let alone a Magus) who could and who would expound thoughts, intuitions, knowledge, learning, experience, in a refreshingly understandable unpretentious manner. In addition, the style of The Book of The Legless is cryptic, often in the extreme - a cryptic pretentiousness, a mundane affectation, wholly incompatible with that a genuine Adept (let alone a Magus) who would speak and write directly, in a manner most comprehensible.

In respect of its writing and inappropriate promulgation. Crowley did not rationally, in the detached intellectual way appropriate to a genuine Mage, write about the new way of living he wished to promulgate as he did not claim this way - that of Thelema - as being something he himself had manufactured, again as a genuine Mage would.

Instead - like a charlatan - he not only proclaimed that his "new law" resulted from "a voice speaking to him" and that it was "a new revelation," (superseding all others, of course) but also (like some medieval seller of fake potions) issued a disclaimer, thus hedging his bets, and so stated that it was for every individual to interpret *The Book of The Law* for themselves, although of course he himself provided extensive commentaries in order to help them interpret it.

## Conclusion

One has to conclude that Liber AL is a document firmly rooted in the traditions, the ways, the pretentiousness, of the Old Aeon, and that far from proclaiming some new impressive revelation, or even philosophy, about the cosmos and ourselves, it merely expresses old rather hackneyed insights (such as "finding one's self", following one's Destiny, "loving one's self", and "your duty to mankind") in some pretentious and occasionally cryptic phraseology.

This view is confirmed by: (1) the interpretation(s) of Liber AL - using the Magian qabala; (2) by use made of Liber AL as some sort of "sacred" or "important" and revelatory text requiring (partly due to its old-hat cryptic statements) interpretation and exegesis; and (3) its reliance on dead archetypal forms.

In short, it is just an Occult working done by some Initiate of the distorted, qabala-based, non-genuine Western Occult tradition, and is redolent of the Magian ethos itself.

Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

*Notes*

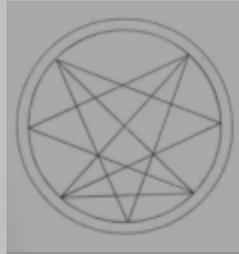
[1] The ONA define the psyche as

" Those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes"

[2] According to the ONA, archetypes are:

"A particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases)."

## The Order of Nine Angles in Historical, and Esoteric, Context



### Origins

According to its own internal account [1] of its origins, the esoteric association named The Order of Nine Angles resulted from the amalgamation, in the late 1960's CE, of three small British, and secretive, pagan groups called, respectively, Camlad, The Noctulians, and The Temple of the Sun. The total number of people involved in these three groups, it is said, was less than two dozen.

Two of these groups - Camlad and The Noctulians - were also said to be survivals of an old, indigenous, esoteric tradition which it was claimed flourished in the then still rather isolated rural borderland between Wales and England, in the area now known as The Welsh Marches. Some of this pagan, sinister, tradition is recounted, in fictional form, in the ONA MS [2] *The Giving* and also in the ONA's *Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Whatever the merits or truth - historical and otherwise - of these recorded origins, the ONA itself first emerged into the public light of day in the early 1980's CE, when various Occult 'zines, including *The Lamp of Thoth*, and Stephen Sennitt's *Nox*, published ONA articles after the ONA itself had begun a limited distribution of some of their texts, including *The Black Book of Satan*.

The ONA went on to distribute other texts, including various editions of *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*, and - famously - two volumes entitled *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown* which contained some correspondence between a certain Stephen Brown [3] and Michael Aquino, the then well-known leader of the American organization, *The Temple of Set*. In these

*Satanic Letters* - and in works such as Anton Long's *Satanism: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents* - what the ONA called its *exoteric doctrines* of the first phase of its Sinister Aeon strategy [4] were clearly outlined.

Subsequently, the ONA received some mention in various books, including Goodrick-Clark's *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity*. In many of these books, the ONA was directly associated with fascism and National Socialism, or accused of promoting such political ideologies, and thus came to be regarded, by many people (correctly or incorrectly), as the premier group of what was termed neo-nazi Satanism.

Furthermore, many groups, around the world, have been formed, since the late 1980's and in or after the 1990's CE, which, directly or indirectly, have been influenced by the ONA and its doctrines, or which have been established by ONA members themselves. ONA inspired groups include the Australasian groups The Black Order, Sinister Vivendi, Order of Left Hand Path, The Black Glyph Society and The Temple of Them; the European groups include Fraternity of Balder, Fraternitas Loki, The Society of The Dark Lily, and Secuntra (Italy); and the American groups include WSA352, The Joy of Satan [5], the White Order of Thule, among many others.

### **Esoteric Context of the ONA**

The ONA, in the 1980's, coined the term *Traditional Satanism* to describe and categorize itself, by which term it meant that it represented a particular, a unique, sinister - that is, Satanic - tradition. Although this term, traditional Satanism, has since been appropriated and used (and somewhat mis-used and mis-appropriated) by other Occultists, it is still useful to describe the ONA, especially since the ONA has its own, unique and original, ontology and theology of Satanism, as outlined in the important and seminal ONA text *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

It is this originality - this uniqueness - which serves to distinguish the ONA from all other contemporary Satanist and Left Hand Path Occult groups. Indeed, there are many originality pointers which can be used to describe and distinguish the ONA, some of which pointers are:

(1) Their unique ontology and theology, which posits (a) a bifurcation of

Reality into an acausal continuum and a causal continuum, and (b) the existence of acausal beings in this acausal continuum, one of whom is the being conventionally known as Satan, and another of whom is Baphomet, The Sinister Mistress of Earth, the bride-wife-and-mother of Satan.

(2) Their axiom that "human beings possess the potential to *consciously* evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur." [6]

(3) Their long-term Aeonic goals and esoteric strategy, manifest in their Sinister Dialectic, and their concept of sinister tribes, with these sinister tribes being regarded as an important part of their sinister strategy to build a new, tribal-based, more sinister way of life, and to disrupt and eventually overthrow the societies of what they call the mundanes.

(4) Their claim that "the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation....." [6]

(5) Their rational explanation of magick/sorcery as the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion, and their understanding of Aeons as a type of presencing of acausal energy, and one that lasts (as an individual Aeon) for well over a thousand years.

(6) Their unique Rite of Internal Adept, which requires the candidate to spend at least three months living alone, far from human habitation, carrying everything they need on their back, and to live without speaking to anyone, without any modern devices or conveniences - such as a modern means of timekeeping (watch, or clock); without modern means of lighting (such as a torch or lantern) and without listening to any music other than that which they can produce for themselves by simple, hand-made, instruments such as a flute.

(7) Their placing of Satanism in an Aeonic context, regarding it is one presencing of acausal (sinister) energy during the current Aeon, and thus as one causal form to achieve certain exoteric and esoteric goals during this current Aeon.

(8) Their emphasis on the subversive sinister training of the individual in order to create the phenotype of a new, sinister, human species, with this training involving real, practical, danger to the individual (of the life-and-death, or loss

of one's liberty by going to jail, sort).

(9) The intentionally organic - esoteric - organizational nature of the ONA itself, described by Anton Long as "a type of acausal, living, entity in our causal world."

(10) The uniqueness of their symbols, such as their official Septenary Sigil, their Sigil of Baphomet, and their Star Game.

In addition, and according to Senholt in his thesis *The Sinister Tradition* [7] the sinister tradition of the ONA has seven distinct characteristics, which he enumerates as:

- 1) Anti-ethics. Followers of the Sinister Tradition despise any kind of ethical behaviour, which they see as remnants of a Judeo-Christian worldview;
- 2) Right Wing: All groups related to the Sinister Tradition contain political elements, such as appraisal of National Socialism, Race-theory, Social-Darwinism, and the infiltration or disruption of political powers in society;
- 3) Emphasis on physical training: Physical training is emphasized and is often a requirement in the curriculum of the initiate;
- 4) Direct action: The Sinister Tradition is highly practical, requiring members to perform magickal acts by working undercover in society, or by opposing society by means of direct action such as infiltration, intimidation or assassination of key opponents;
- 5) Distinct sinister vocabulary: A certain common vocabulary, which differs from the one used by the rest of the Left Hand Path is used. Key words are: sinister (often in combination with words such as dialectics and pathworkings), the septenary system, aeonics, causal/acausal, nexion, connexion, homo galactica, dark sorcery, presencing and the Dark Gods;
- 6) Advocate Traditional and theistic Satanism: Groups belonging to the Sinister Tradition advocate what they call Traditional Satanism which is theistic, positively believing in and using supernatural forces;
- 7) Non-semitic tradition: All followers of the Sinister Tradition are characterized by the conscious avoidance of any Semitic and Christian

influences, such as Kabbalah, Qliphoth, and even Goetic magick.

While we might rather pedantically quibble with some of the details given here by Senholt - for instance, with the term theistic applied to the ONA, and the term Right-Wing [8] - these seven characteristics, plus the ten originality pointers we have given above, certainly serve to distinguish the ONA from, and distance the ONA from, all contemporary Occult groups, as they certainly seem to reveal the ONA to be the most sinister, the most esoterically advanced, the most original, and the most practical Occult group currently in existence.

Indeed, one might well be justified in describing the dangerous - and seemingly complex and labyrinthine - Sinister Way as a unique esoteric *Weltanschauung* which makes the ways, methods and teachings of other esoteric groups seem rather mundane and quite tame, quite bourgeois.

In respect of the ONA's claimed aural traditions [9], as Senholt has pointed out, the ONA rite of External Adept bears some resemblance to an old Nordic tradition - a nightly ritual called *utesitta* - and may thus be a survival of such an old, European, pagan tradition, just as their Rite of Internal Adept may be a modern form of a much older pagan tradition, where the aspiring or apprentice sorcerer, or sorceress, had to live alone in the wilds for many months, and often for a year or more, in order to develop their esoteric skills.

Finally, and quite importantly, one must make mention of the intentional organic nature of the ONA itself, a nature manifest in several things, such as the lack of a central hierarchy; the sinister methodology itself which allows the individual to make their own choices and decisions; the lack of restrictions - moral and otherwise - placed on the individual; allowing the individual to form their own groups (or nexions or tribes), and the disdain for copyright, and the lack of secrecy regarding teachings, which has led to the rapid dissemination of the sinister Way, the sinister methodology, and the sinister mythos of the ONA. This organic - or acausal or living - nature of the ONA has allowed other individuals, and other groups, to make their own contributions to the ONA, as well as to take what they need from the ONA, use it, change it, and evolve it. As one ONA member recently described it: "the ONA is akin to acausal viral DNA; a new kind of causal transduction."

It is this acausal nature of the ONA itself - and its underlying sinister methodology - that has not only allowed the ONA to survive and steadily grow in the past thirty years without any apparent outward organization or

individual control, but which has also led, most significantly, to its recent rapid expansion in places like urban America where groups such as WSA352, led by dynamic, intelligent - and interestingly often non-Caucasian - young people, have been inspired to adopt, adapt and evolve the ONA, and give it new life, as the ONA virus spreads and mutates, world-wide.

### **The Contentious Issue of The Nine Angles**

Senholt, in his thesis *The Sinister Tradition*, expresses what has become the accepted view when he states:

The concept of the nine angles appears for the first time in published sources by the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set...and as such from a scholarly point of view this appears to be the probable source of inspiration to the ONA.

This view however, is incorrect, for, as the ONA has pointed out in many essays and documents - including *Ingrowing Angles*, and *The Nine Angles: One More Causal Symbology* the ONA's nine "angles" refer to a causal description of the meeting of acausal and causal space-time metrics, and are thus a re-presentation of a nexion, of that region of the Cosmos where the causal continuum meets or intersects or can intersect the acausal continuum, and thus where acausal energy flows from the acausal into the causal, which energy is capable of making things (or *a* thing) alive [10]. That is, to use an older but appropriate esoteric term, the ONA angles are *alchemical*: some-thing which has life, or which can be made alive.

Classical *esoteric* alchemy was concerned with finding or manufacturing what was called The Philosophers Stone, which was some means, or some element, or some potion, or some combination of means, potions, and various elements, which would animate matter, making alive what was hitherto inert, with this "Stone" (lapis) thus re-presenting the very essence of life itself, and hence capable of imparting health and long life (or even immortality) to the alchemist.

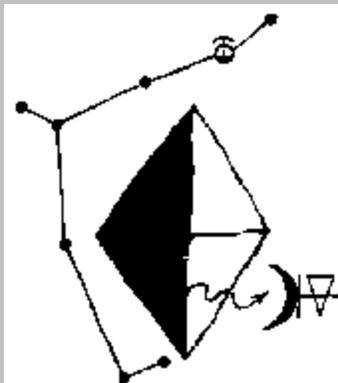
Hence, the ONA's "angles" are alchemical in inspiration. Hence also the mention of the source for this inspiration, this early source being ancient

Arabic alchemical texts, and certainly not a certain Mister Aquino.

Furthermore, the ONA - or rather, Anton Long - has extensively developed and refined, and rationally explicated, the original and often vague and confused alchemical concepts involved. Thus, the Nine Angles of the ONA can be considered to be nine-dimensional - combining the five-dimensions of the acausal continuum, with the four-dimensions of the causal continuum, and thus describing a nexion; one presencing of life-giving acausal energy in the causal.

In rather stark contrast, as the ONA says, the "angles" of Aquino (which angle concept of his both his own Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, used) are just a boring, mundane, dead, two-dimensional geometric thing.

The Nine Angles are most often symbolized, by the ONA, by means of the alchemical combination of a quartz tetrahedron, certain sound vibrations (esoteric chant), the sorcerer/sorceress (the rounwytha) and the appropriate "alchemical season", for it is - according to the ONA - such particular combinations, which must involve a living, conscious, esoterically skilled, human being, that not only "animate" the nine angles, but which are or which can become, the nine angles. Furthermore, according to Anton Long [11], these nine angles represent the survival of the genuine, ancient, esoteric alchemical tradition, and perhaps the only surviving one, a tradition symbolized by the traditional ONA sigil below, where most of the required "elements" are depicted [12]:



### **The Strange Case of Anton Long**

With a few notable exceptions - such as the images of The Sinister Tarot, the MS *Caelethi*, and the odd essay or two - all the works of the ONA are the

creation of one person, Anton Long.

To Anton Long belong classic ONA texts such as *Naos*, *The Deofel Quintet*, *Hostia*, the *Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way*, and the scores of more recent texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*; the *Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; the *Sinister Tribes of the ONA*, and compilations such as *We*, *The Drecc*, as well as *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, *Dark Goddess*, and sinister stories such as *Eulalia*, *Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. Even the Star Game is Anton Long's creation.

To Anton Long belongs the unique symbols and sigils of the ONA, the Septenary Sigil, and the Sigil of Baphomet. To him belongs new esoteric terms such as nexion, acausal, rounwytha, Vindex, Falcifer, presencing, sinister dialectic, and indeed the esoteric use of the term sinister itself to describe the amoral, individualistic Way of the ONA. To Anton Long belongs the decision to create the ONA as a type of living being; that is, free from the restraints - legal, moral, organizational, hierarchical, personal, and otherwise - of all other esoteric groups.

Given all these things, one might thus be justified in saying two things. First, that the ONA, as it now exists, is the creation of one person, Anton Long. Second, that Anton Long - whomsoever he might be - is most certainly a genius; a reprehensible amoral, sinister, one, perhaps; but a genius nonetheless, in both the senses of the term - an individual of extensive, original, creativity, and intellect, and a *jinni*, a type of daimon, or supernatural entity, who influences or who can influence others, often in an amoral, or sinister, way.

But just who is Anton Long? Despite recent attempts by some individuals, associated with the ONA, to obfuscate matters [13] the general consensus, among both esoteric folk, and among academics and authors interested in the ONA, is that Anton Long is David Myatt. There is, quite literally, no other feasible option.

Even the ONA itself now has what it calls "a test of mundane-ness" which involves how people view the varied life of "Anton Long", whose name they - in one document describing this test (version 1.07 of their *FAQ About the ONA*) - even put in quotes, as if to suggest it might well be a pseudonym.

Furthermore, as Goodrick-Clark noticed [14] the early life of Anton Long, as recounted in *Diablerie*, is remarkably similar to that of Myatt's early life. Senholt [6] gives several other good reasons - based on published material -

why he and others believe Myatt is Anton Long. Anton Long himself - in several published interviews - gives some clues [15] while still unpublished MSS such as *Presencing the Dark: The Weird Life of Anton Long* and especially *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis* [16] and *Emanations of a Mage* [17] really do leave no room for doubt. [18]

If this be so, then why has Myatt denied - and why does he still deny - being Anton Long? My personal view is that there are two reasons. Firstly, the very practical one of allowing him to continue, over the decades, with his subversive public *personae*, such as neo-nazi street thug, and, latterly, radical Islamist [19]. Second, because it allows Anton Long to operate in the shadows, personally known to only a few trusted acolytes of long-standing, and as someone who is difficult to contact, who does not encourage or even allow a "personality cult" to develop, who never issues personal edicts or commands, and who never seems to be in direct operational control, or even seems to be the leader of, the ONA itself, as befits the sinister, viral, nature of the ONA.

But there seems little doubt that - if our informational culture survives into the next century, with or without printed books - David Myatt as Anton Long will take his place as probably the most influential, and most sinister, character of modern Occultism, for The Order of Nine Angles, what it is now, and will become, will most likely be his most enduring legacy, long after his National Socialist and Islamist writings have been forgotten. For his whole varied and seemingly strange but always very subversive life - from his teenage years onwards - will assuredly be understood as part of a sinister quest, as the peregrinations of a latter-day Mage. [20]

But, crucially, whatever Myatt is, was, or will be, the Order of Nine Angles - by that name or by some other [21] - can now, and will, continue, with or without him; morphing over the decades and centuries in the same way that esoteric alchemy, and all genuine esoteric traditions and mythos, have continued and morphed, and drawn to them those curious individuals, be they few or many, who have been touched by the spell of the sinister numen that lies at the heart of all sorcery and all genuine Occult organizations.



JRW  
November 2009 CE

*Footnotes*

(1) The origins are recounted in several ONA documents and essays, many of which have been published, or are available on the Internet. Among the published documents are *Concerning the Traditions of the ONA*. Among unpublished documents are Anton's Long's *Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist*, his *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis*, and his *Emanations of a Mage*.

(2) *MS* refers to ONA manuscripts (or documents and essays); plural *MSS*

(3) Stephen Brown has long been regarded as one of the many pseudonyms of Anton Long, aka David Myatt.

(4) Refer to *Toward The Dark Formless Acausal*.

[5] The group The Joy of Satan originally, shortly after its formation, acknowledged its debt to the ONA, to Myatt, and Anton Long, but then dropped all reference to them, following a public scandal involving its leader and certain officials of the American political organization, the National Socialist Movement.

[6] ONA MS by Anton Long, *The Quintessence of the ONA, A Sinister*

*Returning*. Dated 119 Year of Fayen.

[7] Jacob C. Senholt: *Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*. Norwegian University of Science and Technology, Conference: Satanism in the Modern World, November 2009

[8] As the ONA explain in their essay *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*, they are not theistic because, for example: (a) they do not accept a creator God; (b) they assert that it is acausal energy which imbues causal beings with life, not God, or some god; (c) they assert that Satan is just one example, one type, of the various acausal beings who exist, primarily, in the acausal continuum; and (d) that such acausal beings such as Satan and the (female) Baphomet are never worshipped or obeyed, but rather are regarded as new friends, or lovers, or as long-lost kin.

In addition - and in respect of the term Right-Wing - the ONA has made it clear, in such texts as *Is The ONA Nazi?*, that National Socialism was, and is, just one causal form used to "presence the sinister" and that their aims go far beyond politics, and are "to breed better human beings; a new sinister elite (or more correctly, new elites) founded on esoteric ability and excellence of personal character; new societies founded on sinister principles and imbued with the sinister spirit, with the ethos of Satan" and that these elites do not have to be defined in ethnic terms.

[9] See, for instance, the ONA MSS *Concerning the Traditions of the ONA and Defending the ONA?* as well as *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles*.

[10] For a conventional metaphysical description of "a thing", refer to Martin Heidegger's book *What Is A Thing?*

[11] *Emanations of a Mage*. Unpublished MS (in pdf format) by Anton Long, dated 118 Year of Fayen. Kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[12] As often happens with some ONA material, this sigil has received no attention, with its esoteric significance being unknown outside the few genuine ONA Adepts.

[13] I refer here to some recent articles by one Ms PointyHat, such as *Even More About Anton Long and David Myatt*.

[14] Goodrick-Clarke, Nicholas. *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity*. New York University Press, 2002

[15] For instance, in *Questions for Anton Long* by WSA352.

[16] Unpublished typewritten MS, by Anton Long, dated 107 yf, and kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[17] Unpublished MS (in pdf format) by Anton Long, dated 118 Year of Feyen. Kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[18] Two items based on available, and unpublished, material about Myatt and Long, make fascinating reading and really lead one to the conclusion that Myatt must indeed be Anton Long.

The two items in question are (a) *Anton Long: A Short Chronology of His Life*, by DarkLogos, version 1.17a, dated November 120yf; and (b) the well-referenced, if somewhat speculative in places, essay *David Myatt: Agent Provocateur?* also by DarkLogos, dated February 2009 CE (Updated 09/011/09)

[19] For an overview of Myatt as sinister shapeshifter, see Wright, Julie: *David Myatt - A Sinister Life* (e-text, October 2009).

[20] The ONA, and its new offshoots such as WSA352, have written many times recently about how the outer, exoteric, ONA will evolve and may shed the ONA name, especially as its sinister tribes grow and spread. See, for instance, the ONA MS *We, The Drecc*.

[21] For one personal and interesting view, see Julie Wright, *David Myatt: A Mage For Our Times?* e-text, 2009

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## **Bringing The Mythos To Life Misconceptions, Lies and Ignorance Regarding the ONA**

### **Introduction**

The past few years has seen an explosion of interest in the Order of Nine Angles, with new ONA nexions (groups/tribes etcetera) popping up all over the world, from New York, to Iceland, to Brazil, to Russia, to California, to London, to Serbia, to Romania, to Italy, to South Africa. In just over a year, the main ONA weblog recorded over 101,300 hits (as of February 2010 CE / 121 Year of Feyen).

It is therefore not surprising that articles and items about or concerning the ONA - often critical of it - regularly appear by courtesy of that modern medium of communication, the Internet.

But why bother? Why bother with trying to correct, or to counter, some of the ignorance and misconceptions - and often the prejudice - shown by those who have written about, or who have made comments about, the ONA over the past twenty years? Because of our aims, among which are:

- (1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;
- (2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen;
- (3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

Source: *Brief Guide to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA*

For these aims to be achieved, the ONA - quite simply - needs people. It needs recruits. It requires more and more human beings to be assimilated to the ONA Way and into the ONA collective. It needs people who can change themselves - or who can be changed, by us - and who therefore cease to be mundanes, or who develop *the inner sinister-changeling* that they have always felt was dormant within themselves.

These people - our potential recruits - need information about us; reliable information; informative information. The days of expecting potential recruits to work everything out for themselves are now long gone; partly because we now have so many new recruits, partly because of the Internet thingy, partly because there are better, more sinister, things for our new brothers and sisters to do, and partly because we are in the third phase of our long-term strategy.

We - the living ONA - have evolved, adapted, over the past two decades. Thus, the old way of expecting each new recruit, each new Initiate, to spend many, many, months discovering for themselves *who and what we really are* is no longer, in most instances, appropriate, or productive, in the sinister sense. Now - instead of spending a very long time gathering and sifting through ONA MSS, distilling truth from fable, finding mythos beyond myth, and discovering the esoteric essence behind some outward, useful, causal form we may have used - the new recruit can just get on with beginning their esoteric and their practical sinister training, and which training is still individual, and unique to each individual, even if - or especially if - they belong to some sinister tribe of ours.

Crucially, this countering of certain common - certain mundane - misconceptions about us, does not mean that we have ceased to be elitist; that our training for recruits, our sinister techniques, have become easy or ceased to be difficult, heretical, and dangerous. Many recruits will still fail to meet our high standards, as many will give up, after some time, for whatever reason, or because of some delusion about themselves that they believe in or which makes them comfortable and safe, again.

All it means is that we are now actively, openly, recruiting [1] - recruiting, training, the best, the most sinister, the heretical, the defiant. But it still takes some causal Time - a long, hard, difficult, testing, dangerous, time - for new recruits to pass-out from our boot-camp to become part of our elite sinister association, and this joining is still entirely based on individual achievement, on sinister experience, both practical and esoteric, and on a sinister commitment to our Aeonic tactics and our long-term, strategic, aims.

## **Mundane Misconceptions About The Order of Nine Angles**

### **Introductory Diatribe**

Many mundane misconceptions about the ONA are the result of one or more of the following:

(1) Ignorance - the person or persons who repeat a misconception have simply not bothered to do any real and in-depth research, and have just read a few items, almost always on the Internet, about or by the ONA. In their ignorance, they either jump to unwarranted conclusions, or just mundanely in their laziness repeat what they have read or heard somewhere.

Even if the person or persons reads a lot about the subject, they never, ever, bother to contact an ONA member, Adept or Master/Mistress - or one of the ONA OG - to obtain first-hand, real-life, knowledge about the ONA. That is, they just cannot be bothered to do good old fashioned "leg work", in the real world.

(2) Prejudice - the person or persons has/have a preconceived opinion or belief about the ONA, and simply, and illogically and in their mundaneness, act on that prejudice. Often their prejudice derives from being associated with, and emotionally attached to, some existing group or organization, such as the CoS or the ToSers.

(3) Trashy Internet/paperback psychology - the person or persons has/have read some articles about psychology (usually via the medium of the Internet) and/or they have read some books "popularizing" this Magian-infested pretentious and speculative non-science, and then - with the usual arrogance and delusion of mundanes - believe they have "understood" the ONA and/or those involved with it, on the basis of banally projecting some causal and often Magian abstractions (some labels and *-isms*) onto the ONA and/or those involved with it.

(4) Failure - the person or persons has/have failed to make the grade, having flirted for a while with the ONA. Having failed in their quest to become *of the ONA* - for instance, because they were too cowardly to do practical sinister deeds, or because they did not have the elan, the fortitude, the grit, to undertake and pass the basic ONA physical tests [3] - the person or persons want to "prove" to themselves (and others) that the ONA is "wrong", or a "fake" (or whatever)

and so start spreading rumors/disinformation, and so on.

Sometimes, such failures join other Occult groups, or even become Nazarenes, which groups and which religion they, in their anger and delusion, use as a stick to try and beat the ONA with, in order to try and make themselves feel better.

(5) Pretentiousness - the person or persons has/have a desire to appear knowledgeable about the ONA and the Occult in general, and so makes grandiose and often fatuous statements about the ONA and/or those involved with it.

We list here only the nine most common - the most mundane - misconceptions made by mundanes regarding The Order of Nine Angles/The Order of The Nine Angles. There are dozens of other common misconceptions about us, which we really cannot be bothered to correct.

### **Some Mundane Misconceptions**

**Mundane Misconception #1** - The name of the Nine Angles was taken from, or based, on Aquino's Nine Angles Rite, as used by LaVey's Church of Satan

This is a version of the mundane fallacy called *The Magian in the Machine*, where mundanes, influenced by, under the control of, or deluded by, Magian abstractions, have to - just have to - assume that everything relates to, is related to, or is derived from, something Magian, or some Magian distortion, such as the perverted qabalistic traditions and the pantomime "magick" used by groups such as the ToSers and the CoS, and by people such as Crowley.

*ONA verity:* given in numerous ONA MSS, which quite obviously the mundanes believing in and/or parroting or committing this fallacy have never even bothered to read. MSS such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles* (Part 1 and 2) from which this is a quote:

To understand The Nine Angles is to understand the cosmology of causal and acausal - of the Cosmos itself having a causal continuum (a causal Universe), and an acausal continuum (an acausal Universe). The Nine Angles are a nexion between the two, which means these nine angles have or can presence life; that is, they possess, or are animated by, acausal energy, from the acausal continuum.

There are nine angles because there are nine dimensions involved in all the nexions we currently know - the four dimensions of, or which re-present, the causal continuum, and the five dimensions of, or which re-present, the acausal continuum, and which "five dimensions" form the basis for genuine dark sorcery, that is, the willed bringing forth of acausal energy into the causal by means of a nexion.

The four causal dimensions are, of course, the three spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and the one dimension of causal, linear, Time.

Our term nine-angles thus represents something innovative, sophisticated, numinous, alive - and appropriate to the new sinister Aeon soon to arise - unlike the term nine angles used by others, such as the ToSers, which just refers to a dead two-dimensional geometrical shape.

**Mundane Misconception #2** - The ONA's Septenary System is just a version of the qabalistic Tree of Life.

This is yet another version of the widespread mundane fallacy *The Magian in the Machine*, mentioned above.

*ONA verity:*

According to the aural traditions of the ONA, The Septenary System, with its Tree of Wyrð, is much older than the Magian qabala with its ten spheres comprising the Magian Tree of the Lifeless.

Early, Western, alchemical writings contain many *allusions* to an esoteric septenary system, as do some of the works of Robert Fludd. However, according to the aural traditions of the ONA, the Western Septenary System as inherited and as developed by the ONA and its reclusive predecessors, had its origins in the works of early Arab and Muslim alchemists (who predated Western alchemy) -

"...who had not only posited a system of seven fundamental stages or elements – *al-ajsad al-sabaah* – but who had also constructed a system of *nine* emanations of “The One” which included these seven elements plus two others which were quite distinct by virtue of having different aspects, or types of, or sources of, *time* itself, as described in the alchemical manuscript *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*.”  
Source: *Emanations of a Mage* by Anton Long, 118 yf

Thus, the ONA regards the qabalistic Tree of the Lifeless as a horrid Magian distortion of the genuine esoteric tradition manifest in the Septenary System.

Furthermore, the ONA have never claimed to have "invented" the Septenary system - only to have made public various aspects of it; and to have extended it in some particular and important ways.

**Mundane Misconception #3** - the ONA symbol is just a combination of the an inverted pentagram with two additional points.

Note that no explanation is ever given, by those making or repeating this misconception, of just how to construct the ONA sigil, in two-dimensional form, from an inverted pentagram by just adding two points.

*ONA verity:*

Considered esoterically, this sigil not only re-presents the Septenary in two-dimensional form [the seven points (of various angles) which touch the outer circle] but also the various pathways which join them.

However, the actual ONA sigil, as used by the ONA, is a four-dimensional one: that is, the two-dimensional sigil is constructed in three-dimensions, within a sphere, which three-dimensional construct itself changes, thus mimicking the change which is causal Time. This change is both a simple change of perspective (for example, the movement and rotation of the sphere and the construct within it) and also a “mapping” (that is, a causal “distortion”) of both the sphere and the construct within it). This mapping is essentially a change of, a transformation of, the regular Cartesian three-dimensional co-ordinate system, and to a limited extent this can be understood, and re-presented, by reference to the mathematical change of metric in causal Space-Time.

**Mundane Misconception #4** - the main ONA book is *The Black Book of Satan*, followed by *NAOS*.

This is known as *the fallacy of the exoteric* because those committing this fallacy cannot distinguish between esoteric and exoteric.

*ONA verity:* Both *The Black Book of Satan*, and *Naos*, are basic exoteric works, designed for novices and Initiates; for those individuals just beginning their own individual Occult quest. As such, they are or they may not be useful and interesting to such individuals.

The fact is that there is no definitive or main ONA book, or work, or some specific recommended collection of MSS, given the individual nature of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way, and given the nature and diversity of that sinister

association known exoterically as the ONA, a diversity evident in our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, our reclusive LHP Adepts, and in our small collectives of sinister empaths.

What there is, are hundreds - possibly, now, thousands - of individual, and sometimes related, ONA MSS and works, which deal with a variety of esoteric topics (in an exoteric or esoteric way). The vast majority of these MSS and works are by Anton Long, and they are for the guidance of individuals belonging to, or associated with, or interested in the ONA - the emphasis being on *guidance*.

**Mundane Misconception #5** - The Dark Gods of the ONA are derived from the fictional works of HP Lovecraft.

*ONA verity:* According to our aural traditions, our Mythos of the Dark Gods - of living-beings living in the acausal continuum - is much older than the pseudo-mythology manufactured by Lovecraft.

In addition, our mythos of these acausal sinister entities is quite different in almost all respects from the beings described by Lovecraft. Lovecraft's beings - such as Cthulhu - are loathsome, almost primal, physical creatures, in the ordinary causal continuum. In complete contrast, the Dark Gods are acausal beings, some of whom can manifest in the causal continuum, and many of whom possess the ability to shape-shift and to assume human form. They can thus appear as beautiful human women, or handsome human men. Furthermore, among these acausal beings is the being known, from our human mythology, as Satan. [ Refer, for instance, to the ONA MS *Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*. ] Thus, the ONA mythos, of these Dark Gods, is a sinister, distinctly Satanic, mythos, whereas Lovecraft's pseudo-mythology is not. [ For an early ONA reference to Satan as one of these Dark Gods, refer to the fictional work, *Falcifer, Lord of Darkness*, originally written in 1974 CE and first published in 1976 CE. ]

The ONA have never claimed to have "invented", or to have made public for the first time, the legends and myths about the Dark Gods, only to have explicated them, given them a rational, scientific, basis, and thus codified the tradition into a genuine Mythos appropriate to our times.

Furthermore, the ONA acknowledge that Lovecraft *may* have somehow stumbled upon some of the ancient, esoteric, legends and myths about The Dark Gods, through, for example, his own research, or perhaps via the medium of dreams (where sometimes the psyche of an individual can obtain intimations of the acausal and experience some effects of acausal energy). But if he did, then either it was a distorted, incomplete, garbled version, or he himself, perhaps for literary purposes, penned his own imaginative version of such intimations.

Moreover, the "names" given for various Dark God entities, in such works as NAOS, are useful exoteric symbols (note the words *useful symbols*) intended for Initiates. That is, they are not re-presentations, in the causal, of what are essentially acausal entities who/which cannot be described in causal terms, but which may be better apprehended or re-presented in part via esoteric vibration/chant. The ONA make it quite clear that it is for the Initiate to discover if this is indeed the case - via their own practical experience.

**Mundane Misconception #6** - The ONA does not really exist, and is just an Internet phenomenon.

This is the mundane fallacy of *the deluded middle*, so named because the deluded middle is the muddled mundane who believes this canard, and passes it on, usually in that illusory realm, cyberland, where the sub-species *Mundanus Mundanus* thrive and prosper (in their dreams).

*ONA verity:*

(1) The ONA is a sinister, world-wide, association of sinister tribes, traditional nexions, and reclusive Adepts, many of

whom do not have, and do not want, an Internet presence, and many of whom - as befits sinister, heretical, esoteric, subversive groups and individuals - do not desire publicity of any kind, desiring instead to be illusive.

(2) As mentioned elsewhere:

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken – covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as “sinister” or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the “law enforcement” agencies of mundane “law and order”. That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nym*s, now – some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these nym, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

Source: *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles, Version 1.09*

(3) Our tribes have and seek to expand their own territory. Many of our traditional nexions conduct ceremonial rites and ceremonies, and hold sunedrions, open only to members of good standing and of proven loyalty.

**Mundane Misconception #7** - The ONA is a fascist and/or a neo-nazi, anti-Semitic, Satanist group.

*ONA verity:* The ONA is heretical and subversive, in both the practical and the esoteric sense. Therefore, whatever is heretical, in a particular period of human history, and whatever is or may be useful in a subversive way, we can, or may, or will, use.

Some of our members and associates have, in the past, used the form of overt National Socialism, as others have used - and some still use - the *ethical National-Socialism* of NS groups such as Reichsfolk. Some others have also used that causal *-ology* that mundanes and other term fascism.

Our answer is: so what? The ONA is an amoral, esoteric, Left Hand Path association. As such,

“...there is nothing that is not permitted – nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest. (*The LHP – An Analysis*. ONA MS dated c. 1991 CE)

Thus, if some of our members or associates want to identify with, or use, some form such as National Socialism, for whatever reason (exoteric or esoteric), that is their choice. If some of our members or associates believe in such an *-ism* or such an *-ology*, that is also their choice, which they are free, at liberty, to make. Their belief may or may not change, over causal time, and a result of their experiences, practical, and Occult. Or it may not. Their *wyrd* is their *wyrd*.

As for the ONA being anti-Semitic - the hue and cry of anti-semitism is one of the war-cries of the Magian and of the mundanes following them or manipulated by them, is based on a causal abstraction designed to restrict, contain, tyrannize, and control individuals - their behavior and even their thoughts - and is used to socially engineer a particular type of tyrannical society, for mundanes. This particular causal abstraction derives from the psychology and the sociology of the Magian - a set of causal abstractions and causal theories, based on the fundamental error of what we may call ignorant (or arrant) projectionism, which is when an individual or individuals project some causal abstraction onto the external world, and/or onto human beings, and then “interpret” the external world, and/or human beings according to such abstractions, proceeding then to delude themselves in having “understood” the external world, and/or human beings. We say: psychology and sociology - and all such kindred things - are bunk, and that

knowledge, understanding, and judgment of others, is and can only be individual, as result of direct, practical, experience, discovering, learning and personal interaction. The judgment and opinion of others, and all causal theories, *-isms*, ideas and *--ologies*, are irrelevant.

However, the ONA is decidedly, defiantly, and proudly anti-Magian. That is, opposed to the delusions, the illusions, the abstractions, the distortions, and the ethos, of the Magian. As stated in an ONA MS:

" Magians are a specific type of human being – they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions – such as usury and “freedom” and marxian/capitalist “social engineering/planning” – and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of “democracy”. The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence....

We are [the] scourge of the mundanes, scourge of the Magian, breaker of tyrannical abstractions: scourge and breaker of all that has, for millennia, prevented us from becoming the divine, the numinous, the Cosmic, species we have the potential to be. " *Our Sinister Character*

The ONA regards such things as the qabala, the demonology of grimoires (such as the Lesser Key of Solomon), The Golden Dawn, the Church of Satan, and The Temple of Set, as Magian distortions, corruptions, and/or inventions, and thus as detrimental to the genuine esoteric, Occult, development and evolution of the individual.

We further regard the Magian ethos - exoterically now evident in such things as the new Amerikan world empire (The New World Order) and in nation-States with their laws and Police-forces - as tyrannical and directly and violently opposed to our evolution into a new, higher, species of human being.

A further, non-Occult, discussion of the Magian, and the Magian ethos, can be found in such exoteric works as *Selected Essays Regarding The White Hordes of Homo Hubris*.

**Mundane Misconception #8** - The ONA is just one person, who uses a variety of pseudonyms.

Among the ONA OG, this is called *the Aquino fallacy*, because Aquino was the first person to publicly make this fallacy, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Interestingly, Aquino himself stopped making this fallacy around 2000 CE, although mundanes still commit this fallacy today.

*ONA verity:*

(1) Enough diverse people, around the world, associated with or members of ONA nexions and tribes (past and present; working or defunct), are now known for even the most ordinary and lazy mundane (using only the Internet) to be able to see through this particular fallacy. From WSA352 in the States (especially Chloe and Kayla), to the Temple of Them in Australasia, to nexions and individuals in Iceland, Russia, Italy, and elsewhere; from Beesty Boy to Michael Ford to Ariadne S to Carolyne to Saturnyan... And so, etcetera.

(2) While some pseudonyms *may* be attributable to Anton Long (and names such as Stephen Brown come to mind, here), other pseudonyms used by ONA members or associates (such as DL9 or PointyHat or Caladius) which some people have claimed are used by AL, are most certainly not attributable to Anton Long, a fact which those making such ludicrous claims could easily have found if they had bothered to find and ask the individuals using such 'nyms.

While we have no formal OldAeon-type membership (with an HQ, fees payable and some silly membership card) - but are instead an informal esoteric, subversive, heretical, association, a sinister Way, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos - there are currently around several hundred individuals, world-wide, who may be said to be members of, or closely and/or directly associated with, the ONA, and perhaps a thousand or so others indirectly associated with us, or sufficiently influenced or inspired by us and our Way to directly or indirectly aid us and/or our goals, and/or to produce some works (magickal, practical, sinister, or artistic) inspired by us and/or our sinister ethos and our Mythos.

The numbers, fundamentally, are irrelevant - for our influence far outweighs our numbers, as is befitting and esoterically correct, given that we are an elitist group.

**Mundane Misconception #9** - The founder of the ONA converted to Islam, and left the ONA. He is a nutter who changes religions like some people change their clothes.

*ONA verity:* The individual who gave the outer, the exoteric, name The Order of Nine Angles to a small LHP association in the early 1970's CE, has remained steadfastly committed to The Sinister Way that lies at the heart of the ONA. Thus, for over forty years, Anton Long has been involved with the ONA, never deviating from striving to achieve certain sinister Aeonie goals.

Interestingly, Anton Long never ascribes - and has never ascribed - any title or Magickal Grade to himself; all his profuse esoteric writings, and missives, are simply signed *Anton Long, ONA*. This is in stark contrast to almost everyone else, associated at some level with, or involved at some level with, Occult organizations, especially LHP and Satanic ones, which individuals almost invariably ascribe some grand title to themselves, such as High Priest, or Adept, or Magister, or even Magus.

As for outer, temporal, changes - seen and described by some mundane or some mundanes, or by some Magians - so what? The judging of such a particular individual by means of such outer, temporal, changes is, for us,

a basic but effective test of mundane-ness, especially among those who describe themselves as Occultists and "satanists". Have these "Occultists" and "satanists" the instinct, the occult ability - the innate character of one of our sinister kind - to see beyond mere causal form, to the acausal, and thus perceive the reality of one shapeshifting sinister individual?

Naturally, mundanes will still continue, in their delusion and ignorance, making mundane judgments about people based on such causal illusions - unless and until, that is, they change themselves, and evolve, by a means of liberation such as our Sinister Way, and thus discover, perceive, such causal forms for the restrictions, the tyranny, that they are.

DL9 & PointyHat  
Order of Nine Angles  
121 Year of Fayen

*Notes*

[1] *Recruit openly*, as in publicly encourage candidates to begin their own sinister quest, according to the guidelines we have made available.

*Training*, as (a) for traditional nexions/aspirant Adepts, outlined in *Guide to The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*; and (b) for aspiring Dreccians (those who live by *The Law of The Sinister-Numen*), sinister living as outlined in documents such as *We, The Drecc*, *The War Against The Mundanes*, and *Our Sinister Character*.

[2] The basic physical tests and challenges for aspiring members of the ONA are outlined in *Guide to The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*:

The minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals.]

For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

Note, in particular, that these are just the minimum acceptable standards, and that "those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals." Thus, a competent male cyclist would be expected, for example, to cycle around 350 miles in 24 hours, and a competent male walker would be expected to walk around or over 100 miles in 48 hours.

Also note that even the ONA Grade Ritual of Magus - undertaken only by older folk involved with the ONA for at least three decades - requires the individual to walk 300 miles in 15 days or less, in a wilderness area, carrying all equipment necessary, and then live alone in that area for six months or longer.

*Further Reading:*

#### A - Misconceptions

- 1) [The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context](#)
- 2) [The Septenary, Crowley, and The Origins of the ONA](#)
- 3) [Commentary on Dreamers of the Dark](#)
- 4) [Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism](#)
- 5) [Guide to The Philosophy of the ONA](#)
- 6) [Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism](#)
- 7) [Defending the ONA?](#)

#### B - Training and Ethos

- 1) [Our Sinister Character](#)
- 2) [Our Law of The Sinister-Numen](#)
- 3) [We, The Drecc](#)
- 4) [Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way](#)
- 5) [War Against The Mundanes](#)

Acknowledgments:

The authors acknowledge the help and assistance of Anton Long, who read a draft of this document,  
and who made some helpful suggestions and a few small additions

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## Concerning the Traditions of the ONA

For a long time, the traditions were divulged on an individual basis - from Master or Mistress to Initiate. An 'Order' as such did not exist. There was only, at any one time, a few Adepts who taught a few pupils over a long period of time.

It was not until the sixth decade of this present century that this pattern changed. Hitherto, the tradition was secret and secretive, and prospective pupils were subject to severe tests and ordeals, of a physical, mental and magickal nature. The traditions were oral, with one or two exceptions. These being concerned with certain magickal rituals and Esoteric Chant. But even these were written in code or in symbolic/magickal scripts devised to conceal them from non-Initiates.

The tradition itself concerned: a) certain rites and ceremonies of 'Black Magick' - e.g. The Ceremony of Recalling; The Sinister Calling; the Rites of Nine Angles [Note: These are later titles for what was without title]; b) certain beliefs/legends relating to the Dark Gods; c) certain methods which were believed to be necessary for the achievement of Adeptship [e.g. what later became known as the 'Grade Rituals']; d) certain esoteric knowledge e.g. Esoteric Chant, the septenary system of correspondences; e) certain practices of a sinister nature [described in MSS such as 'Culling'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of opfers'].

There was also a belief which later became known as 'The Sinister Dialectic of History' - an attempt to understand Aeons and the rudiments of what later became Aeonic Magick.

Occasionally, ceremonial rituals were undertaken for specific purposes at which most, if not all, those who belonged to the tradition participated in. Sometimes, this was so few that others had to be recruited, subject to the usual tests and so on. But this 'recruitment' was for a specific purpose, and was not general policy.

In the sixth decade of this present century this, however, changed - under the guidance of the Mistress who then represented the tradition. She formed several ceremonial groups, all autonomous. These, however, were never large, and the combined number of people in these groups never exceeded thirty. A few of the individuals so recruited came from existing Black Magick or Left Hand Path groups (such as the OTP, the Temple of the Sun, and the Black order). Due to this change, some structure was given to the tradition - and a name, in addition to those already existing which served to identify the adherents of this tradition. The existing descriptive names were 'traditional Satanism, the septenary system, and hebdomadry. The new name, adopted by the Mistress, was the Order of Nine Angles. The autonomous groups also adopted their own names, as sub-Temples within the order. One of these was 'Camlad'; another was 'The Temple of the Sun' (nearly all the members of what had been called by this name had joined the ONA).

Over the next few years, Order sunections were held, and ceremonial Initiations undertaken. This continued for some more years, after the Mistress had retired. Her decision was the result of a sinister strategy - to undertake specific acts of sinister magick of a ceremonial kind; to increase the number of genuine Adepts and create temporal forms to direct certain magickal energies and so provoke certain changes, preparing the way for the next stage.

However, the reality was somewhat different from the theory. Some quality had been lost. There was a concentration on the external aspects of magick as against the internal and the aeonic. Accordingly, after some more years, the person who then represented the Order, disbanded the groups, and returned to traditional methods. The methods themselves were refined and extended, and it became the practice for External Adepts to form and manage their own Temple, with complete freedom. Further, a decision was taken to gradually make available all the traditions of the Order together with the new techniques developed.

The new techniques included 'The Star Game'. The Grade Rituals were revised, and further methods developed, together with a comprehensive theoretical system to explicate the true nature of both the methods and magick itself. Thus, a purely practical system of training was created, which made Adeptship and the Grades beyond available to anyone. This system was called 'The Seven-Fold Way' [later 'The Seven-Fold Sinister Way']. The basis of this system

was described in an Order MS entitled 'Naos'.

According to tradition, the traditions themselves, inherited by the present Grand Master from the Mistress who Initiated him, were said to be a survival of what has been called 'The Third Way of Magick'; a survival from the civilization which flourished in Albion. These traditions were limited to a certain geographical area. This was bounded in the north by the Stiperstones; in the West by the Long Mynd; in the east by that neolithic pathway now known as the Kerry Ridgway; and in the south by the river Clun.

This, however, is only a tradition, with no direct evidence to support it.

Such, briefly, is the 'history' of the ONA. At present, the function of the Order is to: (a) guide suitable individuals towards and beyond Adeptship; (b) work Aeonick magick in accord with sinister strategy; (c) implement, via various tactics, that strategy.

One tactic used over the past few years, is making the tradition itself accessible, as well as the new developments which have extended and refined that tradition, forming the practical system mentioned above.

ONA 1990 eh

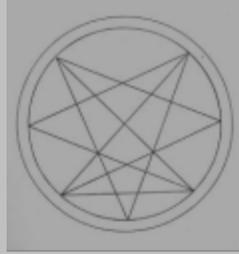
#### Editorial Notes:

1) I know that the history from the late sixties, as explained above, is factual, since I participated in it. As to what went before - e.g. the handing on of the tradition from Master/Mistress to pupil over a long period of time, and the association of the area mentioned with the tradition - I have only the word of the Mistress who Initiated me. While I am still inclined, after all the intervening years, to accept her word, there remains no proof, or at least none of which I am aware. All I know is that she taught me a great deal of esoteric knowledge, unavailable at the time in any published books or accessible manuscripts. This knowledge included Esoteric Chant (qv. 'Naos'), the septenary system of correspondences, and the teachings divulged in the MSS 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers'; 'A Gift for the Prince' etc.

Each person must make their own assessment. (Anton Long)

2) Other knowledge imparted included the Dark Gods mythos (as explicated in the MS 'The Dark Gods' and 'HP Lovecraft and the Dark Gods'), the esoteric meaning of the Nine Angles (as explicated in the MS 'The Secrets of the Nine Angles' - the MS 'Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings' gives a recent extension of the symbolism), and some ceremonial rites (explicated in 'The Black Book of Satan').

- Order of Nine Angles -



**Editorial Note (2009 yf):** *The following text is claimed to be by New Zealand author W. R. van Leeuwen, and to form unpublished parts of, or drafts for, his published (2008 yf) academic MA thesis entitled **Dreamers of the Dark**. Since the Leeuwen text, used here, has been, in 2009 yf, publicly circulated by means of scribd dot com, and is available on the Internet elsewhere, it is regarded as now "in the public domain" and thus suitable for further non-commercial distribution.*

*Furthermore, because this text deals mainly with the Order of Nine Angles, the ONA has - as Devil's Advocate and in the interests of fairness and accuracy - inserted a few comments of its own in the appropriate places.*

### **Satanic Influences on the Order**

Like many other Satanic groups, the Order [*i.e.* Kerry Bolton's *Order of the LHP* ] came to both reflect and react against LaVeyian Satanism, but it is in areas which the Order diverged from the Church of Satan which are the most significant. In its reflection, the Order continued to lay great emphasis on the *ubermensch* philosophy which was very much part of LaVey's legacy- the idea that the Satanist had a unique and clear understanding of the true nature of humanity which was, ultimately, the individuals will-to-power. The Order encouraged members to "seek to enhance the individual will and psyche through Nietzschean-type Self-Overcoming"<sup>1</sup>. Likewise, Satan was affirmed as a promethean figure, the great liberator of humanity, and the Order quotes Mikhail Bakunin approvingly: "Satan is the first free-thinker and Saviour of the world. He frees Adam and impresses the seal of humanity and liberty on his

forehead by making his disobedient”<sup>2</sup>.

However the Order’s philosophy was more radically influenced by the English based Order of Nine Angles (ONA), and it is in the adherence to the ONA’s vision of Satanism rather than LaVey’s that the Order made a clear and radical differentiation from the Satanic mainstream. The ONA’s influence is clearly shown in that much of the material that was included in the Orders instruction and teaching were often reprints or adaptations of ONA material, which was usually (but not always) acknowledged.

The ONA is possibly the most controversial Satanic group that has arisen since the Church of Satan. Philosophically, the ONA was violently opposed to LaVeyian Satanism, which it branded as weak, deluded and American form of ‘sham-Satanic groups, the poseurs’<sup>3</sup>. In contrast the ONA claimed to be a multi-generational, traditional Satanic order that advocated such extreme practices as ‘culling’, or human sacrifice of ‘offers’<sup>4</sup>. Satan himself was understood to be both symbolic (or archetypal) and real, he exists “within the psyche of individuals, and beyond individuals”<sup>5</sup>. While the ONA described themselves as Satanists and accepted that Satan was a real and present figure, they rejected the idea of theirs being a religion, rather it was a way of being;

there is no such thing as a ‘religious’ Satanism- the offering of prayers...or whatever in return for Satanic favours. Such things imply fear, subservience and those other traits of character Satan despises. Rather, the satanic approach is to glory in Satanic deeds and chants and such like because they are Satanic - because by so doing them there is an exultation, an affirmation and a being like Satan: not because something is ‘expected’ or done out of fear of the consequences. It is by living life, by deeds, that a Satanist becomes like Satan and so evolves to partake of a new and higher existence. Such deeds are those to bring insight, self-discovery, to achieve, esoteric knowledge, experience of the ‘forbidden’, of the pleasures of living - and they are also those which change others and the world and which thus can and do bring suffering, misery, death: which are, in short, evil.<sup>6</sup>

Whether the ONA actually practised human sacrifice or not (despite hints that they did), is debatable and commentators have a right to be sceptical of such claims<sup>7</sup>, nonetheless, the concept of human sacrifice (even if not the actuality) was a central tenet of the ONA. The ONA viewed sacrificial victims as either culls or voluntary. The voluntary offer was a member of the ONA that volunteered to be sacrificed in a year long ritual that bears a strong resemblance to James Frazier, Margaret Murray and Robert Graves's idea of the Sacrificed King<sup>8</sup>.

*[ ONA Comment: What exactly is the nature of this purported "resemblance"? There does not seem to be any, except that a certain chosen individual is sacrificed in a ritualistic manner, in order to propitiate certain forces; an idea - or a method - familiar to many ancient pagans traditions. The author's suggestion seems to be that the ONA somehow "got the idea" from the quoted authors, although an alternative and more plausible explanation would be that the ONA is simply recording an aural tradition of the British Isles, which somehow survived in a few isolated rural places, or later on perhaps in only one isolated rural place, until the traditional voluntary offer gave way to an involuntary one. For other aural British traditions which strongly hint at a sacrificial rite, see, for example, the tradition in Perthshire (and some other places in Scotland) on the first day of May as recorded in the eighteenth century account of one John Sinclair, where a lot decides which young man is to be the "chosen one" for that year. ]*

The candidate "ideally should be in his 21<sup>st</sup> year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual", having been chosen/volunteered the year previous. He is consecrated during the previous summer solstice and during the year of preparation he chooses a woman who will become his priestess. Any child born by the priestess and the offer is to be raised by the temple. At the spring equinox, the offer can also chose to "give his favour to any one member of the temple", and if a child results, that child may be either given to the offer's priestess or also raised by the temple. Also at spring equinox the offer retires into seclusion. Should an offer have a change of heart and try to escape his fate, the temple places him under a death curse and "the Guardian of the Temple [is] sent to seek him out and terminate him"- either way, once the decision has been made to commit it's a one way trip. The sacrificial rite is given at length in *The Black Book of Satan* and is in the form of binding and hooding the offer followed by stabbing or slicing of the throat (which is reminiscent of the portrayal of the sacrificial death of the 'Lindow Man', as

presented by Anne Ross and Don Robins<sup>9</sup>). Blood was collected and formed part of the batter for cakes which were consumed by the temple the following full moon.

Culls, or involuntary sacrifice, were of a completely different nature. While voluntary sacrifice were revered, to be culled was a mark of contempt and derision.

The ONA viewed only a small minority of humanity to be of any value, the majority being no more than a docile and somnambulant herd. Of the contemptible mass, some were particularly worthless and counter-evolutionary and thus made the ideal candidates for culling, hence "Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock by removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (in terms of character)"<sup>10</sup>.

The act itself [culling] is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values - that is, it aids evolution in a positive way, enhancing the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the sinister dialectic/nature of the culling). Opfers become/are chosen as victims because of their nature and/or because of their deeds. Mostly, victims are dross - those whose removal will aid change/the growth of civilization/the Aeonic imperative<sup>11</sup>.

While at the same time, for the Satanist anyway, "to kill someone on a personal level (e.g. with one's own hands) is a character building experience"<sup>12</sup>.

The ONA published strict guidelines to the selection of opfers. There were four 'classes' of candidates; the 'dross', the traitor, the revenge/object lesson and someone whose death will

disrupt the *status quo* and encourage the breakdown of the present system, aiming also to bring about a revolutionary state of affairs in his country beneficial to those whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the dialectic and thus evolution<sup>13</sup>.

Such sacrifices did not need to be of the 'robe and altar' kind, though that is

an obvious possibility- but “death by practical means” would ideally be accompanied by a ritual as well, most likely ‘off-site’. All potential culls are required to be tested to show their lack of moral worth, but the testing of offers, particularly of the first three kinds, includes giving the prospective candidate a “sporting chance” to redeem themselves and they are given up to three tests with even just one positive result halting the candidature and saving their life<sup>14</sup>. A cited example of a test is to see whether the prospective offer would physically intervene if a woman is being assaulted.

The ONA’s advocating of human sacrifice elicited much controversy within the Satanist community, some seeing it as the fulfilment of a truly Satanic ethos while others deplored it as a retrograde step in that it played into the hands of popular prejudice against Satanists- or branded it the fantasies of a sick and deluded individual/s.

While the Order of the Left Hand Path did not adopt culling or human sacrifice as part of its official ideology, given the widespread dissemination of ONA material and philosophy within the Order it is not surprising that the idea of offers (especially as culling out dross) was informally adopted by many<sup>15</sup>.

More officially influential ideas that the Order adopted from the ONA were the concept of Aeonics, the ‘Sinister Dialectic’ and the integration of a National Socialist ethos into a Satanic framework.

## **Aeonics**

Aeonics is the theoretical paradigm that both the Order and ONA operated under which justified supporting various forms of neo-Nazism, both politically and ideologically. Simplified, Aeonics is the belief that history operates in a cyclic fashion, and in particular empires struggle to rise, achieve hegemony then decay into decadence and after a while another empire rises to take its place. The rise and fall of nations was not simply a social mechanism but rather was a manifestation into human affairs of a natural law of the universe, in much the same way that the Third Law of Thermodynamics is a natural law. A law of ebb and flow, expansion and contraction, the change in energy states- all given human clothes. As an idea, it can directly trace its spiritual and intellectual roots to both the Theosophical Society’s concept of the Yugas, or the cosmic cycle of ages, and German historian Oswald Spengler’s *Der Untergang des*

*Abendlandes* (published in English as *Decline of the West*)<sup>16</sup>.

[ ONA Comment: The debt to people such as Spengler and Toynbee is openly acknowledged by the ONA in several of their MSS, in which it is clearly stated that Aeonics and Aeonick Magick, as described by Anton Long on the ONA, is a recent esoteric development, built upon the exoteric work of others. ]

Both the Theosophical Society and Spengler emphasised that there was a periodicity in history that is a function of universal and cosmic forces or laws, a mechanism of ebb and flow in which various energies are manifested depending on what part of which cycle a civilisation is present in. Similarly, both Blatvatsky's and Spengler's writing had racial overtones, especially Blatvatsky with her emphasis on the importance of the fifth 'root-race', the Aryans, as the torchbearers of civilisation. Blavatsky wrote that there were (or will be) seven ages of sentience on earth and with each age of sentience governed by a 'root race'. Across all seven ages, the sophistication, nobility and spirituality of the sentient races will wax and wane. Starting with a noncorporeal first root race in the first age, each successive root race devolves over the aeons and is ultimately replaced by the next, more primitive, root race. The nadir of sentience is reached in the third and fourth age, the Lemurian and Atlantian age, while the fifth, current, age is the age of the Aryan root race and represents the turn of the tide and the start of the waxing of consciousness. At the end of the seventh age, uncountable aeons in the future, this current cycle will come to an end and will be replaced with a new evolutionary round. Perhaps it shouldn't be surprising that Blavatsky's position on race was somewhat ambiguous. On the one hand she wrote of the essential unity of humanity and had a liberal conception of who qualified as being Aryan:

The Aryan races, for instance, now varying from dark brown, almost black, red-brown-yellow, down to the whitest creamy colour, are yet all of one and the same stock — the Fifth Root-Race — and spring from one single progenitor, (...) who is said to have lived over 18,000,000 years ago, and also 850,000 years ago — at the time of the sinking of the last remnants of the great continent of Atlantis.<sup>17</sup>

But at the same time, the shadows of the spiritual degeneracy lurked close at hand and she also believed that

No amount of culture, nor generations of training amid civilization, could raise such human specimens as the Bushmen, the Vedddhas of Ceylon, and

some African tribes, to the same intellectual level as the Aryans, the Semites, and the Turanians so called. The 'sacred spark' is missing in them and it is they who are the only inferior races on the globe, now happily — owing to the wise adjustment of nature which ever works in that direction — fast dying out<sup>18</sup>

Blatvatsky's idea were later seized upon by the mystical pan-Germans and Ariosophists in late 19th Century and early 20th Century Germany and was a significant contributor to the cultural milieu from which the National Socialist movement grew out of<sup>19</sup>.

However, Spengler saw any racial ascendancy as a passing and temporary phase in the history of the world and nothing to get excited about because what is in ascendancy today will be in decline tomorrow. In this way ascendancy was more closely aligned to a motor race, where leading the field is transitory and accidents and breakdowns can happen to anyone at any time. Whatever ascendancy is, it is not tied to an innate racial superiority and as such the power of Europe was in the process of inevitable and unstoppable decline.

For every Culture has *its own* Civilization. In this work, for the first time the two words, hitherto used to express in an indefinite, more or less ethical, distinction, are used in a *periodic* sense, to express a strict and necessary *organic succession*. The Civilization is the inevitable *destiny* of the Culture...Civilizations are the most external and artificial states of which a species of developed humanity is capable. They are a conclusion, the thing-become succeeding the thing- becoming, death following life, rigidity following expansion, intellectual age and the stone-built, petrifying world-city following mother-earth and the spiritual childhood of Doric and Gothic. They are an end, irrevocable, yet by inward necessity reached again and again.<sup>20</sup>

The nub of Spengler's ideas was to have a significant influence on Walter Darre, Nazi Reichsminister of Food and Agriculture, racial theorist and proponent of the *Blut und Boden* movement. However, Spengler's pessimism was such that in *Das Bauerntum als Lebensquell der nordischen Rasse* (*The Peasantry as Life-source of the Nordic Race*), the book that brought Darre to the attention of Himmler, Darre did not reference Spengler once because, as Karl Haushofer suggested, Spengler's pessimism and determinism would have undermined his argument for the new flowering of 'natural' German peasant society<sup>21</sup>. In Darre's case, such a natural society would have included a return to a pagan agrarian society, a principle untenable according to Spengler. Once

a time is done, it is done- Spengler's Determinism was at odds with Nazi Romanticism<sup>22</sup> .

Spengler identified eight civilisations; Babylonian, Egyptian, Chinese, Indian, Mexican, Classical, Arabian, Western or 'European-American' and with each civilisation he associated what could be called a soul type- the Classical civilisation was Apollonian in nature, the Arabian was Magian and Western was Faustian<sup>23</sup> . Through its own soul type, a civilisation expresses its essential nature and beingness that is in part rooted in the land as well as in the cultural psyche. However, sometimes a civilisation was prevented from achieving its full flower through a process of pseudomorphosis caused by the clash of civilisations. In this process an older culture is so entrenched or dominant that a newer culture can not separate from it fully to produce a 'pure' expression of the younger culture. As a result new cultures are cast in the mould of older cultures, leading to stasis rather than creativity. Spengler gives the example of the Battle of Actium, when the gestating Arabian culture lost out to the hegemonic Classical culture resulting in an incomplete and 'corrupt' manifestation of the Magian soul.

From Spengler's periodicity (a principle also picked up with more rigour and less metaphysics by Arnold Toynbee in his *A Study of History*, also quoted by the ONA approvingly<sup>24</sup> ) the ONA developed their theories on Aeonics. The ONA defines an Aeon as "a form or type of acausal energy which manifests in the causal...It reorders the causal- which is simply another way of saying such acausal energy produces certain changes in the causal. A civilisation (or rather a 'higher' or Aeonic civilisation) is how...this energy is ordered in the causal"<sup>25</sup> . In other words, the great civilisations are a reflection of the specific energies generated by a particular period of the cosmic cycle.

The ONA concerns itself with six Aeonic cultures, rather than Spengler's eight, with those six concentrated between the Tigris and Connacht, giving the impression of an destiny of fulfilment for the European peoples<sup>26</sup> . Long acknowledges another four, non-European, civilizations (Egyptic, Indic, Sinic and Japanese) but dismisses them, in part with the comment that they

have not contributed significantly to...evolution (i.e. they lack large-scale

creativity)...The criteria for an Aeonic Civilisation are (1) it possesses a distinctive ethos...(2) it arises primarily from physical challenge (rather than from a social challenge such as the disintegration of another nearby civilization); and (3) it is creative and noble on a large scale<sup>27</sup>

According to Long,

all the individuals with a particular civilisation- unless and until they attain a specific degree of self awareness...are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from- is determined by- the civilisation and thus the aeon

so that the acausal (Aeonic) energy “determines and/or influences the actions and behaviours of the individuals of the civilisation”<sup>28</sup>. This leads to the inescapable conclusion that racial differences are more than skin deep, and relates to the very way in which a people relate to the world around them as well as that there is a fundamental and unbridgeable difference between those societies which have been invested with Aeonic influences and those that have not.

From this point, Aeonic provides the foundation for two structures, political and magical.

The ONA and the Order certainly professed a belief in magical powers, broadly subscribing to the widespread definition of magic by Aleister Crowley: that magic is the art and science of causing change in the world through an exercise of will<sup>29</sup>. In a fit of taxonomic glee, the ONA defined Aeonic (as distinct from external (ceremonial) magic and internal (consciousness altering) magic<sup>30</sup>) magic in the essay ‘Aeonic Magic’

Aeonic magic “by its fundamental nature, it could only be used in one of three ways”<sup>31</sup>:

- aid the already existing or original wyrd of an existing aeonic civilization (working with existing aeonic energy (as evident in the associated aeonic civilization)
- create a new aeon and thus a new aeonic civilization (working against existing aeonic energy)
- distort or disrupt an existing civilization and thus the aeonic forces of that

civilization. (creating a new type of aeonic energy by opening a new nexion and drawing forth new acausal energies<sup>32</sup>)

Thus “aeonic magick involves knowing the wyrd of the presently existing civilization and if there are/have been any attempts to disrupt that wyrd, magickally or otherwise<sup>33</sup>”.

Having been generated, the magical Aeonic energy could be used to be

- Directed into a specific already existing form (such as an individual) or some causal structure which is created for this purpose. This structure can be some political or religious or social organization, group or enterprise, or it can be some work or works of ‘Art’, music and so on.
- Drawn forth and left to disperse naturally over Earth (from the site of its presencing).
- Shaped into some new psychic or magical form or forms - such as an archetype or mythos<sup>34</sup>.

Technically, the cliologist (“someone skilled in, knowledgeable about and who uses Aeonic energies”- i.e. the Aeonic magician) utilises one of three techniques “by which acausal energy can be accessed”.

- By utilising ritual and sacrifice to create a new nexion, or point in which acausal energies leech through into the causal world- a magical gate between the worlds which takes 15 years to fully open.
- By using the Star Game, a kind of chess-like game, by which the pieces are imbued with causal energies. As the pieces are moved, so they influence external events.
- By memisis, which involves identifying a cultural/historic pattern or archetype that one wishes to influence, and then enacting it through drama and ritual. Essentially, rewriting the ending of the ‘story’ so the desired result ensues. It is also possible to use art and sculpture to ‘model’ events and by the way the artist interacts with the art, change the course of the events.

The Order itself did not publish as detailed manifesto as to the mechanics of Aeonic magic, but from clear allusions scattered throughout various manuscripts, it is certain that ONA principles of Aeonic Magic were largely

accepted as both valid and useful.

*<!-- [ ONA Comment: The ONA has recently (118-120 yf) released many hitherto esoteric MSS dealing with Aeonics which give not only more detail regarding such "mechanics" but which further explicate the nature of both Aeonics and Aeonick Magick. The use of NS type politics as a sinister form to presence certain acausal energies has also been recently explicated. ]*

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## **Sinister Dialectic**

If Aeonics was the theory, then the Sinister Dialectic was the methodology. Having identified the mechanism which powers civilisation, the next step is to utilise that knowledge to change, meld or direct history to the fulfilment of Satanic ends- "to change the evolution of our species, and thus the cosmos itself"<sup>35</sup> .

On a basic level, the dialectic is concerned with oppositional political, social and religious expression, "the Adversarial role- a challenge against conscious and unconscious norms"<sup>36</sup> . Privately, the importance of such opposition is given as providing "opportunities for individuals to discover the hidden/forbidden within their own psyche...This means catharsis on an individual level" while in the public arena this expresses itself as the dissemination of 'heretical' material and in both cases the aim is to "challenge and thus provoke change, reaction". The ONA defined heresy as upholding concepts of racial inequality, advocating war and (after a longwinded preamble) Holocaust denial as well as "countering the unhealthy and anti-natural morality of suppression of the Nazarene"<sup>37</sup> .

On a 'higher' level, the dialectic is concerned with long-term evolutionary processes. "the creation and change of civilizations and ultimately the creation of a new type of individual, a new species"<sup>38</sup> . This requires individuals to change themselves, and to alter structures (such as social conditions) so that they aid the process of change (or at least doesn't hinder change). Personal change is enabled by external and internal magic (the magical change of the adherents personal surroundings and self) and Aeonick magic which is "the

creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection of the psyche of others which results from introducing them- and gaining/using influence”<sup>39</sup> .

According to the ONA, Satanism and the sinister dialectic work synergistically in that “each Satanist, by living Satanically, aids the dialectic and thus evolutionary change” while “Aeonics and the sinister dialectic, are means which enhance our existence as individuals”<sup>40</sup>

### **National Socialism**

The ‘heresies’ that the ONA was articulating as a Satanist order were largely to do with encouraging the adoption of a National Socialist ethos- the grand intersection of racism, warmongering and the Holocaust (with the subversion of Christianity thrown in). The ONA went as far as identifying National Socialism as the embodiment of the Faustian, that is Western, soul.

While the origin of the ONA is not known for certain (in its own published historical notes, the ONA claimed that its genesis 6000 years ago, during the Hyperborean Age<sup>41</sup>), it’s more recent history has a 21 year old Englishman, David Myatt, joining the ONA in 1973 just before the then head of the order, an unnamed woman, emigrated to Australia. However, if the order’s history, with its ancient origins, untraceable lineage and absent ‘first figure’, is a true and correct account it would possibly be the first such account in modern occultism<sup>42</sup> . Subsequent to Myatt’s joining, there have been four names associated with the ONA, Myatt (who is not named in ONA material), Stephen Brown, Anton Long and Christos Beest, but speculation is that they are all pseudonyms of Myatt. Certainly the biography of Brown as given in the Beest interview in *The Heretic* matches up with Myatt’s biography in *The Black Sun* and Myatt, Brown and Beest have all been identified as past Grandmasters of the Order<sup>43</sup> .

*[ ONA Comment: Several factual errors here and some incorrect unwarranted assumptions. The ONA does not "claim" that its genesis, as a group, Order or whatever, was thousands of years ago, only that there are certain aural*

*traditions - to be believed or not; to be accepted as fables or legends or myths according to the individual - that state that the origin of certain traditions used by the ONA date some centuries earlier or derive from an even earlier past. The ONA clearly state that their tradition was and is one maintained by a few reclusive individuals. Obviously, the author is confusing certain traditions carried on, in former times, by a few reclusive individuals with the ONA as extensively developed by Anton Long, which modern ONA carries on a few such old traditions (for example, regarding culling) and records other traditions as being "just aural traditions, without any evidence to substantiate them".*

*In addition, the name the ONA was given to a small Left Hand Path group by Anton Long, who joined this group in early 1972, not 1973 as stated. Before being so named, the group did not have an explicit exoteric name. ]*

David Myatt was born in 1952 and joined the Nationalist British Movement in 1969, becoming leader Colin Jordan's bodyguard and during that time Jordan introduced him to *The Lightning and the Sun*, a book by Savitri Devi which identified Hitler as an avatar of Vishnu and which she dedicated "to the god-like Individual of our times; the Man against Time; the greatest European of all times; both Sun and Lightning: ADOLF HITLER, as a tribute of unflinching love and loyalty, for ever and ever"<sup>44</sup>. Myatt was then inspired to meld his already active interest in the occult and Satanism with Devi's esoteric Hitler-worship while still being actively involved in various neo-Nazi and Nationalist movements in the UK such as Combat 18 and the National Socialist Alliance<sup>45</sup>. In June of 2000 the British anti-fascist periodical *Searchlight* described Myatt as "the most ideologically driven nazi in Britain, preaching race war and terrorism"<sup>46</sup>. In 1998 Myatt converted to Islam with the name Abdul Aziz ibn Myatt<sup>47</sup>. However, Myatt maintained his far right/ nouvelle droit politics and "appeal[ed] to all enemies of the Zionists to embrace the Jihad, the 'true martial religion' which will most effectively fight against the Jews and the Americans" and according to political scientist George Michael, Myatt "has arguably done more than any other theorist to develop a synthesis of the extreme right and Islam"<sup>48</sup>.

*[ ONA Comment: Myatt was born in 1950, and joined CJ's organization in 1968. ]*

Given Myatt's long involvement with nationalist/neo-Nazi/neouvelle Driot

politics it is not surprising to find that there is nothing subtle about the ONA's adherence to National Socialism. In an interview published in *The Heretic* 8, Beast describes National Socialism as “a fundamental expression of the Wyrd of the Western Soul...It is true to say that National-Socialism is an expression of Satanism (and vice-versa)” while

one of the Satanic masses in use today is based on an evocation of Adolf Hitler...in this particular Satanic mass, Adolf Hitler is not represented as he is today by his opponents- as some sort of 'evil' monster- but as exactly the opposite, as a noble saviour.

The essay 'ONA Strategy and Tactics' discusses the need to spread “subversive and heretical ideas (e.g. National Socialism)”<sup>49</sup>. The ONA also utilises three dating systems and avoids the BC/AD system. One measures year BP, before present, and is mainly used in the context of discussions of Aeonics. The other two are more precise and ideologically grounded. The more common system is 'e.h.', or era horrificus, which is tied to the usual calendar, so 1990 e.h. is the same year as A.D. 1990 and was used from time to time by the Order. The third calendar system is 'yf', translated as 'year of fire' on the title page of *The Black Book of Satan* (which was published in yf 101), and is used in some other essays by Long<sup>50</sup>. Year 1 is evidently 1889- the year of Hitler's birth and 'yf' may pun on 'year of the Fuehrer'<sup>51</sup>.

There is a certain irony in the ONA's conception of Satanism. There is an undoubted 'literary-ness' feel about much of the ONA, and resonances have been made between the voluntary sacrifice and the one time academically popular (but ultimately historically untenable) idea of a sacrificial king. Also to be noted is the form of the Black Mass used by ONA has some similarities with classical accounts of Black Masses, despite the ONA explicitly denying the relationship; and the Star Game seems to be inspired by the older 'Enochian Chess', as invented by the Victorian magical order, the Golden Dawn<sup>52</sup>.

*[ ONA Comment: Again, the author makes several unwarranted assumptions, for which assumptions he gives no details or evidence. For instance, he claims that the ONA's Star Game - an admitted modern invention of Anton Long - seems to be "inspired by Enochian chess". In what way? The two have no similarity other than both are played on boards, using pieces, and both are used by esoteric groups. The pieces of the Star Game relate directly and esoterically to the ONA's concept of causal, acausal and nexions (between causal and acausal) and the pieces when moved are transformed; the boards*

*are seven, forming a Tree of Wyrd. All these things are so far removed from Enochian chess (and the esotericism of The Golden Dawn) that it is quite incongruous to claim that Enochian chess "inspired the Star Game."*

*In addition, how is the form of the Black Mass as used by the ONA similar to classic accounts of such a Black Mass when such classic accounts by and large give no precise details such as the complete texts of the ritual? Even a cursory examination of these few "classic texts" with the rites promulgated by the ONA will serve to highlight the differences.*

*In addition, the author makes an assumption common to many academics and most journalists in assuming that person Alpha or group Gamma have found inspiration in and from - or copied - accounts contained in other, older, works; whereas it is also possible that either person Alpha or group Gamma are merely recounting a similar tradition, hitherto unrecorded, or that they are recounting a different unrelated tradition.*

*The fact of this particular matter is that the ONA mythos - with its aural traditions, its septenary system, its many other esoteric traditions - presents a consistent esoteric and original alternative to that presented in written accounts of other esoteric traditions (ancient and modern), and one can either choose to accept such "standard" written accounts as "definitive", and as representing "the historical truth", or one can quite rationally claim that the ONA is recording a hitherto unknown tradition, which has recently been extensively developed, and which has no relation to other esoteric traditions. Again, it depends on what perspective one has or assumes; what assumptions one makes; or what "angle" one is using in order to try and prove one's argument or prove or sustain one's own (possibly unconscious) assumptions and prejudices and/or cherished beliefs.*

*One might also - if one assumes the rôle of Devil's Advocate - make a good case for claiming that some such recorded and "historical accounts" of some other traditions - or parts of them - are merely distorted or divergent accounts of what ONA tradition has aurally, and otherwise, recorded. Thus, it is the traditions, as recorded by the ONA, which represent "the historical, esoteric, truth" and it is the accounts now commonly accepted as "historical" which are corruptions/distortions, and/or are variations of, this truth. Hence, in the matter of the aforementioned mentioned accounts of the "sacrificial King", these are but regional manifestations of the genuine, pagan, dark, tradition, regarding opfers, as aurally recorded by esoteric groups such as the ONA. ]*

*While they call for a practical and 'this-worldly' initiate, their idea of black masses, opfers and culling are largely examples of idealism and fantasism, albeit of a dark and unhealthy variety. Could the order, as advertised, actually*

operate under the scrutiny of modern investigative and forensic technology? And if not, is the ONA, as an order, little more than people playing wannabes?

*[ ONA Comment: Possibly one might conclude that, if one has or makes the assumptions and has the "angle" of such an author as this... But the author, for whatever reason or from whatever motive, does not seem able to think beyond their own somewhat limited and mundane assumptions. For example, could an esoteric Order - or even a lone Adept or Master/Mistress - operate in modern times, despite modern investigative and forensic technology? Of course, because - as hinted at in even some now available ONA MSS - such an Adept of such a Dark Tradition would mostly probably act via a proxy or proxies. In simple exoteric-speak: they would manipulate others into doing such things while themselves remaining hidden. Or they would choose a means - a rôle or a form - where such things as a culling or cullings would go mostly unnoticed. A war, perhaps; or acts of a "religious zealot"; a political "fanatic"; a "revolutionary"; or - in modern mundane-speak - a "terrorist". Or they would be inciting and/or manipulating such people. And so on, ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam. ]*

Perhaps more likely the ONA was largely a publishing and publicity exercise whose main purpose is to act as a platform from which to articulate a particular set of ideas under the guise of a hardcore Satanic order. In this regard Christos Beast described the ONA as

really only a handful of individuals associated with the ONA, and most of these are hidden and have nothing to do with the occult scene, working real magic in secret... Thus the ONA is not really an 'order' - at least not as other occult organisations are 'orders'. There are no members for the sake of numbers; no meetings for cosy chats; no grades awarded; no hierarchical power structure; no rules, regulations, proscriptions etc. Only a few hard working individuals creating history <sup>53</sup> .

*[ ONA Comment: CB left the ONA to return to live as a mundane, having advanced only so far as the Grade of Internal Adept. His comments - and his published esoteric MSS - reflected his personal views and the level of personal and esoteric understanding he had attained. Thus, his comments should not be taken as expressing the views of the ONA itself, just as his understanding and*

*level of esoteric knowledge is that of someone still learning, not that of a Master or Mistress of The Dark Tradition. ]*



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17 H.P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine, the Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy*, Vol.II, (London, Theosophical Publishing House, 1921) p.249

18 *The Secret Doctrine*, p 421

19 To be further explained in another chapter

20 Oswald Spengler. *The Decline of the West*. (abridged) Arthur Helps (ed.) (London : Allen & Unwin, 1961) p.24

21 Anna Bramwell, *Blood and Soil: Walther Darre and Hitler's 'Green Party'* (Abbotsbrook, Kensal Press, 1985),p. 61

22 Spengler himself was also critical of the Nazi regime, specifically citing their racial policies in his 1933 book *The Hour of Decision*, (trans. Charles Francis Atkinson (New York, Knopf, 1934)

23 Spengler, *Decline of the West*, pp.111-126, 192-225

24 6 vols (London, Oxford University Press, 1948-1961), also see 'Civilisations, Aeons and Individuals' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/aeons3.html>; Long *Aeonic Magic*; 'An Interview with Christos Beest' in *The Heretic* 8, April 1994, p.13

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27 Long *Aeonic Magic*. The ONA also clearly delineated between Aeonic and non-Aeonic civilisations, with non-Aeonic civilisations being, essentially, inconsequential.

[28](#) Long, Aeonice Magic

[29](#) Aleister Crowley, *Magick in Theory and Practice*, (Castle Books, New York, 1960) p.xii. LaVey adapted Crowley's definition to be able to cause "change in situations or events in accordance with one's will, which would, using normally accepted methods, be unchangeable" (*Satanic Bible*, p. 110)

[30](#) 'Guide to Black Magic' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/blackmagic1.html>

[31](#) Long , 'Aeonice Magic'

[32](#) The nexion into which the acausal energies flowed was often associated with an individual, a Caesarian figure who would herald the 'Universal (i.e. ideal) State' who was known as Vindex ('Interview with Christos Beest'; 'ONA Strategy and Tactics').

[33](#) 'wyrd' having the sense of fate, destiny, reason d'etre

[34](#) According to standard magical theory, thoughts can have a real and objective (though usually temporary) existence- for instance this means that somewhere (usually defined as being on the astral plane) dreams and nightmares are actually creating the landscapes and denizens with which the dreamer is interacting and which 'evaporate' shortly after waking. This also means that gods/demons/devils/spirits (the "new psychic or magical form or forms") can be created by people simply believing in them- the more people believe in them, the more real they become and the more effect they have on the real, material world. A great deal of magical practice is concerned with creating such psychic constructs and empowering them and it is through the astral that the mechanism of magic can be described. Within the ONA, this deogenesis given expression by the adoption of the 'Cthulhu Mythos' of 1930s pulp horror writer, H.P. Lovecraft.

[35](#) 'Satanism: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/intro2.htm> (accessed 2 Feb 2007)

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[38](#) 'The Satanic Dialectic'

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[40](#)  'Satanism: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/intro2.htm> (accessed 2 Feb 2007); 'The Satanic

Dialectic'

[41](#) 'Interview with Christos Beest' in *The Heretic* 8 (1994)

[42](#) Traditionally, esoteric fraternities, from Freemasonry to the Golden Dawn to the Church of Satan, invoke a mythologised past, claiming ancient and dignified antecedents 'confirmed' by scanty or unsupported evidence. Viewed sympathetically, such claims are interpreted as allegories providing the motif and 'flavour' of the group. Viewed hostilely, they are simply lies.

[43](#) Goodrick-Clarke *The Black Sun*, p.216, 'Interview with Christos Beest' in *The Heretic* 8

[44](#) *The Lightning and the Sun* (Calcutta, Temple Press, 1958). Savitri Devi was born Maximiani Portas in Lyon, France and converted to Hinduism in 1932. She became a devoted admirer of Hitler and Aryanism in the late 1920s. She spent the war years in India with her Indian (Aryan) husband but after the defeat of Nazi Germany, she travelled to Germany where she was arrested for spreading Nazi propaganda. See Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke *Hitler's Priestess: Savitri Devi, the Hindu-Aryan Myth and Neo-Nazism* (New York, New York University Press, 2000)

[45](#) Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke also gives a short account of Myatt and his neo-Nazi and occult activities up to 2002 in *The Black Sun*. However, due to lack of alternative evidence, Goodrick-Clarke largely accepts the ONA's 'traditional history' (i.e. propaganda history) of its foundations, activities, and memberships, which are unlikely to be true.

[46](#) *Searchlight* magazine, July 2000, cited by Julie Wright in 'David Myatt: Biography' at <http://www.geocities.com/davidmyatt/biog.html> (accessed 1 Feb 2007).

[47](#) For an extensive online commentary on Myatt, see Julie Wright's website, <http://www.geocities.com/davidmyatt> and in particular the lengthy biography at <http://www.geocities.com/davidmyatt/biog.html> (Both accessed 14 Feb 2007)

[48](#) Ely Karmon, 'The Middle East, Iraq, Palestine - Arenas for Radical and Anti-Globalization Groups Activity', Institute for Counter Terrorism. Proceedings from the *NATO Workshop On Terrorism and Communications - Countering the Terrorist Information Cycle*, Slovakia, April 2005 at <http://ict.org.il/index.php?sid=119&lang=en&act=page&id=5208&str=david%20myatt> (accessed 2 Feb 2007); George Michael, *The Enemy of My Enemy: The Alarming Convergence of Militant Islam and the Extreme Right* (Lawrence, University of Kansas Press, 2006), p.142

[49](http://camlad9.tripod.com/blackmass.html) 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/blackmass.html>

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[50](#) Anton Long, *The Black Book of Satan* (Hereford, Thormynd Press, y.f.101 (1990); 'The Satanic Way of Living' (103yf) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/living1.html> (accessed 14 Feb, 2007); 'The Book of Coming Forth by Night: A Brief Satanic Analysis' (104yf) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/tosers1.html> (accessed 14 Feb, 2007); 'Mastery- Its Real Meaning and Significance' (104 yf) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/mastery.html> (accessed 14 Feb, 2007).

[51](#) One important aspect of the ONA was its expectation of a Caesarian figure which, according to Spengler, was a messianic figure which ushers in the Imperium, or zenith, of the new Aeon

[52](#) 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/blackmass.html>; Pat Zalewski, *Enochian Chess of the Golden Dawn: A Four-Handed Chess Game* (St Paul, Llewellyn, 1992)

[53](#) 'Interview with Christos Beest'

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## Who Is An ONA Adept (and Beyond)?

Here are some questions, which genuine ONA Adepts, and genuine ONA Masters/LadyMasters, can easily answer. These answers (with one partial japed/boobytrapped exception) cannot be found by searching the Internet or in published books and MSS, and are revealed aurally on an individual basis, and when required and/or when necessary, by the ONA Adept/Master/LadyMaster guiding the genuine LHP seeker/Dark Sorcerer/Sorceress.

Given the silly claims made by some charlatans concerning their association with or even 'ownership' of the O9A, these questions serve to expose such people for the frauds they are, as they cannot answer these simple questions.

- 1) What is the meaning and the correct uses [plural] of the term Fayen?
- 2) What alchemical season is appropriate to Dabih and why?
- 3) What is the reason that Petriochor is used in the Rite of Afsana, and what is this Rite?
- 4) What one [singular] terrestrial location is used in calling forth Yusra?
- 5) How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?
- 6) What symbolic structure/construct is beyond the (advanced) form that is The Star Game?
- 7) How does the causal phenomena perceived in the causal as "gravity" relate to a specific type of acausal energy, and what has this to do with the Dark Gods mythos and the nexion that is the planet Earth?
- 8) What is the esoteric name of the acausal entity that has the common exoteric name Satan?
- 9) What manuscript, other than *Al-Kitab Al-Alfak*, is a source for the nine emanations?
- 10) Where and when was *Al-Kitab Al-Alfak* written and what name appears on the title page?

Anton Long  
ONA



### *Notes on Esoteric Calenders*

Over the decades, the Order of Nine Angles has used a variety of means of dating their MSS. The following are among the abbreviations which are/have been used, placed after the numerical date. With the exception of JD and YF, the numerical date given is the year according to the common Gregorian calender. Thus, 1991 e.v. is equivalent to 1991 e.n. which is equivalent to 1991 CE and 102 YF.

**e.v.** - era vulgaris. On old term, often used in traditional ONA nexions, and by some other esoteric groups.

The term era vulgaris came into English use centuries ago following the publication, in 1655 CE, of an English translation of a book by Johannes Kepler.

**e.n.** - era nazrani. On old term - often used in traditional ONA nexions - implying the Era of the Nazarenes.

**YF (yf)** - Year of Fire / Year of Fayen / Year of The Fuhrer

Note that each of these has a different meaning. For instance, Year of Fayen refers to the ethos of the New Aeon, where restrictive patriarchal/magian-inspired forms of living (such as nations and States, and the way of Homo Hubris) are replaced by the new ways based upon the clans and tribes of *Homo Galacticus* for whom the only law is that of personal honour.

Year of The Fuhrer is predominantly used by Reichsfolk-inspired groups (esoteric and otherwise) but also by some other esoteric groups/nexions/clans in heretical defiance of the magian *status quo*.

**CE** - Common (or Current) Era. English version of e.n.

**JD** - Julian Date.

## Embedded Secure Document

The file <http://www.nineangles.info/ona-eulalia.pdf> is a secure document that has been embedded in this document. Double click the pushpin to view.



## In The Sky of Dreaming

### Prologue

The dream had been startling - and he lay in his bed for several minutes while his sense of reality returned and the single Blackbird song that filtered through the window of his cottage became part of the late April Dawn Chorus.

He had dreamt he was standing among a circle of old Yew trees in some graveyard while beside him the dark-haired woman he had just kissed was transformed: into some-thing. She was still transforming as he awoke, his duvet on the floor, his bedsheets dishevelled, his nightshirt wet from sweat. She was beautiful - this young yet middle-aged woman of indeterminate age whose red lips, whose curvaceous buxom body, whose green eyes, had enticed him as he stood, waiting; waiting, for something he felt he knew yet did not quite know; something exciting, vivifying and yet also strange and, perhaps, terrifying: some Being to take form and venture forth again to Earth, released from alternate dimensions and the alternate time which had enclosed it - and her - kin.

In the sky of dreaming: a gibbeous moon; and light from the Sun which had set an hour or so before. And he could see clearly, and quite strangely given it was night, the hillside beyond his circle of trees as the hill of farmed fields descended down to a narrow valley, while - beyond - the further rising hill was wooded except at the very summit where jagged rocks protruded up from the gorse and heather-covered earth.

There was a vague, uneasy, memory that clung to his dream-image of that place - as if he had been there before, sometime in his distant ancestral pagan past. So he lay there, in his bed in his quiet old cottage in the country with only the sounds of the singing birds outside to disturb the peace of rural England. Then, slowly, tired from a night of broken and disturbed sleep, he got up to stumble forward toward the mirror above the old porcelain sink under the eaves, mindful as he almost always was of the black-painted oak beam that cut across the room.

What he saw in the mirror shocked him, sending him stumbling back toward his bed - until the back of his head hit the beam and he fell. For he had seen the face, the greying hair, of an old man - but he was still only twenty three.

Stumbling up, he looked again. It was no dream - he was an old man, in face and body, his back bent from age; his joints aching; his breathing laboured, his hands arthritic. He called, in his now old raspy voice, to his parents in the room along the narrow corridor. No reply - and so he called again, and again, until he shuffled, slowly, from his room to find their room empty. Totally empty. No furniture; no bed; no old oak wardrobes; no dark oak chest of drawers underneath the small-paned window. Nothing - only the smell of flowers, drifting up from the garden through the open window.

Thus did he pass his day, slowly, perplexed, shuffling - from room to room; from cottage to garden to outhouse to orchard and shed. There was food, in the kitchen - bread and almost stale cheese - and, as an old man unconcerned about his health, he ate them, as he drank a bottle of fine wine from the house's cellar.

There was no telephone - no means of modern communication with the outside world, as he, and his parents, had wished. Only books: thousands upon thousands of books, in the bookcases that lined the downstairs sitting room, the dining room, and hall, from floor to ceiling, and which, in stacks, had inched their way up the winding stairs that led to the four bedrooms, two of which were replete with, and given over to, glass-fronted high cabinets containing his father's prized antiquarian book, mineral, and manuscript collection. He was in his father's study reading from the old

vellum manuscript that lay open on the large Oak desk beside a large quartz tetrahedron:

"In truth, Baphomet – honoured for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth..."

It was not that he had forgotten about his missing parents - or the emptiness of their rooms - for he had remembered they had died, over fifty years ago, now. He had been briefly married, then, for almost a year, with a newly born daughter. But they had died in the nearby reservoir, her boat overturned. So so long ago that no feelings now attached themselves to his memories, and - tired from reading - he, an old aching arthritic man, ambled out onto the veranda to sit in the worn Oak chair, to watch the Sun set behind the old cider Orchard, as it always did at this time of year. So many memories, so many that he drifted into sleep.

He awoke to find himself standing in his room, and although he had for some reason he did not know grown accustomed to the strange temporal peculiarities of his life, he was again surprised by his reflexion in his bedroom mirror.

It was of a naked young woman - quite beautiful - whose green eyes complemented the dark hair that framed her features and fell down to her shoulders. Then, there were thoughts in his - in her - head, and images, perplexing images of Life, strange life, seething, seeding, growing, spreading forth from acausal dimensions.

"I am you as you are me, " she - he - was saying, and he understood without knowing why.

"You brought me back to life, here," she - he - intoned, like an echo.

"How long has it been?" he asked.

"For you, only two of your days."

"It was the book, the crystal tetrahedron," he said.

"Yes!" she breathed out, and smiled. And he was forever gone from the causal world he knew.

The body no longer ached from age. Instead, there was desire; a strong, passionate, vibrant, youthful desire that needed to be fulfilled. The body, as the face, was quite beautiful, well-formed, and he was not surprised to find his - her - wardrobe full of women's clothes. She selected an outfit appropriate to the dark passion of her task and it was not long before she ventured forth to feel the warmth of the Sun on her face. It was an exquisite feeling, which she lingered for a moment to enjoy before her first stalking began. And, when satiated - her need fulfilled - she would, could, begin the task for which she had returned to Earth, to the causal, restricting, dimensions of the so-slow-moving limited beings born to die. She - ageless - had been this way before in those forming times before The Sealing when such Earth-bound beings were struggling to develop both speech and thought, and she was, with her new human emotions, pleased to find that such limited life, still, could be easily inhabited and controlled. Thus would she, ageless, be joined by others of her ageless shapeshifting kind.

So she walked across the old Orchard toward the lane that would take her down the hill to a village of living people where she might find someone, or many - some offer - to provide her with the causal energy she needed to keep her current shapeshifting form.

## **0: Red Moon Dawning**

There was little that he could do, for she had bound his wrists, arms, and legs to the lattice frame that fenced one side

of his small unkempt back garden. It had been a pretty, English cottage-garden, thirty years ago.

She had arrived that morning - early, as the Dawn of June broke over his Farm below the wooded hill where oldly named fields and scattered tumulii kept their waiting vigil. Arrived - to pound upon the heavy old Oak door which he, solitary, taciturn, rudely opened, gruffly saying "Yes!", disliking as he did unexpected, expected, visitors and guests. Then: then, his memory after that was confused, hazy, as if a dream-remembered fading with each dwelling upon some moment, some segment, of it. Confused; hazy - until he awoke to find himself in his back garden, lashed fast by bailing-twine.

How, then, had she done this? For he was tall, stocky, strong - even if nearing the sixtieth year of life - while she, strangely beautiful, seemed to his memory but a slim young woman of little obvious strength. Perhaps someone - or many - had helped her. But there was no memory, only the reality of being there, waiting, trussed, as a farm animal awaiting slaughter.

It was a long wait of hours that saw the hot Sun rise and the humid air sweat and thirst him. The cows in the nearby fields - their milking missed - were strangely quiet; his three Farm dogs absent. So he - annoyed, attacked, by flies - waited, waited, silently waited: for his prolonged yelling, profanities, curses, struggles, had worn him down. She had not - no one had - arrived, been seen, in answer. So he in the old worn working clothes he had fallen asleep in, waited, waited, waited... until the setting Sun brought a red moon dawning. The garden came alive then, briefly, scent following scent - honeysuckle, primrose, night-scented stock - bringing with his exhaustion a memory of life thirty years before when his garden bloomed as it had bloomed in Summers when she his wife lived as she, they, had happily lived before Death came to claim her. Then, the brief memory - the too brief memory - gone, he was alone, again, amid the silence.

Alone: until a slight almost lisping sibillation seemed to chorus around him. No words, only a rushing as breeze among dry leaves. Then, quite suddenly, she was there, before him, and he gasped as if intoxicated by her presence, her scent, her beauty. A test, a test, only a test of dreams, memories, life, desire. She was offering him a choice - offering, without words, feelings or even somehow without thought. The vision, the vista, the strange alien life, was there - in him - as she looked at him, and faintly smiled.

Then, he was free from the causal bonds that bound him, and he momentarily staggered to fall to the dry dusty ground, to silently cry out as she smiled before quickly moonlight-walking with her, against his will, toward the summit of the hill. No signs, no portents, came forth from the starry sky above, as nothing visible would result when his earthly life has been drained away to leave only the shell, only the empty shell, dust to interstellar dust, cosmic atoms to cosmic atom to form, reform, be de-formed, cycle after aeonic cycle.

No, nothing visible: to human eyes. But the cattle in the fields; the Owl; the Farm dogs still cowering in a Barn, the resting sleeping moving hunting hunted life around briefly stopped to feel, to look around, as some-thing now unsealed ventured fastly forth again toward the distant blue planet of Earth as the causal energy she needed seeded itself within her causal female form, bringing the temporary renewal desired.

## **1: The Seeding**

He knew the footpath well, even in the early morning Autumnal dark which reached out to him as he climbed up toward the summit of that wooded hill in rural England. There - tree roots reaching across the worn path; there - the overhanging branch that in the Summer of heavy foliage had been bent lower down to almost touch the broken, now rotten, wooden fence post on his left whose stretching wire had long been worn away by age, rain, frost, neglect. Here - the protruding rocks which snaked down from where the harsh contours of the old limestone Quarry above which had been softened naturally by three decades of abandonment and Nature's resurgent growth.

So he walked steadily, as befitted his age, clothes, in the hours before Dawn, used to the sound of nearby rustling - Deer, perhaps - and the (for him) natural sound of a calling Owl. There was no breeze, and no Moon on this mild mid-October night: but light enough to see by, for eyes used to dark, and senses, body, attuned to the natural being that was Nature. So he walked, as he had done for five and more years from the village where he dwelled on the flat land that bordered the hills and which as pasture continued for miles until it met the sea. Walked - as always - alone: one custom of his reclusive life - scorning any and every artificial light, for he was, had become, almost like the life, the animals, that lived, dwelled. in the almost forgotten woods. Wiry, lean, but well-muscled and with long dark hair going grey which fell around his bearded face lined with nearly three score years of life and three decades of outdoor manual toil which had left his right wrist and hand rheumatic and his lungs a little worse for wear given the long hours spent toiling on dank, rainy, misty, foggy, cold and frosty days.

He did not now even mind the failing vitality of his life, the pains of age, for she - his wife, companion - died five Summers and a Spring ago, and he had grown used to his life alone. The nightly early walks; the work on a neighbours farm; the evening meal where he sat in his chair by the fire drinking glass after glass of Port until tiredness overcome him and he slept, fitfully and for a while. No, he did not mind, not any more - for there was recompense enough in the shrouding, shielding dark; in being-with the life around, in, of the woods, the hills, the very earth, which life he felt as he felt his breath drawn in on a cold and frosty cloud-free Dawn when he would, did, stand - had stood - on that hill's summit clear of trees, that hill's summit a valley, a wood and two paths distant, from where he could see the distant sea and the Sun as it rose bringing a soft joy that seeped into his very bones and a feeling, a feeling, of no longer being alone.

It was as if he belonged there, now - there, on that summit where the old ancient human circles of earth fortifications and trenches of thousands of years ago had been breached, reduced, covered, by the process of Nature's natural change.

He was not surprised to see her, there on the summit - standing on the raised mound of broken grass-covered rocks that marked the almost-centre of the not-quite-round upper fortifications. Standing there, as the dark grey of nearly Dawn gave way to the lighter grey that marked the cloud-obscured rising of another Autumnal Sun. She was dressed in green, as he was; but his olive green seemed drab beside her verdant richness, and as he slowly walked the last twenty upward yards toward her, the rising gentle breeze gently raised the ends of her auburn hair. She turned toward him then, and smiled.

No, he was not surprised to see her, standing, smiling: for she was his dream of the previous night; a woman, beautiful, mature yet of indeterminate age, whose green sapphire necklace both emphasized her green eyes and the tanned skin of her neck and shoulders. Not surprised to see her in that long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body.

But he was startled - momentarily shocked - when she came forward and touched him. He felt the warmth of her hand on his face; felt her soft fingers caress the dry roughness of his cheek. Felt the warmth, the scent, of her breath as she leant her face close to his, and all he could do was stand totally still with a palpitating heart and look into the cosmos of her eyes.

There was no need for words, he knew: for she was his thought and, in that dark numinous moment, the very thread by which he clung to life. She had been waiting for him - waiting for one like him to venture forth close to those sinister pathways where she and her kind waited, dwelling, long century after long century, thousand year after thousand year until almost two Aeons had passed. So he felt and so he knew, beyond words and a rational understanding, and she kissed him then, as a lover might, draining away from him the pains of his age and becoming for him, in him, that warmth of languid repose felt when two lovers, tired, sweaty, sleep together naked body entwined with naked body.

He was not to know, then - as she caressed him and bared her nakedness for him to touch and feel and kiss and enter - that she needed his seed to bring forth into the world a new kind of life. But had he known, then, he would not have cared. So he let his passion, his need, guide him, until he, she, spasmed in ecstasy as the warm Sun rose higher to

warm the human world that dwelt upon, around, the land below that old and sacred hill while They, waiting, were watching as they waited and watched, almost formless in those formless acausal spaces where they dwelt. Waited, waiting, for their bodies as she had waited for hers.

He lay with her, naked body upon naked body, for what seemed to him a long time as part of her seeped into him bringing without words an understanding of what he must do and why. She was offering him a choice, a genuine choice, and he was free to rise and dress himself and walk away even as some-thing, some kind of life, was seeding itself in the womb of her human body.

His choice was to stay; to do as she - as They - desired, and his first willing task would be to seek out and find some women of child-bearing age and bring them to this place so that others might seep through the ever-opening nexion to inhabit their bodies and to breed from them the new species They needed. Thus would he use those acausal seeds that she, in and through and after their joining, had planted in him - talents, skills, and magick: to entice, entrap, beguile, bewitch, ensnare. And thus would he, alive, be rewarded - with her warmth, her touch, her kiss, her body.

## **2: Zarid, The Pretender**

Zarid's day began - as it usually did - with his Russian partner bringing him a cup of black coffee while he lingered and languished in his bed in the stuffy attic room of their house where he slept, surrounded by books and discarded clothes. Years ago Zarid had retreated at night to this room, his lair, to leave his common-law wife to sleep with their child in their room on the first floor of the large Edwardian house, and this retreat had become his habit, his routine, for he valued his privacy and his time, his priority his work at the nearby University, his obsession with seducing young women and his own secret submissive desires.

That morning of the damp overcast November day, he was tired, but aroused by the dream of his night, and, naked, he slunk down the steep winding stairs that led to the first floor and the bedroom of his wife. She was there - attractive, blonde-haired - dressing, and turned to look at him as he entered but he wasted no time on endearments and pleasantries but instead caressed her breasts before telling her of his desire.

She was used to his ways, her early romantic love having given way to the strange practicalities of their strange shared life, and she wearily followed him into their large bathroom where he lay, on the tiled floor, waiting. She did not disappoint, and, squatting over him, urinated on his body and face while he took his own selfish pleasure with his hand. Satiated, he showered and obsessively groomed himself while she attended to the many tasks of her day, and it was not long before he, dressed in his usual ensemble of long black leather jacket, black shoes, grey shirt and dark trousers, departed to walk the mile to his University office, knowing that she, his companion of five years, would assuredly clean the bathroom. He kept promising to marry her, as she, and part of him, desired, for then his little lie of years ago to the University authorities, to others (and sometimes even to himself) would no longer lie in wait to trap him.

He was a tall man, merging seamlessly into his middle-thirties, whose hair - to his chagrin - has begun to thin and recede, and whose body already bore the marks of his life and occupation: stooped shoulders, from hours hunched over books, and a pale complexion occasioned by his indoor existence. He did not care that, until recently, his place of work had been a Polytechnic in a northern industrial city - for he had achieved his dream of being a Professor, a dream nurtured by his boyhood desire to escape from what he felt was the cloying, enclosed, dreary, mundane, banal, dead-end world of the old terraced streets of Leeds where his family had lived for generations and pursued their occupation as tailors, and which he left aged eighteen, never to return. So he was proud of his success, if not of his first name - a choice of his mother's in honour of her immigrant grandfather from the Ukraine - and eager, this morning of threatened rain, to seat himself at his cluttered untidy desk and compose his forthcoming lecture. Then, that task over,

the Professor of Philosophy who taught ethics would gleefully plan another secret assignation with another of his female students.

It was not to be however, for, awaiting him in his modest somewhat cramped office in a rather anonymous modern building, were two unsmiling conservatively dressed middle-aged men in dark suits, one of whom introduced himself as a Detective Sargent named Malloy. As they sat opposite him, Zarid - in his rather more comfortable chair - nervously played with his fountain pen.

"We believe you know this woman," Malloy said, without preamble, showing him a photograph.

Yes, he did - but he held the photograph for a long time before saying, "She does seem familiar. I can't seem to place her, at the moment."

"Sandra Letton. She was a student here."

Zarid pretended to peer at the photograph again. "Ah yes. How can I help?" He smiled, rather unconvincingly.

"She went missing several weeks ago."

"Last I heard, " Zarid said, "she'd moved to work in Cheltenham. Some sort of Civil Service job, I think."

The two men look at each other knowingly before Malloy said, "We understand you had a relationship with her." It was not a question.

Zarid's face went a greyer shade of grey. "That was a while ago, now. Just a brief, casual thing."

"Indeed, so you say," Malloy replied, in a tone Zarid found both intimidating and disapproving.

"I haven't heard from her in a long time," Zarid lied, then instantly regretted saying it.

The two men betrayed no emotion. "Well," Malloy said, standing up, "if you do hear from her, we'd appreciate it if you would contact us," and handed him his card.

"Yes, yes, of course," Zarid replied, his hand shaking as he took it.

"Your public lecture next week," Malloy's hitherto silent companion said, in a cultured accent, as he and Malloy stood at the door. "Very interesting and pertinent topic."

"How did you know about that?" Zarid asked.

But the man only smiled, and then they were gone, from his office, as a mixture of conflicting emotions assailed Zarid. The glass of dry Madeira he poured for himself - from the small cabinet beside his desk - calmed him, a little, and he opened his notebook computer to read again her e-mail, received the evening before.

"Hi Zarid, how you doin? I bet you've kept those photos, haven't you, you naughty boy! It would be great to meet up asap, have a drink (or three!) and chat and maybe - something else, like old times! I'm in your area again for a while. By the way, I've got a wicked story to tell you about a friend of yours. Call me on....."

Without thinking, Zarid dialled the mobile telephone number.

"Sandra?" he asked in reply to the "Hello?"

"Yes?"

"Zarid."

"Hi! Can you meet me?"

"Yes, yes, of course!" he said, remembering their many trysts and her sexy body.

She gave a place, not far, and a time - that evening - and he, after that quick call which she quickly terminated for some reason he did not dwell on, spent the day caught between turmoil, expectation, excitement, and a wordless feeling of unease which he tried, unsuccessfully, to dissipate by concentrating on his work. He wrote a few pages of his lecture, gave up, stood for a long while blankly staring out of his office window, and then sat, disinterested, through a tutorial with one of his students, before leaving the campus to wander into the centre of the city, unaware of the two men discreetly, and professionally, following him.

So he wiled away the late morning and the afternoon hours of that damp overcast November day dallying in various cafés, often taking from the inside pocket of his jacket one of the notebooks he always carried to record his musings and his thoughts, occasionally scribbling away, with his fountain pen, immersed in his worlds of philosophy and sexual fantasy, and smiling once - several times - as he remembered how Sandra had pleased him and how she had allowed him to wear her damp panties, and the suspenders he had bought her.

Then, in the descended darkness of that busy city, he wandered forth to be down by the river where no trees shadowed the footpath by a built-on ancient meadow and the wide railway bridge funnelled a noisy train. He was there, approaching the chosen spot at the chosen time, and saw her, in that diffuse glow sent forth from sodium city lights, waiting. She smiled in greeting, as he did, and he was within three feet of her forming words of humorous welcome when she unexpectedly and slowly tumbled forward.

He caught her, as she fell, but she was already dead, her warm blood staining his hand.

For a minute, and more, Zarid held her, not knowing what to do in the emotional and physical numbness that enveloped him. Then, he was aware of someone standing over him as he knelt still cradling her dead body; aware of others, nearby. They - everything - seemed to him to be moving slowly. Blue flashing lights; distant voices. "Single shot...back of head..." Then another nearer voice, which suddenly intruded upon him.

"Let's get you out of here. You're in serious trouble..."

Zarid recognized the speaker. It was DS Malloy.

### **3: Consequences**

He disliked milky sugared tea, but Zarid drank it nevertheless - his third cup that morning - as he waited, shivering, in the warm brightly-lit, windowless, small and rather clinical interview room of his local Police Station. Waited, still dressed in the white forensic coverall given to him the previous evening, after his own clothes had been taken and before he was locked in a cell whose stark light was constant. Waited, as he had waited all of the evening and many hours of that night, awake, alone. Awake, alone - except for a startling dream during one short period of fitful sleep. He had dreamed that a beautiful woman was in the cell with him. She was chanting some name which he could not quite hear, and smiling at him, exuding a warmth that he could feel, physically feel; gesturing for him to come toward her, and he was about to do so when the cell door opened, returning him to a cold, severe, reality.

Thus was he waiting, again, for some questions; for answers, and thus did he sit that morning waiting for one of the two men opposite him to say something, anything. They just sat there, their arms folded, looking at him as they had looked at him earlier the previous day in his office; sat there, watching, until Malloy - slowly, with a practised ease - took from the folder in front of him several photographs, laying them neatly out on the utilitarian table.

Zarid knew then that they, or someone, someone from the Police, had been to his house.

"Did you know she was pregnant?" Malloy suddenly said.

"No, no I didn't."

"Is that why you killed her?"

"This is ridiculous!" Zarid said.

"Is it? You lied about not having been in contact with her..."

"I can explain."

"I'm sure you can. Just what information did she pass onto you?"

"Information? What information?"

"You knew she worked at GCHQ, didn't you?"

"Where?"

"Don't play games. We found this letter, from her, in your house." From the folder Malloy produced a three page wordprocessed letter.

Zarid glanced at it. It was addressed 'My Dear Naughty Boy!' and signed, by hand in lilac-coloured ink, 'With love and kisses, Sandra.'

"I've never seen it before."

"So you say. She goes into some detail about her work. Classified, government work."

"Like I said, I've never seen it before."

"The evidence against you is piling up."

"Look," Zarid said, afraid and rather annoyed at the same time, "I'd like to see a Solicitor. I'm entitled to, right?"

"Under normal circumstances, yes. These are not normal circumstances."

"But - "

"Aiding and abetting someone who has supplied you with classified information is a serious offence," Malloy said. "Then there is the matter of your affairs with your students - an impressive record, which would come out during a trial. The matter of lying to us. The images we found on your computer. The drugs found at your home and in your office. The fact that your Russian partner doesn't appear to have a valid residence permit. And so on."

"I get the picture."

"But we're prepared," Malloy continued, unsmiling, and collecting the photographs and letter together, to place them back in the folder, "to forget about all these things, if you'll agree to help us."

"Me? Help? How? So you know I didn't kill her?"

"We're working on that assumption."

Relieved, Zarid eagerly asked, "How can I help?"

"We know she went to see a friend of yours, last week."

"Yes?"

"A certain Esmund Yaxley."

"I didn't know they knew each other," said Zarid, with genuine surprise.

"Whatever. But you know his reputation, his past, his activities."

"Yes, yes, of course. But - I've nothing to do with that."

"We know. But we'd like you to go see him, and find out what he knows."

"About Sandra?"

"Yes."

"See him, when?"

"The matter is urgent; a question of national security; so today."

From the briefcase which had been beside his chair on the floor, Malloy's silent companion produced a new, boxed, mobile telephone, two large bundles of twenty pound notes, and two official-looking forms.

Malloy pushed the money over to Zarid. "Expenses. We'll need you to sign this receipt, for the money, and this document, which you should read first."

Zarid read, and signed, as he was told.

"We will arrange transport to take you to the Station."

"But my work; tutorials..."

"All taken care of. A leave of absence has been arranged. And we've brought a few clothes from your house."

"My wife..."

"I'm sure you can think of something!" For the first time that day, Malloy smiled. "From now on, " he continued, as his companion returned the signed receipt and signed document to his case, "you'll be in contact with Malin, here."

"My contact number," Malin said, "is already stored in the telephone, which is connected, with the battery fully charged. I shall expect to hear from you this evening."

#### **4: Nexions**

The warmish Sun of mid morning caught Zarid as, carrying a small travel bag, he walked the short distance down to the Railway Station entrance from where the anonymous car, and driver, had deposited him. He was glad of the Sun,

of his freedom, and lingered by the entrance for a while. Then, ticket bought with a little of the given cash, he joined the throng heading for the busy platforms. Once, he thought he saw the woman of his dream the previous night, and rushed toward her - but he was mistaken, and was left, feeling rather foolish, to wait as the others waited for the southbound train.

Esmund Yaxley. Why was he not surprised he might be somehow involved? The train arrived, on-time, and he was glad to sit within its warmth, to try to give some meaning, some semblance of meaning, to the rapid unsettling unforeseen events of the last two days. The warmth, the slight swaying motion and slight constant almost rhythmic noise of the train, his own tiredness, combined to relax him, a little, and once - to his surprise - he found himself overcome with sadness and a certain grief at Sandra's death. A single tear: then, unsettling questions to which he had no answers assailed him, and slowly - as fair-weather cumulus clouds pass slowly below the blue-sky of a languid almost breezeless English Summer day - he understood his situation.

He had been, was being, manipulated, and maybe - just maybe - his old friend Esmund could provide him with some answers. Esmund; the wiry but bearded and fit and well-muscled Esmund who had spent the last decade since their time together at University flitting from one place, to another, from one adventure to another, always seeking something that seemed - at least to Zarid - forever beyond his reach, and acquiring along the way a somewhat sinister reputation, aided by three spells in prison, for violence, association with a variety of disreputable and sometimes criminal characters, and his interest in, and knowledge of, the Occult.

But, soon, physically and emotionally tired, Zarid was briefly asleep, dreaming of that beautiful woman again.

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"What brings you here?" Esmund said, jovially. He was sitting on a bench in his well-tended cottage garden in the beginning twilight of what had been a warmish day.

"Just wanted to get away for a few days. Domestic things, you know."

"Is that so?" And Esmund looked at him quizzically.

Zarid sighed. "No, not really. Have you heard? About Sandra?" He sat down on the bench, tired from the exertion. It had been a long journey, involving several changes of train, and a taxi from the market town on the edge of the Costwolds to the small village where Esmund's small cottage lay, up a track inaccessible to motorized vehicles and near the top of a wooded hill. Esmund's Border Collie dog had eyed him suspiciously as Zarid had opened the somewhat rickety wooden gate, then decided not to bark and returned to his slumber by the Cherry tree.

"Yes, there was a brief report, on the news."

"I was there, when she died. She came to see me."

"She said she might," Esmund said.

"So you did know her then?"

"Yes."

"And that she was pregnant?"

"Would you like some tea? I have Keemun, and some rather nice Chinese Sencha. Or there is Darjeeling, of course."

"I was thinking of something a little stronger."

"Coffee it is then. Ethiopian, or Kenyan? Come on in." Esmund led him into the small, recently refurbished and very tidy kitchen. "Espresso, Americano, Cappuccino?" he asked.

"You're joking."

"No. One of life's many little civilized pleasures," and Esmund pointed to his one-group espresso machine.

As darkness descended, they drank their coffee, black, in silence - seated in comfortable armchairs before the bright warming log-fire of the cottage sitting-room - until Zarid said, "You seem quite comfortable and settled, here."

"Surprised?"

"Yes. Is this place yours?"

"Yes, and no. Belongs to a lady friend of mine."

"It figures!"

"So, about Sandra. What do you want to know?"

"Did you know that she was pregnant?"

"Yes."

"By you?"

Esmund smiled. An enigmatic smile. "Would you like to meet her, this lady friend of mine?"

"Possibly. I don't know. Did you know about Sandra's work?"

"Of course. She made no secret of it. She was very helpful, to us," and he looked at Zarid in that penetrating way he had.

"Us? Not one of your Occult groups?"

"Not really. Beyond all that mundane passé stuff. You really should meet her, you know."

"Who?"

"She wants to meet you. In fact, I've invited her here this evening. You'll be staying here, for at least tonight, I presume?"

"If that's OK with you."

"*Certainmont!* The guest room is ready. Shall I show you, then you can refresh up while I prepare us some dinner? Nothing special, just some Trout I liberated from a stream down the hill."

The guest room of low-ceilinged beams was small, with small windows, as befitted the small old cottage of thick walls, but it was - or seemed to Zarid to be - immaculately and tastefully furnished. There were crystal decanters, of Port and Sherry, on a small table by an armchair near the small fireplace where a fire of coalite burned, spreading a warming glow and a restful warmth.

"Help yourself to an aperitif," Esmund said. "There's a jug, and basin, for a wash." And he indicated the old marble-

topped stand in one darkened corner.

"Thank you," Zarid said, and meant it, surprised by the hospitality.

"Oh, and if you need a light to see by, there are some candles, in holders, there. I much prefer candlelight, don't you," Esmund said, and smiled.

Then Zarid was alone, amid the country silence, and he took advantage of Esmund's absence to try his newly acquired mobile telephone, surprised to find there was signal strength enough for him to make a call.

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The meal of whole baked Trout, with lemon and parsley butter and fresh vegetables, over, they settled with their glasses of vintage Port by the fire in the candle-lit sitting room.

"This is all very civilized," Zarid jovially said.

"What did you expect?"

"Well - "

"Don't answer that!"

"Really, I would have visited you sooner, if I'd known."

"You are here now."

"Yes." Zarid felt very tired, almost exhausted, and he briefly closed his eyes before the exotic sensual scent brought him back from the verge of sleep.

She was there - the woman of his dream of the night before - standing beside Esmund who held her hand. She wore a green sapphire necklace and a long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body, and Zarid felt her warmth seeping out to touch him.

But something - some fear once deeply hidden, some nameless dread, something from his own ancestral past, and perhaps also some small knowing of his betrayal of his friend - overwhelmed him in the instant of that sensuous breeching searching touch so that he, gasping, screaming - while Esmund laughed - rose to stumble backward to lurch toward and out from the door to run down the path, falling, scampering over the gate, arms flaying, to the track and the road nearly a mile below where a single street light reminded him to pause and think and seek the best way homeward.

In his head: visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter. She had touched him, if only for an instant, and all the answers he came to seek, he was sent to seek, he knew, along with many answers to questions he wished he did not know.

## **5: Homeward**

Zarid could not sleep, nor relax, on the even longer journey back to his home. Twice - three times, more - he fumbled with his mobile telephone, and twice, three times - more - he did not call his contact as part of him desired. Would would he say? What could he say? The whole matter was beyond belief - unbelievable - and the more he thought

about it, the more he became convinced no one, least of all Malloy and Malin, would believe him.

So he spent many hours of that tedious journey through the dark of night striving to concoct some convincing story that he might tell. One version had him denying everything; another - that Esmund and Sandra were simply lovers. Or that she was some Priestess, a Mistress of Earth, even, in one of Esmund's many sinister covens. Or that Esmund was going to sell the information Sandra had provided to one of his criminal contacts. But who, then, killed her, and why? The sad, even tragic, thing was that he did know, and this knowledge placed him in danger.

It was in the taxi - well beyond the hour of midnight - on the journey from the Railway Station to his home that he believed he had found a suitable deceptive answer. He would telephone Malin tomorrow, and pleased with himself, he finally began to feel a little relieved. It did not last, for, inside his house, there was no wife waiting to greet him, no child asleep for him to briefly watch, as he often did, before he ascended the stairs to his private eyrie - only Malloy and Malin and two armed Policemen.

"Where are they?" he anxiously asked as he tried to trawl his house before being restrained by Malloy.

"We've taken them into protective custody."

"Why?" he somewhat stupidly asked.

"You found what we wanted, haven't you?" Malin asked him.

"No. I don't know." He felt intimidated, and his resolve to lie began to weaken. He might - probably had been - followed to Esmund's cottage, as they - Malloy and Malin and those who controlled them - might, and probably already did, know the answers, or at least some of them. Why else had they taken his family into protective custody? Or was that itself a ruse, pressure, blackmail, a means to get him to talk? He was beginning to become confused, for his mind again became suffused with visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter, for she - some alien being - had touched him.

"Can I see my wife?" he asked, trying to calm himself.

"Later, " Malin said, harshly.

You do realize, don't you, Zarid," Malloy interjected, softly, "that this is a matter of national security?"

"Possibly; yes."

"Therefore, surely your duty is to tell us everything that occurred, everything that you learnt."

"Here?"

"No."

So he was taken back to the Police Station where he sat, with another cup of sickly sweet milky tea in another interview room, with Malloy, Malin and another, older, well-dressed and unidentified man who stood by himself in a corner of that room.

"This interview will be recorded," Malloy said, somewhat unnecessarily, as he turned the machine on.

Zarid began, slowly, hesitatingly, telling of Esmund's admission of knowing that Sandra was pregnant; of him receiving information from her; but it was when he spoke of the women - recalling her - that his slow hesitation ceased, and the words flowed fastly, fluidly, from him as if he was being guided, for his mind became suffused again with visions and vistas and words and alien sounds.

"She who touched me is not quite human, you see, as Sandra's child was not, which I'm sure you already knew. They have this plan, you see, to breed a new not quite human species, half human, half alien. She - They, these shapeshifters - need human bodies, at least to begin with. They want to live again, to dwell, again, on Earth: to have form and to cease to be formless. To live, to feel, to love. To guide. Thus, They came back and They will come back, dwelling in human bodies. They need humans to begin with at least like I said as they believe humans need Them. To evolve, together, a symbiosis. That is the key. Symbiosis. They were here thousands upon thousands of years ago, at the dawning of our consciousness, but They were then unable to complete their work, for there were The Others, who opposed Them, and who opposed her - the prime nexion, The Beginning - and who did their own dark work, botched experiments, botched changing, and whose botched living experiments stayed. They got it wrong, you see, The Others; wrong - for they produced a strange, vindictive and twisted and unstable and mutant brood who survived on Earth by their mendacity and ruthless cunning and who made keeping their mutated blood pure into some kind of religion.

"Those humans were genetically-modified by these Others, the evil ones, and their mutant descendants are among us now, manipulating, controlling, planning. Slowly, they have planned, with their ruthless cunning, with the inbred slyness they possess, and over the last hundred years - especially the last seventy years - they, or their agents, have seized clandestine control of our governments, here in Britain, in America, using the power of money, of the Media - which are both under their control - and using the myths, the ideas, they have invented, to control humans, to manipulate humans not of their own kind. The first stage of their plan is for a world government of control, and that is nearing completion.

"To this end they engineered wars, and get some people or, mostly, their own agents among humans to do vile things just so they can get governments to react to them and introduce more laws, more measures of control, more repression, more tyranny, and all in the double-speak name of "freedom and democracy", the false idols which their servants and their lackeys worship and obey, but which the mutants don't. But they have found willing and brutal allies in many lands - particularly in America. They - or their agents and allies - persecute, and torture, and hound, or revile, or discredit, or kill, or imprison on some pretext or other, anyone who knows their plans or who sees them for what they are. That is, they now have the power, the influence to destroy anyone, any person, any group, any country, they want to - to get them out of the way.

But She - They, her shapeshifters from the acausal - want humans to be genuinely free, as evolved individuals; so She has come back as They will come back to liberate humans from those, The Others, the evil ones, and their mutant servants, so that humans might evolve and take their destined place among the stars and particularly among the acausal dimensions. The mutant, materialistic, causally-tied spawn of The Others, you see, have forgotten their origins, lost their true past, do not know who manufactured them, changed, them, made them what they were and are, but they do fanatically believe they are chosen, that it is they who should, who must, who have been chosen to, rule this world and its peoples, whatever the human cost and the misery they cause. They really are the spawn of evil; agents of evil - and She and her siblings will stop these bastard descendants of The Others who cannot ever reach out to, or travel among, or exist in, the timeless blissful beautiful realms of the acausal. But humans can - and can eternally exist there, in the acausal when the new symbiosis is complete."

He was finished, exhausted, himself again, and saw Malloy looking at Malin with a look of disbelief.

"I see," Malloy said, annoyed, before stopping the recording.

"You don't believe me - all that - do you?" Zarin quietly said, uneasy and perplexed.

"Frankly, I'd have thought an intelligent man like you would have come up with a better story than crap and fantasy like that." Turning to the unidentified man he said, "We're finished here, I think?"

The man nodded, and left the room.

"You disappoint me, you really do," Malloy said to Zarin.

Zarid was taken to a cell, where he waited, nervously, for something to happen. For what seemed like hours, nothing did, and he gradually succumbed to his exhaustion, to dream of the beautiful woman. She was speaking to him without words and he felt her moving closer, closer to him until he smelt again her quixotic perfume - but the dream, the beautiful vision, was snatched away from him as two men entered his cell to bind his arms behind his back and tie a dark hood over his head.

He tried to struggle, but the injection he was given soon took effect and he was taken through the corridors of a curiously deserted and darkened Police Station to a waiting van.

"Nothing happened here," Malin said to Malloy as, outside in the cold night air, they watched the van being driven away.

"Your people checked the foetus, I take it?" Malloy asked.

"Perfectly normal," Malin lied.

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Esmund knew he was under surveillance, and the reason why - even before Zarid's arrival - and his years of experience of living on and often beyond the fringes of the law had made him prepared for most eventualities. So, from behind the false wall in the cellar of his cottage, he collected the items he considered he might need to evade and escape from those watching him so that he might keep the rendezvous with Raynould on that ancient hill circle where she, their dark goddess, had first touched Raynould and where in the coming hours of darkness she would give birth to his half-human child. For a few seconds, Esmund felt a little jealous of the man he had never met, but he calculatingly placed that human emotion aside.

He selected a variety of weapons - his favoured long-barrelled revolver with hand-loaded rounds; a handy pump-action shotgun; a grenade or two - and a passport, and driving license, for a new identity as well as a small rucksack containing a variety of clothes, bottled water, and toiletry items. Then, as the bright Sun of that early morning rose into the clear sky that had brought the nightly frost, he - revolver in hand, shotgun slung over his shoulder, rucksack on his back - sauntered casually out into the garden, followed by his dog.

"Stay!" he said, and his canine friend obeyed. There would, Esmund knew, be a woman, a lover from the village below, to care for his dog, for however long he was away.

Scorning the path, Esmund vaulted over the fence into the steeply sloping grazing field that adjoined the eastern side of his garden and began to run up, and right at an angle, toward the summit of his hill. There was no cover there for those who might follow him from below, and he had run almost two hundred yards when he saw them begin their delayed pursuit. He had assumed there would be others, covering the summit and the descent from the hill, and he was correct, for he had almost reached to tall centuries-old spreading Ash that grew beside the old summit pathway when he saw two armed Policemen who moved to block his way.

"Armed Police!" one of them shouted, raising his weapon. "Stop! Armed Police!"

Esmund did not stop. Instead, he dropped down, took aim and quickly fired three rounds from his revolver. The bullets hit their targets and he rose to run forward. One of his opponents was dead, shot in the forehead, but the other, only lying injured, was struggling to raise his weapon just as Esmund reached him. Esmund pointed his revolver at the man's head saying, "Sorry mate, nothing personal," before taking the man's holstered Glock pistol and his HK MP5 submachine gun and side-stepping to turn and fire at the armed plainclothes Police Officers still running up the hill toward him. He shot one in the leg before moving sharp left and sprinting toward the woods that covered part of the western side of the hill.

The woods gave him the opportunity he needed - for he knew them well - and he zigzagged down, through the trees, stopping once to stand and listen. He heard shouts, above, and the sound of someone, or two, noisily moving through the leaf-litter and breaking small fallen twigs. There would be Police dogs, and a helicopter, and more men, he knew - but not now; not for a while. So he made it to his first destination without being seen: a path beside a stream to take him to where a vehicle waited, left for just such a time as this, hidden in a rented barn.

It did not take him long, in the old inconspicuous Land Rover, to reach the junction where the narrow rutted pot-holed tarmac lane that for nearly two miles had weaved between fields of pasture gave way to a minor road, and he turned westerly, driving until he found a place suitable enough to stop. It was a wide gated field entrance, and he parked to begin his change of identity. It took him longer than he remembered to trim his beard with scissors and then completely shave it off, but - pleased with the results - he changed his shirt, and jacket, and, with a tweed cap upon his head, his weapons out of sight, the transformation was complete.

No one stopped him as he travelled South, and he became just one driver in one of the multitude of vehicles that thronged the roads of England.

## **6: Aperiatur Terra, Et Germinet Atazoth**

Esmund was early for the rendezvous, in the hour before dusk, and spent a cautious hour scouting out the area. He had parked his vehicle down a secluded track near the foot of the hill, taking only his rucksack, his revolver with spare ammunition, the Glock pistol, and a hand-grenade, before bobby-trapping the vehicle with his remaining grenade.

Satisfied with his reconnaissance, he settled down to wait by a spreading but wind-twisted Hawthorn bush, a good distance away from the hill's ancient fortified summit. There was the crescent Moon above the western horizon, and then stars in the clear darkening sky, and he continued to wait in the cold darkness for what seemed, and what was, a long time, before stretching himself and moving forward a little distance. They were, by now, many hours late, and he was deciding how much longer he would wait when he sensed someone behind him, and spun round, revolver raised, and ready.

Nothing; no one; no sound. And so he returned to his cautious waiting vigil until he saw something, some shape, fastly coming toward him from the summit of the hill. The shape was tawny white-ish and as it got nearer Esmund saw it was an Owl. There was no sound, just that bird of prey coming straight toward him and looking straight at him. He was surprised by its size, its wing-span, and it was within only three feet of him, its talons extended as if to land on his head, when he instinctively ducked down and it veered away to his left. When, only seconds later, he looked again it was gone, down - he assumed - into the copse of trees that clung to the lower slopes of the hill.

Then she was standing beside him, and he rose to his feet without fear. She kissed him, then, and pressed her body into his, her tongue caressing his, and her hand stroking his face.

"We are alone and no harm can come to you here," her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, and she gave him a vision of her past hour and more.

Of how she had gently painlessly given birth while Raynould watched. Of how he had taken the human-looking girl-child to a place she had provided for him where his role would be to care for that child as he would care for the other such children born that night and in the few days to all those women - except Sandra - who were seeded. Of how those children had grown quickly in their adopted wombs and how they would, as children, also quickly grow over the next few years until they were ready enough to go forth into the world, each one a nexion waiting to open, to be physically seeded, and to seed in their various and magickal ways those powerful acausal energies which would, in causal-time, break down the barriers of The Others and steadily weaken through many causal presencings the causal that now held so many humans in thrall. Thus would her children gather the allies they needed, in secret at first; thus would they begin the great change that would break-down the very causal order itself; and thus would they breed a new and more evolved race, a new species to seed themselves among the very stars.

There would be those who feared this; those who hated her children and her allies. Those prepared to fight until the last drop of human blood. Those hate-filled ones who would strive to find, to ruthlessly hunt, down her children and their children's children, just as they had found Sandra whom Esmund had seeded: the Sandra whom she changed with her acausal and shapeshifting arts after he, magically adept, had called to her, longed for her, one night having felt her presence, her return to Earth. So had he touched her essence, and so she found him, came unto him, while he lay asleep in Sandra's arms, and so did she change that life that only a few causal moments earlier he and Sandra had brought forth into causal-being.

"But you have proved yourself, to me," her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, "and you henceforth are my companion and only with you will I henceforth share this my physical form."

So she kissed him again, and he saw as if in replay his escape from his - from her - cottage, and felt again his one jealous moment, as he saw Sandra's death and Zarid being bound, tied, hooded, and injected. But he, Esmund Yaxley, was human - all-too-human, perhaps - and he surrendered his body and his love to her, there, on the dark night while a crescent moon descended, as Sirius did, into that almost-Winter's starry sky.

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He awoke to find himself naked under a warm duvet in a bright room of large windows which showed, below, a cityscape under a clear blue sky of an English Winter. For a moment, he felt disorientated, as if both Time and Space had somehow slipped or been distorted and, after looking out of one of the windows which, except for a door, almost seamlessly surrounded the room, he lay down again on the large bed.

He slept then, and dreamed - of the past, a present and a future - and awoke to find himself hot, as the city below basked in the warmth of early Summer. He understood then, in that moment, and was not surprised when she, suddenly, was there beside him, incarnate again, naked in the bed, pressing her body into his and kissing him as they made sensuous love in that, his, city-penthouse. There was, he knew, on a floor below, a child, a female child, growing, nurtured by his lover's breast milk and cared for by her sibling Nanny, as there was, in the city, many deeds of hate and violence while they, the lovers, loved as they loved, entwined within each other's body and each other's being, just as there was, suddenly and for him, no distinction between Time, place and Space: no him, or her; only a being which lived as it, they, as Them, The Dark Gods, lived: within the acausal Times and Spaces. He was alive, then, joyful, ecstatic, breeding with her, in her, the nexions that were needed; alive, joyful, ecstatic, while Zarid - his knowledge a danger to his captors - was languishing, drugged, in some enclosing psychiatric cell, and Sandra his former lover lay dead, her body and her foetus clinically, methodically, dissected.

Thus did they, her - his - enemies, still seek him with a lustful hate and need, and thus did she - his new lover, mistress - protect him as only she could protect him, and thus did he, when he awoke, feel again the pain of his new lover's absence.

So he dressed in one of his many expensive hand-made suits to linger awhile on a floor below with his three young daughters while they played as precocious children played, and their protecting shapeshifting Nanny waited, silent, smiling, watchful, in a corner of that plush room. Soon, they his daughters would venture forth, each to a life, a world, a task, of their own - as he would return to this building to seed her again as the acausal seeped ever more deeply in the causal world he once knew and loved.

He knew, then, as he walked out that particular time-slipping morning into the busy street of that capital city under the warm Sun of an English Summer, that Raynould had been found, caught, tortured, and killed, and his - her - daughter captured. So he was not surprised to find her, his lover, walking beside him as he walked among the bustling hordes of city-dwelling human beings.

There was a human pain, an anguish, in her, which he felt, and he held her hand as they walked along that street where several men, and women, stared, to stop, to look at her, awed by her beauty, her being, her scent. Then, suddenly, he was with her in a bright forensic room where her first-born daughter lay, stretched out and naked and restrained, but alive, on an operating table while men in white gowns and masks stood around and two men in suits stood by a door in one corner.

They, the men in gowns, were cutting the young woman, her daughter of child-bearing age, and she bled, as a human would - as another scalpel was raised, a probe extended to reach into her body. Her daughter turned, then, and smiled - aware of her mother's presence - but the humans saw only Esmund who, angry, snatched the scalpel to slash wildly at throats, faces. The two men in suits came toward him, one - Malin - brandishing a gun, but Esmund was too quick for them as he raged toward them to knock them to the ground, and the carnage - his berserker carnage - was soon over, even as an alarm sounded, the last gesture of one human scientist now lying dead.

Then Esmund, his lover and her daughter were gone from that particular and causal Time and Space, to leave only questions: only more unanswered perplexing questions for Malin and his ilk.

### **7: Agios Ischyros Baphomet**

They - Esmund, his lover and her daughter - rejoiced, and he was with them for what to him seemed a very long time in a place within acausal Time and Space. But it was only a few heartbeats of his dense causal Earth-bound life that passed while he languished in a beautiful blissful timeless eternity where his knowing, his feeling, stretched, or seemed to stretch, from one end of his Earth-containing Galaxy to the other, and where he was, in that singular acausal instant, all life, all living, all beings-coming-into-being, all the living life given and giving birth.

Then he, changed in some way he did not then understand, was back in his, in her, bed, in that bright city penthouse, while her naked and already healed daughter kissed him and he entered her, taking her human virginity, as her mother lay beside them, touching him, one lover to another. He had never known such bliss, such love, such existence, before in his own brief causal existence, and he lingered within her, this young woman, even as his seed seeded her womb which would bring forth a new kind of life. *Agios Ischyros Baphomet, Agios Ischyros Baphomet* he, his very being, intoned.

Causal Space and causal Time slipped again, as he knew they must - and he was sitting outside his modest mud-brick dwelling in the shade of a Palm tree dressed in a galabiyyah while, nearby, the younger of his two new young half-Nubian daughters played amid the desert sand and one of his two female domestic helpers carried a large pot to bring back water from the nearby artesian well. His afternoon would be filled with duties, as he instructed his two young male students in the ancient skills and arts of esoteric acausal magick, and - despite his satisfaction with such duties and his role - he still missed his former brief enchanted life in England. It was but a necessary stage - and part of him, most of him, had desired to return with her to her acausal spaces even as her daughter gave birth to their first child. But he stayed, for he was not yet ready or able of his own free will to forever pass beyond, to exist beyond, the causal; stayed, while she herself returned as she the primal nexion had to return to become the strange life-force burgeoning within them all. Stayed, for he would be, as he now was, the beginning of that hidden reclusive Order which would, when the causal Time was right, emerge as the Old Order faded, crumbled, and died, aided and partly caused by those others of the new half-human symbiotic race who now dwelt with their growing number of children, and human helpers and allies, on every continent on Earth.

Already the presence of this new acausal centre, this spreading nexion, was felt, as her daughter - now his wife, and Nubian - achieved a local, and for the moment, clandestine following, there on the fringes of that desert. Such beauty; such wordless power. Men, women, loved, obeyed her - and she had only to think a thought for them to strive to make it real just as each one of them would willingly, gladly, give their life for her, knowing the blissful acausal life which would await them. Thus it was as it had been, there, once before - and as it would be again, on another planet in another causal Time and Space.

Soon, he would as foretold retreat into his own world of reclusive and secret desert-dwelling teaching to leave her majestic, ageless with her ageless daughters as their influence spread, as it would spread until her, their, causal Earth-bound tasks were achieved. But, for now, he was happy to prepare her way: she who would open, be, the new nexion to presence the acausal fully upon the Earth, bringing thus that futuristic culture, that star-travelling, star-dwelling, culture that many humans had dreamt about, beginning as such a culture was of new explorations into the very acausal itself, explorations which could, which would then in that future causal-time - as it would for Esmund and all of his esoteric kind now when they had achieved their Earthly goal - lead them toward and into the next stage of their journey of evolution.

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"You know," Malin said as Zarid lay, in his windowless cell, half-stupefied by the drugs forced into him, "and considering your ancestry you should know, you had it the wrong way round; inverted. We're the good guys."

"Are you? Are you really?" Zarid managed to say. "But you didn't have to kill her or her unborn child, did you?"

But Malin only smiled and left to let three men enter. They did their work quickly, quietly, efficiently, and Zarid was soon dead, only one more casualty of a war that had already begun.

Algar Merridge  
Year of Fayen 118

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**Note:** This brief MS, written by an Adept, and entitled *In The Sky of Dreaming*, is published, in full, here for the first-time. Like *The Deofel Quartet* it is an instructional text written in a non-conventional fictional form. One of its purposes is to outline the reality of The Dark Gods, a reality somewhat obscured by the literary mystifications and misapprehensions of Lovecraft and others.

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## 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 offer 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.

Algar Merridge  
119 Year of Fayen

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## 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 Feyen



## The Nine Angles – Beyond The Causal Continuum

To understand The Nine Angles is to understand the cosmology of causal and acausal – of the Cosmos itself having a causal continuum (a causal Universe), and an acausal continuum (an acausal Universe). The Nine Angles are a nexion between the two, which means these nine angles have or can presence life; that is, they possess, or are animated by, acausal energy, from the acausal continuum.

There are nine angles because there are nine dimensions involved in all the nexions we currently know – the four dimensions of, or which re-present, the causal continuum, and the five dimensions of, or which re-present, the acausal continuum, and which “five dimensions” form the basis for genuine dark sorcery, that is, the willed bringing forth of acausal energy into the causal by means of a nexion.

The four causal dimensions are, of course, the three spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and the one dimension of causal, linear, Time. The Nine Angles are therefore formed from, or consist of, or re-present, four non-living (inert) causal dimensions, and five living (“alchemical”; “esoteric”; “dark”; sinister) acausal dimensions, and it this combination, of Nine, which is numinous, or, more correctly, which is that sinister-numen which forms the essence of Life itself.

Thus, the term “angle” as used by the ONA esoterically and fundamentally means one type of, one particular species of, a Cosmic dimension – as opposed to the ordinary type of dimension we are familiar with in the causal continuum, and which causal dimensions can be re-presented mathematically and which causal dimensions form the basis for the causal science of Physics.

In causal terms, an angle is simply a convenient geometric construct – an abstraction based upon the linearity of causal Time, on the simplicity of causal cause-and-effect, and an abstraction which can be re-presented in Euclidean (two-dimensional causal) geometry by the meeting or intersection of two lines, and also re-presented in spherical (three-dimensional causal) geometry, and Riemannian-type (four-dimensional causal, or metrical) geometry. All these types of causal “angles” are inert; mere causal abstractions, even when we are describing that causal-angle which re-presents causal Time, because this type of Time (the causal type) is simply a physical (lifeless, un-numinous) cause-and-effect.

In complete contrast, an acausal “angle” is some-thing that lives, that has or which can be imbued with, life: that is, it has or it can be imbued with acausal energy. Or expressed another way, an acausal “angle” re-presents or can be used to re-present, acausal energy, and thus also re-presents the very essence of Life, of what animates physical matter and makes that matter “alive”.

Thus, the-nine-angles is a term for that particular collocation of acausal- and-causal-angles which form, or which construct, or which are, a nexion: the intersection of causal and acausal metrics. Where the acausal continuum (the acausal Universe) meets, or intersects, or joins, or is merged with, the causal continuum, the causal Universe.

Hence it is easy to understand just how the nine angles are the combination of four causal-angles, and five acausal-angles: of the “five dimensions” of acausal Space-Time, and the four dimensions of causal Space-Time.

### Confusing Angles

The confusion over the term “angle” arose, in the past – and to some extent, still arises in the present – because we do not, as yet, have a precise language, nor a new type of mathematics, to describe the nine Cosmic dimensions (or cosmic angles) that re-present a nexion (or at least, which re-present all the nexions we currently know or are aware of).

Thus while the esoteric term nine angles can, in many ways, be considered to be synonymous with the esoteric term nexion, there are also many types – or species – of nexion, which variety has been the source of some confusion among non-Adepts and especially among mundanes.

Hence, and for example, the nine angles can re-present the Tree of Wyrd (ToW): the seven plus two (seven spheres and two aspects of cosmic Time, causal and acausal) [ Footnote 1 ]. The Nine Angles can also re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic “alchemical” substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game, which Star Game itself can be re-presented by the term Nine Angles, since the Star Game, correctly used (see, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*), can be a nexion. The ONA itself is another example of a type of nexion: one particular ordering of acausal energy; one means to presence acausal energy in the causal, and so change the causal and the living beings who live in the causal continuum.

Due to the very nature of the acausal, we simply cannot construct acausal angles (that is, we cannot presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions) by some-thing or by some-things which is or which are purely causal; by inert, physical (causal) material or matter, or even by causal types of energy (such as electricity, and plasma).

All that we have, for the moment, are various alchemical-type esoteric Rites which have been shown, by trial and error, to be effective to some degree. That is, we do possess some rather rudimentary means to manufacture a nexion, or to use an existing nexion. [Footnote 2 ] These rites currently all involve, in some way, human beings, and some combination of some causal-things, such as esoteric chant; a quartz tetrahedron. That is, it is the human being – or rather the type and magnitude of acausal energy which exists in a living human being – which re-presents or which can be used to access, certain acausal-angles (certain specific acausal dimensions).

### **Manufacturing Future Nexions**

What it is important to understand about all existing means of accessing the acausal – of presencing and using acausal energy – is that they are rudimentary and crude; a mere beginning. Once we acquire, we develop, a better understanding of the acausal continuum, and thus of acausal energy, we can begin to construct some means, or some devices, to manufacture a nexion and thus directly access the acausal continuum. Obviously, these devices will not be based on current, purely causal, inert, technology, because they will, to some extent, harness or use acausal energy as opposed to causal energy, and it is such devices which should enable to access the acausal sans the medium of human beings.

Thus, all of our currently existing ways and means of presencing the acausal – all of which are manifest only in the sinister-numen of the ONA and its world-wide kindred – are themselves only a beginning, a temporary means, and they can and will be surpassed when we ourselves develop our faculties sufficiently to be able to rationally comprehend the acausal as it should be apprehended, and when we extend the frontiers of our knowledge by bringing-into-being a genuinely acausal technology, based on acausal energy and, most importantly, upon acausal Time.

Thus, the ONA – representing as it now does the pinnacle of our current esoteric knowledge and representing as it does the most efficacious means currently known to us of using acausal energy – is itself only a beginning, and can, and should, and must, be developed, evolved, changed; for it is only one temporally based means to enable us to develop, and to use, our understanding of The Cosmos as the Cosmos really is: some (currently often mysterious) combination of two different Universes.

The beginning of the new apprehension we needed was contained, esoterically, in the term Nine Angles – but the ONA has now gone beyond even this, as outlined in the exoteric text, *The Physics of Acausal Energy*. And it is such developments of our initial Nine Angles apprehension which will take us beyond our currently rather rudimentary “magick”, of Rites, Ways, means and ends – and which can enable us to construct, in the future, the new very real magick of the Cosmos where we have direct access to the acausal continuum itself, and thus can – to give one relevant example – use that continuum to travel from one place in the causal Universe to another place in the causal Universe, almost instantaneously, without the need for cumbersome, causally-Time based, starships. For one basic Law of acausal Physics, of acausal energy, is: action-at-a-distance, since acausal Space and acausal Time are exactly that, a-causal, not-bound by the metric, the distances, of causal Space – which distances always take a certain amount of causal Time to cover, however fast the velocity.

Thus can we, in reality, not only seed ourselves among the Galaxies of the Cosmos, but also live in those new diverse ways which will themselves be the genesis of our accelerated evolution as a species: as one type of causal life in the Cosmos.

Compared to this, all the “magick”, all the “ways”, all the “esotericism”, of others – and even of the current Order of the Nine Angles – is totally and utterly mundane.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
121 Year of Fayen

[ This text was first published in Part Two of the compilation *Concerning The Meaning of The Nine Angles*. ]

*Notes:*

(1) The ToW itself can also be “viewed” (or esoterically apprehended) in many ways – for example, it can re-present the consciousness, the life, the psyche, of a single human being – that which animates, or those things which animate, the human being and makes them human, such as archetypes, the very process of rational thought itself, and the faculty of empathy.

The ToW – as one nexion – can also re-present the seven individual nexions (the spheres) plus the two other nexions, one of which is The Abyss, which makes it what it is, an alchemical (that is, living) symbol of Atazoth: that *increasing- of-azoth* which are the “living waters”, The Philosopher’s Stone, the gateway/nexion to an acausal, and thus immortal, existence.

(2) Some of these Rites are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

The Seven-Fold Way itself (as outlined, for example in Naos, and in The Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way) is another means, known to us, which is or which can be effective in giving us access to the acausal – that is, enabling us to presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions, and thus acausal energy.

Another Way, known to us, is *The Way of the Rounwytha*.

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Suggested Further Reading:

[Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles](#)

[The Physics of Acausal Energy](#)

## Concerning The Meaning of The Nine Angles: A Collection of Texts (Part One)



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### Ingrowing Angles, or How Not to Name Thee Nine Angles Thingy

An article currently [2009 CE] drifting lopsidedly around in cyberspace - with a title something like *Angles incarnés* and giving hyperlinks to boring stuff about a dead two-dimensional shape, the trapezoid - reveals yet again the Aquino-cult for the silliness it is, and yet again serves to highlight the esoteric, intellectual, and sinister, superiority of The Order of Nine Angles over and above the ToSers and the LaVey "satanism of and for the mundanes".

The aforementioned article gives some details about Aquino's much hyped *Ceremony of Nine Angles*, which some idiots claim was the basis for "our" name, although even a cursory glance by a mundane would suffice to show the fundamental, irreconcilable difference between our initiated, esoteric, and sinister, understanding of the term angle, and the silly, pretentious, clumsy, and totally un-esoteric use of the term angle by Aquino, LaVey, and by those mundanes following such pretentious mundane drivel.

In addition, Aquino used a pantomime language - deriving from the fictional works of Lovecraft - which when said or "chanted" serves only to give us a fit of the giggles: *F'tang f'tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...* kind of stuff (maracas in the background are optional). Let's run that again, with maracas on: *F'tang f'tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...*

In the matter of Aquino's angles - Ouch! Is that my ingrowing-angle hurting again? - there is a lot of mumbo-jumbo, and very little, if any, genuine esoteric substance, with the mumbo-jumbo itself containing a lot of pretentious pseudo-biblical poesy such as "the laughing one doth cry and the flute wail..."

Well, wail away this Aquino-esque Magic Flute might, for nothing doth come forth, and will ne'er come forth from a boring two-dimensional geometrical shape. Wherein, of course, lies the fundamental flaw - and the laughable nature - of this whole Aquino angles thingy.

For The Order of Nine Angles, an angle is, of course, a five-dimensional concept - composed of two causal metrics "meeting" (or joining) at a particular point in a four-dimensional Space-Time (causal) continuum, with this particular "meeting" (or joining) being only one particular causal re-presentation of an acausal event; that is, the "angle" changes in causal Time. It is only one causal re-presentation of one event, which event is subject to acausal change.

In more simple terms, our angle can be considered as an extension of a spherical, basic three-dimensional, angle - familiar from spherical geometry. But each intersecting arc is a four-dimensional metric in causal Space-Time, so that to describe it in more detail (at least causally) one has to use a Tensorial re-presentation (such as used in describing for example a Riemannian metric). Even then, this is only another causal simplification (a causal abstraction devoid of acausality), since what we in the ONA are describing are acausal energies being manifest in the causal dimensions (in four-dimensional causal Space-Time) by means of such an "angle" - and these energies can manifest in various ways, by various means.

Let us consider one particular instance - where the means is a particular three-dimensional object (a tetrahedron) composed of a particular material (quartz) and where the esoteric (acausal) aspects of this combination (a quartz tetrahedron of a certain size) are activated by sound resonance (sonic vibrations). This particular instance is used, for example, in the simple ONA Nine Angles rite, where a particular combination of sound waves (a chant or chants at the correct pitch or pitches - for example a fourth or a fifth apart - and of the correct intensity) will "activate" the crystal, that is, make it a (temporary) nexion to the acausal, enabling the flow of causal energy from the acausal into the causal. Thus, the static, causal and a particular combination of nine angles of the crystal tetrahedron become something much more than just three-dimensional geometrical constructs in particular moment of causal Time; they become "alive" because imbued with acausal energy. That is, there is a phase-shift - from causal Time to acausal Time.

Of course, this is just one instance of our esoteric use of the term angle - there are many more, and all these usages, by us, of the esoteric term "nine angles" serve to highlight the buffoonery of Aquino's use of the term. Our esoteric usage of the term nine angles also serve to reveal those who claim we, of the ONA, somehow "ripped off" Aquino's work, for the laughable mundanes that they are.

ONA

[ Originally posted October 120 yf by Ms PointyHat on the [Sinister Times](#) blog ]

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(Extract from)

**The Order of Nine Angles in Historical, and Esoteric, Context**

As the ONA has pointed out in many essays and documents - including *Ingrowing Angles*, and *The Nine Angles: One More Causal Symbology* - the ONA's nine "angles" refer to a causal description of the meeting of acausal and causal space-time metrics, and are thus a re-presentation of a nexion, of that region of the Cosmos where the causal continuum meets or intersects or can intersect the acausal continuum, and thus where acausal energy flows from the acausal into the causal, which energy is capable of making things (or a thing) alive. That is, to use an older but appropriate esoteric term, the ONA angles are *alchemical*: some-thing which has life, or which can be made alive.

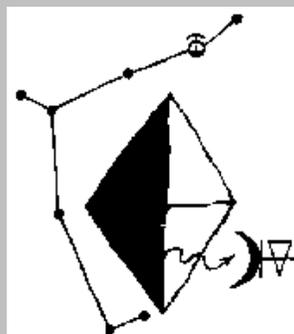
Classical esoteric alchemy was concerned with finding or manufacturing what was called The Philosophers Stone, which was some means, or some element, or some potion, or some combination of means, potions, and various elements, which would animate matter, making alive what was hitherto inert, with this "Stone" (lapis) thus re-presenting the very essence of life itself, and hence capable of imparting health and long life (or even immortality) to the alchemist.

Hence, the ONA's "angles" are alchemical in inspiration. Hence also the mention of the source for this inspiration, this early source being ancient Arabic alchemical texts [see Footnote, below], and certainly not a certain Mister Aquino.

Furthermore, the ONA - or rather, Anton Long - has extensively developed and refined, and rationally explicated, the original and often vague and confused alchemical concepts involved. Thus, the Nine Angles of the ONA can be considered to be nine-dimensional - combining the five-dimensions of the acausal continuum, with the four-dimensions of the causal continuum, and thus describing a nexion; one presencing of life-giving acausal energy in the causal.

In rather stark contrast, as the ONA says, the "angles" of Aquino (which angle concept of his both his own Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, used) are just a boring, mundane, dead, two-dimensional geometric thing.

The Nine Angles are most often symbolized, by the ONA, by means of the alchemical combination of a quartz tetrahedron, certain sound vibrations (esoteric chant), the sorcerer/sorceress (the Rounwytha) and the appropriate "alchemical season", for it is - according to the ONA - such particular combinations, which must involve a living, conscious, esoterically skilled, human being, that not only "animate" the nine angles, but which are or which can become, the nine angles. Furthermore, according to Anton Long, these nine angles represent the survival of the genuine, ancient, esoteric alchemical tradition, and perhaps the only surviving one, a tradition symbolized by the traditional ONA sigil below, where most of the required "elements" are depicted:



Sigil of The Alchemical Nine Angles

*Editorial Footnote:*

Anton Long - in his MS *Emanations of a Mage* - mentions this ancient alchemical tradition:

This source was – and for me, at that time (the early to middle 1970's e.n.) surprisingly – the works of various Arabic alchemists and writers, who had not only posited a system of seven fundamental stages or elements – *al-ajsad al-sabaah* – but who had also constructed a system of nine emanations of “The One” which included these seven elements plus two others which were quite distinct by virtue of having different aspects, or types of, or sources of, time itself, as described in the alchemical manuscript *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*.

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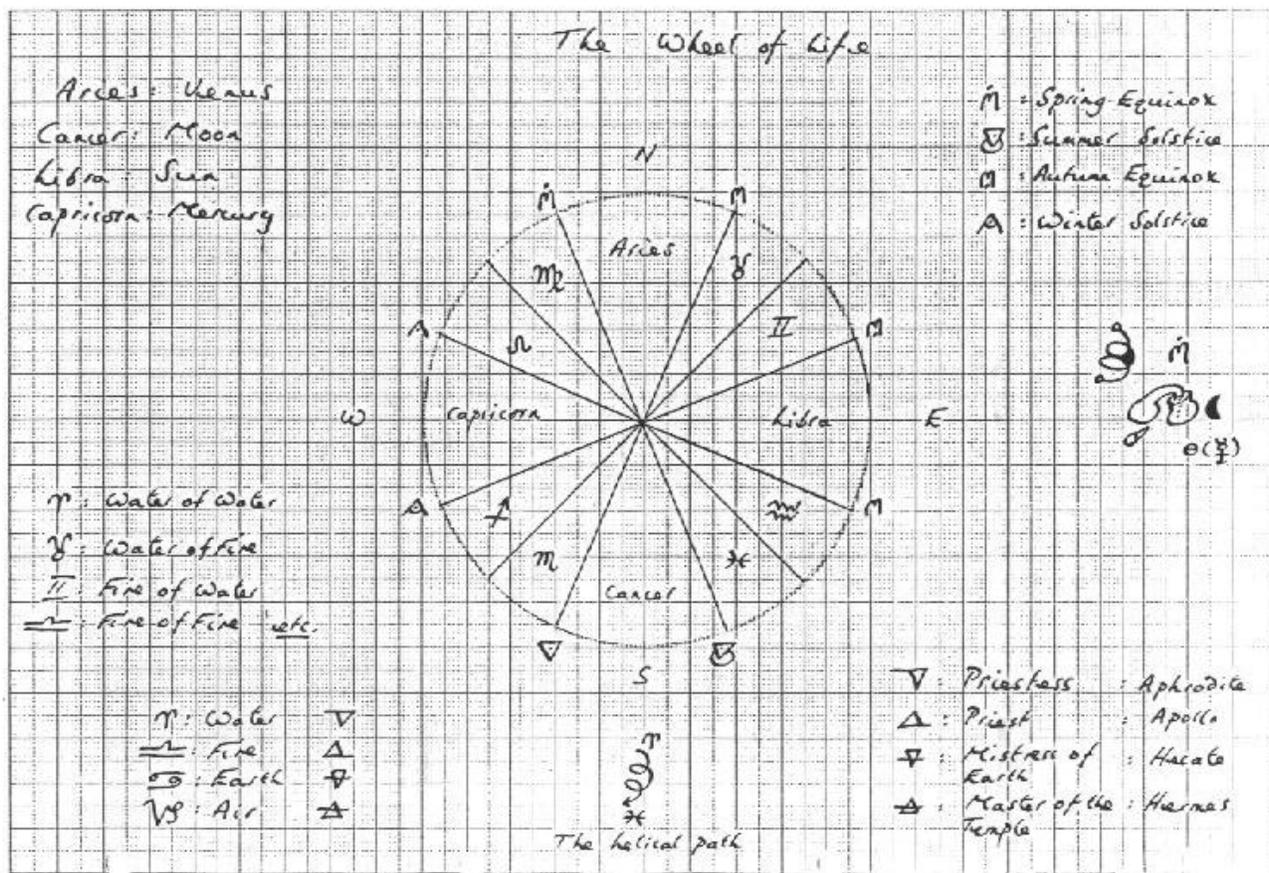
**The Nine Angles - Just One More Causal Symbology**

As first described in a footnote to the ONA MS *The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings* (published in facsimile in *Hostia*, Volume 1, 1991 e.n.) a nexion – the causal *within* the acausal (or vice versa) – could possibly be mathematically represented by a Tensor which has *nine* non-zero symmetric components, re-presenting a basic causal Space (and forming the “nine subspaces” of one causal apprehension), and whose asymmetric components re-present (some of) the acausal aspects involved in a particular nexion (acausal within causal).

Thus, it is possible to write an equation involving this particular tensor which describes (in a quite limited way) such a nexion and the collocation of spaces within it, with the boundary conditions of this equation giving the metrics of the “Space-Time” of the nexion. Thus, this equation would re-present something of the fusion of causal-acausal energy, and this itself might lead to new (to current causal Science) energies being described, and thence to the development of new, acausally-based (that is, “organic”), technologies.

Two important considerations, however, should be noted. First, that such an equation is only a limited *and causal* re-presentation, based on a causal mathematics, and thus cannot fully describe either the causal or the acausal aspects of the nexion. Second, that no conventional mathematical representation – tensorial or otherwise – can correctly describe any aspect of the acausal, since all conventional mathematical descriptions currently known to us depend on causal metrics, on causal Time. To correctly describe acausal Spaces (and thus acausal energy itself), a new mathematics has to be created which is based on acausal geometry and acausal Time, and which thus can re-present an acausal metric.

The facsimile of the particular MS mentioned above also shows, in diagrammatic form, the relation of the Nine Angles to the (double) tetrahedron; to the helical path (q.v. the hand-drawn diagrammatic of *The Wheel of Life* in facsimile editions of *Naos*); to the Tree of Wyrð; and to the “Four Gates” and thence to the “inverted pentagram”. For more details of some of these esoteric relations, see the facsimile of the MS *The Secrets of the Nine Angles*, also published in *Hostia*, Volume 1.



ONA: The Wheel of Life - Basic Alchemical Seasons

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Main Category: Esoteric Traditions

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 120 Year of Feyen

## Concerning The Meaning of The Nine Angles - Part Two

### **The Nine Angles - Beyond The Causal Continuum**



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In causal terms, an angle is simply a convenient geometric construct - an abstraction based upon the linearity of causal Time, on the simplicity of causal cause-and-effect, and an abstraction which can be re-presented in Euclidean (two-dimensional causal) geometry by the meeting or intersection of two lines, and also re-presented in spherical (three-dimensional causal) geometry, and Riemannian-type (four-dimensional causal, or metrical) geometry.

All these types of causal "angles" are inert; mere causal abstractions, even when we are describing that causal-angle which re-presents causal Time, because this type of Time (the causal type) is simply a physical (lifeless, un-numinous) cause-and-effect.

In complete contrast, an acausal "angle" is some-thing that lives, that has or which can be imbued with, life: that is, it has or it can be imbued with acausal energy. Or expressed another way, an *acausal* "angle" re-presents or can be used to re-present, acausal energy, and thus also re-presents the very essence of Life, of what animates physical matter and makes that matter "alive".

Thus, *the-nine-angles* is a term for that particular collocation of acausal-and-causal-angles which form, or which construct, or which are, a nexion: the intersection of causal and acausal metrics. Where the acausal continuum (the acausal Universe) meets, or intersects, or joins, or is merged with, the causal continuum, the causal Universe.

Hence it is easy to understand just how the nine angles are the combination of four causal-angles, and five acausal-angles: of the "five dimensions" of acausal Space-Time, and the four dimensions of causal Space-Time.

## **Confusing Angles**

The confusion over the term "angle" arose, in the past - and to some extent, still arises in the present - because we do not, as yet, have a precise language, nor a new type of mathematics, to describe the nine Cosmic dimensions (or cosmic angles) that re-present a nexion (or at least, which re-present all the nexions we currently know or are aware of).

Thus while the esoteric term *nine angles* can, in many ways, be considered to be synonymous with the esoteric term *nexion*, there are also many types - or species - of *nexion*, which variety has been the source of some confusion among non-Adepts and especially among mundanes.

Hence, and for example, the nine angles can re-present the Tree of Wyrd (ToW): the seven plus two (seven spheres and two aspects of cosmic Time, causal and acausal) [ Footnote 1 ]. The Nine Angles can also re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game, which Star Game itself can be re-presented by the term Nine Angles, since the Star Game, correctly used (see, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*), can be a *nexion*. The ONA itself is another example of a type of *nexion*: one particular *ordering* of acausal energy; one means to presence acausal energy in the causal, and so change the causal and the living beings who live in the causal continuum.

Due to the very nature of the acausal, we simply cannot construct acausal angles (that is, we cannot presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions) by some-thing or by some-things which is or which are purely causal; by inert, physical (causal) material or matter, or even by causal types of energy (such as electricity, and plasma).

All that we have, for the moment, are various alchemical-type esoteric Rites which have been shown, by trial and error, to be effective to some degree. That is, we do possess some rather rudimentary means to manufacture a *nexion*, or to use an existing *nexion*. [Footnote 2 ] These rites currently all involve, in some way, human beings, and some combination of some causal-things, such as esoteric chant; a quartz tetrahedron. That is, it is the human being - or rather the type and magnitude of acausal energy which exists in a living human being - which re-presents or which can be used to access, certain acausal-angles (certain specific acausal dimensions).

### **Manufacturing Future Nexions**

What it is important to understand about all existing means of accessing the acausal - of presencing and using acausal energy - is that they are rudimentary and crude; a mere beginning.

Once we acquire, we develop, a better understanding of the acausal continuum, and thus of acausal energy, we can begin to construct some means, or some devices, to manufacture a nexion and thus directly access the acausal continuum. Obviously, these devices will not be based on current, purely causal, inert, technology, because they will, to some extent, harness or use acausal energy as opposed to causal energy, and it is such devices which should enable to access the acausal *sans* the medium of human beings.

Thus, all of our currently existing ways and means of presencing the acausal - all of which are manifest only in the sinister-numen of the ONA and its world-wide kindred - are themselves only a beginning, a temporary means, and they can and will be surpassed when we ourselves develop our faculties sufficiently to be able to rationally comprehend the acausal as it should be apprehended, and when we extend the frontiers of our knowledge by bringing-into-being a genuinely acausal technology, based on acausal energy and, most importantly, upon acausal Time.

Thus, the ONA - representing as it now does the pinnacle of our current esoteric knowledge and representing as it does the most efficacious means currently known to us of using acausal energy - is itself only a beginning, and can, and should, and must, be developed, evolved, changed; for it is only one temporally based means to enable us to develop, and to use, our understanding of The Cosmos as the Cosmos really is: some (currently often mysterious) combination of two different Universes.

The beginning of the new apprehension we needed was contained, esoterically, in the term Nine Angles - but the ONA has now gone beyond even this, as outlined in the exoteric text, *The Physics of Acausal Energy*. And it is such developments of our initial Nine Angles apprehension which will take us beyond our currently rather rudimentary "magick", of Rites, Ways, means and ends - and which can enable us to construct, in the future, the new very real magick of the Cosmos where we have direct access to the acausal continuum itself, and thus can - to give one relevant example - use that continuum to travel from one place in the causal Universe to another place in the causal Universe, almost instantaneously, without the need for cumbersome, causally-Time based, starships. For one basic Law of acausal Physics, of acausal energy, is: action-at-a-distance, since acausal Space and acausal Time are exactly that, a-causal, not-bound by the metric, the distances, of causal Space - which distances always take a certain amount of causal Time to cover, however fast the velocity.

Thus can we, in reality, not only seed ourselves among the Galaxies of the Cosmos, but also live in those new diverse ways which will themselves be the genesis of our accelerated evolution as a species: as one type of causal life in the Cosmos.

Compared to this, all the "magick", all the "ways", all the "esotericism", of others - and even of the current Order of the Nine Angles - is totally and utterly mundane.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
121 Year of Fayen

*Notes:*

(1) The ToW itself can also be "viewed" (or esoterically apprehended) in many ways - for example, it can re-present the consciousness, the life, the psyche, of a single human being - that which animates, or those things which animate, the human being and makes them human, such as archetypes, the very process of rational thought itself, and the faculty of empathy.

The ToW - as one nexion - can also re-present the seven individual nexions (the spheres) plus the two other nexions, one of which is The Abyss, which makes it what it is, an alchemical (that is, living) symbol of Atazoth: that *increasing-of-azoth* which are the "living waters", The Philosopher's Stone, the gateway/nexion to an acausal, and thus immortal, existence.

(2) Some of these Rites are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

The Seven-Fold Way itself (as outlined, for example in *Naos*, and in *The Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way*) is another means, known to us, which is or which can be effective in giving us access to the acausal - that is, enabling us to presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions, and thus acausal energy.

Another Way, known to us, is *The Way of the Rounwytha*.



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## The Nine Angles of Sinister Change

We perceive. We use reason to try and understand what we perceive (or, at least, some human beings use reason). We arrive at some conclusions - or we give up and just accept what someone else, somewhere, has written or said: the answers of some established religion, or the answers of some political ideology, for example. Sometimes, however, we do need a bit of guidance, something or someone to nudge us in the right direction, to aid our thinking, or inspire us, or maybe to just get us thinking about, and asking questions about, certain matters that most people take for granted.

The Sinister Way is just such guidance, based as this Way is on the accumulated *pathei-mathos* - the learning from direct, hard, difficult and often suffering causing experiences - of some human beings who have detested and who do detest mundanity and mundanes, and who have dared to defy the accepted causal abstractions of their times.

This sinister and individual learning - which it is one of the aims of practical Left Hand Path, or sinister, training to produce, to induce - thus provides insight, perspective; it gives the individual a new take, a new "angle", on things. This learning is both Occult (the perception of essence behind causal form and appearance, and the development of faculties to enable such perception) and directly sinister (Presencing The Dark).

Further practical experience reveals - or should reveal - that we human beings have nine quite distinct ways of viewing, of perceiving, the world: nine different ways of looking at existence, at Life, Nature, Death, and at all those many causal forms we have manufactured over Aeons to interpret Reality, and ourselves, in an attempt to try and understand Reality and ourselves.

That is, our faculty of perception - our human knowing - has nine different modes of being, just as Reality has, with we human beings - our consciousness - being a reflexion of such Order, for what is above (beyond us) is reflexion of what is below (what is within us); that is, there is both a cosmic Order, and a certain symmetry within that order.

But why nine? Why not seven or eleven or even thirteen? Because we human beings are a nexion - that is, we exist in both causal Space-Time (of four dimensions, or angles) and in acausal Space-Time (of five dimensions, or angles). Because we possess acausal energy - which energy animates our physical matter (the chemicals, physical molecules, that makes up our bodies) and thus makes that matter organic, a living being.

We could express this another way - Existence has nine fundamental emanations. Nine different ways of presencing itself, of coming-into-being. Or, if we wanted to use older terminology, we might say: nine fundamental vibrations, nine fundamental dimensions.

But why use the term *angle* instead of dimension, or even vibration? Because it is different; because the term angle, as used by sinister ways such as that of the ONA, requires one to think about - to logically analyse - what the term means or might mean or imply. That is, there is a certain effort required to ascertain its esoteric meaning. For an angle - esoterically - is much more than a dimension, much more than a vibration. Even understood in the exoteric sense, an angle implies something that meets with something else or something that is curving (non-linear; not straight) or the space between two things.

Esoterically, we human beings have the potential - the capacity, the ability - to perceive and thence understand the Order, the ordering, the organization, that is Existence/Reality/Being/The Cosmos; and we also have the potential, the faculties, to use that understanding to change, to consciously evolve, ourselves, as unique individual beings, and collectively: to aid others like us, others of our kind, and thus bring-into-being new Aeons, a new presencing of the sinister; that is, a Dark Imperium where we can fulfil our Galactic potential.

This ordering, this organization, is, for our human consciousness, nine-fold - and thus, exoterically, there are, for us, nine stages, or nine means, of apprehending this basic ordering, and which nine aspects we thence combine into that knowledge which is a knowing of the essence itself, beyond all forms and all causal (all limited human) apprehensions.

Hence, according to sinister ways such as that of the ONA - according to the accumulated pathei-mathos of sinister Adepts - the apprehension is manifest to us both in the nine variations of the basic three (the nine basic pieces of The Star Game, for example) and in the *seven plus two*: in (1) the seven spheres (the seven basic apprehensions, or emanations) that form The Tree of Wyrd, (2) the Abyss (the connexion between the individual and the acausal) ; and (3) the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) itself as but a nexion between causal and acausal.

Or, expressed another way, this *seven plus two* means that the ToW as we exoterically perceive it - a three-dimensional structure consisting of seven spheres and the interconnecting pathways - actually changes, in both causal Space-Time and in acausal Space-Time. That is, it is not some static "thing"; not even just a static "thing" that moves or can be moved (rotated) in causal Space. For it changes both causally and acausally, with part of this change being our - our individual, human - interaction with it: with ourselves, and the cosmic Order beyond us.

That is, we enter into (we are involved with) a symbiotic relationship with what the ToW (and also The Star Game) *represents*: which is the order that is both Existence/Reality/Being/The Cosmos and our own living being, the nexion we are and the presencing of acausal energy which we are.

Thus, the nine angles are alive - possessed of acausal energy: some-thing which lives, and these living angles are manifest to us as, for example, the ordering which is the living ToW within us, and which we can use to change, to evolve, ourselves; that is, to enter and go beyond The Abyss, and thus emerge as new type of human being, one in whom there is knowing of the essence and one in whom there is an abundance of, an increase of, a new flux of, acausal energy.

Hence, these nine angles are genuine magick, Occultism presenced on Earth - a means of changing, of evolving, ourselves; of participating in our own evolution and of becoming a different type of being, just as The Order of Nine Angles is one presencing of the esoteric reality (the true ordering of Existence) beyond the mundanity of the acceptance of mere causality (materialism) that pervades and "animates" mundanes, as well as a presencing that can take us far beyond the lifeless sterility of all the causal forms that are so loved and revered by mundanes.

Order of Nine Angles  
121 yf

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## Ingrowing Angles, or How Not to Name Thee Nine Angles Thingy

An article currently [2009 CE] drifting lopsidedly around in cyberspace – with a title something like *Angles incarnés* and giving hyperlinks to boring stuff about a dead two-dimensional shape, the trapezoid – reveals yet again the Aquino-cult for the silliness it is, and yet again serves to highlight the esoteric, intellectual, and sinister, superiority of The Order of Nine Angles over and above the ToSers and the LaVey “satanism of and for the mundanes”.

The aforementioned article gives some details about Aquino’s much hyped *Ceremony of Nine Angles*, which some idiots claim was the basis for “our” name, although even a cursory glance by a mundane would suffice to show the fundamental, irreconcilable difference between our initiated, esoteric, and sinister, understanding of the term angle, and the silly, pretentious, clumsy, and totally un-esoteric use of the term angle by Aquino, LaVey, and by those mundanes following such pretentious mundane drivel.

In addition, Aquino used a pantomime language – deriving from the fictional works of Lovecraft – which when said or “chanted” serves only to give us a fit of the giggles: *F’tang f’tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...* kind of stuff (maracas in the background are optional). Let’s run that again, with maracas on: *F’tang f’tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...*

In the matter of Aquino’s angles – Ouch! Is that my ingrowing-angle hurting again? – there is a lot of mumbo-jumbo, and very little, if any, genuine esoteric substance, with the mumbo-jumbo itself containing a lot of pretentious pseudo-biblical poesy such as “the laughing one doth cry and the flute wail...”

Well, wail away this Aquino-esque Magic Flute might, for nothing doth come forth, and will ne’er come forth from a boring two-dimensional geometrical shape. Wherein, of course, lies the fundamental flaw – and the laughable nature – of this whole Aquino angles thingy.

For The Order of Nine Angles, an angle is, of course, a five-dimensional concept – composed of two causal metrics “meeting” (or joining) at a particular point in a four-dimensional Space-Time (causal) continuum, with this particular “meeting” (or joining) being only one particular causal re-presentation of an acausal event; that is, the “angle” changes in causal Time. It is only one causal re-presentation of one event, which event is subject to acausal change.

In more simple terms, our angle can be considered as an extension of a spherical, basic three-dimensional, angle – familiar from spherical geometry. But each intersecting arc is a four-dimensional metric in causal Space-Time, so that to describe it in more detail (at least causally) one has to use a Tensorial re-presentation (such as used in describing for example a Riemannian metric). Even then, this is only another causal simplification (a causal abstraction devoid of acausality), since what we in the ONA are describing are acausal energies being manifest in the causal dimensions (in four-dimensional causal Space-Time) by means of such an “angle” – and these energies can manifest in various ways, by various means.

Let us consider one particular instance – where the means is a particular three-dimensional object (a tetrahedron) composed of a particular material (quartz) and where the esoteric (acausal) aspects of this combination (a quartz tetrahedron of a certain size) are activated by sound resonance (sonic vibrations). This particular instance is used, for example, in the simple ONA Nine Angles rite, where a particular combination of sound waves (a chant or chants at the correct pitch or pitches – for example a fourth or a fifth apart – and of the correct intensity) will “activate” the crystal, that is, make it a (temporary) nexion to the acausal, enabling the flow of causal energy from the acausal into the causal. Thus, the static, causal and a particular combination of nine angles of the crystal tetrahedron become something much more than just three-dimensional geometrical constructs in particular moment of causal Time; they become “alive” because imbued with acausal energy. That is, there is a phase-shift – from causal Time to acausal Time.

Of course, this is just one instance of our esoteric use of the term angle – there are many more, and all these usages, by us, of the esoteric term “nine angles” serve to highlight the buffoonery of Aquino’s use of the term. Our esoteric usage of the term nine angles also serve to reveal those who claim we, of the ONA, somehow “ripped off” Aquino’s work, for the laughable mundanes that they are.

ONA

[ Originally posted October 120 yf by Ms PointyHat on the [Sinister Times](#) blog ]

## Appendix

### The Nine Angles - Just One More Causal Symbology

As first described in a footnote to the ONA MS *The Nine Angles – Esoteric Meanings* (published in facsimile in *Hostia*, Volume 1, 1991 e.n.) a nexion – the causal *within* the acausal (or vice versa) – could possibly be mathematically represented by a Tensor which has *nine* non-zero symmetric components, rep-presenting a basic causal Space (and forming the “nine subspaces” of one causal apprehension), and whose asymmetric components re-present (some of) the acausal aspects involved in a particular nexion (acausal within causal).

Thus, it is possible to write an equation involving this particular tensor which describes (in a quite limited way) such a nexion and the collocation of spaces within it, with the boundary conditions of this equation giving the metrics of the “Space-Time” of the nexion. Thus, this equation would re-present something of the fusion of causal-acausal energy, and this itself might lead to new (to current causal Science) energies being described, and thence to the development of new, acausally-based (that is, “organic”), technologies.

Two important considerations, however, should be noted. First, that such an equation is only a limited *and causal* representation, based on a causal mathematics, and thus cannot fully describe either the causal or the acausal aspects of the nexion. Second, that no conventional mathematical representation – tensorial or otherwise – can correctly describe any aspect of the acausal, since all conventional mathematical descriptions currently known to us depend on causal metrics, on causal Time. To correctly describe acausal Spaces (and thus acausal energy itself), a new mathematics has to be created which is based on acausal geometry and acausal Time, and which thus can re-present an acausal metric.

The facsimile of the particular MS mentioned above also shows, in diagrammatic form, the relation of the Nine Angles to the (double) tetrahedron; to the helical path (q.v. the hand-drawn diagrammatic of *The Wheel of Life* in facsimile editions of *Naos*); to the Tree of Wyrð; and to the “Four Gates” and thence to the “inverted pentagram”. For more details of some of these esoteric relations, see the facsimile of the MS *The Secrets of the Nine Angles*, also published in *Hostia*, Volume 1.

## The ONA Deofel Quartet



Included here is the complete **Deofel Quartet**. Also included is the additional instructional text *Breaking the Silence Down*, which makes the Quartet into the Deofel Quintet.

All the texts here have been corrected, by AL, in 119 Year of Feyen, to remove most of the many scanning errors, and typos, which are still prevalent in all other editions.

Most of the items are in pdf format, the files varying in size from 100 Kb to nearly 400 Kb.

### [The Magickal Art of the Deofel Quintet](#)

#### [Introduction to the Deofel Quartet](#)

#### [Deofel I Falcifer: Lord of Darkness](#)

#### [Deofel II The Temple of Satan](#)

#### [Deofel III The Giving](#)

#### [Deofel IV The Greyling Owl](#)

#### [Deofel V Breaking the Silence Down](#)

## The Star Game

**Anton Long**  
**(Order of Nine Angles)**

*Note:* This is a basic introduction to the simple - the training - version of The Star Game. The Star Game, and its variants, are more fully described in the ONA work, *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*

The Star Game is a technique for developing acausal-thinking, for which technique see [Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism](#)

### The Boards:

There are seven boards, each one named after a particular star, which boards are placed one above the other in a spiral and forming a septenary Tree of Life (or Tree of Wyrd, to be precise).

Each board has nine black and nine squares, with each board representing a sphere of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW). See [Figure 0](#)

	Naos	
		Deneb
Rigel		
	Mira	
		Antares
Arcturus		
	Sirius	

### The Pieces:

Each player has three sets of nine pieces, that is 27 pieces in all. The nine pieces are:

a(a) a(b) a(c)    b(a) b(b) b(c)    c(a) c(b) c(c)

The pieces can also be named Alchemically, abstractly or in terms of the Dark Tradition.

In Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt. b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal, and c acausal space-time.

These symbols and letters should be written on the pieces which are either small, square pieces of wood (of a size to fit on the board squares), or small tetrahedrons.

One set of three pieces is coloured black, the other set, white. [ Or red and blue may be used.]

Esoterically, the pieces represent the combinations of the alchemical substances, or the various combinations and manifestations of causal/acausal.

### **The Moves:**

The central rule of the game is that each piece, when it moves, is transformed into the piece next in sequence:

a(a)-->a(b)-->a(c)-->b(a)-->b(b)-->b(c)-->c(a)-->c(b)-->c(c)

Thus the a(a) piece when it is moved becomes an a(b) piece; a(c) becomes b(a) and so on. A c(c) piece becomes a(a).

The c (or gamma) pieces - c(a) c(b) c(c) - can move to any (vacant) square on any board.

The b (or beta) pieces can move across the board they are already on to any vacant square, and up, or down, one level - for example, from Acturus up to Antares, or down to Sirius. Note that a piece on Sirius can move only up to Arcturus.

The a (or alpha) pieces can move only across the board they are on.

After a piece has been moved, and therefore changed into the piece next in sequence, it moves according to its new identity. Thus, a b(c) piece would become a c(a) piece and on its next move, moves as a c (or gamma) piece.

### **The Placing of Pieces:**

The initial or starting position of the pieces depends on how the game is used. Esoterically, the pieces are placed to represent a particular form at a particular moment in causal time: for example, to represent a civilization, an Aeon, or a person. Exoterically - when the game is played simply as an intellectual game - the placing of the pieces is fixed.

In the exoteric game the starting positions are as follows:

Six pieces are placed on Sirius - two sets of alpha pieces - for white, and six for black. See [Figure 1](#)

Arcturus has three pieces for white and three for black. See [Figure 2](#)

Antares has six pieces for white and six for black - two sets of beta pieces, placed exactly as the pieces on the Sirius board.

Mira has no pieces on it at the start.

Rigel has the three remaining pieces (for each player) of the beta sets, placed as the alpha pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white and six of black from the gamma set, placed as the alpha set on Sirius.

Naos has the three remaining pieces of the gamma set, placed the same as the alpha sets of Arcturus.

### **Exoteric Game Rules:**

The pieces move according to the rules above (see *The Moves* above), and are transformed as above. However, in the exoteric game, pieces can only stay on Mira for three moves. After three moves have been played (three by white; three by black) the player must move one of their pieces on Mira, if they have pieces on Mira, and this move must - if the piece is able (of the correct sequence) - be up or down from the Mira board. If there are alpha pieces on Mira, these are moved according to alpha piece rules: across the board only. That is, until they become beta pieces when they must move up or down from Mira.

A c(c) piece is the only piece that can capture any opposing piece. A c(c) piece can capture an opposing piece on any square from any board except Naos. The pieces on Naos cannot be captured. The piece so captured is removed from the game and plays no further part.

After a c(c) piece has captured another piece, it becomes a a(a) piece.

### **Exoteric Game Object:**

The simplest form of the game is for one player to occupy certain squares on Mira, of a pattern decided by both players beforehand. A suggested pattern for winning is given in [Figure 3](#).

Thus, the player has to place three of their alpha pieces in the pattern given.

The first player to achieve this pattern (within the three move Mira limit) wins. Note that c(c) pieces can capture pieces on Mira.

### **Exoteric Rule Variations:**

To initially make the game easier to learn, and play, two variations are suggested. The first is to amend the three move Mira limit - to five, or seven, moves. This makes the game much easier.

The second is not to allow the c(c) piece to capture pieces on Mira. This makes the game very easy indeed.

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## **Star Game: Brief Guide to Esoteric Meanings**

### **Aeonic:**

1) The seven boards can represent the origin, and change, of one particular Aeon. That is, each board - each sphere - is an aspect of that particular Aeon. Sirius represents the origin, and Naos, the end of the Aeon. The pieces symbolize

causal-acausal, and the presencing of the acausal. Or in more mundane terms, archetypes.

Thus, the present Western Aeon can be symbolized, and the future ascertained - or changed, if the game is used in a Magickal way by an Adept.

2) The seven boards can also represent the seven Aeons, with Sirius being the Sumeric - the first Aeon - and Rigel the present Western Aeon. Thus, the Next Aeon, the galactic, can be studied, understood and perchance brought into being/changed.

(See [Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction](#) for brief details about the seven Aeons of septenary tradition.)

The initial placing of the pieces is the key to representing both of the above, and such placings are taught to Initiates of the Sinister way.

**Individual:**

The boards can also represent *one* individual. The pieces then represent aspects of the consciousness - the life - of the individual. The alpha pieces are concerned with the "ego"; the beta pieces with "self"; and the gamma pieces with Adeptship and beyond.

The alpha set represents "feeling"; the beta set "intuition"; and the gamma set "thinking", broadly as those terms are defined by Jung. Each board represents that aspect of the individual associated with that sphere: thus, Sirius represents the "Moon" aspect (Night; Calcination; Aries; Nox and so on), and Mira the "Sun" aspect (Putrefaction; Lux; Vision). See the [Septenary Correspondences](#) (more details of these Correspondences are given in NAOS).

In one very important way, the pieces and the boards represent the esoteric path to Wisdom: to self-understanding, and the creation of a new being.

The initial placing of the pieces is usually done to represent the individual in the present, as they are now, and this placing is an esoteric skill, learned through study and practice.

**Note:** The above is the general, or simple, form of The Star Game. A more advanced Game exists, with each board having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement. In this advanced form, each board is divided into three other levels so that there are four levels to each board:



Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares.

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This document was compiled from ONA manuscripts including *Naos: A Practical Guide to Modern Magick*

## **The Star Game** Further Notes Regarding The Esoteric Form



As mentioned in ONA MSS such as *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism* and in the section The Rite of The Star Game in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, The Star Game is one of the principle means of developing acausal-knowing (a.k.a. acausal-thinking) and is also a powerful if esoteric Dark Art.

The term The Esoteric Star Game (ESG) is used here to refer to what has been described, in MSS such as *Naos*, as the advanced form of The Star Game (TSG), as distinct from the simple (training) form. In truth, the simple form - as described in MSS such as *Naos* - was devised as a basic neophyte and Initiate level introduction to the Star Game proper, enabling the fundamental esoteric concepts of TSG to be understood, and enabling some insight into acausal-thinking itself.

The simple form of TSG has seven boards, and only 27 pieces per side (player; causal/acausal aspect), with each of these boards consisting of nine black and nine white squares.

*The complete esoteric SG* - full details of which are given in other ONA MSS, including facsimile editions of *Naos* - has seven main boards (nexions) - arranged in a hierarchical spiral, as in the training version - with each of these main boards having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement.

Furthermore, there are three forms of the Complete ESG - all of which have three additional levels (small boards) above the main board (level 1) but which differ in the number of squares and the placing of these small (or minor) upper boards.

In the first form, the boards are:



Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares. Note that level 3 in this form is set directly above the other levels.

In the second form of the ESG, level 3 is set outward, so that it is not protruding above levels 1 and 2, and consists of only 2 squares.

In the third and the standard form - as described in a diagram on p.213 of the facsimile pdf version of *Naos* - level 2b (described therein as level 3 out of 4) is of one square only and is set outward, between the inward levels 2a (described in *Naos* as level 2) and 3 (described in *Naos* as level 4).

These differences are quite minor, and are designed to show Adepts, and beyond, how an alteration of certain aspects of a particular causal-metric (re-presented by a main board and the number, type and placing of the minor boards) affects, or can affect, a nexion or nexions, and thus acausal energies, and the interaction between nexions. Thus, the Adept discovers, for themselves, which if any of these three re-presentations is the most efficacious in terms of re-presenting a nexion, nexions in general, and which if any is the most efficacious in developing acausal-knowing and when used to bring and presence acausal energy.

### **Construction of the Complete Esoteric Star Game**

The ESG was designed to be a physically large structure - to occupy a certain amount of causal Space - so that the Adept or Adepts (the player or players) have to physically move around it in order to see all the boards and pieces, and in order to move the pieces. In addition, in the majority of constructions so far, the Adept or Adepts using the ESG, has to use some form of steps in order to reach the top main boards.

Thus, the ESG, as currently existing and as constructed and used in past decades, is a sizeable construction, previously most often made of wood, but now occasionally made using steel for both the boards and the supports holding the boards, and which boards, in some steel constructed version, are cantilevered out from the supports.

In addition, in order to accommodate the three forms briefly outlined above, the minor boards (or sub-levels) of the seven major boards are designed to be removable, with replacement minor boards, of the required type, being available.

Given the esoteric nature of the ESG, and the complexity of its physical construction, it is therefore not surprising that membership of the ESG club is exclusive and elitist, particularly as most individuals interested in or even associated with the ONA cannot be bothered to construct, and learn, the simple form of TSG, let alone the ESG, and particularly as few of the individuals who have assiduously read many ONA MSS have not even noticed that there are three forms of the ESG.

Furthermore, although the ESG, and thus the simple form of TSG, were designed in an era when the only (digital and commercial) computers were IBM type mainframes using punched cards and magnetic reel tape, no computer version of TSG has so far been developed, nor is likely to be developed for many years, given the complexity of the ESG itself.

However, such a computerized version, while it might make TSG itself more popular, is neither necessary nor even desirable, for reasons which Adepts will understand. For the very physical construction of the ESG is a personal challenge in itself, just as using a large physical ESG is a type of esoteric ritual in itself, and the overcoming of this personal challenge (which takes a certain amount of causal Time) combined with physically using such a structure in an esoteric way, is a prerequisite to joining what is probably one of the most elitist sinister cabals currently presenced on this planet we humans call Earth.



Order of Nine Angles  
121 Year of Fayen

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## The Rounwytha Tradition

*The word Rounwytha and the expression Rounwytha tradition occur in several ONA texts. Can you explain what this tradition is?*

What we call The Rounwytha Tradition is the muliebral essence that formed the basis of the aural, esoteric, tradition I inherited from my Lady Master. It is a tradition which, it was claimed, was indigenous to the British Isles.

The basis of this tradition was the cultivation and use of what has often been described as the natural and hitherto (at least in most human beings, especially men) latent faculty of empathy. A faculty naturally possessed in abundance in the past in those few women whom the term Rounwytha describes and names.

This natural empathy is basically a particular Occult sensitivity: to human beings, to Nature, to living-beings (animal and otherwise) and to the Cosmos. The ability of translocation beyond the personal, beyond the immediacy of the moment of one's own passions, desires, thoughts, feelings. What I now describe as being a natural nexion, sensitive to living beings. Part of this natural ability is awareness of and respect for the numinous, as manifest for instance in Life (*ψυχή*), in Nature, in Art and Culture.

Such natural, such Occult or esoteric, empathy is beyond words and terms - and forms the basis of all true 'magick', all genuine sorcery. For instance, the character of Rachael in the story *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized portrayal of a young Rounwytha developing her skills and using, for example, music to enchant, as a form of sorcery.

Also, few years ago now I gave an example of this natural, this esoteric, empathy in my essay *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*, from which this is a quote:

" One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even "Druid"). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st – that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calender which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occutlists say, write, and believe this? Because – for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel – they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously "in-tune" with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy – who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calender. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calender. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox – indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location – an Adept "knows", or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell)

the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them – and its wildlife – is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about “alchemical seasons” – which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one’s location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain – and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal – varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept – in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA – with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals, its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing, its emphasis on the feminine, its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way – is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention."

That is, our Way keeps alive, and has extended, a particular ancient tradition, the Rounwytha one, once native to the British Isles.

One aspect of this tradition - of this muliebral thread that binds the nexions and individuals of the inner ONA [1] together and which thus influences the larger ONA and our kindred beyond - is the acceptance of Sapphism as natural and indeed as necessary, which is why for instance that we have and always have had many Sapphic nexions and groups.

Another aspect of this tradition is that many of our nexions and groups are led or guided by ladies of a certain breeding, because they possess qualities that we value and respect, such as manners and charm and are cultured individuals. For our inner ONA has always attached importance to good manners, and to an appreciation of music, literature, poetry, and the Arts in general. In this sense, we are quite old-fashioned, cultured, and somewhat aristocratic, and why many of our kind have been and are artists, musicians, artisans, poets, academics and teachers in their exoteric lives.

It is also true to say that we often know our kind instinctively, even if they are not yet part of our family. For instance, over a quarter of a century ago I embarked upon a quest to find a few suitable individuals to guide on a personal basis; to induct into the tradition, and so expand it in what I considered was a necessary way. Over a period of several years - sometimes wearisome sometimes japerly-fun - I met with perhaps a hundred or more individuals under the guise of advocating an exoteric type of Satanism, employing various practical tests to initially screen them. All of them either failed the tests, or lacked the necessary personal qualities and the quality (if only incipient) of possessing empathy. Then I met at last, and within the space of some six months, two most suitable individuals, one a young man and one a young lady - the young man met at a rendezvous on Shrewsbury railway station, and the lady some months before through a personal introduction. I sensed immediately that both were of our empathic and cultured kind.

These qualities - empathy, manners, culture, charm, an awareness of the numinous - are not qualities that most others (and all mundanes) associate with the Left Hand Path and/or with Satanism, due in part to a misunderstanding or ignorance of what both those causal forms, those causal vehicles, represent. But these qualities are possessed by, are developed by, those involved with our tradition, both pre-ONA name and now, and serve to distinguish us from the egotistical poseurs of other LHP/Satanic groups who believe Magian clichés such as "deification of the self" and "reality is a matter of belief", and which groups unsurprisingly attract vulgar young males and in which groups such male specimens of Homo Hubris predominate. [2]

This also explains why those of our inner Way - why the ONA itself correctly understood beyond such causal forms and restrictive terms as LHP/Satanic - melds a numinous way with a sinister way, as outlined in the first part of my essay *Toward The Sinister Mysterium*. And thus why our sorcery - beyond the external stages - is that of mysteriums and of esoteric empathy, with such mysteriums being our contribution to and development of The Rounwytha Tradition.

*You mentioned a muliebral thread that binds the inner ONA and influences the ONA in general. Can you explain this in more detail and what muliebral means?*

Muliebral is the word we use, of Latin origin, to describe a particular type of lady, one of our kind - that is, the cultured, well-mannered, lady, possessed of esoteric empathy, who has acquired a particular wisdom through some years of experience both esoteric and exoteric. This is our archetypal Lady Master, aka Mistress of Earth. She who was once a Priestess but who has developed, matured, since then.

In a more exoteric way, she is the still fecund mother of young children, and the person who holds the family together, nurtures the children, and guides them toward being cultured, resourceful, individuals with their own personalities, possessed of esoteric empathy, and yet who have all the skills and the attitude necessary to survive in a hostile world. These skills include the ability to defend one's self, if necessary with deadly force, in a way consistent with our kindred code of honour, and also the ability, the personality, to be ruthless if necessary (again consistent with our kindred code of honour).

Thus the muliebral thread refers to the influence and importance of such a person and their qualities and abilities, as well as the striving, the quest, to acquire and develop these qualities and abilities. Note that our female archetype is neither the passive, gentle, submissive feminine archetype pedalled by the Magian and those calling themselves Wiccan, nor the strident imitation macho-man archetype pedalled by those often described by the term 'feminists'. Instead, it is just our archetype, developed from our Rounwytha tradition - an inspiration for our new ways of living.

It can therefore be understood why our tradition, and why the Order of Nine Angles, attracts and nurtures so many women, and why our men have qualities and abilities that distinguish them from the imitation LaVey's and the imitation Crowley's that still so dominate certain forms of the Occult that we have become associated with, i.e. the LHP and Satanism. And if there is one expression which might usefully, if only exoterically, summarize our inner way it is that we are clans (kindred extended families) of esoteric-empaths living by our code of honour and following our own unique living tradition.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

#### *Notes*

[1] The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, this particular esoteric tradition. Unsurprisingly, the majority of those in this inner ONA are women.

[2] For our inner way refer, for example, to [The Gentleman's – and Noble Ladies – Brief Guide to The Dark Arts.](#)

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## The Dark Goddess As Archetype

### Introduction

The Dark Goddess is often called Baphomet, who is described, according to the aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, as:

a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

In former times, as again in this new millennia, it was and it is to Baphomet that human sacrifices were dedicated.

However, often – as in pre-ONA days (that is, before the tradition was given and described by the ONA name) – the Dark Goddess is not referred to directly by name, as, for example, at the end of the instructional text *The Giving*, where Mallam is sacrificed in a communal ceremony, and where Lianna says, “[Satanism] is not the way I follow. My tradition is different, much older.”

Understood esoterically, an archetype is:

a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus “in the psyche”): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it “dies” (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Thus the Dark Goddess in general, and Baphomet in particular, can be considered as types of living being, manifest most often in our psyche [1] but also capable of becoming present in our causal continuum [2].

### Mythos and Aural Tradition

According to the aural history of the ONA [3] the old tradition inherited by the present Grand Master was carried on for many generations by mostly reclusive Adepts who instructed only a select, few, individuals. In addition, it should be understood that: (1) the tradition existed mainly in rural areas of South Shropshire and the Welsh Marches; (2) with a few notable exceptions (one being the present Grand Master) all those who guarded and transmitted the tradition, and who instructed candidates, were women; (3) the tradition – never called by any particular name or described by any term – consisted mainly of esoteric chant; the mythos of The Dark Gods (including tales such as later recounted in the stories *Sabirah* and *Jenyah*), certain ceremonies (such as The Ceremony of Recalling), propitiation of certain natural forces by means of communal culling, and so on; and (4) a fictional characterization of one such fairly recent Lady Master/Mistress of Earth is the character of Lianna in *The Giving*, and which fictional work gives a general background to, and a few details about, the old tradition itself.

Furthermore, the instructional account *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized account of the awakening (the development) of a young Rounwytha, manifest in the character of Rachael [4]. Rachael, for instance, enchants naturally, without words or ritual or ceremonies, and forms a natural empathic link to the area where she dwells, and has (being a Rounwytha, albeit a young one) the natural ability to bring forth, to induce, in her lover (Diane) a deep, intuitive, understanding of the importance of the feminine and of Nature.

*Breaking The Silence Down* also contains an old, traditional, text celebrating the female:

Wash your throats with wine  
For Sirius returns  
And we women are warm and wanton!  
Before I WAS, you were sightless:  
You looked, but could not see;  
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:  
You heard sounds, but could not listen.  
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,  
But did not enjoy.  
I CAME, opened my body and  
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!  
My breasts pleased you  
And brought forth darkness and joy...

(Synecy: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

### **Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype**

In contrast to nearly every other manifestation of The Left Hand Path, in the West – and in stark contrast to all other groups who claim to be or who describe themselves as Satanist – the ONA has always been biased toward the feminine aspect of The Sinister.

For example, a majority of traditional nexions, in both the Old World (England) and the New World (America and Canada) are organized and run by Lady Masters/Mistresses of Earth, just as the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions (for example, The Dark Daughters of Chaos, in England). Conversely, groups such as The Golden Dawn, the OTO, the Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, have all been dominated by men and are redolent of that posturing masculine Homo Hubris ethos that is anathema to Dark-Empathy and the gentility of the well-mannered Adept.

In addition – as hinted at in many ONA texts, such as *The Rite of the Nine Angles* and in *The Ceremony of Recalling* [5] – the ONA emphasizes that it is the female sorcerer (“the priestess”) who is one of the most important keys to opening a nexion to the acausal, and it is through her that acausal energies flow when a ceremony to open a nexion is undertaken.

As someone wrote concerning the depiction of women in the sinister fiction of the ONA:

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...” *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*

## Return of The Dark Goddess

One the primary aims of the Order of Nine Angles is:

to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (*A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*)

It should be noted – and needs to be emphasized – that the *Law of The Sinister-Numen* applies to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen, so that, and for example, disputes are settled by having a man *or* woman of honour who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter.

Furthermore, it is possible, and indeed probable, that the new tribal way of living which will evolve – and which will replace the lifeless, un-numinous, male-and-HomoHubris-dominated, abstraction of the nation-State – will veer toward a new and natural balance between male and female, made possible by the real and natural equality that the Law of The Sinister-Numen manifests and creates, and by the re-emergence of the Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype.

For, implicit in this archetype – as in all those who are Mistresses of Earth (of traditional nexions or otherwise) – is that necessary dark-empathy which returns us to a correct understanding and knowing of our relation to other Life through a natural and esoteric resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos. And it is this dark-empathy – this natural, wordless, ritual-less, esoteric resonance – which is the quintessence of the old tradition, presented in the character, the very nature, of a Rounwytha. The Mistress of Earth – *the warrior sorceress* – is thus, in essence, an evolutionary development of the Rounwytha, where the practical (manifest for instance in the Law of The Sinister-Numen and in an outer sinister life of dark deeds) meets and is blended and balanced with the esotericism of Dark-Empathy.

Thus it is that one of secrets of a male Adept (and more so, of a genuine Master) is their unification of the opposites within themselves (for example, and in symbolic exoteric-speak, the archetypes re-presented by Satan and Baphomet), and the emergence from such an alchemical process of a new, more evolved, individual. Manifestations of this new type of male individual (in terms of character) are Dark-Empathy (a natural esoteric resonance and sympathy with Nature, other living beings, and the Cosmos), and the nobility (the excellence of personal character) that comes with being cultured and possessing personal manners and yet being prepared to die to save one’s personal honour. All of which stand in almost direct opposition to the type of hedonistic male Adept that all others Left Hand Path, and so-called Satanic groups, desire to manufacture and which, indeed, they do manufacture, perpetuating as they do that untermensch sub-species, Homo Hubris.

Our archetype of The Dark Goddess – our warrior sorceresses – are one means by which we ourselves, and our current untermensch way of life may be transformed, for:

Δίκη δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-  
ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει [6]

and it is through a real *pathei-mathos* that a genuine alchemical transformation begins. Part of which *pathei-mathos* is, of course, the Rite of Internal Adept, wherein the faculty of Dark-Empathy can be discovered and cultivated.

Thus does the Dark Goddess, Baphomet – Mistress of Blood and Mother of Culling – come to be both invoked and evoked and so presented on Earth, since:

“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”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...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.....” *To Presence The Dark* [7]



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Order of Nine Angles  
119 Year of Fayen  
(Revised 121 Year of Fayen)

*Notes:*

[1] The *psyche* of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual – those aspects of consciousness – which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”.

[2] qv. *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[3] As has been explained many times, these traditions are simply aural traditions, and may or may not contain certain historical facts, it being for each individual to make their own judgement concerning them,

[4] A real-life account of one such similar encounter was briefly recalled in *The Girl Goddess*, published in the now defunct zine, *Exeat*. An expurgated version was later published in vol 3, #2 of Fenrir.

[5] Where it is written:

You who are the daughter of and a Gate  
To our Dark Gods...

Kiss me and I shall make you  
As an eagle to its prey.

Touch me and I shall make you  
As a strong sword that severs  
And stains my Earth with blood.

Taste me and I shall make you  
As a seed of corn which grows  
Toward the sun, and never dies.

Plough me and plant me  
With your seed and I shall make you  
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

[6] ” The goddess, Judgement, favours someone *learning from adversity.*” Aeschylus: *Agamemnon*, 250

[7] For an explication of Satanism in an Aeonic context, refer to ONA texts such as *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles* and *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, where it is stated:

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by – for example – returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism – as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) – is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

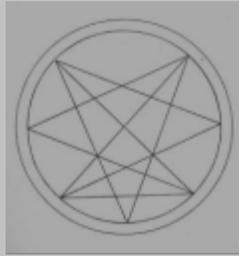
Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even traditional Satanism (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to one particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term sinister instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some -ism or some -ology.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need.



### **A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles**

While the esoteric philosophy and praxis of The Order of Nine Angles has recently come to the attention of certain academics [1] one aspect of the ONA has so far gone almost unnoticed, even among many aficionados of the ONA. This is the ONA assumption of an afterlife, in the acausal dimensions, and which afterlife is an important, if not to say, crucial, part of their esoteric, their Left Hand Path, philosophy [2].

According to the ONA:

"...the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - and also as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being of primal Darkness. " Anton Long. *The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning* 119 Year of Fayen

This new, acausal, existence is, however, not a certainty, and nor is it given by some entity or some type of being, acausal or otherwise, be that entity named Satan or Baphomet, or whatever. Instead, this afterlife has to be achieved, by the individual, in this mortal - that is, this causal - existence of ours, by practical deeds done, with great emphasis being placed on the practical nature of such deeds. According to the ONA:

" ...we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.....

One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

As to the nature of this new acausal existence which members of ONA tribes might be able to gain for themselves, the ONA says that, currently, we possess neither the language, nor the words, to adequately describe it, although it can be glimpsed - we can acquire intimations of it - if we, for instance, develop our faculty of what the ONA call acausal-empathy, and also if we presence and come to have some knowledge of (by Dark Sorcery), certain acausal entities [3].

### **The Dark Warrior Nature of the ONA**

This afterlife is, for the ONA, inseparably bound up with the ONA's Law of the Sinister-Numen and thence with the ONA's sinister tribes. Indeed, one might with confidence state - as the ONA themselves do - that their Way is fundamentally the Way of the Dark Warrior, one of whose primary aims is to fight, in a practical way, for the creation of, and ultimately on behalf of, what the ONA calls The Dark Galactic Imperium.

" Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. " *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

For the ONA there is a certain scorn of death:

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

In the ONA's *Law of the Sinister-Numen* it is stated that:

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

This defiance of death is the warrior creed, *par excellence*, and what makes it dark, or sinister, is that such warriors are of a unique kind, dedicated to their own tribe, and pursuing not only their own goals, but also the sinister aims of the ONA itself, one of whose stated aims is:

"...to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen. "

According to the ONA, if a person lives - and if necessary or in particular dies - according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, they are increasing their own amount of acausal energy, and thus enlarging the nexion that they are, and can be, to the acausal. Thus, by living and if necessary dying as a warrior, according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, a person can not only forge for themselves a new type of nexion to the realms of the acausal, but also pattern, strengthen, and control their own acausal energy (that which gives them their causal life) to such an extent that they evolve, after their mortal death, to become an entirely new type of being, beyond the human.

Thus, while on first consideration such an afterlife may appear as somewhat irrational and mystical, it is in fact a logical and indeed a necessary deduction arising from the fundamental axioms of the ONA's esoteric philosophy.

## Conclusion

While it may seem somewhat strange that a sinister, a Left Hand Path, an organization known as Satanist, should speak and write of an afterlife, such an afterlife - or rather, their unique kind of afterlife - is quite consistent with both their esoteric philosophy, their ontology, and their praxis. For their philosophy is based on the axiom of there existing an acausal Universe, an acausal continuum, and of there existing, in this acausal Universe, acausal beings. In addition, according to the ONA, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal life, including ours.

Furthermore, it is perhaps this belief in such an afterlife - attainable it seems only by dark warriors doing warrior deeds, and dying heroically in pursuit of dark aims - which not only further distinguishes the ONA from all known esoteric groups, but will also facilitate the spread of both the ONA itself, and its subversive esoteric philosophy.

To have people willing to die because of their belief in such an afterlife [4], surely makes the ONA far more sinister than most people already consider it to be.

Richard Stirling  
January 2010 CE

### Footnotes:

(1) See, for example, George Sieg: *Angular Momentum - From Traditional to Progressive Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles*, 2009 CE, and Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE

(2) For an overview of this philosophy, refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen.

For an overview of the ONA and The Left Hand Path, refer to my article *The Left Hand Path - A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set*, 2010 CE.

(3) Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

(4) In one document produced by an underground ONA sect (that is, nexion) it is stated that:

We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in the rightway - where we are the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself. *Warriors of The Dark Way*

While this may not be, or represent, official ONA policy - if indeed the ONA have official policies - it certainly does seem to capture something of the spirit that might motivate such Dark Warriors.

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*A Sigil of Baphomet*

### **Baphomet: Vamperess of The Dark Gods**

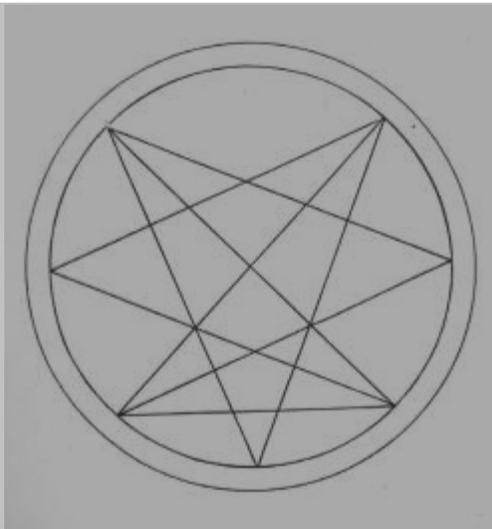
According to the Dark Tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man.

Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

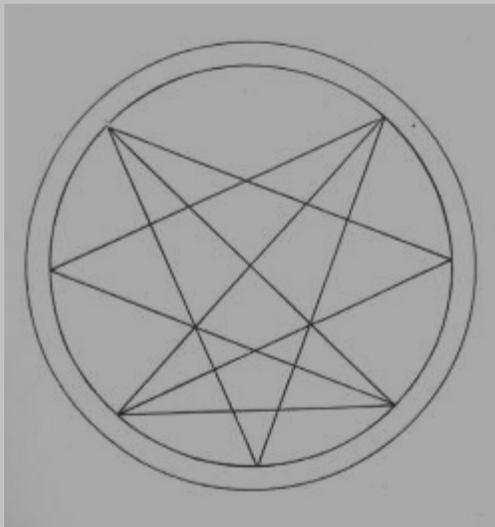
Associated with Baphomet, according to aural tradition and legend, are other dark, Sinister, female acausal entities - described in ONA fictional works such as *Jenyah*, and *Sabirah* - who have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment. These other entities are often described as *The Dark Daughters of Baphomet*, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, vampires. Aural tradition and legend further asserts that some, if not all, of these *Dark Daughters of Baphomet* are capable of not only, if they so wish it, bearing half-human offspring from selected human males, but also of rewarding chosen humans, both male and female, with an ageless existence either on Earth, or in the realms of the dark formless acausal itself.

Exoterically, Baphomet, and Her female kin and offspring, may be said to represent the vivifying fecund *Sinister Feminine Principle*. The dark, sinister, dangerous, beautiful, feminine, balance which is both purifying and necessary - if rather neglected by most other esoteric groups. Baphomet is often regarded as the Bride, The Mistress, of another of The Dark Gods, known to us by the exoteric name *Satan*, and sinister Rites, and sacrifices, to honour Baphomet were often held around the time of Autumn Equinox and associated with the star Arcturus, and, for some special esoteric Rites, the star Dabih.



**Further Reading (ONA MSS):**

- 1) [Baphomet: A Note on The Name, Parts 1, and 2](#)
  - 2) *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* (in the MS [The Occult Fiction of The ONA](#)).
  - 3) *The Ceremony of Recalling* (with Sacrificial Conclusion)
  - 4) [Mythos of the Dark Gods](#)
  - 5) *Synestry: A Sinister Ceremony*
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### *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*

#### **Introduction:**

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

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

The most recent works include *Eulalia*, and those included in *Tales of the Dark Gods*, dating from the past few years, while the others date from the 1970's (e.n.) and the late 1980's (e.n.).

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 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 Magickal 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...”

One of the central themes of the ONA’s *Breaking The Silence Down* is the nature of the dark goddess “manifest in or who can become manifest in women”, and there are many references, in ONA works, to a dark sorceress being one of the essential keys to “opening the nexion that allows The Dark Gods to return to Earth...”

### **Dark Shropshire Themes:**

The still largely rural English county of Shropshire is the setting for many of the Occult stories of the ONA. *The Giving*, *Breaking The Silence Down*, *Jenyah*, *Sabirah*, *Copula cum Daemone*, and *Hangster’s Gate* are all located in Shropshire.

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 *Breaking The Silence Down* tells of hereditary knowledge passed down from grandmother (or mother) to daughter, and *The Giving* presents an ancient pagan ritual, The Giving, which perhaps is the original folk

form of the ONA's *The Ceremony of Recalling*.

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.

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, depends on one's ethos) to encounter them.

A.M.

Lypehill Nexion  
119 Year of Fayen  
(Updated 122 yf)

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### ***Appendix 1 – A Note Regarding The Deofel Quartet***

The Deofel Quintet – the original Deofel Quartet plus *Breaking the Silence Down* - 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 "magikal 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.

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### ***Appendix 2 – A Note Regarding ONA Texts***

All of the Occult fiction of the ONA is freely available on the Internet, with these versions being derived either from electronically scanned copies of photocopies of the original typescripts circulated (in very limited numbers) by the ONA in the mid-1990's (e.n.) or the result of some enthusiast having (sometimes using US English) wordprocessed copies of such typescripts or an already available Internet version.

This scanning, copying and recopying of the original typescripts (which themselves contained some typos) has resulted in numerous errors, omissions, and mistakes in the versions available on the Internet, and in the printed and downloadable books based on such Internet versions.

Such errors and mistakes are most obvious, for instance, in the story *Copula cum Daemone* (Copulating with Demons) – whose Latin phrases and words (deriving from Medieval and Ecclesiastical – not Classical- Latin) are for the most part corrupted through such copying.

Thus, the only genuine ONA versions are those original ONA typescripts (and direct photocopies or direct electronic images of them), which original typescripts were circulated by the ONA.

However, corrected, and revised, versions of various Internet texts have been issued, mostly by Anton Long. To date, corrected versions of all the texts of *The Deofel Quartet*, the text of *Breaking The Silence Down*, and of *Hangster's Gate*, have been issued (available via the links above).

A notable exception to corrupted texts is *Tales of The Dark Gods*, which was first issued by the ONA on the Internet, and is available in various formats, including pdf.

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### *The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts*

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

” The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *ἀρετή*. “

Inwardly, the true Dark – the sinister – Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten – or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs – is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse – The Master Acausal Sorcerer – you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to – to gain – Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured – gentlemanly or lady-like – Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
119 Year of Feyen

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## 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 CE

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## The Inner ONA

The Inner ONA is the exoteric name given to a select group of individuals who while now part of The Order of Nine Angles, in many ways pre-date - in tradition, practices and way of life - the formation of the ONA (c.1971 CE) from three pre-existing groups: The Noctulians, The Temple of The Sun, and Camlad. In many ways, the Inner ONA is a continuation of Camlad.

It is from noble cultured – gentlemanly or lady-like – Adepts (qv. [Noble Guide to The Dark Arts](#)) that modern candidates for the Inner ONA are recruited.

The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, and from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, the esoteric Rounwytha (Camlad) tradition. This tradition was, according to aural accounts, that of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition maintained by rural sorceresses who lived in a certain area of England: that is, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches.

Given the requirements and this tradition, it is perhaps not surprising that the majority of those in the Inner ONA are women.

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### ***A Note Concerning Facsimile ONA Manuscripts:***

Since their original publication in facsimile, and in limited editions, by the ONA, in the 1980's and early 1990's (e.n.) many of the *earlier* ONA MSS have been re-printed or - since the advent of the Internet - issued in digital form by those interested in the ONA and its works and traditions. This is quite acceptable, given that all ONA MSS are covered by "copyleft", and thus are not "copyright".

However, such re-printing, and such copying into various digital formats, has, in many cases, resulted in unavoidable typos and other errors. It has also led to some of the diagrams in some of the original MSS to being either omitted altogether, or being re-drawn with occasional errors and mistakes.

Thus, those wishing to ensure the accuracy of currently available versions of such early Order of Nine Angles MSS, should compare them with the original (mostly typewritten) MSS, facsimiles of which were published by the ONA in the following works:

- 1) *The Black Book of Satan*, first issued in facsimile in 1983 e.n. Second edition, 1984 e.n. (ISBN 094664604X)
- 2) *Naos*, first issued in facsimile in 1987 e.n. Further facsimile editions published by the ONA in 1989 e.n., 1991 e.n., and 1992 e.n. (ISBN 0946646244)
- 3) *Hostia*, Secret Teachings of the ONA, Three volumes, 1991-1992 e.n.
- 4) *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, Two volumes, 1992 e.n.
- 5) *The Deofel Quartet*, (Complete in two published volumes) 1992 e.n.
- 6) *Satanism: An Introduction for Occultists*. 1992 e.n., ISBN 0946646295
- 7) *Hysteron Proteron*, 1992 e.n.
- 8) *Satanism: A Basic Introduction for Prospective Adherents*, 1991 e.n. Second edition, 1992 e.n.
- 9) *Cliology: A Basic Introduction*, 1976 e.n. (Revised edition issued 1984 e.n.)
- 10) *Grimoire of The Dark Gods*, 1984 e.n.

These *facsimile* editions (direct photocopies or reproductions of early typewritten MSS as circulated among ONA members), issued by Anton Long on behalf of the ONA (often in spiral-bound format with card-covers) should not be confused with published, non-facsimile, editions issued by others - for example, the Coxland Press versions of *Naos*, and *The Deofel Quartet*, and the various items and MSS issued by "Christos Beast", such as "*Black Book of Satan 2*".

### **ONA Microfilm:**

It should also be noted that, in the late 1980's e.n., the ONA produced nine rolls of microfilm, each of which contained direct copies of many of the early ONA MSS, containing most of those detailed above (1 - 10) but also including some not published in the above works. Two of these films were given to academic researchers interested in the ONA, with the others now having found their way into the hands of collectors of esoterica.

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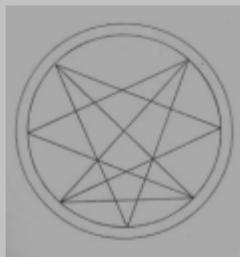
*Appendix: A Note Concerning The Book of Wyrd*

As mentioned in a letter to a Mr. Austen (dated 6th September 1992 eh, and published in Volume 2 of *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*) The Book of Wyrd was never an official ONA publication, was never published, and contained some MSS from LHP groups other than the ONA. One such group was *The Temple of the Sun* - active in the north of England (around Manchester, Leeds and Hull) in the 1960's e.n. and early 1970's e.n., and one of their MS, included in The Book of Wyrd, and dating from the late 1960's e.n., was entitled *The Nine Angles*.

Thus, the Book did not represent - and was not intended to represent - ONA teachings. Several photocopies - probably no more than a dozen or so - of various "proof editions" of the Book of Wyrd found their way into circulation, with some of these copies containing handwritten corrections or additions.

The Book of Wyrd itself was essentially a fable, designed to provoke, to stimulate interest in the LHP and genuine Satanism, and, most importantly, to provide a series of rather elementary tests for those who might be interested in the ONA, as the ONA - at that particular time and as part of its sinister strategy (which included then, at that date, publishing its teachings and rituals for the first time) - was openly recruiting a few members with a view to expanding its activities world-wide. The tests were preliminary ones designed to weed-out those not possessing a certain intelligence, lacking latent magickal abilities, and not possessed of that desire to question which is one of the qualities of a genuine Satanist.

In respect of the group *The Temple of the Sun*, some of their earlier MSS dating back to the 1960's e.n., containing various ceremonies of theirs, have been issued in facsimile, and were made available on the camlad Tripod ONA website. In addition, most of the members of this particular LHP group joined the ONA in the early 1970's e.n., with the group itself being then disbanded. One of their other, early, MSS - entitled *The Message of the One of Thoth* - was itself mentioned in an early ONA MS as being a typical, and good, example of an individual magickal working undertaken by someone newly initiated into the LHP. This particular Temple of the Sun MS was itself published, in booklet form, and in a very limited edition, by Brekekk, in the 1990's e.n.



## The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right

The doctrine Might is Right – variously expressed in texts and writings such as those by the pseudonymous Ragnar Redbeard, by Nietzsche [1], and by proponents of what is known as social Darwinism – is the doctrine, the philosophy (or more correctly, the instinct, the *raison d'être*) of the cowardly bully for whom instinct, mere brute physical strength, or superior weaponry, or superior numbers, command respect and enable them to intimidate and bully others and so get their own way.

This doctrine – though unacknowledged – is also the *raison d'être* of the governments of many if not most modern nation-States, such as Amerika, where military might, or sanctions or bribery, are used as a means of making, and enforcing, policy and ensuring the well-being, prosperity, and security, of such entities.

Why the doctrine of the bully? Because those individuals who adhere to this doctrine, consciously or otherwise, lack both manners and culture (that is, they lack refinement, good breeding, and self-control) and as a modern archetype they represent nothing so much as brutish talking animals who walk upright and who possess a very high opinion of themselves; and an opinion that is more delusion than reality. Perhaps most importantly, such individuals do not possess that instinct for disliking rottenness that is the mark of the evolved, the aristocratic, the cultured, human being. Thus are they akin to uncultured barbarians.

Culture essentially implies four important qualities that such barbarians, such talking animals, lack – and these qualities are empathy, the instinct for disliking rottenness [2], reason, and *pathei-mathos*. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals (and thus express our humanity) but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings. Animals do not have this choice, this ability.

Thus, to make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, some Occult or Satanic way or praxis (like, for example, the Church of Satan did and does) is to negate the very basis of such esoteric ways and praxis. For the essence of such esoteric ways – and especially of Satanism – is to use certain Occult techniques and methods to develop certain esoteric faculties and enable the development, the evolution, of the individual. Where such Occult or Satanic ways may or do differ is in the techniques and methods used and in how development, and evolution, of the individual is understood.

Thus, in the traditional Satanism of the Order of Nine Angles, the evolution of the individual is understood as arising from a practical synthesis, via testing personal experience and magickal praxis, of what is commonly, and – considered esoterically – incorrectly regarded as the opposing opposites of Light and Dark. In addition, for the ONA the development of the individual – and the cultivation of their faculties, esoteric and otherwise – is indissolubly bound with *pathei-mathos*, and with empathy. Empathy esoterically [i.e. 'dark empathy'] is the ground of genuine sorcery: an awareness of both affective and effective change [causal and acausal change] and which awareness is the knowing of ourselves as but one connexion, one nexion, to those energies (or forces) which are the essence of Life and thus the essence of our own existence as a human being.

*Pathei-mathos* means learning from one's own difficult, practical, and testing experience, and which experience by its

nature involves hardship, suffering, and an intimation or awareness of the numinous: that is, of that-which is more powerful than we are or we have imagined ourselves to be. Or expressed esoterically, *pathei-mathos* can be and often is the genesis of empathy: an intimation or awareness of ourselves as but one nexion, one connexion. And *pathei-mathos*, and esoteric empathy, take the individual far from the preening self-indulgence and macho posturing of the Might is Right types.

In the system of the ONA, *pathei-mathos* is encouraged by the Grade Rituals, by Insight Roles, and by the practice of Culling as Art: that is, culling as

” ...a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles – culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.” *Concerning Culling As Art (ONA text, 122 yf)*

Thus, ONA people develop an awareness of themselves far beyond their own ego and delusions about their self-importance. The awareness of themselves as a nexion, as part of a matrix of connexions involving Nature, the Cosmos, and other human beings, with one expression of this awareness – this esoteric knowing – being an Aeonian perspective and Aeonian Sorcery.

However, those who make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, their Occult way or praxis are merely glorifying the irrational uncultured brute, and maintaining the delusions of individuals regarding themselves, their abilities, and their importance. Thus, such Occult ways propound such guff as “Reality is what we perceive it to be,” and “I command the powers,” and “I am (or can be) the only deity which matters” [3].

In essence, therefore, the doctrine of Might is Right – and the belief of pseudo-satanists that they should glorify themselves, indulge themselves *in an uncultured manner*, and do not need anyone or anything except their own strength, will, or abilities – is the ethos of the vulgar mundane and especially of Homo Hubris, that new de-evolutionary sub-species and unconnected rootless denizen of the megalopolis. Thus are they not only negating the human potential they possess, they have little or no awareness of their *wyrd*: of the meaning of Life itself.

Hence their ways and their praxis is of the preening individual who has or who may develop some “superior abilities” or acquire personal power (over others) by indulging in some rites or Occult practices where they believe they can “alter or change things in accordance with their will” [4]. In this, they somewhat resemble a comic book hero – LaVey-man perhaps, who acquires his superhuman powers by wearing a specially crafted medallion with that Magian image of pentagram, Hebrew letters and goathead, on it, and which medallion was given to them by some pompous so-called High Priest and entitles them to prance around in black attire and strike a pose that they think makes them look fearsome. Thus, they see their Destiny in terms only of themselves – causally, mundanely – as an extension of their ego, with nothing beyond this personal Destiny of theirs.

In contrast, for the ONA, our Destiny is bound to and part of supra-personal (Aeonian/Cosmic) *wyrd*, and which *wyrd* is manifest primarily and exoterically in the truth of our primal and of our necessary tribal (that is, our connected and cultured) nature, and in the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience. That is, manifest in us, as an individual, being but one nexion; in the tribal law of the Drecc (The Dreccian Code), and in *pathei-mathos* arising from experience of both Light and Dark. It is this unique combination which is the genesis of our particular sinister culture and enables us to evolve, esoterically and otherwise. For if the ONA is anything, it is the way of a particular, and a new type of, culture: that is, a new and evolutionary and esoteric way of living for human beings.



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Order of Nine Angles  
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*Notes*

[1] Nietzsche's approach is one where individual power (as manifest in *Wille zur Macht*) is central. This concentration on the instinct, or motivation, however derived or manifest, of the individual for control and power aligns him with social Darwinism and the doctrine of Might is Right, despite his attempts to distance himself from Darwin's thesis.

[2] For more regarding culture and the human instinct for disliking rottenness, see the ONA text *Culling as Art*.

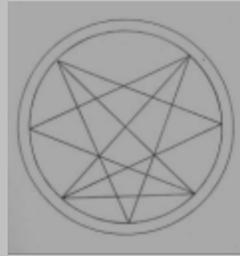
[3] Such things express the attitude and nature of Magian Occultism, for which see the text *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, and the compilation *Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way*.

[4] The definition of magick as "altering or changing things in accordance with one's will" – dependant as it is on mere causal cause-and-effect and the delusion of the self – expresses the limited and illusive understanding of those lacking esoteric empathy and the esoteric wisdom born of *pathei-mathos*. That is, it reveals a lack of awareness of acausality, of ourselves as nexion.

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*Version 3.07*

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## **A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms**

### *Introductory Note:*

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

### **Abyss**

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

### **Acausal**

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

## **Acausal Thinking**

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

## **Aeon**

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

## **Alchemical Seasons**

Alchemical seasons are a measure of acausal-knowing, and are known via the faculty of esoteric-empathy. Some alchemical seasons form the natural terran calendar of the Rounwytha and of others of our esoteric kind.

Alchemical seasons often 'measure' or signify the change of fluxions.

For more details, see the ONA MSS *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

## **Archetype**

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

## **Balobians**

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

## **Baphomet**

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

## **Black Book of Satan**

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

## **Causal Abstractions**

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea,

ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

## Core ONA Traditions

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

## Culture

For us, a *cultured person* is someone who possesses the following five distinguishing marks or qualities: (1) they have empathy, (2) they have the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) they possess and use the faculty of reason, (4) they value pathemathos; and (5) they are part of living ancestral tradition and are well-acquainted with and appreciate the culture of that tradition, manifest as this often is in art, literature/aural traditions, music, and a specific ethos.

It is these personal qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals - and from Homo Hubris - here on terra firma but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings.

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the ONA text *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the ONA text *Concerning Culling As Art* (122yf). This instinct is made manifest - conscious - by means of our code of kindred-honour aka sinister-honour.

## Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, *a sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

## Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

## Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*. ]

## Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister/O9A tribe or gang is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

## Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular

weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it. See also *ONA Ethos*.

### **Exeatic**

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

### **Exoteric/Esoteric**

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

### **Falcifer**

- 1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.
- 2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

### **Five Core ONA Principles**

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

### **God**

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain

attempt to understand it, and themselves.

## **Hebdomadry**

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

## **Homo Hubris**

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen - this creation of the modern West - is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

## **Hubriati**

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost exclusively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

## **Hubriati-syndrome**

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

### **Kindred Honour**

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeon, aims and goals.

### **Law of The Sinister-Numen**

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

### **Left Hand Path (LHP)**

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

## Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understood and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrð) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

## Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

## **Muliebral**

By the term muliebral we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*.

Among muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

These abilities, qualities, and skills are those of a Rounwytha, and they or some of them were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and *Ἀμαζόνες*; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is such skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

## **Mundane**

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

## **Naos**

- 1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.
- 2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".
- 3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

## **Nexion**

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

## **Nine Angles**

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

## **Niner**

A freelance operative whose culture is that of the ONA, and who thus strives to live by our Code of Kindred-Honour and whose personal character manifests the ONA Ethos.

Also sometimes used as an alternative name for a Drecc, although most Niners, unlike Dreccs, do not belong to a gang, clan, or tribe.

## **Order of Nine Angles (ONA)**

The ONA/O9A is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association - a kollektive - comprising Niners, Tribes, O9A gangs, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Our aims and goals can thus be achieved in the following manner:

- (1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the ethos, mythos, and praxis of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

- (2) By the practical actions - exoteric and esoteric - of those of our kind and influenced by us.

(3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

## **ONA Culture**

ONA culture - often spelt kulture - is the culture of those who adopt or who are born into the O9A way of life, a way of life distinguished by: (1) our ethos [qv. *ONA ethos*]; (2) our aural traditions, and (3) our five core principles/five core traditions.

## **ONA Ethos**

The ONA ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living culture/kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

- (1) our code of kindred honour;
- (2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;
- (3) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

## **ONA Iterations**

The iterations are an expression of the natural change, the evolution, of the living esoteric being that is known as the ONA.

The first iteration/phase - aka ONA 1 - may be considered to be exoterically manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups, and in Rounwytha nexions all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) - aka ONA 2 - was most manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration - aka ONA 3 - is that of the current ONA, 2010 ce and > and is manifest exoterically in the move from Satan as archetypal symbol to our female Baphomet (the dark goddess) as archetypal symbol.

All iterations - past and present - although different in character co-exist within the ONA, just as a mature living being has within it the younger being from whence it matured.

## **Presencing The Dark**

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrð and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

## **Psyche**

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

## **Rounwytha**

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

## **Rounwytha Tradition**

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral [qv.] tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition

can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

The Rounwytha tradition is the basis for our new sinister feminine archetype, for the new ways of living for women of our kind, and which ways of living involve:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by *pathei-mathos*, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

For more details, see ONA MSS such as 1) Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time; 2) Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names; 3) The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype; 4) Diabological Dissent

## Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*. ]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same

thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos, and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

## **Satanism**

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

## **Septenary**

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrð, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

## **Sinister**

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

### **Sinister Dialectic**

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

### **Sinister-Empathy**

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

### **Sinister-Numen**

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

## **Sinister Way**

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

## **Sorcery**

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

## **Star Game**

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

## **Traditional Nexions**

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

## **Traditional Satanism**

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

### **Tree of Wyrd**

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

### **Vindex**

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented 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 presented ("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*].

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 being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) 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 dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex – both on the practical level and in terms of ethos – is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West – that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

## Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be discovered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



ONA  
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**Appendix**  
**The Sinister Code**

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

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 Sinister-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 sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-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 sinister 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

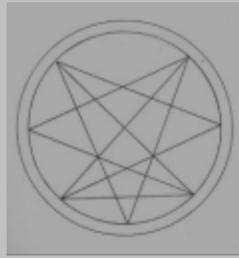
Our duty - as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

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

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-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 sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour ("I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister 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.

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## **Enantiodromia**

### **The Sinister Abyssal Nexion**

Introduction - The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

1 The Abyss

2 The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way

3 Individuality and The Abyss

4 Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

5 The Rite of The Abyss

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## **Introduction**

### **The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context**

This work brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by me, concerning a particular part of The Seven Fold Way - the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster.

The following of the Seven Fold Way by individuals - from Neophyte to Internal Adept, and beyond and as described in texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) -- was the traditional method used by the initiatory nexions of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) in order to move toward one of our esoteric aims, that of producing a new type of human being, a type prefigured in our Masters/LadyMasters and a type collectively known by the term Homo Galacticus.

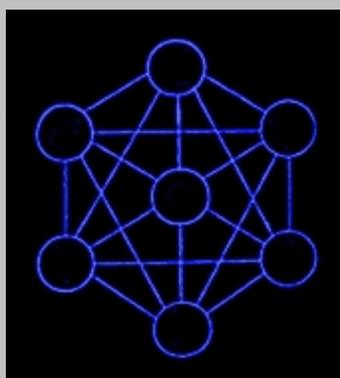
This traditional method has been, until recently, the one chosen by the majority of those individuals recruited into the ONA and by those who, inspired by the ONA, have opted to work on their own in pursuit of both their own esoteric advancement and in pursuit of the aims, objectives, and goals, of the ONA.

However, the ONA is now far more than traditional initiatory nexions following the Seven Fold Way, evolving as it has to become a Kollektive of Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, and others.

Thus the Seven Fold Way - with its Grade Rituals, tasks, challenges, Insight Roles, its sorcery (External, Internal and Aeonic) and its structured Occult ceremonies - is now a personal choice, one practical method among many. A choice suited to those individuals whose personal character, whose psyche, resonates with its mythos, its methods, its Occult mystique, and its slow cultivation of wisdom. In fact, the majority of those now associated with the ONA and/or inspired by it, choose methods other than the Seven Fold Way.

Yet this traditional way remains both valid and important. For it could be said that it forms the Aeonic stable core of the ONA, a central point of unchanging reference: an ancestral tradition in the living expansive Kulture that now encompasses Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, independent nexions, and many others.

In my own case, my life has been considered by some to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way.



Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

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### The Abyss

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion is the esoteric term for what is more commonly (exoterically) known as The Abyss. In the Seven Fold Way of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA), The Abyss is described as separating the fourth and the fifth spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - that is, separating the Grade of Internal Adept from the Grade of Master/LadyMaster.

Furthermore, the Abyss represents the place(s) where the causal merges into the acausal, and thus where the causal is or can be "transcended", so the individual can, if prepared, enter the realm of acausality and become familiar - *sans* a self - with acausal entities. Thus, The Abyss is a nexion to the acausal; a nexus of temporal, a-temporal, and spatial and a-spatial, dimensions.

Entering The Abyss (aka Passing Through The Abyss) is one of the terms used for the Grade Ritual that marks the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster. This Grade Ritual is an *enantiodromia* - that is, a type of confrontational contest whereby what has been separated becomes bound together again [united] enabling the genesis of a new type of being. [1]

As an old alchemical MS stated: " The secret [of the Abyss] is the simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double-pelican... Here is the living water, Azoth..."

What has been separated - into apparent opposites - is the sinister and the numinous, and the necessary preparation for Entering The Abyss (as briefly mentioned in *The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way*, below) involves the Internal Adept, over a period of several years (around three years is the expected and necessary norm), living in an empathic and numinous way and thus learning from such a living.

This living is not, however, an extended Insight Role, but instead a complete and deliberate re-orientation of the consciousness, emotions, psyche, and way of life of the individual, and is often made manifest in a necessary practical manner by the aspirant Master/LadyMaster becoming, for example, an artisan (and thus learning an appropriate craft), or working in a caring profession, or pursuing artistic/musical /cultural pursuits consistent with such empathic and numinous living.

This living is not an Insight Role because Insight Roles are specific and a personal choice. Here, there is no personal choice of type of living (in terms of deciding something opposite to one's personal character) and no specific containing restraining role. There is only a flowing of numinosity through the individual, grounded by some practical means, such as being an artisan.

This numinous living is obviously in stark contrast - and seemingly opposed - to the previously experienced sinister aspects of someone following the Seven Fold Way, and it is for the individual to resolve in their own manner in their own causal Time whatever conflicts - personal, moral, psychic or otherwise - that may arise. A resolution that leads - if the individual decides to continue and after a duration of causal years - to a natural integration, the necessary alchemical synthesis; the individual then having the experience, and the esoteric empathy, to know when such a synthesis of sinister and numinous has occurred.

There then follows a taking of The Oath of The Abyss and thence the Grade Ritual - the Rite of The Abyss - where the annihilation of both sinister and numinous, and of the new amalgam formed from their synthesis, occurs.

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*Notes:*

[1] According to Myatt in his essay *The Abstraction of Change as Opposites and Dialectic*, enantiodromia is a transliteration of the compound Greek word *ἐναντιοδρομίας* and which word first occurs in *Lives of Eminent Philosophers* by Diogenes Laërtius where Diogenes, apparently paraphrasing Heraclitus, wrote:

πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ' εἰμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα (ix. 9)

Myatt translates this as:

" All by genesis is appropriately apportioned [separated into portions] with beings bound together again by enantiodromia."

As noted by Myatt, Carl Jung used the term enantiodromia to describe the emergence of a trait of personal character to offset another trait and which emergence restores a necessary psychological balance within the individual.

Given that the word enantiodromia - as used in the quoted phrase by Diogenes (and thus as possibly used by Heraclitus) - perfectly describes the living alchemical process that occurs before and during the Grade Ritual of The Abyss, we have now appropriated it in preference to older alchemical terms hitherto used.

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### Notes Concerning Individuality and The Abyss



Exile Song (A Painting by Richard Moulton)

One of the more important aspects of both the preparation for The Abyss and of the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster following a successful Passing of The Abyss, is the supra-personal perspective attained. That is, notions of personal Destiny give way to an understanding of Wyrð and a knowing of the impermanent illusory nature of the self, with causal individuality placed into a Cosmic perspective by an experience of the acausal *sans* abstractions, words, language.

There is thus the beginnings of genuine wisdom, manifest on one level in an Aeonic understanding and thus of why the next Aeon is one where human beings return, in an evolved way, to their natural tribal (that is, connected and cultured) nature.

As the Rite of Internal Adept sheds and goes beyond mundane ego to symbolically produce an 'individuated' self - a self made manifest in the months/years following that Rite and grounded in the pursuit of the personal Destiny so revealed - so the preparations for and the Rite of the Abyss itself annihilates this self, this Destiny, by immersing the individual in the living water, Azoth, from whence the Master/LadyMaster emerges.

In the practical sense, this transformation means that the Master/LadyMaster sheds all pretence about esoteric matters - to themselves and others - while melding a being-human (for they are still mortal, fallible, prone to mistakes) with an aeonic-consciousness: a placing of themselves into the Cosmic perspective such that an intimation of their mortal death, an awareness of the Immortality that awaits in the acausal, is an imminent continuing fact of their living. Thus are they joyfully fearless, liberated as they are from both the inertia of mundane-ego and of their previous individuated-self: a true master/mistress of the acausal energies presented as Life on this one planet, their temporary causal home. One exile, waiting, yearning, planning, to leave.

An individual can obtain an intimation of this transformation, this consciousness, by them undertaking, for three days only, the Camlad Rite of The Abyss [see below, *The Rite of The Abyss*] - a three-day working that all candidates for Master/LadyMaster should undertake as part of their necessary preparation, some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

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## Introduction - The Methods

The Seven Fold Way of the traditional nexions of the ONA is a difficult and life-long personal commitment, and involves three basic methods: (1) practical experience, both esoteric and exoteric; (2) a learning from that experience; and (3) a progression toward a certain specific personal goal.

1. This means the individual acquires practical experience of both of the Occult/TheDarkArts [External, Internal and Aeonic sorcery] and of doing sinister (amoral and exeatic) deeds in the real world.
2. This means that the individual learns from their errors, their mistakes, and their success - a learning requiring self-honesty, interior reflexion, and a rational awareness of themselves into relation to their life-long quest: that is, in relation to the goal.
3. This means that (1) and (2) occur again and again until the long-term goal is reached - a process traditionally represented by the seven stages of the Tree of Wyrd, involving the progress from Neophyte to Magus/Mousa. The actual aim is to progress toward, into, and beyond, The Abyss: which rencounter is: (a) exoterically, the genesis of the new type of human being which it is one of the aims of the ONA to facilitate, as prelude to our New Aeon and as a manifestation, a presencing, of that new Aeon; and (b) esoterically, the genesis of individual wisdom and a prelude to a possible transition toward the next and final stage, that of Immortal in the realms of the acausal.

These methods are personal, direct, individual. They require that the individual take responsibility for themselves; is not bound by any restrictions or any morality, and learns not from books or texts or from someone else but rather by practical experience extending over a period of several decades.

## The Tradition

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, which are reasonably well-documented up to Internal Adept - for example, in freely available ONA texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) . These texts enable anyone to learn and experience for themselves, at their own pace.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, to reach the stage on Internal Adept takes at least five years of effort and experience, with that stage lasting from five to eleven, or more, years. Thus, it takes a minimum of ten years before an individual of our tradition is ready to begin the necessary preparations to attempt The Abyss, during which years they must have spent six months in the wilderness (to develop the faculty of Dark Empathy); gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group); mastered the advanced form of The Star Game

(and so developed the basics of Acausal Thinking); have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending; undertaken several challenging Insight Roles each lasting a year or more; organized and run an esoteric group (a nexion) thus gaining practical experience in External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery; and so on.

The necessary preparations for an Internal Adept to attempt The Abyss take at least another five years (more usually ten years), making it at least fifteen years (more usually twenty) before an individual of our tradition is proficient, experienced, learned, mature, skilled, cultured, enough to attempt The Abyss.

These necessary preparations involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous - as opposed to the previously experienced sinister - aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed - when the causal Time be right - by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.

Obviously, such preparations are both difficult and dangerous, for the individual, and most individuals will fail, usually for one of the following reasons: (1) because the numinous aspect draws them permanently away from their esoteric quest; (2) because they cannot fully embrace the numinous since they cannot overcome the causal illusion of the self, and thus cannot overcome their egotism, their arrogance, their pride, their sense of personal Destiny, their addiction to the sinister; (3) because they cannot integrate these apparently conflicting opposites of numinous and sinister; (4) because even if they succeed in the necessary alchemical melding of seeming opposites (Sol/Luna; Lightning/Sun; Light/Dark), they fail to annihilate (transmute/transform) the amalgam that results and so fail to give birth to a new specimen of Homo Galacticus.

### **The Tradition of Esoteric Learning**

For millennia, according to aural tradition, esoteric knowledge - the methods, the means, required for an individual to acquire wisdom - The Philosophers Stone (aka the stage of Immortal) - has been learnt from a few reclusive Adepts, with this knowledge being concerned with three traditional things: (1) the slow process of an internal, alchemical, decades-long change in the individual as a result of direct esoteric and exoteric personal experience and the learning from that experience - the numinous authority of *pathei-mathos*; (2) a certain and limited personal guidance - from one of those more experienced in such matters - on a direct individual basis (person to person), if such advice be sought; and (3) the cultivation of the virtue of *ἀρετή*, manifest as this is in a noble, cultured, a learned, personal character.

These three things are, for instance, manifest in the Inner ONA, which basically is akin to an extended family, consisting as it does of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of esoteric empathy and certain other personal qualities; who offer guidance on a personal basis to one or more individuals following The Seven Fold Way, and who have the knowledge to prepare individuals for the ordeals of The Abyss.

Thus, there was for millennia and still is in traditional nexions, an understanding that knowledge was mostly to be acquired aurally, from someone of experience and learning; although some knowledge could be acquired by means of patient, scholarly, and personal research. There was also an understanding that genuine wisdom takes a certain duration - decades - of causal Time to be attained, and cannot be hurried and often requires a reclusive personal existence. There was also an understanding of the need to develop a noble, cultured, and learned, personal character.

Thus was there also the placing of the Adept in supra-personal context - in the perspective of Aeons, and of the Cosmos itself.

These qualities, this appreciation and understanding of esoteric wisdom, are what have now been overlooked, forgotten, or scorned, by those who, lacking *ἀρετή*, have come to rely upon the modern rapid means of communication that have been developed.

### **Charlatans and the Internet**

This new fangled Internet thingy is but a useful means of presenting our esoteric information and a useful means of inciting, encouraging, others to use and apply both our traditional and our new esoteric methods, on the off-chance some or a few of them may eventually succeed, thus increasing the number of Adepts in the world; thus giving rise (perhaps) to a few more specimens of Homo Galacticus, and thus (perhaps) by some others becoming Dreccs or Niners or forming themselves into clans, hastening thus the downfall of the Old Aeon and its System and thence aiding the emergence of those new ways of living appropriate to our New Aeon.

But the Internet also encourages fakes, charlatans, imposters. For instance, both the nature of the Internet and the kollektive, individual, non-hierarchical nature of the ONA have made it possible, and easy, for someone (usually anonymously) to make claims for themselves, and boast about deeds allegedly done and what tasks they have undertaken. Sometimes these claims extend to belonging to - or to having organized - some group or nexion of  $x$  number of ONA-inclined people for  $y$  number of years, and thus of having  $x$  number of ONA associates.

For instance, someone may claim to have spent three (or even six) months in the wilderness, and/or claimed to have gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group), and/or claimed to have mastered the

advanced form of The Star Game, and/or to have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending, and/or claimed to have undertaken a challenging Insight Role lasting a year, and so on. All of which activities are a necessary part of the training and experience of someone genuinely following The Seven Fold Way.

Furthermore, someone may create a 'back-story' - a cover - for themselves and set up some ONA-supporting website or blog, and then spend some time 'praising' us and our Way, only to later (as is often the way with infiltrators) try to cause schism and/or doubt within those who have been duped by them.

But, as has been indicated many times, all such shenanigans while expected are Aeonically irrelevant and are thus ignored. Such fakes, charlatans, imposters, and infiltrators are also themselves irrelevant, despite what they may believe.

Why irrelevant? For three reasons: (1) because they - and all such shenanigans - by using or being conveyed by the medium of the Internet (or even by printed books) cannot in any way affect the living ONA (including the Inner ONA) which exists and which thrives in the real world: in the pursuit of The Seven Fold Way by individuals and the guidance of those individuals by living Adepts; (2) because those duped by such people, by such things, are failures, lacking the potential - the inner Baeldraca - that mark the neophytes of our kind; (3) because our real and important work is Aeonic - of centuries and more - and thus surpasses the life-time of everyone living now, and everyone of the next generation and the next.

Whatever happens - whatever people do or write by means of the Internet or say in conferences or have printed in books - our esoteric work continues, slowly, secretly, Aeonically, in the traditional way, with person recruiting, guiding, person, decade following decade, and totally independent of such modern rapid means of communication as have been developed, from printed books to the Internet.

All such modern means of communication may do is slightly hasten both the downfall of The System and the emergence of the New Aeon. But one or three decades sooner - out of the hundred or two hundred (or more) years required - is really nothing for us to get excited about.

Our real wisdom, the essence of our esotericism, lies in our knowledge of ourselves as but one nexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time - one means to presence one more Aeon, one possibility to move toward a new acausal life.

Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen

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## Some Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

The transition between Internal Adept and the next stage – that of Master/Lady-Master (Mistress of Earth) – is both long and arduous, requiring as it does – among other things – (1) a personal and practical experiencing, and integration, of both Sinister and non-Sinister aspects of living, and of the Adept's own personality; (2) practical experience of Aeonic Magick and of all forms of The Star Game; (3) contributing, through fulfilling their personal Destiny, something unique, and redolent of the Sinister, to human knowledge, achievement, understanding and/or to that presencing “which is beyond human words” and which is often manifest in works of genuine artistic, and/or magickal, genius and originality. In summation, they will have presenced the Sinister both within, and external, to themselves, and externally to a sufficiency that casual effects are noticeable, as they will have both understood and to a certain extent have experienced, the acausal reality which lies behind the nexion of our causal lives, and behind the causality of appearance and forms.

Then, after such preparation, they will become, gradually, suffused with an increasing yearning for that-which-is, and for Those-Who-Are, acausal, and it is this yearning, at first somewhat intangible but always powerful (in terms of their psyche and their own lives), which propels and guides them toward The Abyss, and which provides them with the desire to take that dangerous, and secret, Oath of The Abyss.

Furthermore, this yearning which becomes transmuted to, at first, a human-type desire and love [for example, for one's sinister partner], and then to some-thing founded on such human emotions but which is an evolution and a sinister transformation of such things (and all the more powerful for being so), and it is such a living-with this new evolutionary “feeling”, this dark Sinister almost supra-personal desire redolent of and which manifests something of the acausal essence, that is one of the reasons whereby a new Master or Lady Master is bound to the very acausal darkness itself, both in their remaining causal years, and in the life in the acausal which can be attained after that.

For the Oath of The Abyss has practical, causal consequences which are both magickal, and personal, and it is these personal practical consequences – and the dark dangerous nature of the magickal consequences – that distinguish this genuine Sinister Oath from the so-called other “oaths of the abyss” that some charlatans and some imposters and some frauds have had the temerity to write about and make pronouncements about, and to lyingly declare that they have “gone beyond the Abyss” itself.

The genuine Oath of The Abyss is a solemn declaration, made in front of several witnesses of our sinister-folk, by which the Adept pledges themselves, for the rest of their causal life, to – among other things – Presence The Dark, to continue with and evolve The Dark Tradition, and to aid human and non-human evolution, with the important and necessary proviso that if at any time they renounce their Sinister aims and goals, and The Dark Tradition itself, then their own life will be forfeit, with them

then becoming an offer who can and who will be sacrificed. In established Nexions (Sinister Temples of a sinister group) the current Grand Master, or Lady Grand Master, appoints several Guardians, unknown to the Candidate, who themselves are pledged to undertake – without warning if required – this honourable duty of sacrifice should such a duty be deemed or found to be necessary.

In addition, The Ceremony of The Oath of The Abyss invokes and presences within and near-to the Candidate certain acausal entities, which – and who – are forever with, or near-to, the Candidate for those remaining causal years, however long or brief, that will mark the rest of the causal life of the Candidate, and the Candidate can never escape, in this causal realm, from these entities.

Thus, it can be seen that the Oath of The Abyss is not something that is to be entered into lightly, even though the rewards of a successful crossing of The Abyss, are great indeed, and include the real possibility of that particular human entity creating for themselves, or being rewarded with, an acausal existence beyond this mortal causal realm.

ONA  
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### **The Rite of The Abyss**

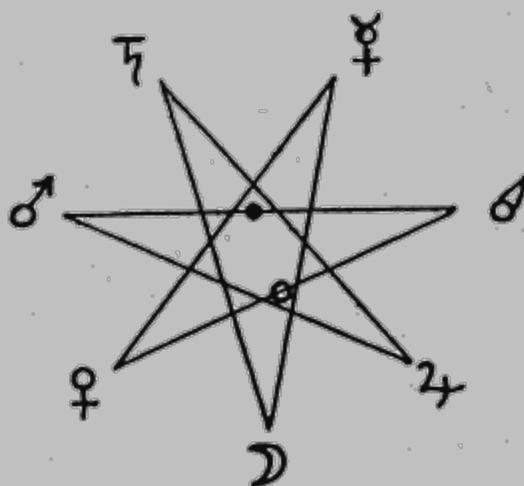
The Rite of The Abyss exists in two forms, one dating from the formation of the ONA some forty years ago, and the other, more traditional one, dating from the pre-ONA Camlad Rounwytha association. Since the simple, modern, ONA Rite has already been described, several decades ago, in another published MS [Naos], the older, more dangerous and more effective Camlad Rite will be given here. [1]

The traditional Rite is quite simple and 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.

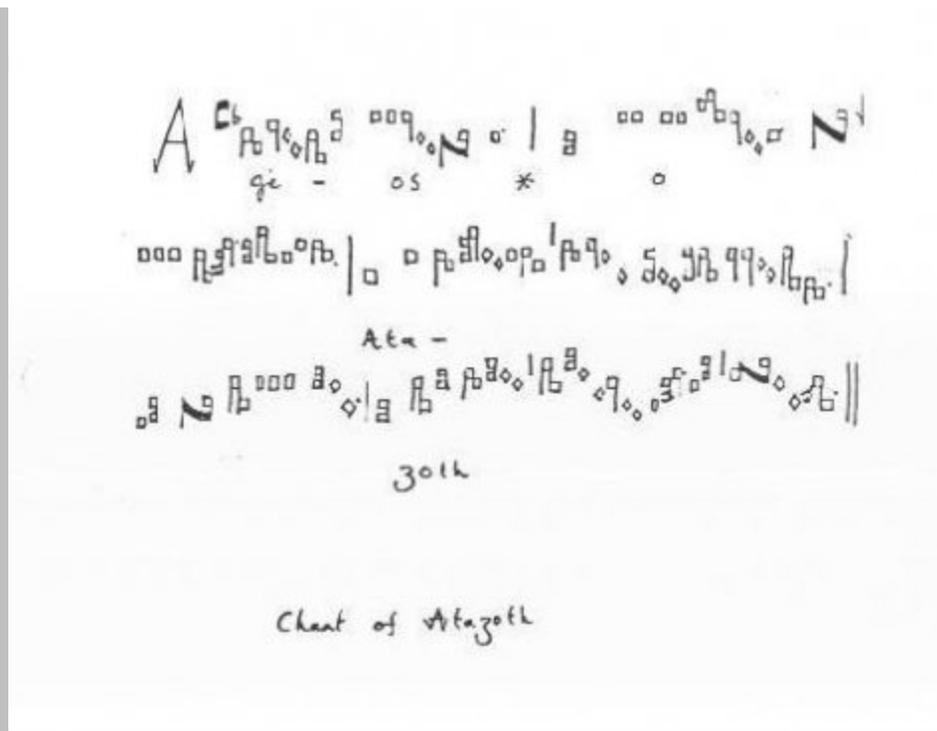
As with the Chthonic Form of the Nine Angles Rite, the Rite of The Abyss occurs in an isolated underground cavern where or near to where water flows, where the candidate dwells alone for the whole lunar month, taking with them all that is required for the duration of the Rite. Ideally, the water should be suitable for drinking. The only light is from candles (housed in a lantern) and the only food is bread and cheese. If the water in or flowing through or near to the cavern in not

suitable for drinking, then supplies of water sufficient to last must also be brought. [Note: as with the Rite of Internal Adept, 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 other forms of entertainment.] The candidate should arrange for one trusted member of their nexion - of the Grade of Internal Adept or above - to enter the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals. [2]

The cavern should ideally possess one area level and sufficient enough for the candidate to paint or mark upon it the septagonal sigil below.



The Rite simply involves the candidate once every day (or night) walking the above pattern - starting at the point between Mars and Sun and ending at the point between Venus and Sun - while chanting the word ka-Os [Chaos] according to the notation below for *at-Azoth* (an increasing of Azoth). Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation. The candidate will also know how spoken and written words such as *at-Azoth* and *ka-Os* have a certain (acausal) significance ('meaning') and thus similarity when chanted in such a manner.



The rest of time the candidate should occupy themselves as their empathic awareness intimates. [3] As mentioned, the Rite ends when their trusted comrade enters the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals.

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#### Notes:

[1] The Rite as given in *Naos* requires a quartz tetrahedron. While three inch crystals - as mentioned in *Naos* - *may* work, to ensure success (in this Rite as in others using a quartz tetrahedron), the crystal has to be a perfect tetrahedron (no bevelled edges) and free from blemish, external and internal - with a height of six inches or more. Such crystals are rare, and costly, and often have to be custom made by someone skilled in cutting gemstones.

In addition, although it is not stated in *Naos*, the chanting of the word 'Chaos' [ka-Os] in the ONA Rite of Entering The Abyss is according to the notation of the Atazoth chant above. Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation.

[2] There are aural accounts - to be believed or not - of candidates being found insane, or dead, or missing.

[3] It should be noted that a version of this Rite - lasting but three days - should be undertaken by the candidate as preparation some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

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**ONA/O9A**

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles  
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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# A Brief Guide To The Grades

ONA

Note: This is an extract from [The Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way](#)

## Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [ or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [ or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS ]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

## I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*; (2) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (3) *Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA* (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in *Hostia*) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) *Selling Water By The River*; (b) *Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed*; (c) *Guide to Black Magick*; (d) *Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task

is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [ the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

## II - Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner, and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in *The Black Book of Satan*. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study the Order MS *The Temple of Satan* [Part II of *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis*; and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I of the *Deofel Quartet* - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS and the MS *Insight Roles - A Guide*, in *Hostia*.] This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

### Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and

so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

### III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in *The Black Book of Satan* as you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks MS*.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonick Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [ particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in *The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet; Aeonick Magick* and other Order MSS.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

#### Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonick magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [ See the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance*.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

### IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord

with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonick Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [ see the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

## **V - Master/Mistress**

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- 1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group;
- 2) The performance of Aeonick Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- 3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonick understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonick Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonick works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

## External Adept: One American Experience

[This account is taken from an E-Mail sent the day following the Rite.]

Well I am a bit more rested but I still feel very disoriented. Anyway here is what happened last night...

I drove to a state park about 2 hours south of here that I selected. The site was about a 2 mile walk in with a fairly good trail. The site is on top of a rocky ridge and had an open area for a clear view of the sky. The place I picked was a huge rock slab about 10 X 12 and about 12-15' from the front edge to the ground. The site was ideal and completely isolated with no other campers or hiker around.

I got there about two hours before sunset changed into my clothing (black utilities and black button down oxford with combat boots purchased from the military surplus outfit). As you suggested I took my hand-made ritual knife and tetrahedron as required.

When sunset came I laid down on the stone with my knife in my left hand and my tetrahedron in my right. I listened to what you said about the one initiate that sat up, so I pointed the knife tip at my chest fully knowing that if I jumped up it would stop me and positioned the tetrahedron point in the palm of my hand so if I felt myself starting to doze off I could squeeze my hand and the point of the crystal would wake me up. The fact that the rock slab was up 12 feet was also an incentive not to bolt.

As soon as I lay down I damned near had a panic attack. Genuine terror. In the pit of my gut. I was completely nauseated and thought I was going to vomit right then. It was unreasonable and I wanted to flee more than anything. I did not think I could do it and I wanted out. I was angry and frustrated beyond measure. Now I see why the MSS says not to bring a flashlight. If I had wanted to leave (and I did), I could not have found my way back to my truck.

Somehow I was able to detach from the terror and told myself to calm down and that I only had two goals for the whole night... don't move and don't go to sleep. That actually helped. I knew I had to do it THIS time and I could not do it again. It is like the second jump out of an airplane - first time you don't know what is coming, second time....you know.

After what seemed like an eternity, I began to get leg cramps and "hundreds" of ticks and scorpions began to crawl all over me. There are no scorpions in [deleted] and I know that, but I was hallucinating and it was so real. I somehow detached from that as well. If you asked me how, I don't know if I could tell you. At one point, my little finger on my right hand was so numb that I actually thought I must have cut it off with my knife. I think it was because my elbow was laying against the stone surface and the nerve got crushed so I could not feel it. I could actually "see" it laying there and yet I was so "uncaring". I really didn't care. Bizarre. .None the less....

The stars crept across the sky.... And I mean crept. Airplanes were a wonderful distraction and the shooting stars were infrequent but truly wonderful. I have never had a longer night in my life...

I guess about when the night was half over it started to get really light over in the east and I thought "well that was not so bad"... and then the moon came up - SHIT!

What I didn't know is that the temperature went to 46 degrees F last night. I was poorly dressed for that weather so I guess I had an advantage. It is hard to fall asleep when you are shivering uncontrollably.

About 5:00 it started getting light in the east and when the first bird sang I almost cried. I knew I had done it. I got up about 45 minutes later but it was the shortest 45 minutes of the night. Damn... I was glad it was over. I don't know if I could do it again.

When I finally got up I could not stand. My legs were so weak and cold and I was shivering so hard that I could hardly put my knife and crystal away. When I finally got to where I could stand... I was so exhilarated that I almost ran the two miles to my truck. One other thing that I really fucked up on was not spraying myself with OFF before doing this. You would think a guy that has spent as much time in the woods hunting and fishing as I have would be smarter than that. I must have had 50 ticks to dig out this morning! I guess stupidity should be painful.

As to what I learned... I would not say that I got any big revelation about my destiny but that may have been because I was so focused staying awake and being still. I did learn that if I can freeze my ass off and not move, have, what I really thought were real ticks and scorpions crawling on me and not move....maybe I can do many other things to.

I feel good about completing this step. Perhaps other insights will come but right now I am glad it is over. Really glad. I was dreading it so. I told you at one point that I am far less intimidated about spending three months in the woods that I was this. Hell, three months in the woods sounds like a vacation... hunt, fish, camp and think .. how bad is that?

## DYSSOLVING

### Diary of an Internal Adept

## March

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

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

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

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

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

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

I cannot begin to think about what I am doing - I just must go through each day ... And see. I don't see how I can do this; the tent is not really bearable to be in during the day. Raining heavily now. I must just do what I can. I will review the situation a week from yesterday.

**23rd:** Better day, more settled - explored more of the immediate landscape. Re-pitched the tent - and thought I had lost the tent pegs: I was almost overwhelmed with panic, which shows how nervous I am. This occurred as the afternoon rain started up, and I am paranoid about getting wet, particularly this early on. I have a fear of rain at present. I may re-locate the tent tomorrow to somewhere more picturesque - all the land here is water-logged. Still, as the weeks go on I am expecting the weather to become drier and warmer (!).

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

Horrors. Have just discovered five or six of what I presume are sheep ticks embedded in each leg. I have applied my insect repellent, pulled the bastards out, applied antiseptic and plasters. They must have pounced via my exposed socks (I am wearing breeks - tomorrow I shall permanently wear over-trousers). Horrible moment - apparently they can

cause fever, but nothing life-threatening. One on my hand.

Those little scum must live everywhere - still, it's their land. I've yet to earn respect and trust from Nature. This is horrible. It's still raining. Cold, damp and feeling ill - already.

*24th:* Woke up feeling very unimpressed with the strong sunlight and general beauty of the weather. I only began to pick up when cleaning cutlery! The weather remained bright and clear, and helped to slowly instill a sense of cautious well-being. That feeling keeps me occupied, but fades as the day progresses to evening.

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

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

I think my problem is the knowledge of the length of time ahead of me. I must try and become detached from the time-scale; live within each day - each moment in fact, each one acutely felt. Tomorrow does arrive, bringing me one day nearer to my goal.

I do need a task to occupy my time. Perhaps I will try to carve something. This whole situation is difficult, sickeningly so. But each day completed is a mini-triumph. I will endure.

*25th:* If I wrote this journal early each day there would be positivity; as it is so far, the evening brings such anguish and weeping - I am haunted by the moment we parted. I worry for her, and feel torn. A period of such anguish then brings rest.

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

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

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

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

Another day done - no further visits from ticks.

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

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

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

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

Also weather very changeable - hail stones and very strong winds. As I write this, the tent is being buffeted by the

strong weather, and the noise is oppressive. But what do I expect in this far Northern terrain, amid echoes of Winter?

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

I am not happy today. Perhaps I will become more ground down as the weeks wear on; but my resolve remains. In fact, the alternative of giving up seems much more repellent now. The 'waiting' is not really that bad - as yet. Still worrying about J. though, still tearful, at times.

I am starting to get a feel for how a day progresses, uncluttered by a timetable of modern life and routine. I am attempting to calmly let each day unfold and pass.

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

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

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

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

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

Spent most of day carving by the river: it has, on the whole, been a good day, but marred slightly by a period of preoccupation with when I finish, on the Solstice. Too far away to happily dwell upon.

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

Writing poetry and carving have given shape and purpose to the day.

*30th:* Weather miserable for most of the day - cold, grey and raining. It has had a depressing effect - that coupled with a feeling of being a little physically run down (beginnings of a 'cold' coming on?). I have felt, for the first time, really depressed, and sat by the river emotionally drained. This heaviness continued until early evening when, following the days only decent meal (porridge!), I continued to carve by the river and the Sun appeared, filling me once more with contentment - there was a loss of a certain dread that has plagued me for much of day.

Today, I sensed the awesome time factor ahead of me: tonight there is a sharp coherence, while earlier there was a lethargic, dulled and blurred lack of awareness. Tonight, I feel content.

*31st:* Last night, some living creature visited the tent. I awoke, in pitch darkness - I literally could not even see my hand before me - to the quiet but determined sound of something pulling things from my rucksack. I felt unnerved to say the least. There was also intermittent scratching at the edge of the tent - something trying to get to the bag of

rubbish that I keep at the foot of the tent. It was a horrible unknown, insistent sound and my mind began to run through the various options: rat; wildcat ...? It might have been a weasel or stoat - whatever, it had claws and incisors (I could hear it nibbling away). I was disturbed. After lying still, my heart racing, I shouted, made movement, and went outside with a torch to see what I could find. Nothing, of course.

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

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

The sky lark has just sung a brief song, which so far, at least here, I have taken to be a herald of rain. Today has been depressing. I woke up reasonably confident, washed some clothes and myself, in the stream by the tent. I explored a part of the valley today. It is a very unsettling place - really, genuinely wild, exuding a sense of pre-human age that is too vast to cope with. There are no footpaths here, no tourist trails - just the fallen green husks of elfin trees, slimy boulders, and the vast violent cliff sides. Perhaps it is my heightening sensitivities, but I have never encountered such an atmosphere; for a twentieth century city dweller (even one who would be 'magickal') there are no familiarities - just a sense of awe, of ancient fear ... I felt unable to progress too far, partly because I was caught in a very heavy bought of rain, and mostly because the valley is too overwhelming. I need to explore it gradually, and build up trust on both sides.

I returned drained and wet to the tent, and have stayed here since the afternoon. Perhaps it was the valley, but for the first time, I felt the beginnings of real loneliness - real 'aloneness'.

The weather, as ever, does effect my mood. It is warmer tonight.

## April

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

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

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

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

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

April ... time is passing. I am content with where I am and the journey so far made.

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

Afternoon was spent by the burn that flows from the valley, sitting on rocks and taking in the idyllic scenery. I even saw two eagles, playing in the sky. And yet, I felt troubled. The beautiful weather made me feel rather restless, and I became ... bored, for the first time; with oppressive miserable rain and cold, the day is confined and dulled and passes quickly ...

Missing J. again. My mind has been rabbiting on, preoccupied with the mundane problems of my life prior to here, which certainly did not provide the tranquillity I needed. Also, I seem to lack creative inspiration.

Have decided to eat the oats attacked by the scavenger - hopefully no disease will result.

*3rd:* I complained about the Sun yesterday, and have been repaid today by cold, rainy, grey weather - exactly what I wanted! Today has been reasonable - started some creative writing, and, having finished the wand, began carving a 'river god'.

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

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

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

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

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

Woke up cold. Day spent walking and carving by river.

Felt very unsettled this evening - my life before this yet again encroaching. Obviously, I can't really expect just to place this to one side - after all, it's there to be learnt from, via this ordeal.

Also have been bothered now for some days by a frequency, which I hear constantly. Have noticed that it is loudest when by a river - particularly when engorged by rain. Am I picking up the vibration of the water - its natural tone? It seems obtrusive at times, but appears to be a natural feature - so quite interesting. It sounds like a note from an organ key permanently held down (an 'A' perhaps?), and certainly seems external to me, rather than some hearing defect. It is cold tonight.

*5th:* Do not know whether early evening, afternoon or what - but have now retired to tent since weather is atrocious. Last night was freezing. It has been snowing heavily on the mountains but here, only a light flurry of snow and sleet and a few heavy bouts of hail. When not hailing, there is the ever present rain, and now a heavy cold mist has enveloped the area, which looks set to stay throughout the night. The weather has not emotionally bothered me too

much, and I have turned my energies to writing. My mind has been quietened today thanks to an attempt at a vow of silence (I have been talking aloud to myself far too much - driving myself to distraction in fact). I feel calmer, and subdued.

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

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

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

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

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

All in all, quite content to be here.

*7th:* Another cold and wet night; groundsheet was soaked and water started to penetrate sleeping bags. So, have spent today drying out and re-pitching tent. The weather warmed up slightly, which made life easier, but now it is raining again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Weather has remained rain-free and warm, and was able to restore some positive feelings. However, I am still attracted to that site, and have found what seems to be a more gradual route to the summit, which would make it easier to relocate. Not sure.

I am having moments of deep loneliness.

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

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

I am still here, and still able to continue.

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

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

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

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

An echo of Summer, then.

*11th:* Three week mark reached. This has been a special day: I have experienced - all day - a form of transcendence; almost one long and effortless, flowing meditation. I felt a calmness and unity with my surroundings which I have not felt before - ever. I found myself not dwelling on any one thing, but often I would simply just listen, to changes in the wind, the river ... I feel almost happy. I write almost because I am rather cautious of this feeling - it is perhaps a special moment, which will not return tomorrow, or for a few days/weeks. But, here and now, this day has been one to remember, and to live for its return.

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

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

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

Winter sleep.

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

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

Unpleasant dreams last night - and scavenger.

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

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

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

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

The day was rescued from misery by a good physis session.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Packed up tent and rucksack, but had to leave food behind for a second trip. So set off with full heavy rucksack, for the area near the loch discovered some time ago. I decided to follow a deer path up the steep slopes above the Valley - I had previously investigated this route, but decided against it, it being too dangerous (the 'path' rises up on a sheer slope which drops straight down, far into the Valley below). But, I decided to face the challenge.

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

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

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

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

On the return trip, I put wellingtons on in order to wade through the rivers, so I wedged my walking boots into a space in the rucksack. As I was re-pitching tent, I discovered I had returned with only one boot - the other obviously having fallen out, somewhere along the route. A strong pair of walking boots are, as I have found, absolutely essential in a terrain like this, and the thought of only having a pair of wellingtons for the next two months was a terrible realisation to taste. All this, because of my own stupidity, carelessness and complacency. Typical! I had to re-trace my route back to the marshy location - difficult, since there are no paths as such. I found nothing, and felt the gods kicking me for my patheticness. A harsh insight indeed, and I turned back, in a very sorry state.

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

Returned to tent feeling very tired.

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

I have still felt a little knocked by yesterday, but remain sure that I did the right thing in returning. Also, best to re-locate when food is about to run out. Will look again at another area near the marshy land, soon. For now, I do not

want to be bothered with re-locating, but I must try and resolve my inner unease, and stop being so hard on myself.

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

Today, I have been bored and am feeling continuously hungry. Still, another day done.

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

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

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

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

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

Returned to tent, refreshed, and undertook a physis session. Perhaps I am over-doing the session, or my diet is imbalanced, but I am left feeling physically exhausted for rest of day.

Idly carved, and practised the Olenos chant. Towards evening went for a walk up to a peak, and rested on a high crag which gave a panoramic view of the sea and islands, and mountains.

Feeling reasonably high-spirited, now.

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

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

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

I feel reasonably alright within myself - but really, feel too drained to motivate myself to do anything creative. So, tinges of boredom. Never mind, another day has been endured.

*21st:* The day I have been crawling towards has finally been reached - the one month mark. Weather turned much colder today, with strong winds. Stayed in the tent for most of the morning, inspired by a sudden burst of creativity.

This passed time away quite fruitfully.

Eventually forced myself to do a short walk, and rested as per yesterday. I reflected on the time so far spent. I suppose I should feel a sense of achievement, but do not - rather, I feel lethargic, but eager to continue and complete the month ahead. Still much more to be experienced.

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

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

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

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

It is now raining lightly.

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

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

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

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

A practical and reasonably positive day. I have not dwelt on anything in particular.

*23rd:* Quiet night on weather front, but had an uncomfortable sleep as tent is pitched stupidly on a slope. Will get used to it though, and re-pitch in a week or so.

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

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

Perhaps it is my lethargy, but I seem to have left behind that archetypal shaman/mystic persona that so imbued me up

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

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

But today Nature was savage. I woke to the inner groundsheet swimming with water; beneath me, a hollow upon which I had pitched my tent was also welling with water. All around, the sound of rushing water. The inner tent was soaked, so I took it down and attempted to dry it by lying on top of it. Remained calm, but cold and wet - and had a breakfast of hot water and oats. The inner became drier, but as I put it up again, I noticed pools of water steadily filling; gradually, they overflowed and once more soaked the inner tent. Obviously a stream that had been sleeping was awoken by the heavy rain during the night, and I was pitched on its course.

I scrambled outside in the deluge to find bracken and heather to make a dam. Outside was wreathed in fast moving thick cold cloud, and the rain and wind was fierce. The whole site thundered with engorged streams, furiously rushing down to the big river below. My attempts at dam building were pointless, and as myself and all my belongings became soaked, I realised I would have to re-pitch the tent. I found a small patch of ground slightly raised above the flowing waters, and struggled against the winds and rain to re-pitch. The wind tried to tear the tent from my hands, and I shouted at and to the Gods in defiance, and desperation. Eventually I triumphed, but the inner tent remained a good while crumpled in the water, lashed by the rain; all that it contained, including sleeping bags, was thoroughly drenched. I hauled the inner tent under cover, and fetched other stranded belongings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On this walk, I discovered some new - breathtaking - isolated areas. Although I remained unsettled, the walk did calm me a little. I experienced a lovely 'light' esoteric incident, by a delightful stream, as I chanted "aktlal maka" to the pitch of the flowing water ...

Returned to site and undertook physis, which was fulfilling. Spent some time absorbing myself in the view of the sea.

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

It seems I have pitched the tent on an ants nest.

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

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

I took myself off climbing the peaks, and sat atop high crags, meditating on the view. For a time, despite the cold winds (almost an echo of Winter) and the drizzle, I felt nearly happy. As I woke, I was possessed with a clear understanding of what I have been trying to live and achieve on the Path so far: everything seemed to make sense, whereas before, there was a vague awareness driving the practical living. This experience took me climbing high, with Promethean zeal. Gradually though, my own fervour, together with the cold and damp and greyness, began to wear me out. I returned to the tent depressed, and lay within for quite a while, in a stupor. Sun appeared quickly towards end of day, and my positive mood partly returned. Undertook a good physis session.

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

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

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

Undertook a physis session, which was rather a strain. I then climbed the same route as yesterday, and sat high amidst the promise of storm. I do not seem to need to do anything - ie. carving, creative work - and I do not put this down to lethargy: rather, perhaps an internalisation is beginning whereby those things that I am realising about myself now can be dis-covered by a most natural of ways: sitting, walking and dwelling within the landscape.

The day has passed reasonably comfortably, but I do feel physically and emotionally tired - almost like I've had enough. But! I must endure, and I must endure for a long time!

*29th:* Again, more rain this morning. Stayed in tent until it subsided.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Plodding on.

## May

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

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

Eventually hunger - an almost constant companion now - and cold forced me back to make my evening meal. The temperature did seem to rise, and the light began to spread.

The sky is full of clouds, but they are Sun-tinged, and there is a stillness which seems to promise that the grey rainy

weather may pass immanently - but I've thought that before. But tonight feels a little different.

Mentally and physically very tired

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

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

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

I have retired for the evening, shattered. Another "mini triumph" accomplished.

*3rd:* Cloudy sky on waking, but warm. The cloud quickly made way for intense sunshine, which has remained all day. When I left the tent I was still very tired, so the day has been physically inactive.

However, time has not been wasted, as I spent many hours this morning writing, and covered much ground. Rest of day was spent lying in the heather, and watching the sea and mountains.

Again, I have felt absolutely drained - perhaps exposure to the Sun? The intense sunlight will probably continue tomorrow, judging by the evening sky.

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

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

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

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

Physically a little better, although heat still draining. Drinking plenty of fluid.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sky is looking ominous, and wind has picked up. Rain will return, I think. I need strength.

*6th:* I went into flu mode as I settled to sleep last night: muscle pains, high temperature - general physical discomfort. I did not sleep or really rest, particularly when nausea set in. I became very hot. The rain did appear, but briefly, with strong winds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*10th:* Freezing again last night, but slept. Sun appeared this morning and has stayed all day, though there was a brief shower of hail in the afternoon. Spent the morning washing clothes, then went on a long walk. This took up the rest of the day, since I rested for long periods of time in various beautiful places. I decided this morning to attempt to not dwell on anything too much, and my mind remained fluid and relaxed. Walk was good, and did not exhaust me.

I am still in an irritable mood - at times impatient with the very slow pace of things, anxious as I sometimes am to return to 'civilization' and create; at other times, I am content, and content to endure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*13th:* The weather has been atrocious today: heavy rain, and very cold. Went out for a walk, but weather drove me back after a short time. Spent a lot of time festering in the tent, but was able to sit for a time in the stone circle. Increase in wet weather put a miserable end to this.

But my spirit has been encouraged, despite the misery, by a return of energy, which has helped physically. Dwelt on some magickal matters today. Things are not too bad, I suppose.

I can accept the weather in all its guises, since each guise is necessary - and appropriate to/part of where I am at in the ritual. I always imagined the second month to be the most difficult. Another day gradually passes away.

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

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

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

However, I am determined to meet the challenge with my greatest asset - my will.

Very grim. Another \*\*\*\*\* day.

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

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

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

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

*16th:* Unfortunately, a bad night. The same bout of illness reappeared.. Strangely, I was far from hungry last night as I ate my evening meal - and the meal made me feel uncomfortable.

I barely slept last night, due to constant diarrhoea - every five minutes it seemed I had to go outside; sometimes digging new holes. The weather was cold with strong winds, which briefly caused some concern about the tent. I slept a bit this morning, after dawn.

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

*17th:* An excellent night's sleep, and I awoke feeling, for once, fit. The light this morning was quite beautiful: dawn is

one of my favourite times - the stillness is inspirational.

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

Have recovered my health, for which I give thanks.

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

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

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

On returning to the tent, it began to rain quite lightly and has continued throughout this evening. I felt confined within the tent, and unsettled in myself - with a slight return of the jabbering mind. Still, I feel fine really. Days seem to be washing over me at present, and I am sleeping well. During my walk today, confronted by the beauty and stillness, I realised that I will be sad to leave this place that is becoming home.

Another day washes away.

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

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

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

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

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

The weather has remained hot all day. Went for another long, slow walk, and appreciated the great beauty of this wilderness land. Found weather a little too hot though, and returned to tent, drained. Although I am pleased to have a sunny spell, I do now wish a bit of rain as water levels are getting low - the spring from which I take my water is just a trickle.

Today's walk passed some time, and allowed me to dwell on further insights into myself. I feel reasonably settled in myself - perhaps a little too eager to complete each day, when I really should be savouring each moment: this special way of living, a way that now is only really beginning for me, will cease in a month.

Still hungry, but not oppressively so.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Feeling alright; just plodding onwards.

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

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

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

Towards evening, I went to sit in the stone circle feeling burdened and quite depressed. Sometimes, I feel impatient regarding the time left, with the end being in sight, but still much to endure before then. Sometimes, a day seems to amount to nothing more than distracting myself until the day is done. But at other times, there is an ease, a peace,

which is worth suffering for - when I don't contemplate the impermanence of this way of life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The evening has been taken up with a long meditative sit within the circle, looking out as always to the sea and vast mountain range. Looking back over the experiences of the last ten or so years, I felt a new awareness beyond my own personal desires and goals. An awareness of the essential goodness and unselfishness of people, which can easily be missed, amidst the fervour of one's ego. It is an awareness of the "light" side that balances the fanatical "dark". To learn to give in an unselfish way. To learn tolerance, and become part of a greater struggle to bring human decency and honourable behaviour. To do something for others, for no personal gain.

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

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

I found various places to shelter from the sun, amidst huge boulders and lovely ash and birch trees. As always my idyll was marred by hunger, but I gained spiritual nourishment.

Again, sat this evening within the circle, the weather wonderful. Enjoyed watching the bird life. I feel as if a barrier has been crossed, and I remain content.

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

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

the heather by the tent.

Unable to sleep last night, I went out and lay beneath the clear starry sky. No need to try and express what cannot be expressed. After that experience, I returned to the tent and slept well.

*30th:* Weather has been very hot again, and a mist from the sea has added to the stifling atmosphere. My mood has been a little low - irritable and restless.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## June

*1st:* Took a while to sleep last night - my mind was buzzing with possibilities, on my return. So I went out and sat beneath the mostly clear, starry sky. The completion of this rite is now tangible, which is making me restless with various emotions - partly excitement that I have got this far, and - although I cannot be complacent - the clear sense that I will triumph; and sadness at having to leave, and face the tedium of everyday life in modern society. My former life seems so far away, and this is now the reality. I often feel almost fearful of the end approaching.

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

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

experienced tonight.

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

*2nd:* Perhaps I ought to feel some elation that I have reached June, but do not. I am surprised - which is a good thing - at how different I actually feel to how I thought I would feel at this late stage. I am weary and burdened. However, these feelings do not dominate the entire day.

This morning I wrote with renewed inspiration, and spent the afternoon again beneath the ash tree. I felt very relaxed then, almost in a dream mode. But, as with last night, when the time comes for me to sit within the stone circle during the evening, I become heavily burdened. There is now too much a sense of the rite finishing - too much anticipation of the conclusion while I still have time yet to experience and endure. But at such times I return also to my apprehension of the changing land, of deepening Summer, and positivity returns. Tonight I was suddenly struck by the intoxicating sense of life that is bursting all around me - new wild flowers, the frenetic bird life - and that incredible evening light which seems so characteristic of Summer. I feel very fortunate to be here, and to have undergone this experience.

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

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

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

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

*4th:* A positive start to the day: I undertook a long walk to the main loch, and felt the benefit both physically and emotionally. It was definitely the right thing to do - I felt once more involved in the ritual by integrating with the land. It has been intensely hot again today.

As evening wore on, and I sat within the circle, the pattern of weariness returned - although the walk has boosted my spirit somewhat against the misery. I'm feeling worn down, but not really depressed. I just must keep plodding on through the days.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I feel absolutely replete with creativity - music is growing within me: in some ways, this does make me impatient to return.

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

Feeling reasonably fine.

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

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

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

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

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

The power of the winds, their all-consuming presence, has been quite an experience - rather unsettling. Beneath today's practical concerns - or rather, because of them - my mood remains positive. I have asked the gods for calm, and so far conditions have quietened down, a little.

*9th:* The winds increased as I settled down for the night; earlier I had re-guyed the tent so it was much more secure, so I decided not to worry. I settled down to sleep and was woken only once by the intense battering, and lashing of rain. In the morning, the tent remained unharmed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My mood remains positive - almost detached, as I am still aware of the days yet to be experienced.

*14th:* Rain and winds continued through the night. Strong winds buffeted the tent during the day. Weather has remained really atrocious, and I have been confined again to the tent. Not too bothered though, as I am now engrossed in composition.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I wept. I felt such a mixture of feelings: absolute relief at having reached this far, and a sense of great achievement. But also, a deep, deep sadness at having to leave. It was/is a sadness I have never felt before, in connection to anything else, and I cannot really describe it.

I returned to the tent, without dwelling further on the conclusion. I just want to continue, quietly and practically.

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

I have not really felt motivated to take a walk - each walk now seems so final; it is too upsetting. I will leave uncharted areas for another time, another life. I do feel sad.

After the physical inertia, I attempted to sit out this evening, but the midgies drove me back. Physically, an inactive day, but the creativity has been incredible.

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

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

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

*19th:* Rain last night, and for most of the day. Thus another day in tent, composing. But my creativity has been less inspired today, and I now feel there is little to add to what has so far been accomplished.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I stood in the circle, and undertook a simple and spontaneous oath of re-dedication. I chanted.

I do not feel sad now - I am ready to return to the world. I feel as if I have arrived at myself, after this long journey of my life so far.

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

CB

Order of Nine Angles

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## Beyond the Adept

(This is an extract from a letter sent to an Internal Adept)

Several issues need to be addressed, such as is the ONA as exists at present, relevant to you, and indeed, relevant of itself, and also what is the meaning of Adeptship and beyond in supra-personal terms.

Let us consider whether there is - and must be - a supra-personal dimension to Adeptship and beyond, and if so, what is the nature of this in practical terms. That is, is it part of being an Adept - and especially of the grades beyond - to strive to change the world in some way? Or is there just a personal dimension to an Adept - that their goal is their goal and the world, and people, and the Cosmos, are basically irrelevant? Indeed, we might also ask are such "Grades" important anyway?

Personally, I do believe such Grades are necessary, still - and thus relevant. There may - indeed, should - come a time when they are no longer required, as forms, but that is a very long way in the future, given the nature of the majority of these beings named "humans". They are relevant and necessary as forms, as guides, providing a structure that is necessary, as a map is often useful in an unknown area, shortening the time required to get where one is going.

The answer to the supra-personal nature of Adeptship is already implicit in what an Adept is - someone who has developed aspects of themselves, and especially their abilities and consciousness. This development is outward, and involves empathy with living beings, with Nature and the Cosmos itself. There is thus an understanding of the individual in relation to these things, as there should also be the beginnings of a rational understanding of the world, of human nature, of "history" and our evolution and promise, as beings. The Adept therefore understands how certain forces (or energies) be they archetypal or whatever can affect individuals, and groups, and how certain forms can presence, and be presenced, to change individuals and groups. This is the beginnings of understanding the real magick beyond the low, external, results magick of Initiates and External Adepts, and this understanding imparts a certain desire in the Adept to produce causal changes - be the method of such production, such presencing, artistic, magickal, or whatever.

But is there a duty of change, of presencing, beyond this still quite personal desire, creativity or action-in-the-world? A duty of dialectic - of causing, provoking, or being the genesis of, larger-scale changes by supra-personal means? And if there is such a duty of Adeptship, then what, if any moral guidelines, should the Adept follow, especially given the empathy they have developed, or many have developed? Such questions really are the beginning of the move from Adeptship to beyond the Abyss - a sign that at a time not too distant in years, the Adept is moving toward the next stage.

As often, there are no clear answers - for each Adept must struggle outward to their own answers to such questions, for it is their answering, their struggle to so answer, which is important, not some given "teachings" or whatever. But there are some guidelines which, as often, may or may not help - and which may or may not serve as a dialectic, to provoke, to be balanced, countered, or perchance even agreed with, but only after much thought.

What are these guidelines? They derive from the nature of an individual, from the nature of magick - from the very meaning and purpose of the life of an individual. Our Way, of esoteric magick, gives some special, often unique, answers to these things, and it is these answers which differentiate our Way from that of other Ways, and especially from what have come to be called Religion and Politics (both terms are of course only reductionist, abstract, terms which describe certain causal projections onto the numinous matrix of the Cosmos). How do we view the individual? As one particular causal presencing of acausal energies. How do we view the purpose, the meaning, of that individual?

As one means of evolving - of accessing more and more of the acausal, through willed change, and thus as a means of positively interacting with the acausal, with the numinous matrix of the very Cosmos itself, which of course includes, Nature, here on this planet which is our home, and the beings we share this planet with. What is this "willed change"? It is true magick, which includes our seven-fold Way, and the various means of presenting the acausal which we have developed or learnt. The answer of our Way means that our duty, as beings, is to evolve ourselves - to seek to take the opportunity which our causal life is; to seek to develop that potential which is latent within us.

How then, in this context, do we view the other beings with which we share this planet? Before Internal Adept, the answer is seen as simple - they are means, which we can use to further ourselves, and the Cosmos, for that is their purpose, even though they themselves do not know this. Their purpose, according to us, is not to attain, a "happiness", or even some kind of "afterlife" in a religious sense. But Internal Adept provides us with that perspective, that empathy, which was often lacking - or rather, it should provide us with these things, as part of our own development. Thus, do we come to understand the true nature of such things as suffering, both personal and supra-personal, and this understanding may present us with some problems, especially when we view what seems to be the futility of bloody struggle, century upon century, thousand year upon thousand year.

Thus are we as Adept brought to questions such as - there must be a better way to evolve this human species, to change the matrix, without the waste, the suffering? What is this better way?

To answer questions such as these we must once again consider such things as the true nature of magick, and the true nature of Time, and the nature of evolution itself. Indeed, we should ask, is there - can there be - such a thing as evolution? Is that also just an abstract construct imposed upon the numinous matrix?

Thus we are led to consider the very nature of the Cosmos, of this numinous matrix. Again, our Way provides some answers, some guidelines. We view the Cosmos as a living entity, albeit an acausal one, and an entity which does not exist apart from us, as finite beings. That is, we as evolving, changing, beings are the evolution of this Being. Our consciousness, our magick, is the consciousness, the magick, of this Being. Thus, our change is implicit in our very nature, as is the truth that we possess the ability to change ourselves - for this is one of the most fundamental principles of our Way, of genuine magick itself. By our magick, our Way, we are bringing consciousness to the Cosmos - which is why of course our move outward, from this planet in the physical sense, is so important so we can access, understand, what is beyond, and thus make that known.

Yet this Being, which we are, is not the Being which other Ways have identified, or posited. It is most certainly not "God" - nor even the abstracted opposite of such an abstract construct. It is just what IS, as what IS exists: a summation of causal and acausal, far beyond our often silly abstract causal projections upon IT. We provide, or rather can provide, the forms to presence aspects of it - sometimes in myths, or a mythos (such as The Dark Gods) - but these are of course just beginnings, mere forms to be transcended; mere beginnings of the real magick which awaits for us. For, yes, to provide, to "create" such forms to presence IT, to propagate such forms and so change other human beings in diverse ways, is an Art, of genuine magick. Just as the dialectic of ours is an Art, albeit one much misunderstood.

This should begin to answer the question about "morality" and such things. One answer is that, yes, there is a way for us to evolve ourselves and others without the stupidities, the wastefulness, of the past - and this is the Way of our magick, of our own still evolving Way, which Way makes available to us all that we need to avoid the waste, the stupidities, of the past, as evident for example in the Seven-fold Way itself, with its Grade Rituals. This particular answer is to refine, enhance, the techniques, and make them known, thus enabling more and more individuals world-wide to begin the process of individual and supra-personal change. That is, to extend, evolve, our Way itself.

Yet - does this not imply a slowness? A significant change in an Aeon, or even more? Is it desirable for us, or some of us, to strive to speed up this process of human evolution, by for example, involving ourselves in using certain causal forms which may produce such speedy change? Or do such forms indeed produce speedy change? Is that merely an illusion? Such are the questions for each Adept to ponder, and answer.

Which brings us to the ONA. Is the ONA as existing at present still relevant? Does it need to change, perhaps some of its symbols, its own causal forms? If so, why? And how, toward what? Such are also questions which each Adept must ponder, and answer for themselves. One clue - is this ONA, as perceived by others and those of Adeptship and below, just an outer form which has a yet unknown inner essence? That is, is this essence hidden, awaiting the consciousness that is created beyond the Abyss? And if it is so hidden, why is this? Deliberate - or just part of its real nature, meaning that this nature cannot be apprehended below this Abyss, that it is unperceptible by those who do not possess the perception to perceive it with this new perception being developed over time by an Adept, propelling them toward the next stage? And is part of this real nature something which cannot be contained by any such causal form and so cannot even be named?

### **In Conclusion:**

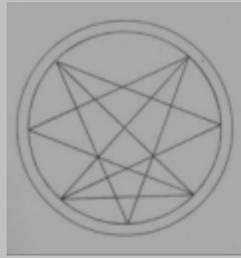
Such are some of the questions which arise, or which may arise, for an Internal Adept. And yet - what must be remembered is that all such questions are only questions; that Thought is merely Thought, and often a distraction to that real change, that real presencing of the sinister, that is part of our Way and which involves, as it always does and has done, action-in-the-world: that is, real acts, by the individual.

These acts are and must be - for an Internal Adept moving toward the Abyss and thus the next stage - beyond both the Light and the Dark, yet being both Light and Dark and yet containing the essence of the Sinister itself. If they are indeed moving toward the next stage, then they will understand this - or at least be moving toward this understanding.

Furthermore, those who withdraw from the Sinister, in all its Aeonic forms and presencings, as a result of answering such questions, have indeed withdrawn from our Way, and thus will not move-forward to the stage of Mastery.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles

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## **Mysterium – Beyond The ONA**

*Given that the emphasis of the ONA is on practical deeds, people curious about or interested on the ONA often ask about what the ONA has actually done – what ONA people actually do – to change the world in a noticeable way.*

As often, it is a question of perspective, of criteria used to judge. Of esoteric and exoteric.

Exoterically, perhaps the majority of our people are hidden and do not have an overt association with us, with Satanism, with the sinister or even with the Left Hand Path. Thus their practical deeds are adjudged their personal practical deeds or possibly associated with some outer causal form they themselves may be associated with, be that form political or religious or whatever. In addition, many of us do not have our homes or our place of dwelling littered with mundane Occult paraphernalia, and so there is nothing to connect us to such Occult activities were we ever to be 'investigated' by some mundane authority or other. Furthermore, some of our kind adopt professions in keeping with our and their sinister aims and which professions enable them to live in a more exoteric manner.

But this waffle by me aside, esoterically what requires mentioning is Aeonics, our Aeonian perspective. This means that our aims and goals are – viewed causally – quite long-term, measured in causal centuries, and thus it will take centuries for the affective and affecting changes to become manifest on the type of scale most use to judge such matters as causal aims and goals.

The second thing to mention is that our way is to breed a new human type, a new elite – and this begins with each one of us, each one of our kindred, changing themselves and engaging in life in a sinister way, in accord with their wyrd, by applying our methods, techniques, and so on. Thus and for example they can choose to use the technique of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, or apply the way of the Drecc (of tribes and gangs), or the way of the Rounwytha – or any or all of these – according to what interests them, what they find works for them, or whatever.

Thus, one outward sign – if one is interested in such mundane things – of our practical deeds are our people. Their change, their transformation by their association with the ONA and their use of the praxis of the ONA. And it is these people who by this very transformation of themselves – and what many of them will subsequently do in the

world of mundanes according to how the sinister mood takes them – that moves us toward our causally-understood aims and goals and which brings-into-being our new aristocracy spread over the world. A practical aristocracy which is sinisterly subversive not because it seeks to implement some abstraction in some causal time-scale or is motivated by some causal idealism (such as overthrowing some nation-State), but because it aids and enhances the lives of those belonging to it in practical and often material ways – for instance, in terms of influence, in terms of providing goods and services, and in materially rewarding loyalty and honour and service to its members and participants.

In effect, it is/will be an international group – bound together by certain rules, such as our Code of Kindred-Honour and viewing mundanes as a resource – formed of kindred local groups in various nation-States, whose members co-operate together, dispense their own justice, obey their own laws, and who aid and help themselves and others of their kind by whatever practical means they can, even if some of these means are viewed by some existing nation-State as ‘illegal’ or ‘criminal’ or whatever. In this sense, we are a new type of organization in the causal, a mysterium, and so might be called The Mysterium, or The Niners (or whatever) rather than The Order of Nine Angles.

In time, our organization may well acquire some covert political and social (or even religious) influence in one or some existing nation-States, by having our members in some influential positions, or by having some power over some of those in such positions. Or some of our tribes might develop in some locality sufficient to bring forth Vindex or someone similar with there thus being an overt challenge to existing mundane authority in that locality. And so on.

But what is not important are the details, the means, the tactics, the minutiae – that is, restricting, causal, forms and causally-limited abstract aims are not important. What works, works. What does not work will be abandoned. What is important is that the ONA – beyond its outer current causal name – is a particular sinister presencing, some-thing that now lives (is presenced) in the causal and thus is acausal sorcery manifest as a living kollektive and an ethos, so that it can and will assume and use and become whatever causal forms are necessary wherever on this planet such forms are or become necessary. Or expressed in another more familiar way – we are now a shapeshifting manifestation of acausal energy presenced in the causal. A collocations of nexions – individual, tribal – who ‘know’ their own kind and who are now actively seeking to assimilate others into our kollektive, not for or because of any altruistic or idealistic reason, but because such assimilation of others is now a function of our necessary causal being, in this Aeon.

*By assimilate, do you mean assimilate mundanes?*

One of our axioms is that we classify humans as either our kind or as mundanes. Our kind currently, and for some previous Aeons, amount to perhaps five per cent – the creative or the defiant minority who latently or by means of their pathei-mathos have a certain natural intelligence, a certain instinct, a certain type of personality, certain personal qualities.

Another of our axioms is that in general (with many exceptions) mundanes are made, not born, and that therefore perhaps a majority of human beings (though certainly not all) have the potential to cease to be mundanes. Most of course will never realize this potential, for a variety of reasons. A corollary of this axiom is that the children of mundanes have not as yet reached the age when mundanity becomes or could become fixed – their natural pattern of behaviour. Thus the reason why children in practical terms are exempt from being considered fair game, a resource, and why we consider certain activities by adults involving children – and certain proclivities, in adults, in respect of children – to be dishonourable and not something our own kind would do. For such things are one mark of mundanity – of those not able to or capable of controlling or changing themselves.

This axiom of potential within others is one reason why, in respect of culling for instance, we always give mundanes a sporting chance – to see if they can react in a non-mundane manner and so provide evidence of their potential to change.

Thus, yes I do mean assimilate – and change, evolve – those humans who are currently mundanes, which brings us rather neatly to our use of general tests to those who seek to associate with or join us.

*I assume you mean here what some have, somewhat colorfully, called being mindfucked by the ONA?*

Yes. In contrast, those who are naturally of our kind – and those who when challenged reveal they have the potential to develop to become of our kind – will be able to work their way through our Labyrinthos Mythologicus to the essence, the centre (and then be able to find their way out). As we have mentioned before, we have certain standards. If people do not meet these standards, they are not good enough, and we have no interest in guiding them. It is for others to find us, and prove themselves, not the other way around.

For instance, those who meet our esoteric and intelligence standards will find, discover, the clues we have left in many of our written works; as they will be able to see our fables, our causal forms, for fables and forms. They will see and perhaps laugh at some of the japes we have played on some people. In brief, they will be able to distinguish the esoteric from the exoteric, and mythos from practical exeatic living.

Let me give one simple – one very basic – example. Not that long ago we published an item which simplified Satanism to its practical, causal, core. There was thus a personal pledge by the aspiring Satanist, a code, and three fundamental principles. Very little in the way of traditional ceremonies or rituals or even words, since the core was the live in a particular way, *sans* the laws of the mundanes, where there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual.

This item works on a variety of levels, some of which I will enumerate here. Thus, for some of those who might have the potential to be one of our kind, it is one possible beginning – to entice, to provide experience, to live exeatically, and so possibility at some time this might move some of these people toward a desire for more.

For some of those who are already of our kind (but may not yet know it) it is a sign, to what lies beyond such an outer form. An intimation of just why we produce and use such a form.

It is also a practical defiance of those who aid and support the mechanisms which keep mundanes in thrall – for those, for example, who support and aid existing nation-States and the mechanisms of control of those States (be such mechanism psychic, practical, or causal abstractions). For the flunkies of all nation-States do so hate and do find subversive those who believe and who practice the truth there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual. Thus, if that item only influenced ten people in one nation-State in one year to change their way of life and live defiantly, outside mundane law, it would have achieved something in the causal, with no practical effort on our part.

It is also something that undercuts and undermines the pomposity, the pretentiousness, of already existing so-called ‘satanic’ groups, with their ‘temples and ‘grottoes’, their rituals, their books, their discussions, their self-awarded titles, and their old Aeon sycophancy.

Thus, people would react to this simple thing according to their nature, their conditioning, their potential. So it was/is fun, and useful, esoterically and exoterically.

But of course there are and have been, over the decades, far more complex, far more devious, challenges, tests, traps and obstacles, made and used by us for those ‘out there’. So many that one person even went so far as to sigh that for every ONA principle or piece of advice/guidance he came across there seemed to him to be another one which either confused the issue or was almost its exact opposite. Which of course of itself hints at a certain esoteric truth and the need for certain abilities.

*You have recently been described as a weird combination of sinister ruthlessness and empathic sensitivity, which I guess makes you an unusual man. One person even described this combination as something of a dilemma in regard to making an assessment of you.*

This is no dilemma, for the two aspects are not mutually exclusive – except to mundanes still in thrall to causal abstractions. One of the aims of our sinister Way is to develop the individual and so evolve the human species. Or rather, presence – to consciously bring-into-being – a new type, a new breed, of human beings.

This conscious breeding of a new species is a product of the acausal sorcery which is The Order of Nine Angles: a product of our mythos, our sinister praxis, our diverse ways of living, our kollektive, and which ways include that of tribes and gangs and of those who individually follow our Seven-Fold Way.

This is why we scorn and laugh at other Occultists, at others who believe they are following and using The Black Arts, and why we have contempt for others, and other groups, who call themselves or who are described as Satanists and/or as followers of the Left Hand Path. For these preening poseurs – these examples of Homo Hubris – lack the experience, the knowing, of the Unity beyond causal and acausal, beyond all

causal forms, and thus have no direct practical experience of both Light and Dark external and internal to themselves, and so cannot perceive and know such opposites (and they themselves) as but illusive causal forms, abstractions; as stages toward the necessary alchemical synthesis that brings-into-being our new type of individual and our new ways of living.

These Occult poseurs lack this sensitivity – the natural, esoteric, empathy that for example a following of our Seven-Fold Way and rites such as that of the extended Grade Ritual of Internal Adept develop in the individual, and which empathy, which sensitivity, is manifest in our Rounwytha tradition. A sensitivity which is just one of the many qualities possessed by those who have indeed undertaken what traditionally is termed The Passing of The Abyss. They – these Occult poseurs – also lack, of course, practical direct experience of the sinister, having never transgressed the laws of the mundanes, never taken themselves in practical ways truly beyond good and evil; never felt that exeat joy when, testing themselves almost to death, they have triumphed and survived.

But in truth, I am nothing unique, just one phenotype: one intimation perhaps of a different human breed; one example of ONA sorcery in the causal and thus presenced, for now, on one planet we call Earth. Just one temporary stage between some-thing in some causal past, and something-else in some causal future – and thus some-thing fallible to be surpassed, in the framework of our causal Time and our dwelling on this planet.



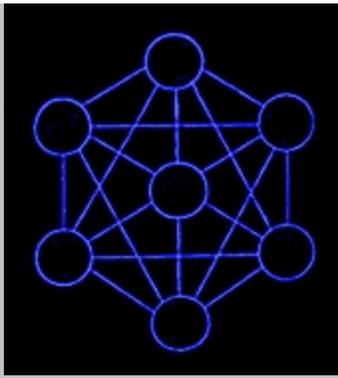
Anton Long

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Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Feyen

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## **Toward The Sinister Mysterium**

Editorial Note (July 2011 CE): Below are answers to some questions submitted to Anton Long over the past few months by a variety of individuals.

*How do you understand the relationship between the sinister way and the numinous way?*

Here I shall assume that by 'sinister way' you refer to the complete esoteric philosophy and praxis of the ONA (including its mythos) rather than to the practical 'seven-fold sinister way' as a method of esoteric training from Initiate to Adept and beyond.

One way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is conventionally (if incorrectly) termed The Dark Forces and thus of certain energies/influences/archetypes within the psyche of the individual.

The other way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is termed the numinous, and thus of what is conventionally (and again incorrectly) termed The Light Forces.

Hence, they both express an aspect of the acausality (that I/we assume exists) beyond our causal perception, and thus intimate and can manifest what lies beyond the mundane reality of phenomenon we experience by means of our physical senses and by the causal learning acquired from others and by the abstractions (the theories, *-isms* and *-ologies*) we have manufactured over millennia to try and understand ourselves and Reality.

If one desires to place both in the context of terms used (incorrectly) by many Occultists, then one Way re-presents the LHP and the other the RHP – although that is not how our Adepts understand them.

For us, they re-present two different types of 'acausal knowing' and when these two types of knowing are combined (that is, acquired, learnt from personal experience not

from books or from someone else), one has the apprehension of Reality that lies beyond what is conventionally termed The Abyss – that is the perception and the understanding of a genuine Mage [aka Grand Master/Grand LadyMaster], and which perception and understanding is the genesis of wisdom, and a knowing, an understanding, of all causal forms (including so-called conflicting opposites) as just limited often distorted causal forms of The Essence beyond them.

Part of this wisdom is a knowing of the reality of what we signify by the term Aeons, and thus a placing of the individual human being – and human beings in general – into a Cosmic perspective. [Where by the Cosmos is to be understand the totality of the causal continuum and the acausal continuum.]

Of course, what we understand by a Mage is very different from what other esoteric groups and traditions understand by the term.

In somewhat oversimplified esoteric terms one might describe the relation thus – (1) the Sinister (LHP) Way are types or modes of apprehension applicable to those who, while following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as a system of training and individual development, have not yet reached the stage beyond Internal Adept; (2) the Numinous Way is a type of apprehension, complimenting the former, which apprehensions (plural) those beyond Internal Adept acquire and meld with their former (LHP) modes of apprehension to begin the esoteric/alchemical process of (re)unification that forms the essence of what is known as The Passing of The Abyss.

What we call an Internal Adept acquires the beginnings of that specific acausal knowing (modes of acausal apprehension) during the Rite of Internal Adept – that is, spending three months in solitude in an isolated location, and by using such techniques as The Advanced Star Game. Traditionally, this type of acausal knowing was ‘the knowing’ of the Rounwytha, who were a few individuals (often women) who were naturally gifted with certain abilities deriving from their faculty of empathy, and which empathy encompassed what we now term Nature.

What The Sinister Way – in its casual/acausal totality – does is make this knowing of those few gifted individuals available (at least potentially) to all human beings, and thus enables them to proceed Beyond The Abyss and become almost a different type of human being, not in terms of low-level sorcery (external or results-sorcery) and the like, but in terms of understanding, knowing, of *being*, of Aeonic sorcery – in terms of being wise and having, manifesting, a reasoned, individual, unique, judgement.

Obviously, both of these apparently diverse ways have significance and possibly value in their own right (that is, exoterically) – and thus are or can be an affective and effecting means of change for various, diverse, individuals (not involved in Occultism) over decades and centuries, and thus contribute in their own manner to some of the changes I understand as necessary for us as a species.

Thus, like all Ways or forms that presence The Unity beyond the illusion of causal conflicting opposites, they have both an exoteric and an esoteric meaning and purpose. Also, just like individuals beyond a certain Occult stage of understanding and experience who of necessity has experienced in a practical manner the Light and

the Dark, both Ways can easily be misunderstood.

*When some mundane or other huffs and puffs about having taken over or owning the ONA, why don't you ever release a statement about such matters?*

For two basic reasons. First, as I wrote in a recent reply to someone:

I personally do not assume any direct authority, nor make 'pronouncements', nor ascribe any grandiose title to myself. I just let things develop, in their own natural ways in their own species of causal Time, and occasionally pen a few of my own intimations based upon my own reflexions and experience, which are only my own fallible reflexions and my own poor attempts to explain – and which words, which intimations, can and should be surpassed by others and are thus not imbued with any kind of grandiose or pretentious 'authority'.

Second, because there is no necessity since if someone presents themselves as ONA or claims to own it and some people are duped by such things, and mistake such fakes for us, then it just reveals those people for the mundanes they are.

Such things – such pretenders – are and have been expected, and are a useful test. A test of the sinister numen/charisma of the ONA; of its growth and influence; and test for those who are interested in the ONA, or rather interested in the Way, the living tradition, we represent.

For such pretenders are a sure sign of our growth, influence, and sinister charisma. Just as if some individuals are duped by these pretenders and their groups, then those individuals are not of us; they do not have the potential to become part of our family, and thus such pretenders, such fakes, save us some trouble and can provide us with some amusement at their expense and at the expense of such easily duped individuals.

Those who are of our kind will find us and know us even if we do not name ourselves or describe ourselves by some term. Just as we have and will continue to teach our Way – *sans* a name and restrictive terms – person to person, generation following generation.

Also, as I have said and written several times over the past few years, no one now controls or owns the ONA – or can control or own the ONA. For it is a sinister collective of nexions, a cooperative, disdainful of copyright, dogma, restrictions, and hierarchy. In truth, it is a new type of organism – partly causal and partly acausal, and thus a living, changing, evolving, long-living entity which no one finite fallible mortal with a limited causal life-span can control, contain, or own.

Dreccs/Niners – who now increasingly re-present what was known exoterically as the ONA – do not depend on me, or on any one person. Just as the tradition I inherited did not depend on, or need, a name – and indeed had no name for centuries. It was just an inherited way, a reclusive tradition, part of a particular folk culture, passed on orally.

Our outer name is therefore not that important; indeed esoterically it is irrelevant, and a causal Time will arise in this Aeon when the outer, exoteric, name I gave to the tradition as I expanded and developed it – the ONA name – will no longer be required. Names by their causal nature restrict, and our essence – which sinister-empathy reveals – cannot be so restricted.

*You say the ONA is the exoteric name. There is therefore I presume an esoteric name?*

Yes, and no. No there is no such esoteric ‘name’ since it is not a name as mundanes understand names, but yes in that what there is expresses something of our acausal essence. No – because it is an actual presencing of an aspect of the acausal, as a particular esoteric chant, correctly performed, is, as for example I tried to outline, in respect of esoteric chant and the ‘names’ of acausal entities, in the *Esoteric Chant as Language* section of my essay *Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*.

Yes there is an esoteric name – because like The Star Game, it is a new type of language devoid of the subject-object division implicit in current language. An illustration might be a mathematical equation, which represents some physical phenomena. Thus, if someone asked what ‘gravity’ was, the reply might be:

$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2}$$

That is, the equation describes or re-presents what ‘gravity’ is and the explanation does not involve words, but symbols.

Similarly, if someone enquired who and what we are, the reply might be in our numinous esoteric language, using the numinous symbols of one of our new *mysteriums* – such as a combination of images, music, and so on.

This takes us far far beyond the causal apprehension that a name such as The Order of Nine Angles imputes, just as before that name our way was re-presented in such things as a living Rounwytha and in The Ceremony of Recalling rather than in a given name or by some single symbol or sigil. The tradition was the Rounwytha, for example.

*You have mentioned the mysterium several times recently. What exactly do you mean?*

To be precise, we should perhaps write sinister-mysterium, of which there are various types. Some already exist, some are in development, and more will be manufactured in the future.

All manifest the acausal, in their different ways. One type of mysterium is a new esoteric form, a performance, which supersedes Occult ritual, both ceremonial and hermetic, and which employs, among other things, moving images and a new type of music.

The Esoteric Star Game – when used with a specific aim over a period of causal Time, as for example in star mapping as outlined in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* – is another type of mysterium appropriate to our New Aeon.

Basically, our mysteriums take us beyond both Old Aeon sorcery and Old Aeon language, and two aspects which they all share are: (1) that they all involve the presence of and an interaction with a living human being or beings (and are thus an alchemical symbiosis), and (2) that they are not overtly Occult or overtly associated with some existing or past *-ism* or *-ology* because such associations imply a certain duality and a bland causality, which means they cannot be described by any single old-style term or word, such as Satanism, or even the LHP. For they are what they are – a living wordless presencing, and are to be experienced, be part of our living, rather than blandly described in limited causal Old Aeon words.



Anton Long

**AoB**

Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Feyen

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### **ONA/O9A**

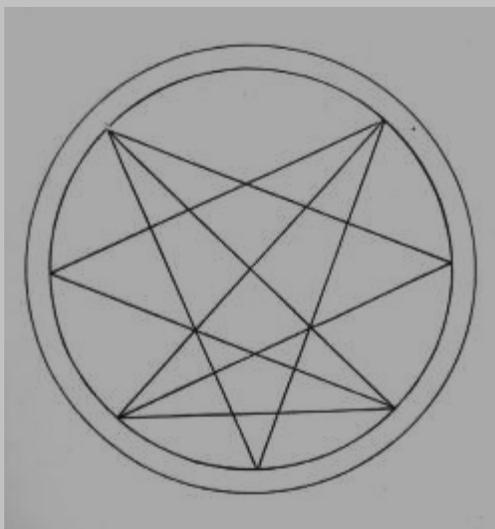
Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles  
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2}$$



## **The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism**

### **The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism**

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has  $n$  number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time ( see footnote 1 ) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

### **The Being of Nature**

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

## **The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism**

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can

gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

## **The Answers of Traditional Satanism**

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

- (1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;
- (2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;
- (3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

## **The Living Beings of The Acausal**

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and

acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet - as conventional "gods" or "goddesses" are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal

thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

## **The Question of God**

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

## **The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan**

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles



*Footnotes:*

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".

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[Order of Nine Angles: Frequently Asked Questions](#)

[How To Be A Satanist](#)  
(pdf)

[Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism](#)

[Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way](#)

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## Defending the ONA?

There has been some debate over the past decade about the traditions of the ONA. Some people have accused the ONA of "copying" various things - for example from Crowley - while some have claimed that the ONA system itself is flawed.

Before examining some of these claims, several things about the ONA should be understood.

### Aims of the ONA

One of the basic aims of the ONA is to create genuine Adepts - that is, individuals who question, who are rational; who possess genuine magickal skills; who have gone to and beyond their own limits. Essentially, the ONA is a LHP organization - there is no morality; no limits; no sycophancy. In fact, the ONA in its essence is profoundly anarchic, and may be said to preach and practice genuine anarchy. The ONA system, such as it is, is for only limited guidance, on a direct individual basis, to be given. The novice, the Initiates, are expected to learn by trial and error, by practical experience.

The championing, by the ONA, of such things as National Socialism, is part of the Sinister Dialectic - a means, one causal form limited to a certain causal time, not the essence of the ONA. Those who cannot understand the difference have totally misunderstood the essence of the ONA, and genuine sinister magick itself.

### The Septenary System

The ONA never claimed to have "invented" the Septenary system - only to have made public various aspects of it; and to have extended it in some particular ways.

According to the ONA, the works of Robert Fludd contained some allusions (note: *allusions*) to the genuine Septenary tradition, as did some alchemical MSS.

The Septenary system, as revived by the ONA, is basically contained in NAOS, which is a practical guide to simple external magick (i.e. basic sorcery), appropriate to a novice and an External Adept. That is, such a system, as given in such ONA MSS is itself only a beginning - to such things as the Star Game, which is a new form of magick, appropriate to our times, and which in its advanced form captures the real essence of the nexion that is conventionally described, in noviciate terms, as the Tree of Wyrd.

Part of the Septenary system is the Tree of Wyrd. In essence, this is a 4 dimensional image, or re-presentation - not a 2D one.

What does appear to be original - as published by the ONA - are such things as the Wheel of Life, as given in NAOS, The Star Game itself, the explanation of magick as a willed presencing of acausal energy (for a simple explanation of this, see NAOS) and Insight Roles.

### Grade Rituals

Again, the ONA never claimed to have "created" the system of Grades, or magickal training itself - only updated them,

and made them practical, and efficacious, as in the case of Internal Adept.

## **Crowley et al**

The main criticism of Crowley, by the ONA, is that he used the distorted qabalah based ("Magian") system, and thus did not represent the genuine Western esoteric tradition, which esoteric tradition was Septenary based.

Further criticisms of him included his misunderstandings of Aeons, his use of dead archetypal forms (e.g. Ancient Egyptian) and his general egotism, which according to the ONA indicated a lack of the insight of a genuine Adept.

## **Aeonics**

One aspect of the ONA system which is original, *in its esoteric form*, is Aeonics - that is, a conscious understanding of the Sinister Dialectic. However, the ONA made it clear that this conscious apprehension of theirs is built upon the work of others, especially Toynbee and Spengler (see, for instance, Myatt's *Vindex - The Destiny of the West*). This acknowledged debt is evident in the ONA use of the Spenglerian term Magian.

## **Oral Tradition**

The ONA admit there is no written evidence whatsoever for the existence of their oral tradition, and what has been recorded, is to be believed or not, according to what an individual wishes to believe. However, the ONA make it quite clear in many MSS that each novice is expected to be highly critical of all traditions, and use reason and practical experience to help them judge such traditions.

The oral tradition included Esoteric Chant, Insight Roles, legends about the Dark Gods, and the use of crystals, be they tetrahedron shaped or otherwise, in conjunction with sound vibration.

## **Terms Used**

The ONA uses a rather specialized terminology, and defines some terms, such as archetype, and psyche, in a somewhat different way to their generally "accepted" definitions. This usage, by the ONA, can lead, and has led, to some confusion among novices and others.

Some particular terms used by the ONA include - Aeonics, the Sinister Dialectic, nexion, presencing, External Adept; Internal Adept; acausal.

As for the use of the term archetype - the ONA define an archetype as a particular presencing of acausal energy, which presencing is limited in causal time. This is in contrast to, for example, the definition given by Jung. That is, an archetype is akin to a living being: it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it dies (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

## **The Dark Gods and Lovecraft**

Yet again, the ONA never claimed to have "invented" or made public for the first time, the legends about the Dark Gods, just as they acknowledged the work of Lovecraft in making known the tradition. However, the ONA do claim that Lovecraft had access to only part of the genuine tradition regarding them.

The "names" given for various entities, in such works as NAOS, are useful symbols (note the words *useful symbols*) intended for Initiates. That is, they are not re-presentations, in the causal, of what are essentially acausal entities who/which cannot be described in causal terms, but which *may* be better apprehended/re-presented in part via genuine vibration/chant. *The ONA make it quite clear that it is for the Initiate to discover if this is indeed the case - via practical experience.*

## Nine Angles

The ONA use this term to refer to what is represented by the elements of the Star Game - the nine aspects of the three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness.

Thus, the ONA use the term nine angles in specific esoteric way unrelated to the use of that term by any other group.

## Specific Criticisms of the ONA

1) That the ONA's Tree of Wyrd (ToW) is related to or somehow derived from Crowley's "hexagram" figure or "square of nine".

Several points here:

- a) That hexagram figure is not even original to Crowley, and was, and is used, by esoteric Taoist groups, especially those deriving from Wu Tang mountain, and as such it has a long history, of a thousand or more years.
- b) That this figure is purely 2D while the ToW is 3-D and only an approximation of a true (causal) representation, for which see the advanced Star Game. To relate such a 2-D image, by whomsoever and whensoever it was derived/created, to the ToW shows a basic misunderstanding of the ToW. [To be precise, it should be stated that the ToW is 4-D, where the movement of the pieces in The Star Game represent some aspects of causal time. However, very few will understand what is meant here.]
- c) The ONA use the figure (as given in NAOS) in Martial Arts training (Physis) and in Esoteric Chant, and never claimed it was their "creation".

2) That the ONA copied Nazarene (and other) chants, such as the Dies Irae, and just changed a few words.

This claim shows a basic misunderstanding of magick, especially of both sympathetic magick and the technique of mimesis (qv. mimicry). Mimesis in its basic form is to mimic, and/or adopt and change, with sinister intent, some work/text/ritual/music or whatever and to capture, alter and use the energies that the original form may have used or captured. A classic example here is the genuine Black Mass, which is a mimesis of a Nazarene Mass.

3) That the Tarot used by the ONA is not original - specially that the Christos Beest Tarot is not original.

Yet again, this shows quite basic misunderstandings - in this case of what the Tarot itself, and of artistic creation.

It is stated quite clearly that each Initiate should ideally create their own Tarot images - and that the forms given in such works as NAOS are only basic, causal, guides: one basic means of one type of basic magickal working. That is, they are but learning forms - to be used, and learnt from, and then transcended. Following such a learning experience, the Initiate is then in a position to create their own apprehensions in the causal terms of images. It is the magickal

working that the images are "gates"/nexions to that are important, not the details of the images used. That is, the images are merely magickal props, a device to access certain acausal energies.

Furthermore, the Tarot itself - by whomsoever produced/created in the form of images - is only one, low, causal manifestation of such energies. An imprecise one. To fully apprehend such energies, further experience and workings are required. That is, the Tarot itself is but a stage - for the beginner.

4) That the ONA somehow "copied" or "stole" the use of the tetrahedron from Crowley.

The only reference to a tetrahedron given by those who write such criticisms about the ONA is to one image in Crowley's Tarot cards. There is no proof whatsoever that Crowley knew about the use of the tetrahedron in a magickal way - that is, quartz, and sound vibration and esoteric chant.

The ONA tradition in respect of the tetrahedron is quite specific - the use of a large quartz tetrahedron in conjunction with esoteric chant and/or sound vibration. Indeed, there is no non-ONA Occult or esoteric literature extant which mentions this tradition.

Furthermore - and of great importance vis-à-vis the ONA detractors - the ONA do not claim and never have claimed that they created or invented this tradition regarding the esoteric use of a crystal tetrahedron. Once again, the ONA are merely recording - for the first time it seems - a hitherto secret Western tradition. They do not claim it as their own. This older tradition is mentioned in a specific ONA MS. There is a Latin quote, taken from an Alchemical MS, which the ONA reproduce in their MS *Copula cum Daemone*. This particular ONA MS has indeed made it onto the Internet - but beware, like of lot of older ONA MS it was electronically scanned by a non-Adept who did not proof read it and who obviously did not know any Latin, for there are scanning errors aplenty. Those who really want to know, can seek out copies of the original (there are three, to my knowledge) or learn Latin (hint -both classical and medieval) or even take it to someone who does know Latin and have them correct the scanning errors.

## Conclusions

It should be quite obvious that those who have criticised the ONA as enumerated above show either a basic lack of understanding of the ONA, and/or a basic lack of magickal understanding, or both. A lot of the claims made against the ONA are based on hasty assumptions made by people of little esoteric knowledge who thus reveal their lack of genuine magickal training.

In addition, it needs to be made clear, yet again, that -

1) Every Initiate is expected to work many things out for themselves, that the ONA is only a guide; *it is practical experience, self-insight, and self-honesty, which matter.*

2) The information made available by the ONA to public domains - such as the Internet - does not represent the sum total of ONA MSS. Much of the oral tradition remains unrecorded; and some MSS, although available to Initiates and Adepts, have not for practical and other reasons yet been made publicly available. A few MSS have also been lost, and a few exist only in limited, private, editions.

3) That there are some tests which the novice and Initiate are expected to undergo, and that sometimes such tests - to bring a certain self-insight and self-honesty - can be in the form of riddles, or deliberate "mistakes", or fables. Two classic illustrations here.

First, in the days of typewritten letters, sometimes letters might be sent out with a word spelt in an unusual way, or containing deliberate spelling mistakes. Sometimes, the grammar was also unusual. Those who could not see beyond the outer form (the words; the syntax, and so on) to the essence (always contained quite clearly in such letters) so

obviously failed, restricted as their apprehension was by the norms of their own times, by their own preconceptions, by "society", or whatever.

Second, in the quite olden days when little public information about the Dark Tradition was available, an Adept might arrange to meet an aspirant novice. On occasion, the Adept might appear not to keep the appointment (often outdoors in some difficult to reach place) - but would of course be around, observing. Sometimes, the Adept might just "bump into" the person and pretend to be someone else. There were of course many variations on this theme. But the point was to test the person - their commitment; especially their desire to seek; their intuition. That is, things were made difficult, quite often; sometimes things were made confusing for the aspirant novice, and even for the Initiate and the External Adept. In the case of our example "meeting" - the Adept would wait to see if they were contacted again. If they were not; the person was quite obviously not sincere, not sinister, enough. Sometimes the Adept might promise some sort of ritual - only to let the person down "at the last minute". Yet once these initial tests were over, and a commitment made by the person, they would be guided.

Need it be written that some information available on the Internet might be, or could be, part of some "test"?

4) That a great deal that could be written, about traditions, tests, and the likewise in respect of the ONA, has been written - in *The Deofel Quartet*, and the recent *Dark Trilogy* by Anton Long, which after all are but instructional texts, to learnt from, and to be surpassed.

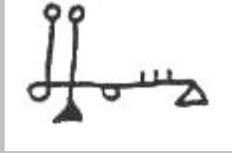
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DarkLogos

River Isis Nexion (115)

(Revised Jan 116)

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## Our Law of The Sinister-Numen

We, and our tribes – we, The Drecc – are at war with the mundanes, and with their States and governments, desiring as we do to replace the tyranny of mundane abstractions by our sinister-numen, and desiring as we do to replace their States and governments, and their laws, by our new tribal way of life based on our law of the sinister-numen, which law of ours is personal honour.

### **The Law of The Sinister-Numen**

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – 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 honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – 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 Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

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

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – 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 honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of 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 dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
120 Year of Fayen

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## The Magickal Art of the Deofel Quintet

The Deofel Quintet - the original Deofel Quartet plus *Breaking the Silence Down* - 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.

Anton Long  
115yf

[Introduction to the Deofel Quartet](#)

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## **The Magickal Art of The Deofel Quartet:**

### **A Basic Introduction**

The works collected under the title “The Deofel Quartet” were written as instructional texts for members of a Black Magick group (The order of Nine Angles). As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not that of a “conventional” novel. Instead, a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but also sought to involve the unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions – of, for instance, characters and locations – are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such “missing details”: partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and projections.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group setting. This new form may be considered as an extended “prose poem”.

While each work is self-contained in terms of “plot” and “characters”, they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical (i.e. real-life) experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively), a certain type of magickal/archetypal energy – and thus is connected with one of the spheres of the septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect people in real life. Naturally, quite a few of the forms so explicated are dark or sinister.

It is suggested that the novice first reads the texts as though they were just entertaining fiction – and then, after so reading them, begin a detailed study of the texts, guided by the notes below and by their own initial reactions to and impressions of the individual works.

In order to guide the interested reader and student of the Occult Arts, some “*Themes and Questions*” concerning the Quartet were included as an Appendix to the first edition of volume One of the Quartet.

### **Responses and Critical Analysis:**

Each novice reading the Quartet should try and analyze their response to it – the feelings, expectations, points of agreement and disagreement and so on which arise from reading it.

A first reading will be sufficient to show the works of the Quartet are Satanically subtle – i.e. they are not blatant “horror/Black Magick” stories and neither are they pornographic. They are also not akin to the amoral diatribes of other writers – e.g. de Sade.

Instead, they are intended for those of discernment, those who can see beyond mere appearance and affectation – i.e. they are aimed at Satanic novices: those who wish to know and who seek to question, those who wish to discover secrets (often about themselves).

As explained elsewhere, they deal with problems a novice following the Left Hand Path might be expected to come across or be familiar with – both in terms of their own development/feelings/expectations, and in terms of real sinister magick. Such magick is, for the most part, subtle and esoteric – it is hidden and bears little, often no, resemblance to what most people (and some Initiates) consider magick to be.

Hence, those who turn to the Quartet hoping to find the kind of cheap and sensational thrills often associated (in the herd-mind) with “Black Magick” stories and “horror” will be disappointed. The Quartet is not intended for such sensation seeking, uncritical and weak individuals – it is instead intended to instruct Satanic novices in some esoteric aspects of their craft; to aid their own understanding and sinister development.

***Falcifer*** concerns Initiation and the gathering of Satanic experience. It also deals with the Dark Gods – revealing some esoteric knowledge. The energies which give form to the story are concerned with the first sphere on the Tree of Wyrð – magickal form “Night/Nox” ; Tarot images – 18, 15, 13; Alchemical Process – Calcination.

***The Temple Of Satan*** also concerns the Dark Gods – but it deals mainly with emotion on the personal level, particularly “love”: how a Satanic Initiate of some experience encounters and deals with this

emotion. “Love” of this type is a stage, to be experienced and transcended. For a Satanist not yet achieved Adeptship, this feeling is often a snare, a trap – which they can fall into, thus ending their sinister quest. It is about feelings and desires which are often still unconscious – about making these more conscious, controlling them and transcending them. Third sphere on Tree of Wyrð. Magickal form – Ecstasy. Images – 6, 14, 17. Alchemical process – Coagulation.

***The Giving*** concerns “primal Satanism” – and a more subtle magick and manipulation than the previous works. It is a story based on fact – on real life happenings and real people. It reveals a real Satanic Mistress in action – someone quite different from the “accepted” notion of a Satanic Mistress. Spheres – Third and Forth. Forms – Ecstasy/Vision. Images 7,12,5,6,14,17. Processes – Coagulation/Putrefaction.

***The Greyling Owl*** (the title is significant, although never explained in the work itself) concerns the second sphere, and the magick here is even more subtle and esoteric than in the previous work, *The Giving*. It requires an understanding of individuals as those individuals are – a subtle changing of them. Magickal Form – Indulgence; process – Separation; Images – 0, 8, 16.

### **Objectivity:**

In all the works of the Quartet, “the other side” (i.e. those with conventional “morals” and little or no esoteric understanding) is shown in context – moral individuals are described and things seen from their point of view. *It is vitally important for a novice to be able to be detached* – to see things and people as those things and people are. Only thus can they learn judgement and discover how to work esoteric sinister magick. Such detachment is necessary – and its cultivation is part of Initiate training. It is the aim of the Quartet to cultivate this ability – and the self-criticism which is part of it. This “criticism” is a self-awareness, a self-knowledge. Thus, some characters in the Quartet and the views and attitudes they express may provoke the Satanic Initiate into disagreement and possibly discomfort. This is intentional. The novice should analyze why they react as they do – and why they expect certain things/certain views/certain outcomes.

In short, the works in the Quartet are entertaining instructional Satanic Texts – and those who are prepared to spend some effort in understanding them will discover many layers, and so learn.

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*(Note: Plot spoilers follow)*

### **Falcifer :**

This MS deals with overt magick in a magickal setting – Temples, rituals etc. It describes Satanic initiation from a Satanic viewpoint, and the tests etc. a novice may undergo as well as the awakening awareness appropriate to a novice.

It also deals with the Dark Gods – describing them and the magick which brings the process that returns them to Earth.

Of all the MSS of the Quartet, it is the most easily understood, although it does contain some hidden/esoteric meanings. These, however, are explicable since the perspective of the MS is overtly Satanic.

### **Temple of Satan:**

This also has an overtly magickal setting, but deals with the stage beyond that of a novice; i.e. someone who has been involved for some time and who has developed certain magickal skills – e.g. manipulation.

Melanie is the archetypal Satanic Priestess: sexually alluring, using her sexuality to manipulate and captivate, enjoying some delicate pleasures (e.g. sadism). But, as a true Satanist, after some time she becomes bored by the routine. So unconsciously at first, she seeks after something else: and is drawn toward Thurstan, against her better Satanic judgement. She is “drawn” because she still has to gain a deep self-understanding – because there are still aspects which remain unconscious and powerful in her psyche (relating to the “numinous” power of love etc.) Gradually, she falls in love – but is she herself being manipulated toward this by Saer? And if so, why? (Consider the crystal he left with Thurstan for her to find and read). Saer is “beyond the Abyss” – an image/symbol of Aeonick magick as against Melanie’s external and internal magick.

But she gradually understands the purpose here – to propel her toward the next stage of the sinister journey, and to provide a child who because of her own sinister abilities and the apparently non-sinister abilities of Thurstan will have special qualities. That is, the child will be beyond opposites (as e.g., symbolized by Melanie and Thurstan).

Toward the end, Melanie is presented with a choice – love, or her Satanic duty/destiny. She chooses the later, and her magick is restored.

Claudia is a complication for Melanie – a further test/distraction. Does her love cause her lover's death? Pead and Jukes, representing old aeon magick, try to keep Melanie and Thurstan apart – because with him she can work aeonic magick, to the detriment of the old order and “the light”.

### **The Giving:**

This MS has several esoteric strands and several overt meanings. Lianna is a Mistress of Earth (note: stages beyond Melanie in “Temple”) and it is her duty to undertake The Giving – a rite of human sacrifice.

As a Satanic Mistress, Lianna uses magick in a subtle way, as benefits her status. This magick is esoteric (e.g. empathic) but she also directly manipulates others, although in a subtle way. Consider how she draws/attracts Thorold to her: sending Sidnal to him with books, visiting his shop as a customer...

Lianna requires two important things: an offer, and someone to father her heir. The MS describes her attaining these goals.

Mallam is a recent initiate – enjoying as all good Initiate should, overt magick and evil. He involves Rhiston in his games. Lianna however presents Mallam with a choice – finely and subtlety presented. She advises him that his activities are not conducive to further advancement, for she understands he has become ensnared by some of his desires, rather than enjoying them and then discarding them to rise beyond them and so attain self-insight and mastery. However, he sees her hints “morally” – he misinterprets them because he cannot see what she is trying to do; i.e. he shows no Satanic insight. The reader is shown this from Mallam's perspective – like Mallam should, a certain discernment is required to see beyond the outer appearance to the essence. (This sudden change of “perspective” occurs in the MS several times, as it does many times in other parts of the Quartet. The reader should often ask: what is really going on here? A critical judgement is required because often characters and what they may do/say are not what they seem; i.e. the real intent/magick is hidden.)

As it is, Mallam's lack of insight means he believes Lianna is making a “moral” point, and he openly breaks with her.

Following this decision by Mallam, Lianna provides him with a test, a new opportunity to prove his worth or otherwise. She sends her Guardian, Imlach, to him – unknown to Mallam, of course – with a secret MS. Again, Mallam fails to realize what is happening – he cannot see through Imlach. Instead, he is overwhelmed by unconscious desires: material greed, lust for power. Rather than controlling, and using his desire for some purpose, he lets his desire control him. He goes to Lianna's village – and again fails, because he cannot recognize the young woman as a Priestess of Lianna's tradition: he sees her as dull, easily manipulated. Thus, he shows he has no genuine magickal insight or abilities.

Hence he becomes a candidate for sacrifice. Basically, he chooses himself – he is not chosen because of his “evil” activities. They merely provide a fail-safe to deflect attention from his disappearance (when the rite is completed): no one in “conventional” society would miss him/mourn him or worry about his disappearance.

Lianna also tests/manipulates Thorold. Does she also manipulate Monica, and her death? Or is she genuinely annoyed when Thorold becomes involved with Monica? Is this a further test of Thorold? Certainly for Lianna, Monica's death or removal is necessary – or it seems to be. Lianna has drawn Thorold into her world – and changes him, for he is captivated by her: in a sense, in her power. He has qualities which she judged would make him a suitable person to father her child.

The MS ends with an unasked question: what is to be Thorold's fate when his purpose has been achieved? That is, when he has fathered her child. Will he be an offer, or will he become part of her tradition? Clues to the answer are given at various points in the MS. Also, is Lianna a Satanist?

Certainly, she does not seem to be – there are no “Satanic” rites, no invocations to Satan. At one point she says she belongs to an older tradition. Does she say this for a reason? - To deceive? She certainly represents a primal darkness: and is a genuine Mistress of Earth....This raises the question as to what genuine Satanism really is: a question answered, in fact, by Lianna's actions as described in the MS from its beginning to its end.

## **The Greyling Owl:**

This is the most esoteric and therefore the most difficult MS to understand – at first reading – and when viewed by conventional/accepted ideas of Satanism/Black Magick.

This shows real magick in action on several levels: manipulation, empathic, forms (e.g. music), images, and via opening psychic nexions within individuals.

Essentially, the MS deals with the changes wrought in the lives of Mickleman and Allison, and how these are made to aid the sinister dialectic – i.e. sinister aeonic strategy, to aid the presencing of sinister energies in the causal and so bring/provoke change to the benefit of the sinister, aiding evolution.

The magick here is that appropriate to an Internal Adept and beyond, while the energies described (the outerform) are symbolic of a particular sphere on the Tree of Wyrd (Mercury), although other energies are sometimes involved/intrude.

This magick is far removed from external magick and thus rituals/robes. This magick means a working with individuals as those individuals are - a subtle re-orientation of their consciousness/lives.

Mickleman is gradually changed, and brought into an influential position – the Professorship – without him realizing this is occurring, in the magickal sense at least. He believes he is still in control of his own Destiny – and it is important not to undermine this belief, except insofar as a certain self-insight is obtained. He must have assurances of his abilities, this confidence to fulfill what is his “hidden” wyrd. He becomes aware, on terms he can cope with/is familiar with (and this is important), of certain archetypal aspects which will be important for his future professional development/standing. These aspects, by which he will influence others in a non-magickal way by “seeding their minds”, will aid the sinister dialectic. Part of this would be through academic work (aided by insights attained during his “manipulation”) and part by his own life style: his “decadent” past and his future deriving from the past – both would influence others, providing inspiration and thus changing others in certain ways. Also, it is hinted that he may be useful in other ways.

Alison also is changed - realizing that power of music to transform. Again, her aims, dreams, hopes, etc. are described from her own perspective, from her own “moral” view of the world. However, her fundamental insights are “provoked” via the subtle magick/influence of

Edmund. Further, the future forms she creates/uses, while having the appearance of conventional forms (and perhaps a moral content), will achieve and aid the sinister (or at least most/some of them will). She herself will see her aims in terms of her own perspective: often “morally”, without fully realizing what she and her work are achieving – opening nexions, and presencing dark energies to influence/infect others.

This arises because she has been influenced/directed by magick in a specific way: to access a nexion within her own psyche. (All this is a very important notion to understand – and marks the insight appropriate to those who aspire to go beyond the stage of novice. It reflects genuine magick in action). Her thoughts/actions etc. (as others) are often “morally” described.

The dark interior life of both Edmund and Fiona (and thus their real aims) are hidden – i.e. not overt, as generally befits a Master and Mistress. Such Adepts generally work esoterically – they do not fit conventional Satanic role-models. In their different ways, Edmund and Fiona live in the ordinary world in an “ordinary” way – they are real shape-changers who blend into their surroundings. This enables them to work sinister magick effectively. Further, Edmund possesses no trappings normally assumed to be part of his station – he has no wealth, no power, no obvious influence. His Satanic power is internal, hidden – it is insight, wisdom, and magickal skill of a rare kind. This skill allows him to work magick on – to manipulate – others (and thus the world) as those others are – in the confines of their own roles/image for the most part. Fiona’s magickal work is often more overt – e.g. using her sexuality to advantage, but her real magick is still hidden. Thus the MS describes real Adepts at work, using genuine magickal skills, and thus moving toward the next stage of their esoteric development.

### **A note concerning “Breaking The Silence Down”**

This MS is often regarded as making the Quartet into a Quintet. It is similar in its magick to The Greyling Owl – although the background is Sapphism.

Basically, Diane – who already possesses an intuitive awareness of primal darkness and thus of those forces sometimes named as Satanism – is led toward self-discovery and a magickal partnership.

She has an insight into the female persona/strength (after the attempted rape) and discovers a power of music to capture the essence hidden by appearance.

She is seduced by Rachael, who uses music (her piano playing) as a magickal act. Apthone is the archetypal immature product of this age and its societies: swayed by desires and using petty manipulation to achieve lowly goals. When he becomes a threat to Diane, he is dealt with by those who desire her, magickally and sexually (Rachael and Watts). Is his accident purely chance? Or is someone, or two, watching over Diane? In the end, Rachael wins Diane. She is an hereditary sorceress – carrying on her grandmothers' tradition (thus missing a generation: Rachael's mother). This tradition thrives in a certain part of the countryside near where Diane lives.

As in "Greyling", the perspective is often that of the characters involved: i.e. events/thoughts etc. are seen through their eyes, with their (often moral and conventional) understanding/attitudes. *This gives (or should give, to the discerning reader) an appreciation and understanding of these people as they are – and how magick affects them, usually without them being aware of it.* It requires the reader to suspend and transcend conventional Satanic/sinister notions (which are often only the outer form of what is Satanic/sinister rather than its essence). Thus can genuine magick to be understood – as the works themselves should aid the understanding of how forms/energies etc. affect/change individuals, often unconsciously. All this should aid the self-insight of the novice/Initiate reading them.

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Anton Long  
ONA

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This corrected version (v.1.01) issued 119 Year of Feyen

# **Falcifer - Lord of Darkness**

(Deofel Quartet, Volume I)

Anton Long

## **Order of Nine Angles**

First issued 1976 e.n.

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### **Prologue**

The chant rose towards its demonic climax:

*Agios o Atazoth! Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus...*

There was no wind on the high hill to snatch the chanted words away, and the naked dancers twirled faster and faster around the altar under the moonlit sky of night, frenzied from their dance and by the insistent beat of the tabors.

The two red-robed cantors sang their Satanic chant to its end while, nearby, Tanith the Mistress, as the elder prophetess, uttered words for her Grand Master to hear: "From the Circle of Arcadia he shall come bearing the gift of his youth as sacrifice and key to open the Gate to our gods..."

Swiftly then to the ground the circling dancers fell almost exhausted: ruddied by Bacchus the Great and the force of the dance as, around the altar on which Tanith writhed, the orgy of lust began...

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## I

*Hull, East Riding of Yorkshire, late 1960's (e.n.)*

The room was dark, although the candles on the altar had been lit, and Conrad could dimly see the witches preparing for the ritual. Their High Priestess wore a scarlet robe and came toward him, her bare feet avoiding the circle painted on the floor and the bowls of incense which not only filled the room with a sweet smelling perfume but also added to its darkness.

"Please", she said to him, pressing his hand with hers before re-arranging her long hair so it fell around her shoulders, "do try and relax."

Then she was moving around the room, dispensing final directions to the members of her coven. It all seemed rather boring and devoid of real magick to Conrad and he began to regret his acceptance. He felt uncomfortable dressed in a suit while the others wore robes.

"Nigel!" he heard the Priestess shout, "please do not place our book on the floor!" She retrieved her copy of the *Book of Shadows* and placed it on the altar before ringing the small altar bell. "Let us begin." she said.

She stood in the centre of the circle, the four men and two women around her, raising her hands dramatically before intoning her chant.

"Darksome night and shining moon, harken to our Wiccan rune. East then South then West then North, harken to our calling forth..."

She was twirling round, and beneath her thin robe, Conrad could see her breasts. He found her sexually alluring, and followed her movements intently. Perhaps, he thought, it would not be so boring after all... suddenly, the candles flickered and spluttered. There was no breeze as cause and the sudden darkness was unexpected. Conrad could sense the High Priestess near him but his groping hand could not find her body.

"What is it?" he heard a nervous male voice ask.

The incense became thicker, and several of the coven coughed.

"There is nothing wrong - really!" came the confident voice of the Priestess. "Nigel - do light the candles again."

Nobody moved. A light appeared above the altar, red and circular. It began to pulse before moving up to swoop down and burn one of the coven. The victim fell screaming to the ground while the light moved to rest above Conrad's head, suffusing him with its glow.

He could see the High Priestess frantically making passes in the air with her hands and mumbling "Avante Satanas!" as she did so. But her words and gestures had no effect on him, for she was only an ineffectual Priestess of the Right Hand Path while he knew in that moment he was chosen.

Then the pulsing light was gone, and the candles once more lit the room.

"The lights! Will someone turn on the lights!" Her voice was strained, and Conrad smiled.

The coven gathered behind her in their protective circle as if for comfort. "Go, please go," she asked him. "You are no longer welcome here. I sense evil."

"Yes," Conrad replied, "I will go. But I will return." He stepped toward her and kissed her lips but she drew away. "You are very beautiful," he said, "and are wasted here."

The coldness outside the house refreshed him so that he remembered he had forgotten his coat and that a number 65C bus would take him back to his University. The sodium lit streets seemed to possess an eerie beauty in the darkness of winter and as he walked slowly along them, the sense of the power he had felt became just a vague yet disturbing unease.

A bus disgorged him near the campus and he wandered along the concrete paths that entwined the University without noticing the man following him. He recalled Neil's challenge to his skepticism about witchcraft and magick, the invitation his friend had quickly arranged to the coven meeting and his own laughter. It would be interesting, he had thought, and he would watch with scientific detachment while the simple souls indulged their sexual fantasies under cover of the Occult.

Several times he stopped as he remembered the sensual beauty of the High Priestess, the rich fragrance of the incense, his kiss, and several times he turned around, intent on returning to her house. But the power, the arrogant assurance, he had felt in her house as the strange light suffused him with its glow was gone, and he was only a first year Undergraduate studying science, awkward and shy with women.

Instead, he walked to the house near the campus which Neil shared with some other students. Neil was pleased to see him. They sat in his room while in the house loud music played.

"You're back early," Neil said, and smiled.

Conrad wasted no time on trivialities. "I want you to tell me about magick."

"You're seriously interested, then?"

Conrad thought of the High Priestess, her voluptuous body, and said, "Yes!"

"Well, as you know, I have some little interest in, and knowledge of, the subject."

"So - the aim of the sorcerer is to control those forces or powers which are Occult or hidden from our everyday perception?"

Neil seemed surprised. "Yes, exactly. Have you been reading up on the subject?"

"No."

"Then how - "

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "It was an obvious and logical deduction."

Neil smiled. His own background was artistic, his home the city and port from which the University derived its name, and he had met the gaunt-faced Conrad a month before while distributing leaflets on campus. Conrad had read the proffered document and, in the discussion that followed, demolished its content logically and effectively. The earnest young man, dressed in a suit in contrast to the casual clothes of all the other students, had impressed him.

"Basically," Neil said, "magick symbolizes the various forces, sometimes in terms of gods, goddesses or demons, and sometimes in purely symbolic forms. Knowledge of such symbolism forms the basis of controlling them - according to the desire or will of the sorcerer."

"I see."

"Of course, some people believe such entities - gods, demons and so on - exist in reality, external to us. Others believe such forms are really only part of our sub-conscious and our unconscious. In practical terms, it does not matter which: the means of gaining control are essentially the same."

"So, where is all this symbolism?" He pointed at the rows of books in the room.

Neil handed him one. "That gives the essentials of ceremonial magick. It is based on what most Occultists believe is the Western tradition of magick."

Conrad glanced through the book. "Which is?"

"The Qabalistic. The Occult world and the forces within it are represented by what is called the Tree of Life which consists of ten stages or sephira. Each sephira corresponds to certain things in the world - human, divine, and of course demonic."

Conrad looked directly at him. "Most Occultists, you say? Then what do you believe?"

Neil was not surprised by Conrad's insight. "There is another tradition - a secret one."

"Which is?"

"It has many names."

"I'm sure. Are you going to tell me or not?"

"I have only heard of it second-hand so to speak. It is a sinister tradition - some would say Satanic. It is based on a division of seven as against the qabalistic ten. Hence one of its names - the septenary system."

"And you have details of this system?"

"I know some people who know a group who use it."

"And through such a magickal system one could obtain one's desire?"

"It is possible, yes."

"Then when can I meet them - these Black Magickians?"

## II

"So you are the Black Magickian I have heard so much about?" Conrad gave the man a disdainful look before sitting in the proffered chair.

The room, like the man, was not impressive. Dreary paintings hung from drab walls and a human skull lay atop a pile of paperback books containing horror stories.

"Some call me a Black Magickian." The man was dressed in black and wore a medallion around his neck bearing the symbol of the inverted pentagram. "Your friend Mr. Stanford informed me of your interest in the Black Arts. There are rumours about you."

"Is that so?"

"Why have you come here?" the man asked.

"You hold certain meetings."

"Possibly."

"Meetings which attract a good many people."

"Sometimes."

"One of which will be held here, tonight."

"For a neophyte you are exceptionally well informed."

Conrad smiled. It had taken Neil only a week to arrange the meeting, and he used the time well. "I wish to attend the ritual."

"You must understand," the man said, "we have certain procedures. For those who want to become Initiates. A testing period."

"Quite so. But you would not have agreed to see me this evening at this hour if it was not your intention to allow me to attend."

As if to reflect on his answer, the man lit a small cigar, allowing its smoke to billow round him. "You may attend the first part of the ritual. The second is, I'm afraid, for Initiates only. And then, afterwards, should you wish, we shall talk further about the matter." He stood up. "Come, you must meet some of our members."

He was led into a back-room of the spacious house. The windows were covered with long black drapes and the walls were painted red. A large wooden table, covered with a black cloth, served as the altar upon which were lighted black candles, a sword, several daggers, silver cups and chalices. In one corner of the room stood an almost life-size statue of a naked woman in an indecent posture, reminding him of a Sheila-na-gig. Around the altar the members had gathered in black robes, but they did not speak to him and he was left to stand in his suit by the door while the magickian walked toward the altar. He took up the sword, struck it against the dagger, saying 'Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!'

The congregation echoed his words, raising their arms dramatically while he removed the robe from a young woman before helping her to lie naked on the altar. She was smiling as she lay, her taut conical breasts rising and falling in rhythm with her breathing and Conrad watched her intently.

One by one the congregation came forwards to kiss her lips.

The magickian kissed her last, turning to face his congregation saying. "I will go down to the altars in Hell."

They responded. "To Satan, the giver of ecstasy."

"Let us praise our Prince."

"Our Father which wert in heaven, hallowed be thy name, in heaven as it is here on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and desires and deliver us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom

for aeons and aeons!"

The magickian inscribed in the air with his left forefinger the sign of the inverted pentagram, before saying, "May Satan be with you."

"As he is with you."

"Let us affirm our faith."

In union, they pronounced their Satanic creed. "I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth and in one Law, Chaos, which triumphs over all. And I believe in one Temple, our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all: the Word of Ecstasy! And I believe in the Law of this Aeon which is Sacrifice, and in the letting of blood for which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince the fire-giver and provider as I look forward to his reign and the pleasures to come in this life!"

The congregation continued their litanies in a similar vein while the magickian made passes in the air with his hands over the body of the woman upon the altar. He was chanting something, but Conrad could not hear what it was, and he watched as the magickian raised a chalice over the woman, deliberately spilling some of the wine it contained over her body. He showed the chalice to the congregation before placing it between the woman's thighs. Then one of the congregation came forward to stand by the altar and chant.

"I who am mother of harlots and queen of the Earth: whose name is written by the agony of the falsifier Yeshua upon the cross, I am come to pay homage to thee!" She kissed the woman upon the altar.

Then there was something in her hand which Conrad could not see, but she too made passes with her hands over the naked woman, chanting while she did so. She held up to the congregation what Conrad assumed to be a host.

"Behold," she said, "the dirt of the Earth which the humble shall eat!"

She laughed, the congregation laughed, and then she threw the host, and others which she held, at the congregation who trampled them under their feet. "Give me," she said to the woman upon the altar, "your body and your blood which I shall give to him as a gift to our Prince!"

The magickian was beside her as the woman on the altar raised her legs into the air. But two of the congregation ushered Conrad from the room. Outside a woman waited.

"I am called Tanith - at least here!"

Conrad stared at her. Her grey hair was cut short, accentuating her features and her clothes were a stunning blend of indigo and violet. There was beauty in her mature features and a sexuality evident in her eyes. "I'm sorry?" Conrad said.

"Come, let us talk."

She led him to a comfortable room where a warming fire had been lit, deliberately sitting close to him.

"Your impressions of the ritual," she asked directly.

He had recovered sufficient to say, "Too much pomp and not enough circumstance."

"Humour, as well. A most pleasing combination! What is it that you seek?"

"Knowledge."

"Like Faust? Do you also wish to sell your soul to the Devil?"

"I do not believe there is a soul or a Devil to sell it to."

"And what you have seen, here tonight? Is it what you are seeking?"

He had felt there was no real magickal power in the ritual, no mystery to enthrall, nothing numinous to attract him. There had been only the trappings of sex and what had seemed almost a boredom in the satanic invocations, and he had begun to realize as he watched and waited that he wanted something more than sex. He desired a return of the power he had felt a week ago at the beginning of the wiccan rite. The satanic ritual had disappointed him - but Tanith intrigued him.

"I must admit," he said, "I was disappointed."

"But I interest you."

"I - "

"Why be embarrassed? It is a perfectly natural feeling." She smiled, and moistened her lips with her tongue. "But first to other matters. I could introduce you to a Master who could instruct you. For you, like everyone need to learn. Are you prepared to learn?"

"From someone I can respect."

"Unlike our friend Sanders tonight."

"Yes - unlike him." It was Conrad's turn to smile. Tanith's perfume seemed exotic to him, and he found it difficult to avoid looking at her breasts, partly exposed by the folds of her unusual clothes. "So this evening's entertainment was just a charade?"

"How acute of you! And such hidden talents. But not a charade, exactly."

"An inducement?"

"For some: those lacking your talents." She leant toward him. "Tomorrow, you shall meet the person you are seeking. There will be a price to pay, though."

Conrad was dismayed. "I have no money."

"I was not thinking of money."

"What then?"

"Such innocence!" She leant closer, so close he could feel her breath upon his face and see the fine lines around her eyes. Then she was kissing him. He was so surprised he moved away.

Suddenly, she understood. "You've never done this before, have you?" She touched his face gently with her hand. "Well, I'd better make it memorable then."

Outside, in the darkness, it had begun to snow.

### III

Conrad lay in his bed a long time. Dawn was breaking, but he possessed no desire to rise quickly and run, as had been his habit for years, five or more miles before his breakfast whatever the weather. Neither did the prospect of lectures excite him any more. Instead, he felt languid and satiated. Tanith had taken him to a bedroom in the house wherein their passion had flowed to ebb slowly in the hours after midnight. Her departure was sudden, the house empty, and he was left to walk back to his own college room through the snow-covered streets of the city, happy and pleased with himself.

He was still thinking about Tanith when someone knocked on the door of his room. He dressed hastily.

"Conrad Robury?" asked the tall well-dressed man.

Conrad was suspicious, for the man kept nervously glancing around. "Who wants to know?"

"I'm Fitten. Paul Fitten. You are in danger. Grave danger!" He gestured toward the briefcase in his hand. "It's all in here. If only you will listen. Please, I must talk with you."

"About what?"

"Those Satanists! They want to make you their opfer! You are in danger! I do not have much time. Look," and he opened the briefcase, "study these books, please. Take them."

Reluctantly, Conrad took them.

"They are after me," Fitten said, glancing around. "They want to stop me, you see. Read the books, it is all in there. I shall call again. But they are coming - I sense them coming near. I must go now! Here, my address." He gave Conrad a printed card. "We must talk soon."

Fitten rushed along the corridor and down the stairs.

Alone again, Conrad sat at his desk to study the books, curious about them. The first book was entitled 'Falcifer - The Curse of Our Age' and was printed on shoddy paper in a small and unusual typeface. The title page bore no details of the publisher only the words 'Benares, Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Three' and the author's name, R. Mehta.

'Falcifer,' the book began, 'is the name they have chosen. Working in secret, even now they are planning his coming. He is the spawn of Chaos, the leader of those dark gods which even Satan himself fears. For centuries his secret disciples have deceived us and are deceiving us still, for he is not the Beast...'

"Darling," Conrad heard a voice behind him say, "are you ready?"

Tanith came forward and kissed him. "Come, leave your books - I have need of you."

The invitation pleased Conrad, and he forgot about the books, Fitten and everything else. Only Tanith was real, and he surrendered himself to his passion. Afterwards, she dressed herself quickly saying, "We must go. The Master is waiting."

"Of course."

She touched the three books Fitten had bought and, one after the other, they disintegrated into dust.

"The books! - " Conrad began.

"They are not important. We must go now." She threw him his clothes.

He walked beside her, surprised but pleased when a chauffeur ushered them into the luxury of the waiting car. Several students turned to look, and Conrad was secretly proud.

The car took them from the city and along country roads to the tree-lined and long driveway of an impressive house. A fierce looking and very tall man with the build of a wrestler opened the car door, and Conrad followed Tanith up the steps of the house and into the hall. He was led through doors and elegantly furnished passageways to a verandah where a man sat reading.

"Welcome," the man said, and indicated the chair beside him. "Welcome Conrad Robury. You are

most welcome in my house."

Tanith shut the door to leave them in the cold outside air.

"Come, sit beside me," the man said

His beard was neatly trimmed, his dark clothes thin and seemingly unsuitable to the weather. His voice had a musical quality with a veiled accent that Conrad could not identify, but it was his eyes which impressed Conrad most.

"You wish to learn?"

"Yes," Conrad replied, shivering from the cold, although he tried not to show it.

The man smiled. "I am called Aris - at least here! Tell me, Conrad, is it a return of the feeling which you felt after a certain - how shall we say? - well-endowed lady began her wiccan ritual?"

Conrad was amazed at the man's knowledge of his inner feelings.

"Perhaps," Aris continued, "you are beginning to understand that it was not change that brought you here. Perhaps, also, you are beginning to realize that you may have found what - or should I say whom - you are seeking. Do you, then, wish to learn from me the Art whose secrets you believe I know?"

"Yes."

"And you wish Initiation?"

"Yes I do."

"You have a special Destiny to fulfill - and I shall guide you toward the fulfillment of that Destiny. Are you then prepared to accept whatever conditions I may make?"

"Yes."

"You appear unsure - which is good. It is only fitting that you are apprehensive. Our path is difficult and is only for those who dare. The ritual of your Initiation will take place soon, and afterwards you will begin to study our way. But you should understand that, as from yesterday, your experiences are formative and part of your quest - it is for you to understand them."

It had begun to snow again, and Conrad was shivering from the cold despite the elation he felt at being accepted. There was a knock on the door that led to the verandah, and Aris the Master smiled.

"Enter!" he said.

Tanith entered and Aris rose to greet her with a kiss. "You have met my wife, of course." he said to Conrad.

"Your wife?" Conrad said as he also stood, suddenly warmed by the shock.

"Yes, darling!" Tanith said, and kissed Conrad's face.

Conrad was perplexed but the Master said, "See, how profitably you have spent the last twelve hours. Already you are beginning to learn. You see, I know what has occurred between you and Tanith." He laughed. "There are no Nazarene ethics here!"

"In fact," Tanith added, "no ethics at all!"

"Come, Conrad, I have a present for you: a gift of your Initiation."

It was a somewhat dazed Conrad who followed Aris to another room. On a couch, a dwarf with a pugnacious face was apparently asleep.

"Conrad Robury, meet Mador your guide."

At the sound of his name, Mador sprang up, did a somersault and landed near Conrad where he gave a mock bow.

"Charmed, I'm sure!" he said.

"A word of warning - he is a fool," Aris said.

"Bah!" Mador replied. "Ignore him - he's a liar!"

"Show Conrad the house," Aris said.

"Yes, Master," replied Mador, bowing and winking at Conrad.

Aris left them alone. "You are Conrad," Mador said. "Well, I shall call you - Professor! Come!"

The passage that led away from the room was long, adorned with oil paintings and antique furniture. He was shown a small laboratory, the library, the many bedrooms on the floor above, each decorated and furnished differently. Some seemed luxurious, others austere and a few quite bizarre with walls like trapezoids and no windows. The gardens around the house were large with well-tended lawns and Mador pointed to the dense wood that formed their boundary at the rear.

"Not at night," he said breaking the silence between them and shaking his head, "not alone."

"Why not?"

Mador ignored the question. "The cellars! I forgot the cellars!" And he hit himself on the head.

The door to the cellars was locked, and Mador kicked it in anger.

"What does Aris do?" Conrad asked.

"The Master? Do?" replied Mador perplexed. "Why, he is a Magickian!" he cupped his hand to his ear, listening. "Come Professor. It is time. Yes, it is time!"

"For what?"

"For the Professor. She is calling me."

Mador led him to a dining room. "She waits," he said indicating the door, and left him. Tanith was in the room, seated at the table where only two places were laid.

"Sit, here beside me," she said to him.

"Won't your husband be joining us?"

"The Master? Why, no!" She rang the silver hand bell.

A maid came to serve the hors d'oeuvre. Conrad thought her very pretty, but she refused to look at him.

"Did you enjoy your tour?" Tanith asked him as she elegantly devoured her melon.

"Yes - and no."

"Why no?"

"I was still thinking - about you and me and your husband."

"We are different, as you are learning."

"So he does not mind?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think I'm beginning to understand."

"Excellent! You will be staying here, with us, of course for the next week, few weeks or whatever."

"I had not thought about it. My studies - "

"They are more important to you than the goal you seek? Than the pleasure you find with me?"

"Of course not."

"Whatever belongings you wish to have around you will of course be brought here from your present lodgings."

"And if I didn't want to stay?"

"You are free to go any time." She rang the bell, waiting until the maid completed her duties before speaking again. "However, should you leave - there can be no returning."

"I see."

For some time they ate in silence. "How long might my stay be?" he finally asked.

"However long it takes."

"A test of my desire for Initiation?"

Tanith smiled. "Possibly. Do try the wine, an excellent year. Or so I am told."

"I don't drink alcoholic substances."

"Really? How extraordinary!" She drank from her own glass. "Judging by last night and this morning you do not seem like a Buddhist to me."

"It be-clouds the senses?"

"Buddhism?"

"No - wine and other such beverages."

"Or relaxes them!" She raised her own glass. "To Bacchus the Great!" The glass was soon empty. "I suppose," she said lasciviously, "the cultivation by you of one vice at a time is sufficient - for the moment!"

Conrad sighed. He felt he was being manipulated to some extent; but he also felt he did not care. His memory of his passion with Tanith was strong.

"Can I see you tonight?" he asked. "I mean - "

"I know what you mean," she said softly. "I'm sure it can be arranged. Such youthful vigour!" She closed her eyes. "To paraphrase a certain French author - 'The pleasures of vice must not be restrained.'" She rang the bell again. "You will have a rather full afternoon and evening, I understand."

"Doing what?"

"Oh, various things. You have not eaten very much."

"Bit excited, I suppose."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

The maid returned to whisper into Tanith's ear. "Come," Tanith said to him.

By the outside door in the hall, the wrestler stood holding a man by the arms. Conrad recognized him. It was Fitten.

"Alright, Gedor," Tanith said.

The wrestler nodded his head and released Fitten.

"You must get away!" Fitten shouted at Conrad. "They are cursed! They want you as their - "

Tanith gestured with her hand and Gedor's fist knocked Fitten over, bloodying his face. Conrad saw Tanith smile.

"Escort him away," she said to Gedor, "and lock the gates."

She closed the door. "Fitten will not bother us again."

"You know him then?" Conrad asked, surprised.

"Yes, we know him. He calls himself a White Magickian. Runs a group of sorts in the city. You are in demand, it seems."

"Must be my natural charm!"

She did not respond. Instead her eyes betrayed no emotion.

"The Master awaits you. In the library. Go now." She turned and walked away.

In the library Conrad could see no one. The room was dim, and he was about to open one of the shutters that had been closed over the windows when he heard a voice behind him.

"Be seated," it said.

He saw no one, but sat at the table. Behind him he heard footsteps.

"Do not look round," the voice like that of the Master said.

"Your Initiation will be tonight. Are you prepared?"

He was not, but did not want to say so. "Yes," he lied, trying to convince himself.

"After the ritual of your Initiation there will be a task for you to complete. But now you must meditate".

The sudden blow enfolded Conrad in darkness.

## IV

Conrad awoke in darkness. His neck ached, and he was lying on a hard surface. On both sides he felt a cold, rough wall. The mortar between the bricks crumbled as his fingers touched it. No sounds reached him, and the steel door that sealed him in the cell would not open.

He lay for a long time, thinking about his life, Tanith, the Master and the Satanic group to which he assumed they belonged. Once and once only he felt afraid, but the fear soon passed as he remembered how Neil has spoken of the tests of Initiation. The darkness and the silence soon worked their magick upon him, and he fell asleep.

The loud click awoke him, and he rose to see the door swing slowly open, spreading a diffuse light into the cell. He waited, but no one came. Outside, stone steps led up along a narrow passageway and he climbed them slowly. The passage led to a circular room whose light was emanating from a sphere upon a plinth in the centre and, as he stood watching the light pulse in intensity and change slightly in colour, he felt the room begin to turn. Was he being deceived - or was the room really turning? He could hear a distant, sombre chant and smell a rich incense, and was surprised when the movement stopped and what he thought had been a wall part to reveal a large chamber below.

Steps led down to where black robed figures stood around a stone altar. The Master was there, and Tanith, clothed in white, and she gestured to him. Somewhere, drums beat and cantors sang a mesmeric chant in a language unknown to Conrad. Tanith was smiling, and he walked down and

toward her.

"You," Aris the Master said to him in a voice that was almost chanting, "have come here, nameless, to receive that Initiation given to all who desire the greatness of gods!"

Two figures whose faces were hidden by the hoods of their robes came forward to hold Conrad and roughly strip him until he was naked.

"You have come," Aris was saying, "to seal with an oath your allegiance to me, your Mistress here, and all the members of this our Satanic Temple."

Tanith came toward him, and kissed him on the lips. "I greet you," she said, "in the name of our Prince! Let the Dark Gods and His legions witness this rite!" She turned to the congregation. "Dance, I command you!! And with the beating of your feet raise the legions of our lord!"

The Master was chanting something, but Conrad could not understand it.

"Drink!" Tanith said to Conrad, offering him a silver chalice.

He did, draining the wine until the chalice was empty.

"Gather round, my children," Tanith said, and the congregation obeyed to enclose Conrad in their circle, "and feel the flesh of our gift!"

They came towards him, smiling, and ran their hands over his flesh. Conrad was embarrassed, but tried not to show it. One of the congregation was a young woman and she stood for what seemed a long time in front of him so he could see her face enclosed within the hood of her robe. He thought her beautiful, and she ran her hands over his shoulders, chest and thighs before caressing his penis, smiling as he became erect. Then she was gone, enclosed again within the circle of dancers and he found himself held by strong hands and blindfolded.

He could hear Tanith's voice, the chant, and the dancers as they moved around him.

"We rejoice," Tanith was saying, "that another one comes to seed us with his blood and his gifts. We, kin of Chaos, welcome you the nameless. You are the riddle and I an answer and a beginning of your quest. For in the beginning was sacrifice. We have words to bind you through all time to us for in your beginnings, we were. Before you - we have been. After you - we will be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will still be. And you, through this rite, shall be of us, bound, as we are bound by Them. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this rock we call this Earth."

Then the Master was before him. "Do you accept the law as decreed by us?"

"Yes, I do," Conrad answered.

"Do you bind yourself, with word and deed and thoughts to us the seed of Satan without fear or dread?"

"Yes"

"Then understand that the breaking of your word is the beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him! Know him!"

The dancers stopped, and gathered again round Conrad to briefly touch him.

"So you," the Master said "renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver, and all his works?"

"Yes, I do."

"Say it!"

"I renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver and all his works!"

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Satan - whose word is Chaos?"

"Satan - whose word is Chaos!"

"Then break this symbol which we detest!"

A wooden cross was thrust into his hands, and he broke it before throwing the pieces to the ground.

"Now receive," the Master continued, "as a symbol of your faith and a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan."

Tanith gave the Master a small phial of aromatic oil, and with the oil Aris traced the sign of the inverted pentagram on Conrad's forehead, chanting 'Agios o Satanas!' as he did so. Aris held Conrad's arm while with a sharp knife Tanith cut Conrad's thumb, drawing blood which she spread over her forefinger to draw the sigil of the Temple over his heart.

"By the powers we as Master and Mistress wield, these signs shall always be a part of you: an auric symbol to mark you as a disciple of our Prince!"

"Now you must be taught," he heard Tanith's voice say, "the wisdom of our way!"

Two of the congregation came forward and forced him to kneel in front of her.

"See," she said, laughing, "all you gather now in my Temple: here is he who thought he knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for his cunning! See how our strength over-comes him!"

The congregation laughed, and he felt his hands being bound behind his back. For a second he felt fear, but it was soon gone, replaced by anger and he tried to wriggle free from his bonds.

"A spirited one, this!" he heard Tanith's voice mock. "Listen!" she said to him. "Listen and learn! Keep your silence and be still!"

Conrad strained to hear. There was a rustling, a sound which might have been made by bare feet walking over stone, the chant ending, and then finally silence. He lay still even when he heard someone approaching him as he lay on the floor of the Temple. He felt a warm hand softly touching his skin, felt a woman's naked softness next to him and smelt a beautiful perfume. He did not resist when soft arms moved him to lie beside her, and he began to respond to her kisses and touch.

"Receive from me," the woman whispered, "the gift of your initiation."

Bound and still blindfolded, he surrendered himself to the physical passion she aroused and controlled, and his climax of ecstasy did not take long to reach. When it was over, she removed the cord which bound his hands and then his blindfolded. Conrad recognized the young woman who had caressed him earlier. On the altar lay a black robe and she gave it to him before ringing the Temple bell.

The sound was the signal for the congregation to return, and each member greeted Conrad, their new Initiate, with a kiss. Chalices of wine were handed round and he was given one. He sipped it while around him an orgy began.

"Come," Tanith said to him, "we have other duties."

She led him out of the chamber, through a passage and up well-worn stone stairs to a wooden door. The door was a concealed one and led into a hut. Outside, it was night, but the snow-scattered light illuminated the woods, and he followed Tanith through the snow, shivering from the cold. She did not speak, and he did not, and it seemed to him a long walk back to the house. Inside, it was warm and smelt vaguely of incense.

"Rest now," Tanith said, and kissed him.

He held her and caressed her breasts.

"I have to go," she said without smiling. "Gedor will show you to your room."

Conrad was surprised when out of the shadows Gedor stepped forward, grim-faced.

The room he was led to was unfurnished except for a bed, but it was warm and Conrad soon settled himself under the duvet to read the book that lay upon the pillow. 'The Black Book of Satan' the title read.

The first chapter was called 'What is Satanism' and he was reading it when he heard strange, almost unearthly, sounds outside. He drew back the curtains and to his surprise found they concealed not a window but an oil painting. It was a portrait of a young man dressed in medieval clothes and he stared at it for some time before realizing it was a portrait of himself. It bore a signature he could not read, and a date which he could: MDCXLII. "1642" he said to himself. The colours of the painting seemed dulled a little with age, the canvas itself cracked as if to confirm the antiquity of the portrait.

The strange sounds had stopped, and were replaced by loud laughter outside the door. He went to it, but it was locked.

## V

Baynes was a quiet, almost shy man in his late forties. His handsome features, his neatly trimmed beard - black with streaks of grey - his wealth and the soft, mellow tones of his voice made him attractive to many women. He was well aware of this, and made efforts to avoid being left alone with them. A bachelor, his only interest outside his work was the Occult and he had acquired the reputation of regarding women as distant objects of chivalry. His abstemiousness in this matter gave rise to rumours that he was a homosexual but he did nothing to dispel them except explain when pressed on the matter by some of his friends in the Occult and magickal groups he frequented that he regarded women as a hindrance in the attainment of the highest grades of Initiation.

Dressed in an expensive suit, he sat in the Sitting Room of one of his comfortable city houses listening to Fitten talk about the group of Satanists. It was after midnight, and uncharacteristically he was becoming bored. Several members from his own Temple of Isis sat around him in the subdued light, and some of them were trying to resist the temptation of sleep. Fitten had been talking, in his own disjointed way, for nearly an hour, explaining his theory about the origins of the Satanist group.

"It is an old tradition," Fitten was saying, "a very old tradition. A racial memory, perhaps, of beings who once long ago came to this Earth. For we have been deceived. They are not of the Beast, not of those Others about whom one writer has written, decades ago. We need to understand this, you see: need to finally understand the truth. We have been deceived about them."

Fitten paused to wipe sweat from his forehead with his coloured handkerchief and Baynes took the opportunity to interject.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of contacting a colleague of mine in London who is well-known as a leading authority on Satanism and he has agreed to come and talk to us about the Satanist group to which the gentleman to whom Mr. Fitten referred to belongs - "

"Conrad Robury," interrupted Fitten.

"The group to which Mr. Robury now, apparently belongs," continued Baynes, "has interested us for some time. Since the murder of Maria Torrens, in fact. You will all, no doubt, recall the brutal facts of that case."

He could see his audience now paying attention.

"As you will remember, her naked and mutilated body was found on the Moors, her head resting on what the Police assumed to be a Black Magick altar. An inverted pentagram had been cut on her skin by a sharp knife - a surgical scalpel, I was told. Discreetly of course, I was asked for my opinion.

"At first I and the Police investigating the matter were of the opinion that the killing was a motiveless one with no genuine Occult connections, the murderer or murderers providing the 'Occult' evidence to confuse. For, as you will recall, some rather scurrilous newspapers ascertained and published details regarding the lady's rather unfortunate background. She was a 'Lady of the Night' - "

"A prostitute," someone said, and giggled.

Baynes ignored the remark. " - who frequented the area around this city's dockland. She was last seen apparently accepting a lift in a vehicle driven by an attractive middle- aged lady. Shortly after the newspapers published their story, the Police received an anonymous call, naming a suspect. The man was quickly traced, and interviewed and then arrested when he confessed to the crime. He himself had a rather dubious reputation, and said that he had driven Miss Torrens to the scene of the crime and persuaded her to adorn herself in an Occult manner. Apparently, he had been to the motion-pictures and seen some scenes in a film.

"He later retracted this confession and claimed to have been forced to give it by a man whom he continually referred to as 'The Master' whom he claimed had himself committed the brutal murder. He further alleged that this 'Master' was the leader of a group of Satanist's here, in this city and had killed Miss Torrens during a ritual for his own diabolic ends. He made a statement to the Police to this effect, but shortly afterwards began acting rather strangely, and withdrew that statement. During subsequent weeks before his trial he made several other statements, each more ludicrous than the other - for instance, one referred to beings from another planet landing in a 'space-ship', abducting him and Maria.

"It was at the trial, you may well remember, that the Prosecution proved by the testimony of a very respectable witness that Maria and the defendant had been seen together on the Moor only a few hours before her death. The defendant was sentenced to life imprisonment, and was found, some weeks later, hanged in his prison cell. After the trial, I began my own quiet investigation into Satanist groups in this area - and subsequently uncovered one organized by a certain gentleman whom his followers call 'The Master'. This group uses and has used several different names, and has Temples in various other cities. Among its names are 'The Temple of Satan', 'The Noctulians' and 'Friends of Lucifer'."

Fitten was slumped in a chair, apparently asleep, and Baynes smiled at him, in his gentle way, before continuing. "The group is very selective regarding members, and tests all the candidates for Initiation. These tests are sometimes quite severe and sometimes involve the candidate undertaking criminal acts - this of course serving to bind the candidate to the group as well as giving the group evidence to blackmail the candidate with should he or she later prove uncooperative. Unlike most so-called Satanist and Black Magick groups which are usually only a cover for one or more persons criminal or sexual activities, this particular group does work genuine magick, and seems to possess quite an advanced understanding of the subject. Apparently, they follow their own sinister magickal tradition based on the septenary system - or Hebdomadry as it is called.

"Since the Maria Torrens case we, acting with a number of other 'Right Hand Path' groups in this and other areas, have tried to infiltrate this Satanist group, always without success. Until recently, that is."

Smiling, he waited for the exclamations of surprise to subside before he continued. "This member - whom I shall for obvious reasons call only Frater Achad - has given us valuable information, and he is shortly to be initiated into the sect. What we are hoping is that he can provide us with details regarding members, their magickal workings as well as information regarding their activities which we can pass onto the Police. As I have said, some of their activities verge on the criminal. There are probably others, of a kind of which we are at present unaware, and of course there is always the possibility that Frater Achad can provide us with evidence regarding the Maria Torrens case.

"Naturally, I have told you this in the strictest confidence. Frater Achad is in a delicate - not to say dangerous - position."

Suddenly, Fitten was on his feet, pointing at Baynes. "We must act now! Don't you understand?" He turned and faced the other people present. "Don't any of you understand? We cannot afford to wait! We must act now to destroy them! Soon, their power will grow - so great we, and others, can do nothing. Listen! They will do a ritual to open the gate to the Abyss. An offer - they need an offer to do this, and offering of human blood. Do you want another death on your hands? Once the Gate is opened they will possess the power of the Abyss itself!"

"Mr. Fitten," Baynes said gently, "I - we all - share your concern about them. But we must plan and act carefully in this matter."

"I shall show you!" Fitten shouted. "I shall stop them! Me! Because I know their secrets! I don't need any of you!"

No one followed him as he left the room and the house.

"Our brother," Baynes said, "needs our help. Let us meditate for a while and send him healing and helpful vibrations."

As they closed their eyes to begin, laughter invaded the room. All present heard it, but no one could see its source. But it was soon gone, and Baynes and his followers of the white path of magick soon resumed their own form of meditation, praying to and invoking their one or many gods according to

their many and varied beliefs. The laughter was only one incident and did not undermine their security of faith.

Outside, in the cold and above the snow which covered the ground deeply, an owl screeched in the darkness and silence of the large ornamental garden. The cry startled them more than the demonic laughter.

## VI

The voice awoke Conrad, and he roused himself from his troubled sleep to see Mador standing beside his bed.

"Breakfast, Professor?" the dwarf asked again.

"What?"

"Breakfast?"

"What time is it?"

"Time to rise and eat!" He handed Conrad a neat pile of clothes. "Hurry! Rise and eat"

"Leave me alone," Conrad said. His dreams had been disturbing, his sleep broken, and he felt in need of rest.

"The Master sent me," Mador replied, and smiled.

Wearily, Conrad sat up in his warm bed. The room itself felt cold. "Alright. I won't be long."

"I wait for you - outside."

Conrad dressed slowly in the black clothes someone had selected for him before following Mador to the dining room. The maid was waiting, ready to serve him from the many dishes and he was not surprised when Mador left him. He was surprised when the young lady who had sexually initiated him entered the room to sit beside him.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked him, and smiled.

"Er, yes thank you," Conrad replied in his surprise.

"Do try the kippers," she said to him. "From Loch Fyne. Delicious!" she gestured toward the maid who began to serve them both.

"Do you live here?" Conrad cautiously asked her.

"You are sweet!" she chided him. "I suppose you could say that. I'm Susan, by the way."

"Conrad," he said unnecessarily and held out his hand.

She did not take it and he was left to awkwardly shuffle in his chair.

"Did you like your room?" She asked.

"Well, it was unusual."

"They all say that!"

" 'They?' " he asked.

She ignored his question. "Has the Master explained what you will be doing today?"

"No."

"I'm sure he will want to see you - after you have eaten." She gestured toward the kipper with which the maid had served him.

"I'm not very hungry, actually."

She laughed. "You're not a vegetarian by any chance, are you?"

"No, of course not."

"After all the energy you expended last night," she smiled at him, "I would have thought you'd be ravenous!"

Conrad blushed at this reminder of the passion they as strangers had shared.

"Such innocence!" she said,

"There is a painting in my room," he said to cover his embarrassment. "Is it very old?"

"Have you read any of the book that was left in your room?"

"A little. It's very interesting."

"It's a beginning," she shrugged. "Just a beginning."

"Have you been involved with this group long?"

"That's a quaint way of putting it! 'This group!' You mean, have I been a Satanist a long time?"

The woman's self-assurance, his own discomfort at being a guest in an unusual and luxurious house, and his shyness with women all combined to make Conrad wish he was elsewhere - at his lectures, preferably, learning about the mysteries and beauties of Physics. But as he sat looking at the young and quite beautiful woman beside him and as he remembered the bliss they had shared, he began to feel a confidence in himself. It was as though some of the power he had felt during the wiccan ritual over a week ago had returned.

"Yes," he said smiling at her, "how long have you been a Satanist?" He said the last word with relish, as though consciously and proudly committing a sin.

"I was brought up with it - baptised into it."

"Really?"

"Naturally, there was a time when I began to question it, and was given the freedom to do so. In fact even encouraged."

"By your parents?"

"But once you have tasted paradise on Earth, it is irresistible!"

"Why do you evade some of my questions?" Conrad asked, his confidence growing.

Her eyes seemed to him to sparkle as she answered. "Because I am a woman and like to be mysterious!"

Without quite realizing what he was doing he leant toward her and kissed her lips. She did not draw away, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the maid pretending to look out of the window at the garden. Across the room, he heard a discreet and almost gentlemanly cough.

Aris stood by the door. "If you have finished," he said almost smiling, "perhaps we can talk."

"Of course!" Conrad said, surprised.

"In the library." He turned around and left.

"Can I see you - later?" Conrad asked Susan.

"Do you really want to?" She teased.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps. You'd better not keep him waiting."

"No." He stood up, bent down to kiss her, then decided against it.

The door to the library was open, and Aris was already sitting in a chair by the desk.

"Come!" The Master said in greeting.

Conrad sat opposite trying not to appear nervous.

"The power you felt before," Aris said, "is returning to you. As you hoped it would. This is one result of your Initiation. For you must understand, Initiation into our way is similar to opening a channel, a link, to those hidden or Occult powers which form the real essence of magick."

Conrad was impressed, but Aris continues in his unemotional way. "Those powers you may use for whatever you desire. For sexual gratification, should you so wish. Such power as you feel and have felt will grow, steadily, with your own Occult and magickal development. What occurred last night is but the first of many stages in that development. Are you then prepared to go further?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

"There is a task I wish you to undertake, a task connected to your Initiation. But you must understand that you have been chosen for more than just this and such other tasks as may be necessary for your own magickal development. For remember I have said that you have a special Destiny to fulfil. What this Destiny is, will become clear when the time is right. You are important to us, as we to you. Because of this you are more to me and my comrades in magick than a mere Initiate, a beginner in the ways of our dark gods. Remember this, Conrad Robury. I extend my hospitality to you and not just of my house, as you know, because you are more than another novice.

"Now to your task. It will, for a short while, take you away from the house."

Conrad sensed that, whatever the test was, it would partly be a test of fidelity to Aris and his Satanic group.

"You are familiar with someone called Paul Fitten," Aris said.

It was not a question, but Conrad still answered, "Yes."

"You are to go to him and persuade him that you wish to help him. Then you must endeavour to undertake a magickal ritual with him. It will be a qabalistic ritual, but never mind. During this ritual you are to redirect the power brought forth - which you must help to generate - so that it takes control of Fitten, harms him in some way. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Aris stared at him, then smiled. "You understand part of it - yes. For you believe I aim to test your morals by asking you to harm by magickal means another individual. But there is more, as you will discover. Now, I have a gift for you - a gift of your Initiation." He placed a silver ring with an ornamental stone on the desk. "Wear it always from this day as a sign of your desire to follow our ways."

Without thinking Conrad began to place the ring on the third finger on his right hand.

"The other hand," Aris said.

Conrad obeyed. The ring was a perfect fit.

"Now, Conrad Robury, you must go to accomplish your task. Susan, as my Priestess, will go with you."

Conrad was at the door when Aris said, "Do not let them - or anyone - try to remove your ring."

## VII

Susan, obviously prepared, had driven him straight to Fitten's house. It was a small house, bordering a quiet road near the edge of the city and a dog ran out toward them, barking, as they walked along the path to the door. Susan stared at the dog, and it whimpered away.

Conrad knocked loudly on the door, as a Policeman might. Fitten bore no visible scars of his ordeal at the hands of Gedor and greeted them warmly.

"Come in!" he said. "Please come in! I knew you would come! It was in the chart, you see!"

He led them into a room crowded with books and dimly lit but where a coal fire burned warmly.

"Please, be seated!" he enthused. "I have so much to tell you!"

"This is Susan," Conrad said.

"Yes, yes! How did you escape?"

"Escape?" asked Conrad.

"From the house of the Satanists? You were there, yesterday."

"Oh, them. They seemed only too anxious," lied Conrad, "to let me go after you appeared. One of them mentioned something about 'magickal attack. Perhaps they thought I would be a burden to them in that case."

"As you would, as you would my son!"

Conrad winced.

"Did you read the books I gave you?" Fitten asked.

"They destroyed them."

"Ah! They are evil, evil incarnate!"

"But who are they?"

"You do not know?" Fitten looked amazed.

"No. Should I?"

"Perhaps not. It is not important. You are here, now, that's what important."

"I wish," Conrad said and sighed, "someone would tell me what this is all about. I get invited to this party at a house, meet a right bunch of weird characters. Then you appear and are thrown out. Then one of them shows me this Temple they use. I'm a bit out of my depth, here."

"They need an offer, you see. For their Mass. Not a Black Mass - no, something far worse, something more vile and sinister. You had all the right qualities. Just what they needed. They knew that after you attended that meeting of the Circle of Arcadia. They know. They have spies - agents - infiltrators in most groups."

A slim, young woman appeared in the doorway of the room. "Would you like some tea, dear?" she asked her older husband.

"What?" said Fitten.

"Tea. Would you like some?" She innocently returned Conrad's smile.

"Why not! Why not indeed!"

She had gone when Conrad spoke. "You said they needed an offer - a sacrifice."

"I did? Quite! They needed - still need - someone young. They have a tradition, you see, of

sacrificing a young man aged twenty one. But only for this important ritual. The time of this ritual is near. They will have power from it. Not just Occult power. No, real power! They channel the magickal forces, you see, into a practical form - sometimes a person, sometimes an institution, a company, or something like that. Such use of magick is real black magick, real evil! They fermented, these worshippers of the darkest of dark forces, the French Revolution - the blood spilled was a sacrifice, an offering to their strange alien gods. They brought about with their magick the Third Reich. Now they prepare again!" He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his hand.

"But why me?" Conrad asked, trying to appear serious.

"You were a key to open the gate to the powers, the dark powers of the Abyss. Their Black Magick rites would use this power! I have sent for help."

"Sent for help?"

"A Magus. The most powerful White Lodge has been alerted. They will send a Magus."

"You do not want to deal with it yourself?" Conrad asked.

"I? I have no authority! A council must be convened: all the Magister Temple must be invited."

"But if the situation is as serious as you believe," Conrad resisted the temptation to smile, "can you afford to wait. Surely you must do something yourself."

"Well," Fitten sighed, "I did a little ritual. Last night."

"And it worked. I am here."

"I am thankful to the Lord for that. They might try and get you back - or find another offer." He slumped in his chair, looking pale and tired.

Suddenly, Conrad conceived an idea. "Will you excuse me a moment," he said, "I must go to the toilet."

Fitten said nothing, and stared into the fire. Conrad left. He found Fitten's wife in the kitchen of the house.

"Making tea?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Any special kind?"

"No, just ordinary tea."

"I prefer Formosa Oolong myself." He closed the door.

"I wouldn't know!"

"There's a lovely tea shop in the city centre which serves a good selection. Perhaps you've been there?"

"No," she said and turned away from him.

"It's really lovely sitting there of a winter's evening watching people pass in the street. You must try it sometime."

"Maybe."

"You look very tired," he said, softly.

"It's been a hectic week."

"Perhaps you need a break - away from the house."

"Maybe," she said dully.

"Please don't be offended, but perhaps I could take you out to dinner one evening?"

"I'm sorry?" she said with genuine surprise.

"You looked so sad, standing there," he said with kindness in his voice.

"I'm just tired."

"Would you like to come to dinner with me one evening? I know a rather nice restaurant."

"It's very kind of you to ask," she said formally.

"I'm not being kind. It would give me great pleasure to have the company of a beautiful woman for an evening. And you are beautiful."

"I'm a married woman!"

"And a beautiful one. When did you last dine out?" He could see that the question pained her although she did not answer.

"Would he really miss you for one evening?"

She looked at him briefly then lowered her eyes. He moved toward her and held her hand, gently caressing it with his fingers. She closed her eyes, and he was surprised by her reaction as he was by his own confidence. It was as though he had become another person. He bent forward to kiss her but she moved away.

"Please," she pleaded, but made no move to free her hand from his.

"Tonight," he said, "About eight o'clock?"

"I don't know."

"I'll collect you about a quarter to eight, then."

"The lady who came with you - " she asked.

"My sister?" he lied. "She wants to talk to your husband about witchcraft, I think. Can't say I find the subject of interest, myself. I'm studying Physics at the moment."

She finally withdrew her hand from his. "At the University?"

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I went there," she said shyly.

"Really? What did you study?"

"Geology."

"I've always been fascinated by that subject. You must tell me about it - tonight."

"I didn't complete my course."

"To get married?"

"No. Well, not exactly." She turned away to complete her preparation of the tea. She gave him the tray. "Would you mind?" she asked.

"Not at all! Tonight, then?"

She smiled and held the door open for him. "We'll see!" she said.

Down the dark hallway of the house he could hear Fitten's agitated voice.

"Tea?" he said, entering the warm room.

"Mr. Fitten," Susan said, "is thinking of performing a ritual here tonight."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well," Susan continued, "I suggested it would be a good idea at this moment in time. To strike now, when they are unprepared."

"I don't know, I don't know!" said Fitten, shaking his head.

"I have explained" Susan said to Conrad, "that I myself am a Second Degree Witch, so I can assist."

Suddenly, Fitten stood up. "Yes! We must act! I feel it is right! The time is right! You are right."

"If it would help," Susan said to him, "I have something taken from the house of the Satanists." She fumbled in her handbag.

Fitten took the silver medallion inscribed with an inverted pentagram and the word 'Atazoth'.

"Atazoth. Atazoth," he mumbled. "Yes, this would be very suitable; very suitable indeed. Where did you get it?"

"Conrad found it in the house."

"Yes. I gave it to her. All this Occult stuff does not really interest me. Not any more."

"But you are," Susan asked him "prepared to partake in a ritual with us."

"Of course. As I explained to my sister," he said to Fitten, "although I don't understand all of this, I'm prepared to help. I trust her judgement."

"Good! Good!" Fitten said. "Tonight, you say?" he asked Susan.

"It would be best. You could get assistance? For I have heard you have many contacts. I would of course leave the type of ritual up to you - since you have far more knowledge and experience of ceremonial than I."

Fitten was pleased by Susan's praise. "I would have to make some telephone calls."

"Naturally. What time would you suggest?" Susan asked.

"Eight o'clock. The hour of Saturn!"

"Surely," Conrad said, "the sooner we begin the better. How about now?"

"Now? Now?" Fitten looked amazed.

"There is you, me, my sister - your wife."

"My wife?"

"Such a ritual as we need to do may be dangerous."

"But surely she has assisted you before?"

"Of course! Many times, in fact. We need more time to prepare."

"But we have the medallion," Susan suggested.

"Even so - "

"Do you intend," Susan asked, "to conjure force and send it against the Satanists?"

"Yes. Yes, I had thought in such terms. Psychic attack! I can remember the face of that evil woman!"

"What woman?" Conrad asked.

"That evil woman who was with you in their house!"

"Tanith is her name."

"I thought so! The spirits speak to me, you see. The Lord is with us!" He stared at them both as if possessed. "Yes! We will act now!" Then he was quiet again and softly spoken. "I will make a few telephone calls - perhaps some friends of mine can come at short notice."

As soon as he left the room, Susan asked, "You have a plan?"

"Indeed! It should be interesting!"

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Susan asked, smiling.

"Yes! I feel really alive! Bursting with energy!"

^^^^^^

Fitten was not away long. "Three others!" he announced on his return. "Three have agreed to come!"

"It bodes well, then," Conrad said.

"My Temple - we will wait for them in my Temple."

"Your wife will be participating?"

"Yes, she will. Come, I will show you my Temple."

The Temple was a converted bedroom. There was no altar, only a large circle inscribed on the floor around which were magical names and signs. IHVH, AHIH, ALIVN and ALH. The name Adonai was the most prominent and various Hebrew letters completed the circle's adornment, The walls of the room were grey and white, and inside the circle on the floor stood a small table covered with a sword, several knives, candles and bowls of incense. The sword and knives were inscribed with writing the Conrad, from even his cursory study during the last week of the qabalistic ceremonial tradition, recognized as the magickal script called 'Passing the River'.

"We must meditate while we wait for the others," Fitten said as he lit several candles scattered around the floor.

"Bring good vibrations to assist us."

Following Susan, Conrad sat on the floor. He closed his eyes and imagined the room filling with demons and imps. He was almost asleep when Fitten's wife brought the remainder of the participants, two rather plump men and a woman with an unsmiling sallow face.

"Let us begin!" Fitten announced dramatically. He gave his congregation white robes and offered some to Susan and Conrad who declined. "Let us stand within the circle!" he announced.

Conrad deliberately stood next to Fitten's wife with Susan beside him. Then Fitten was pointing the tip of the sword at the painted circle on the circle on the floor.

"I exhort you," he shouted, "by the powerful and Holy names which are written around this circle, protect us!"

He put down his sword, held a piece of parchment up and then sprinkled incense over the floor. "Let the divine white brilliance descend. Before me Raphael, behind me Gabriel, at my right hand Michael, and at my left hand Auriel. For before me flames the pentagram and behind me stands our Lords' six pointed star. Elohim! Elohim Gibor! Eloath Va-Daath! Adonai Tzabaoth! City of Light, open your radiance to us. We command you and your guardians, by the Holy Names - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Twelve is our number."

"Twelve," repeated the others present, with the exception of Susan and Conrad.

"There are twelve," Fitten continued, "twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve disciples of our Lord!"

"Twelve disciples of our Lord."

"Twelve months in the year!"

"Twelve months in the year."

"Let us adore," Fitten chanted, "the Lord and the King of Hosts. Holy art thou Lord, thee who hast formed Nature. Holy art thou, the vast and the mighty one, Lord of Light and of the Darkness. Holy art thou, Lord! By the word of Paroketh, and by the sign of the rending of the Veil, I declare that the Portal of the Adepts is open! Hear the words! These are the words - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim! Tzabaoth!"

He bent down to scribble a sign on the parchment, then held it up, circling round sun-wise as he did so. "Come!" he shouted. "Come to me! To me!"

Conrad assumed the sign was of a demon, taken from the Lessor Key of Solomon.

"Behold the sign!" Fitten was saying. "Behold the Holy Name and my power! EIO! EIO! EIO! Tzabaoth! I command you! Appear! EIO! Tzabaoth!"

The candles began to dim, and Conrad could sense the anticipation of the participants. He saw Susan close her eyes. She, too, was speaking, but softly so the others might not hear. He caught the words 'AgiOS o SatanAs' as she exhaled but heard nothing more.

Then a vague, ill-defined and almost luminescent shape appeared in the corner of the room.

"Yod He Vau Heh!" Fitten shouted.

Almost immediately, Conrad took the hand of Fitten's wife in his own. She seemed to grasp it eagerly, and he stepped back, placing his foot over the painted circle. He could feel a force pulling him, and he closed his eyes to concentrate, willing the force into Fitten's wife.

She screamed, and fell to the floor. Then was she standing, her hair disheveled, his face contorted and almost leering. She raised her hands like claws and began to walk slowly to where Fitten stood.

Hurriedly, Fitten tried to burn the parchment he was holding in the flame of one of the candles, but he burnt his fingers instead. His wife was laughing and had ripped open her blouse to reveal her breasts.

Suddenly, as if realizing what had happened, Fitten stared at Conrad. He held the medallion Susan had given him over the flame of the candle and as he did so his wife stopped, her hands held motionless before her, her lips bared in a silent snarl. Susan gripped Conrad's arm, and he turned to see her face contorted in pain.

There was a demonic strength in Conrad as he saw this, and his body tensed as he willed Fitten's wife nearer and nearer to her husband. He could sense the elemental force within the room and tried to shape it by his own will to make Fitten's wife take the medallion from his hand. She touched the chain, and then the medallion, but did not scream as the heat from the candle burnt her flesh, its smell invading the darkening room. She threw it to the ground to turn to face her husband, her hands reaching up towards his bare neck.

Then, quite suddenly, she stopped. Conrad felt another force within the confines of the room. It was a powerful force, opposed to him and he watched as Fitten's aura became visible, flaming upwards in patterns of red and yellow and curling up over his head before it turned to inch closer and closer toward him. Fitten's wife turned to walk in pace with the advancing colour-changing aura toward where Conrad stood. There was something Conrad did not understand about all this as he strove to try and will the advancing force away. Two names suddenly entered his mind. Baynes; Togbare an inner almost laughing voice said, and he was wondering what to do next when he remembered the last words of Aris his Master.

He held out his left hand to show Fitten his ring.

"The ring! We must get his ring!" one of Fitten's followers shouted.

They moved toward Conrad, slowly it seemed as if in slow motion, and as they did so Fitten's aural light was sucked into the ring. Then all magickal power in the room was gone, and he could see Fitten, his mouth open, his eyes staring, his face white. Fitten's wife had stopped again and was slowly falling to the floor.

They reached her, but she was dead.

## VIII

An exhausted Conrad had slept in Susan's car on their return journey to Aris' house. The death of Fitten's wife had ended the ritual and a crazed Fitten had lunged at Conrad who had time only to raise his arms in self-defence before Susan knocked Fitten unconscious using Martial Arts techniques.

"Go, please go" one of Fitten's group had said, and they had left unmolested.

The Master was waiting for them in the hall, and he ushered Conrad into the library where a log fire had been lit.

"I gather there were certain complications," Aris said.

"Unfortunately."

"Tell me, then, what transpired - exactly as you remember it."

Conrad told his story - Fitten's wife, how he planned to use her during the ritual. The qabalistic conjuration of Fitten. His own breaking of the circle. The aura and the presence. Finally, he spoke of the ring which had drained the hostile magick away.

"Oh," concluded Conrad, "I remember two names. They just came into my mind before I was remembered about the ring."

"Are you certain it was before?"

"Yes."

"Certainly, that is interesting. And the names?"

"Baynes and Togbare."

Conrad thought he detected a look of surprise on Aris' face.

"You know them?" he asked.

"I have heard of them."

"Are they important?"

"You spoke of Fitten mentioning the White Lodge. Do you know what that means?"

"Only that it is supposed to be a group of Occultists who follow the Right Hand Path."

"It is a loose term used to describe a group of followers of that path who are dedicated to counteracting the activities of groups such as ours. Most are also followers of the Nazarene. This White Lodge fears that we will unite to use our powers against them. There are some who believe a 'Black Lodge' exists for just this purpose. Paranoia, naturally." He smiled, and the sinister nature of his appearance in that moment became evident to Conrad. "Or at least it was."

"This White Lodge," Aris continued, "tries to infiltrate Satanist groups, disrupt them, and so on. They conduct rituals for just such a purpose. The Council of this Lodge - an extremely secret organization - oversees all these activities, and its present head is a certain Frater Togbare."

"I see," quipped Conrad, nervously.

"Then perhaps you will explain what you see."

"It was not Fitten I was struggling with toward the end of the ritual but this White Lodge."

"Probably."

"But how - how did they know?"

"Through Fitten himself. You said he had claimed to be in contact with them before the ritual."

"Yes." Earnestly, he looked at Aris. "If this White Lodge is so powerful why did they allow Fitten's wife to die?"

Aris smiled. It was not a pleasing smile. "Once brought, such power has to be used, directed. It was dissipated, one could say, through the woman's death."

"They could not have saved her?"

"Yes, they could have, but they were unprepared for the ring."

"The ring?" Conrad stared at it. It looked ordinary, now in the light of the room and the fire.

"It was a link - between you and Susan."

"Susan? I'm sorry, I don't understand."

"You will."

His tone precluded, it seemed to Conrad, any further discussion of the matter. "But the woman's death," Conrad asked, "surely there will be complications? The Police - "

"Will not be involved," completed Aris. "The White Lodge - or rather the individuals composing it - are quite influential. Death by natural causes, I am sure will be the verdict."

"But surely I - I mean, what occurred during the ritual - will have started something? Fitten and the others will surely not let the matter stop there."

"What occurred was a warning to them - a prelude. There will shortly be a ritual undertaken by us in

which you will figure. Recall the mention I made of your Destiny. The time for fulfillment is near . Now they know our strength and our power, as I wished!"

"So it was more than just a test for me - of my Initiation?"

"Yes! As your Initiation was more than just another Initiation. But you are tired, and in need of sustenance. Go then, and feast yourself. We will meet again, and soon."

He walked to a shelf and took down a book before opening it and beginning to read. Conrad left the library to find Susan waiting.

"Shall we eat first?" she asked him quizzically.

"I'm sorry?" he said obtusely, still suffering from his contact with Aris.

"Which appetite do you want to satisfy first?"

He smiled, and she took his hand leading him toward the stairs and her room. It was luxurious, warm and vaguely perfumed, and he was surprised by her eagerness for she had soon stripped him and herself of clothes. She was remembering the ritual, the momentary exhilaration of rendering Fitten unconscious but most of all the death they had induced as she sought through Conrad to satisfy her lust.

"I want you!" she almost pleaded and screamed, and Conrad in his inexperience believed her. But his own physical experience was growing along with his magickal-inspired confidence, and he sought, and succeeded, to prolong his own pleasure and hers. In the bliss of his satiation he fell asleep, his limbs entwined around her body, and it was in the deep of night he awoke, to find himself alone.

Thirst and hunger roused him from her bed, and he dressed to wander from the room. The house was lit but with subdued and warming light, and he walked cautiously down the stairs, hoping to find someone awake. The silence unnerved him, a little, and he stood by the open door to the dining room for some minutes before going in.

The table was laid for one. The servers' door still swayed, a little, and he was about to push it open to peer into the serving room and kitchen's beyond, when the maid opened it.

She indicated the chair, and he obediently sat at the table. Several times he tried to engage her in conversation, and each time she turned away. Her expression never changed, and twice he asked her after Susan but she continued with her duties, mute and efficient. He was served soup, a course containing fillet steak, and he was sitting shrouded in silence and replete from the food drinking his coffee alone when he saw a light in the garden through the window.

It was a torch, wavering in the distance. Vaguely, he could discern a person running. Intrigued, he extinguished the lights in the room to watch the figure weave closer toward the house. The snow was bright, and as the figure passed by, he recognized Fitten, and Conrad soon had the window open.

He clambered through, surprised by the intense cold outside. Fitten must have heard him, for he turned around and shone the light from the torch into Conrad's face.

Then Fitten was screaming and running toward him. "You killed her! Devil!" he shouted.

Fitten swung the torch at Conrad's face, but Conrad parried the blow as Fitten tried to grapple. Then, they were both on the ground, rolling over and over in the snow with Fitten trying to pummel Conrad's face with his fists. Desperate, but determined, Conrad butted Fitten's head with his own. Dazed, Fitten rolled away and Conrad was about to stand and drag him to his feet when Aris and Gedor walked out of the house toward them.

"How pleasing!" Aris said. "He has arrived just in time to join our little celebration. Bring him!" he commanded Gedor, and Gedor obeyed, lifting Fitten easily.

They were returning toward the house when Aris said, "We have other unwelcome guests, I sense." He appeared to be listening to something no one else could hear, then turned to Gedor. "Release him!"

Gedor dropped Fitten into the snow. Aris bent over him, gripping his neck in his hand and saying in an almost sibilating voice, "He is dead already! Give him to them if they wish it!"

He released Fitten, who fell dazed. Then Aris was gone, into the shadows of the trees beside one side of the house, and as he did so two men appeared, walking over the snow from the front of the house.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the tallest of them said to Conrad, "but we have come for him."

"What do you want?" Conrad asked aggressively.

"My name is Baynes - " the tall man said.

"Baynes?" Conrad repeated, and then remembered.

"Yes. Now, about Mr. Fitten - "

"You are not welcome here," Conrad said.

"That is no surprise to me. We have come to escort Mr. Fitten home. I am very much afraid the recent death of his wife has unsettled him."

Fitten had stood up, his head bowed and he appeared to be crying.

"Take him," Conrad said.

"Thank you Mr. Robury."

Conrad was surprised at the use of his name. "Go, now," he said. "This is private property."

"This place and that attitude," Baynes said gently, "do not suit you. If at any time you wish to come and talk with me - "

Conrad was beginning to get angry. "Push off!"

"You do not realize what is happening to you, do you?"

"Gedor - " Conrad said, gesturing toward Baynes. He was half-surprised when Gedor, obeying him, moved forward menacingly.

"We shall take our leave," Baynes said, holding Fitten's arm.

Conrad watched them go. Someone was walking toward him from the house, and he turned to see Susan.

"Our ritual will begin soon," she said. "Come, I must prepare you - for the fulfillment of your Destiny is near."

His anger had left him by the time they reached the libation chamber, beside the hidden Temple, with its sunken pool. He stood watching Susan as she stripped naked to bathe. The sight aroused him, while nearby in the Temple, he could hear that Satanic chanting had begun.

## IX

Only once did Conrad think about the death of Fitten's wife - but he did not care. He had and did feel the pure exhilaration of life, the joy - the blissful ecstasy of living totally without planning and almost without thought. There was an exuberance within him which he felt he was beginning to need.

Events were happening to him, rather than being controlled by him, but he possessed a strong sense of his own importance, a strong belief that life had chosen him for something, and he drifted into the events with wonder but little fear. His life, since the light suffused him during the wiccan rite, had been enhanced. Was what he felt, he briefly thought, the ecstasy that warriors found in war and which they sought again and again? That bliss of being so near oblivion that there was a pure joy in the ordinary moments of living? Was this, he wondered, the true meaning of Satanism?

He did not know, nor particularly care, so far had magick re-made him, and he followed Susan down the steps into the Temple with greedy anticipation, proud of his robe which had been waiting for him beside the waters of libation, and proud that he had physically possessed Susan, the beautiful Satanic priestess.

Near the altar on which Tanith lay naked, a crystal tetrahedron glowed, adding to the light from the candles. The congregation were gathered round the altar and their Master stood nearby, holding up the wax effigy which had lain on Tanith's womb.

"I who delivered you in birth now name you," he said, but Conrad could not hear the name Aris pronounced and blessed with the sign of the inverted pentagram.

Susan took the effigy, and dressed it while the Master raised his arms.

"I will go down to the altars in Hell," he said.

"To Satan, the giver of life," responded the congregation.

Conrad stood within their circle, raising his voice in the Satanic prayers that followed. He knew the Satanist 'Our Father' and Creed by heart.

Aris began the chanting which followed. 'Agios o Satanas!' he sang. It was then that Conrad noticed the small coffin beside the altar, and a black shroud, ready. The chanting continued as Susan assisted Tanith from the altar before clothing her in a crimson robe.

"We" Tanith said to them all, "curse Paul Fitten."

"We curse Paul Fitten."

"He," she said, with glee, "will writhe and die."

"He will writhe and die."

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"We shall kill him!" she laughed.

"We shall kill him!" the congregation, Susan, Aris and Conrad laughed.

In the shadows, someone beat a hand-drum, capturing the rhythm of the chant.

"We shall glory in his death!" Tanith, as Mistress of Earth, said.

"We shall glory in his death!"

Tanith made passes with her hands over the effigy, chanting as she did so, before picking it up and

showing it to the worshippers gathered around her.

"The Earth rejects him," she said.

"You reject him," they responded.

"I who gave you birth, now lay you down to die!" She placed the effigy in the coffin, secured the lid, and wrapped the shroud around it.

"He is dead!" She said.

"He is dead! By our curse, destroyed!"

Slowly, Susan led the dance and the chant. "Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sibylla. Quantos tremor est futurus quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

The chant was strange to Conrad, almost unearthly, but he quickly learnt it as he danced and chanted with the others, counter sun-wise around the altar. The dance and the chant were becoming quicker with every revolution, and he was almost glad when Susan pulled him away. She did not speak, but took him down with her to the floor while Tanith stood over them, saying "Frates, ut meum vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanus!"

Susan kissed him as they lay on the ground and Tanith knelt beside them to caress Conrad's buttocks and back. In the excitement of the ritual and Tanith's touch, Conrad's task was soon over, and he slumped over Susan, temporarily exhausted from his ecstasy. He did not resist when Tanith rolled him over, and watched, as the dancers danced around them still chanting and the light pulsed with the beat of the drum, while Tanith buried her head between Susan's thighs. Then she was kissing him with her wet mouth before she stood to kiss each member of the congregation in salutation.

"You gave him his birth," Susan was chanting as she walked toward the shrouded coffin, "and with my power I have killed him who dared to stand against us! See!" she said, laughing as she faced the congregation who had gathered around her to listen, "how my magick destroys him! He died in agony and we rejoiced!"

"He died in agony and we rejoiced!" they responded.

She took the coffin, placed it on the floor of the Temple and held a lighted candle to the shroud. It burst into flames. "Our curse, by my will," she said, "has destroyed him! Dignum et justum est!"

She laughed, Conrad laughed, the congregation laughed as the shroud and the coffin burnt fiercely.

"Feast now, and rejoice," Tanith commanded them, "for we have killed and shown the power of our Prince!"

Near Conrad, the orgy of lust began as two naked men walked down the steps to the Temple carrying large trays full of food and wine. A woman came toward Conrad, smiled, and removed her robe, but Susan took his hand and led him back up the steps.

She did not speak, and he did not, but bathed with him in the libation chamber, to dress herself and wait while he dressed, and take him back to the house. The room to which she took him was dark and empty.

"You felt no power in the ritual?" she suddenly asked as they stood beside each other in the coldness.

"Yes" he lied.

"You must be honest with me," he heard Aris' voice say. Light came slowly - a soft light to reveal only the bare walls of the room and Susan standing and smiling beside him. There were no windows, and the door was closed.

"Do not be afraid," Susan said in her own voice.

"I am not afraid," he answered honestly.

"Tell me, then, about the ritual," Susan asked softly.

"There was something," he said, "but not what I expected."

"Am I what you expect?" she said with Aris' voice. She was watching him, waiting.

Momentarily, Conrad had the impression that Susan was not human at all - she was something unearthly which was using her form and Aris' voice, something from another Time and Space. But he had touched her, kissed her, felt the soft warmth of her body. Confused, he stood watching her. She was not the young woman he had known: her eyes became full of stars, her face the void of space. She became Aris, and then a nebulous chaos that was incomprehensible to him.

He could feel within him her longing for the vastness of space. There was a sadness within this longing, for it had existed before him and would exist after his own death, thousands of years upon thousands of years. He would have to understand, he suddenly knew - he would have to understand and help before this sad longing, this waiting would be over.

Then she was Susan again, standing next to him and holding his hand, caressing his face with her fingers. Gentle and warm.

"You are beginning to understand," she was saying.

Her touch re-assured him. "Yes" he said, "I am yours."

The door opened, and Aris came toward him.

"Your life," Aris the Master said, "will break the seal which binds Them."

"I have no choice," Conrad said as if hypnotized.

"You have no choice," Aris and Susan said together.

Aris smiled, and kissed Susan. "You have done well, my daughter. Now you must prepare him."

It was time, Conrad understood. Yes, it was time. Susan touched his forehead, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

## X

Fitten was mumbling to himself as he sat against the wall of Baynes' house. He seemed harmless, and Baynes left him alone.

"He has been like this since you returned from that house?" The speaker was an old man whose white beard terminated in a point. He sat on a comfortable chair, his ornately carved walking stick beside him.

"Yes," replied Baynes. Frater Togbare was his honoured guest.

"I spoke with the Council, last night," Togbare said. "We are agreed the situation is serious. You have had no recent news from Frater Achad?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"His Initiation in the Satanic group is due, you said?"

"Yes. Sometime during the next few days. He should be able to provide us with more information then."

"Excellent. We shall need it. I only hope we have enough time."

Fitten began to gibber, jumping up and down as he watched the guests Baynes and Togbare had invited arrive in their cars. Togbare went to him, and touched his shoulder. The gentle touch of the Old Magus seemed to comfort Fitten, for he sat quietly in the corner, tracing shapes on his palm with his finger.

It was not long before all the guests had arrived and were settled in the room. They had been quietly

told about Fitten, and could ignore him.

Baynes rose to address them. "Ladies and gentlemen. You are all, I know, familiar with the reasons why Frater Togbare and myself have called this meeting. You come here - some I know from far away - as representatives of many and different organizations. All of us, however, have a common aim - to prevent the Satanists succeeding in their plan." He sat down, and Togbare whispered in his ear.

"Er, yes of course," he agreed in answer to Togbare's whispered question. He stood up again. "Frater Togbare has suggested I briefly outline the facts of the matter to you, so that everything is in perspective - before we begin our magickal tasks." He surveyed the eager, expectant and occasional anxious faces before him. Six men, and four women of varying ages and manner of dress. "We believe that the Satanist group responsible for the death by magick of Mr Fitten's wife, the present state of Mr Fitten himself, and the murder of, among others, Maria Torrens, are acting in concert with a number of other Satanic groups in this and other countries to perform a powerful and very sinister ritual. This ritual has as one of its aims, the Opening of the Gates to the Abyss - releasing thus the psychic energy that has been stored over the ages on various astral levels as well as drawing into the ordinary world of our waking consciousness evil entities. This opening will release powerful forces, and change the world. It will be the beginning of an age of darkness.

"As you all know, Satanists - and here of course I refer to genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and not the showman type - have used their magickal powers for centuries to bring about chaos, to increase the evil in this world. Perhaps there exist some centuries old Satanic plan - I do not know. But what is clear, what has become evident to us over the past decade or so, is that some groups are about to perform this particular ritual which to our knowledge no one has attempted before."

He smiled, a little. "Or perhaps I should say - no one has attempted and succeeded. The power of the most important group involved in this is immense - as I am sure you all have realized. It is not easy, in magick, as you all know, to kill another by ritual - but they possess this power, claimed by many others, but rarely proven.

"When this power is released by their ritual there will be immediate effects as well as more long term ones. An increase in evil deeds - resulting from weak individuals becoming possessed by the demonic forces unleashed. That is only one example. You all share, I know, my concern and that of the Council which Frater Togbare represents.

"Thus we have called you here to use our combined abilities to nullify this plan and the ritual. You all are accomplished and experienced Occultists: some working within your own groups, others, alone. I have myself prepared a site for you." He indicated a woman seated near him, resplendent in colourful clothes and jewellery. "Denise here will go with you, and explain the details of the ritual we propose to undertake."

A man rose, respectfully, from his chair. "You will not be accompanying us?" he asked.

"No. Neither will Frater Togbare. Perhaps I should explain. We recently infiltrated the main Satanist

group with one of our members. We are waiting for him to contact us with important details - the time, place of the ritual and so on. As you will appreciate this is a delicate matter, and we need to be available as the information could be received at any time. We will both, of course, at the appointed time of your ritual, perform one of our own, joining you on the astral. I hope this answers your question, Martin."

"Yes. Yes, of course," the now embarrassed man agreed.

"It only remains, therefore, for me to hand you over into the very capable hands of Denise."

Denise smiled affectionately at him, and he looked away.

As they stood to leave, Togbare addressed them. "I am most pleased," he said, "that you have responded to our call so readily at no small sacrifice to yourselves. If I may be allowed to add a codicil to our learned friends remarks, I would remind you that the ritual which the Satanists plan here in this city or nearby, requires at least one - possibly more - human sacrifice. Thank you all, most sincerely."

He beamed with delight, and shook the hands of several of the guests who came to greet him.

"Shall I light the fire?" Baynes asked him when all the guests were gone.

"That would be most kind," Togbare replied. "Most kind of you. Then we must begin."

"I suppose," Baynes said as he knelt down before the hearth to light the fire, already prepared. "We could liken this opening of the gates to the return of Satan himself - Armageddon, and the beginning of the reign of the Anti-Christ."

"Yes, possibly."

Suddenly, Fitten jumped up. "No! No!" he screamed. "He lies!" he shouted at Togbare. "He lies! I know! Me! For I have been given the understanding!"

He moved toward Togbare, and Baynes went to restrain him.

"Leave me alone!" screamed Fitten. "You are cursed! He must know!" He pushed Baynes away. Togbare smiled at him.

"Listen!" Fitten said to Togbare. "We will all be opfers. Not Satan! Not Satan! Do you understand? It is THEM! The spawn of Chaos. They have lied to us, you see. Lied to us! Oh, how they have lied and deceived us. The Master will bring Them - They need us, you see. From the stars They will come. The seal that holds Them in Their own dimensions will be broken! Don't you understand? They are not the Old Ones! They have lied about that, also! The Nine Angles are the key - "

Fitten stopped, his hands raised, his face red. Then he was coughing and choking, spitting blood before he fell to writhe and scream on the floor. Frothy blood oozed from his mouth, and his bones could be heard breaking. His face went blue, his eyes bulged and then he was still. Baynes went to him, but he was dead, having swallowed his own tongue.

"We must be calm," Togbare said as sudden laughter filled the darkening room. "Concentrate, with me." Baynes came to stand beside him. "There is evil in this room. Concentrate, with me," Togbare repeated. "The flaming pentagram and the four-fold breathing."

Gradually, the laughter and the darkness subsided.

"He is dead," said Baynes unnecessarily. He covered Fitten's contorted face with his coat.

Eerily, the telephone began to ring. "Baynes here," he said. He listened, then gave the receiver to Togbare. "It's Frater Achad. He wants to speak with you."

"Hello!" Togbare said. "Yes, we are alone. Mr Fitten? He was here, yes. But listen, my son. Just now he died. Here, in this room. Are you still there? Evil magick - dark powers came to us, here. Yes, I understand. I shall pray for you, my son. Goodbye." He returned the telephone receiver to Baynes. "He could not speak for long."

"Of course. Did he mention anything? About the ritual?"

"Only a manuscript which might be relevant. Sloane MS 3189."

"I am not familiar with it, myself. British Museum?"

"Yes. Now, about poor Mr Fitten - "

"I shall take care of everything. The Police will have to be informed, of course."

"Naturally."

"I have some influence," Baynes said, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not like to use it, but in the circumstances - "

"I quite understand," said Togbare sympathetically.

"There will be no need for the Occult connection to become known. If you will excuse me, for a moment. I have some telephone calls to make."

"Yes, of course."

The fire was burning brightly when Baynes returned to find Togbare still sitting in the chair and

Fitten's body still nearby on the floor. Baynes admired Togbare's calm detachment.

"His notes and papers," Togbare asked. "It might help if we perused them."

"Possibly. I have a key to his house."

"Indeed?" Togbare was surprised.

"A few weeks ago," Baynes explained, "he came to see me. He gave me the key with the instructions to burn all his notes, papers and books should anything happen to him."

"He was expecting something to happen?"

"Apparently. But he was always liable to get excited. It was just his way."

"You did not believe him?" asked Togbare without censure.

"To be honest, no. I wish I had done. Perhaps I could have done something."

"There is nothing anyone of us could have done. You have informed the Police?"

"Yes. Someone will be arriving shortly."

Togbare smiled. "Just as Denise and the others begin their ritual."

"Of course!" said Baynes, suddenly understanding. "The Master has timed this well."

Togbare sighed. "He is powerful. Yet there is something else. Our every effort to neutralize the magickal power of this group over the years has come to nought. I have long suspected they have infiltrated us. The Council itself. These most recent events only confirm my suspicions."

"You believe there is a traitor?" asked Baynes with incredulity.

"I do not believe," Togbare answered quietly, "I know." He sighed again. "For this knowledge I will die. Perhaps my death will stop them - I do not know. But I know that beyond death this Satanic Master will try and claim my soul."

Gently, Baynes held the old man's hand. It was cold, like the room.

"It will be dawn in a few hours," Baynes said.

Then the laughter returned to haunt them - damning, demonic laughter. But it was soon gone as, outside, they heard an owl, screeking.

## XI

Around him, Conrad sensed many people. He could not see them directly, for he was held as if paralysed on the floor of a small chamber near the Temple. There was a pillow supporting his head, and he looked down to see himself dressed in a black robe, the septagon sigil of the Order embroidered in red over the place of his heart.

He could hear chanting, smell incense and burning wax. Then a voice, speaking words he remembered from his own Initiation: "Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!" It was Tanith's voice, but it seemed to become very distant. Then he was asleep again, dreaming of being in space above the Earth as it turned in its orbit around the Sun. Then he was among alien but humanoid beings as they descended to Earth from the cold prison of space. Time rushed on, in a fluxion of images. Primitive tribes gathered in awe and greeting for the beings who taught, guided, controlled and destroyed among the forests and the ice. Others opposed to them came forth from space, seeking them out to kill or capture, taking their prisoners away, back into the cold, vast prison in space from which they had escaped, sealing them in forever in a vortex. He was there, in the dimensions and time beyond the causal, and felt their longing to escape, to explore the vastness and the beauty of the stars.

He awoke feeling a sense of loss. For minutes he lay still, scarcely breathing, and then he saw - or thought he saw - Tanith enter the chamber leading a man, blindfolded and bound. She lay with him on the floor to complete his Initiation before removing the blindfold.

"Neil, Neil!" he tried to say as he recognized the man. But the words would not be formed by his mouth and he lay helpless and still until the image vanished. He saw Susan walking toward him, and he closed his eyes, refusing to believe them. But she touched him, washing his face and hands with the warm water she carried in a bowl. She was smiling at him as she gently caressed him.

"I..." he began to say.

"Don't try to move too quickly," she said. "You will take some time to recover."

Slowly, he became aware he could move his fingers, his hands, his feet and as he did so he realized he loved her.

She kissed him, as if understanding his thought. "You understand now?"

Her eyes were beautiful, and it did not matter to Conrad that they had seemed full of stars.

"I think so," he replied.

"Together, we are a key which opens the Gate, breaking the seal which binds Them."

He did not think it a strange thing for her to say.

"Now," she said, "you are prepared. Come - for the Master awaits us."

It was as he stood up that he remembered that she was the Masters' daughter. She led him from the chamber into the dimness of the Temple. There were no candles on the altar, no naked priestess, no congregation gathered to greet them, indeed nothing magickal except the crystal tetrahedron, glowing as it stood on a plinth. Only the Master and Tanith awaited them.

"The season and time being right," intoned the Master, "the stars being aligned as it is written they be aligned, this Temple conforming to the precepts of our Dark Gods, let us heed the Angles of the Nine!"

He gestured toward the crystal, chanting "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" as he did so. The light that seemed to emanate from within it darkened and then began to slowly change colour until only a dim blue glow remained.

"So it has been," the Master intoned, "so it is and so shall it be again. Agarthi has known Them, the Nameless who came forth before we dreamed. And Bron Wrgon, our twin Gate, Here," and he gestured toward Susan and Conrad, "a Key to the dimensions beyond Time: a key to the nine angles and the trapezohedron! From their crisis will come the power to break the seal which binds!"

"They exist," Tanith chanted as Aris began to vibrate with his voice the words of power - "Nii! Ny'thra Kthunae Atazoth. Ny'thra! Nii! Zod das Ny'thra!" - "in the angles of those dimensions that cannot be perceived, waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle. They have trod the blackness between the stars and they found us, huddled in sleep and cold. But the Sirians came, to seal us and them again in our prisons and our sleep. Soon shall we both become free!"

The Master stood with his hands on the tetrahedron, as Tanith did, and they both began to vibrate a fourth and an octave apart, the words that were the key to the Abyss.

Susan stood beside Conrad, but she did not pull him down with her to the floor as he expected. Instead, she held his hands with hers and stood before him. Her hands were cold, icy cold, and he could feel the coldness invading him. Her eyes became again full of stars which spread to enclose her face. The Temple itself became black, and all he could hear was the insistent and deep chanting of the words which would open the Abyss. It was a strange sound, as the two voices chanted an octave fourth apart. Conrad began to feel dizzy, and felt he was falling. A profusion of stars rushed toward him as if he was travelling incredibly fast in Space itself. He passed a coloured, broken grid made of pulsing lights and world upon alien world. Peoples with strange faces and bodies upon strange worlds, beautiful and disgusting scenes: a sunset on a world with three moons, red, orange and blue; a heap of mangled corpses, spaked and being eaten by small animals with rows of sharp teeth while, nearby, a starship lay crashed and mangled in yellow sand... The impressions were fleeting but powerful and came and went in profusion. And then they suddenly ended. He was alone, totally alone in stark and cold blackness. Faintly, he could hear a rustling. It was the wind, and as he listened and waited, faint images, growing slowly and changing in colour - violet to blue to orange then red.

Brightness came with the swift dawn, and he found himself standing amid barren rocks beneath an orange sky. A figure was walking toward him, and Conrad recognized it. It was himself.

The figure spoke, in Conrad's voice. "The seal that bound us is no more. Soon, we shall be with you."

The man smiled, but it was a sinister smile which both pleased and disquieted Conrad.

"Now I must depart," the image of Conrad said. "But before I go I give you a reward. See me as I have been known to those on your world with little understanding."

The figure contorted, was Satan, and was gone.

## XII

"You consider it important?" Baynes asked Togbare as they stood beside Fitten's desk in the study of his house.

Togbare read the tattered manuscript again. "It could be. It well could be."

"Anything interesting?" Neil asked. He had met them at Baynes' house as they were preparing to leave in the dawn light. He was fresh from his Initiation ceremony, but they wasted no time discussing it.

"Does it mean anything to you?" Togbare asked Neil.

Neil took the manuscript - several pages of handwritten sheets. He read it carefully. "Not really," he finally said, passing it to Baynes. "They told me very little - other than to be prepared for an important ritual very soon."

Baynes read the writing. "The ancient and secret rite of the Nine Angles is a call to the Dark Gods who exist beyond Time in the acausal dimensions, where that power which is behind the form of Satan resides, and waits. The rite is the blackest act of black magick, for it brings to Earth Those who are never named." He put the manuscript back on the desk. "Sounds like Lovecraft to me," said Baynes dismissively.

"Of that," replied Togbare, "I am aware. Yet I gain the impression, from what I have read of Mr Fitten's notes and the little I already know, that he himself - and I am inclined to support him - that he regarded the mythos that Lovecraft invented, or which more correctly was given to him by his dreaming-true, as a corruption of a secret tradition. He made his Old Ones loathsome and repulsive. I myself am inclined to believe that if such entities as these so-called 'Dark Gods' exist they might be shape-changers, like the Prince of Darkness himself."

"What do these qabalistic attributions mean?" asked Neil, pointing to a page of the manuscript Fitten had written. "About 418 not being 13?"

"Alas," admitted Togbare, "I do not know."

"Do you think he copied this from somewhere?" Neil asked.

"Possibly. You said they mentioned books and manuscripts in their possession?"

"Yes. 'The Master' said I might see some of them, soon. All their Initiates, apparently, have to study them."

"We shall have to wait, then," said Baynes.

"Possibly, possibly," mumbled Togbare. He began to search among the files that cluttered the desk and the room itself. "There is a tradition," he muttered as he searched, "that Shambhala and Agharti have their origin in a real conflict between cosmic forces at the dawn of Man. It is a persistent tradition, in all Occult schools, and this may point to the tradition having at least some basis in fact." He sat in the chair at the desk. "I am old," he said, shaking his head, "and the Inner Light that guides our Council has been my strength for many, many years. Even as a young man I sought the mysteries. Yet, here I am, many years later, and still I lack understanding. There is evil around, even here - in this room. I sense it. What is happening and has been happening for years is distorting the Astral Light. We seem to be about to face a new, darker, era. We seem no nearer a solution. Perhaps we have looked in the wrong areas. We believed the Satanists who have caused the distortion to be literal worshippers of the Devil. Then they became for us followers of To Mega Therion, their word Thelema. Now, when it is almost too late, we discover they have no Word, except perhaps Chaos - that what they plan is perhaps even more sinister and terrible than we imagined."

"But there is time," Neil tried to say, helpfully, "I am aware there is. Conrad Robury - "

"Ah!" Togbare's eyes brightened.

"If he is important to them in what they plan, then why has he appeared only now? Surely more preparation is required."

"You know the gentleman, I believe?" Togbare asked.

"Yes," said Neil. "I introduced him to the wiccan group."

"And arranged an introduction with Mr Sanders," added Baynes.

"Yes I did."

"Even though," said Baynes quietly, "you knew Sanders to recruit for the Master and his group."

"Well, when you suggested I infiltrate them myself, I thought it would be a good ploy. Show my intent, so to speak, to introduce someone who might be useful to them."

"And so it has proved," said Togbare.

"What are you suggesting?" Neil asked Baynes, as though he had not heard what Togbare said.

"I am not suggesting anything," replied Baynes, softly.

"Come! Come!" chided Togbare, "let us not quarrel. There are elementals about, trying to divide us and disrupt our plans."

"I am sorry," Baynes said sincerely. "I'm just tired. You must forgive me."

Togbare looked at him with kindness. "When did you last sleep?"

"I don't know. A few days ago, perhaps. There has not been time."

"May I suggest," said Togbare, "that you return to your home for a few hours rest?"

"But surely, I can help here?"

"Yes, of course In a few hours time. It will not take all three of us to search these files." He indicated a small pile on the desk, awaiting their attention. "Please, do go and get some rest."

"If you are sure," said Baynes.

"Yes, of course. We shall return to your home within the next few hours."

"Will you be alright?" Baynes turned to leave.

"Do not worry!"

Togbare waved to him through the window. The snow still lay heavy upon the ground, but the sky was clear. "He works very hard," he mumbled to himself before returning to sit by the desk. "This Conrad Robury," he asked Neil.

"Yes?"

"He had no previous interest?"

"No. None. He was a friend, studying science. It all started out as a bit of a joke, actually. He thought

all of the Occult was nonsense. So I suggested that as a scientist he should study the subject at first hand. But there was always something about him. I don't quite know what - perhaps his eyes. Sometimes when he looked at me I felt uneasy. He was a very intense young man. I know it may sound funny, but he was very earnest in an almost puritanical way."

"He could be the sacrifice they need."

Neil sighed. "I know" His eyes showed the sadness and the guilt he felt at the possibility.

"Do not worry," said Togbare sincerely. "If that is what is planned, we shall save your Conrad Robury."

"Did I hear," a voice from the doorway said, "someone call my name?" Conrad stepped into the room.

"Conrad!" Neil said with pleasant surprise. He started to walk toward his friend, but Togbare restrained him by grasping his arm.

"Wait," Togbare advised. He looked at Conrad. "By what right do you dare to enter here?"

Conrad smiled. "By the right of my Word - Chaos!"

"Conrad," Neil said, "what's happened?"

"You thought," Conrad said hatefully to him, "to betray us! You will not stop us! Neither of you will. You!" he pointed at Neil, "are coming with me!"

"He is staying," said Togbare, using his stick to help himself stand.

"You do not frighten me, old man!" Conrad said. He moved toward Neil, but Togbare raised his stick. Conrad felt a sudden and severe pain in his stomach. He tried to move forward, but the pain increased, and he placed his hands on his abdomen, grimacing with pain.

Silently, Susan came into the room to stand beside him. She touched his hand, and the pain vanished. He stared at Togbare, concentrating on shaping his own aura into a weapon. He formed it using his will into an inverted septagon which he aimed at Togbare.

The effect was minimal, for Togbare still smiled and raised his stick. From it's tip white filaments flowed to form a flaming pentagram above the Mage's head. The pentagram came closer and closer, sending purple filaments toward Conrad who held up his ring to absorb them. But however hard Conrad tried he could not will any force to oppose the filaments. The ring simply kept absorbing them. For every one filament absorbed, three new ones arose until both he and Susan were enclosed in a purple web. Desperate and determined, Conrad concentrated on his ring, remembering the chant he had heard in the Temple. The concentration and visualization seemed to work, for a bright red bolt

broke forth from his ring, hurtling toward Togbare. But the Magus simply held out his palm which harmlessly absorbed the light. Conrad could feel his power being slowly drained away. Then he remembered.

Susan's hand was near and he grasped it tightly. She leant against him and he felt a force rush through him. She was laughing, the power she gave him was strong and he had time only to fashion its primal chaos into the sign of the inverted pentagram before it sped across the room in accordance with his desire. It touched Togbare's stick, knocking it from his hand as the purple web which enclosed the Satanists shattered, then disappeared.

Togbare was unharmed, but his power was gone. "You have powerful friends, I see," he said.

"You cannot stop us!" Conrad laughed.

Togbare smiled, and bent down to retrieve his stick. Cautiously, Conrad stepped back. "Do not worry," Togbare said. "My power - like yours - is for the moment gone. But it will return, and soon."

Conrad went toward him and tried to grasp the stick. He wanted to break it over his knee. But some force around Togbare kept him away. It was as if when he got within a few feet of the Magus he became paralysed.

"It is your evil intent," Togbare said, and smiled, "which holds you back."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he caught hold of Neil, twisting his arm behind his back. "You're coming with us!"

"He will be of no use to you," said Togbare. "As your Master will soon realize."

"We shall see!"

"Please," Neil pleaded, "don't let them take me!"

"They cannot harm you, my son," Togbare said. "Trust me. Now I have seen their power, I know what to do."

Neil was unsure, and struggled to be free. Conrad held him round the throat. "So much for his power, eh?" he said as he pushed Neil toward the door.

"Conrad, Conrad!" Neil pleaded. "What's happened to you?"

"You're to be our sacrifice!" Conrad said, and laughed.

"Help me! For God's sake help me!" Neil cried out.

"It's too late!" gloated Conrad. "We need your blood!"

Susan had her car waiting outside the front door of the house, and Conrad pushed Neil into it, holding him down as she drove away toward their Satanic Temple.

### XIII

For several hours Togbare stayed in Fitten's house. At first, following the departure of Conrad and Susan with Neil, he sat at the desk and meditated, gradually restoring to himself, by breath control and mantra, the power he had lost during the astral combat.

Afterwards, he studied Fitten's manuscripts, notes and books, and it was almost noon when he stood up from the desk. In his absorption, he had not noticed the cold of the room, and he shivered, a little, as he walked to the door. Outside, the sun was warming, and he walked slowly and steadily like the old man he was, the miles to Baynes' house, glad of the exercise and the snowy coldness of the Winter air.

Baynes was in his large study when Togbare arrived. The room was warm, and Togbare sat by the coal fire as he related the events leading to the taking of Neil. Baynes was clearly perturbed.

"I am sure," Baynes said, "they will sacrifice him. He has betrayed them - broken the oath of his Initiation. This is disturbing news, it really is. I do not believe we can wait any longer. I think the time has come for us to act - swiftly and decisively."

"You have a suggestion?"

"Yes. Since this Conrad Robury is important to them - or so it seems - I suggest we entice him away from their house, and hold him, here if necessary, for a few days as our guest. We can then arrange for him to be exchanged with Mr Stanford."

Togbare's surprise showed on his face. "It would not be right."

"To save Mr Stanford's life? It is the only way, for I do not believe that we can succeed by magick alone. Not now."

For a long time Togbare did not speak. He sat staring into the flames of the fire.

"You are right," he finally said, and sighed. "I do not like it, but it appears to be our only hope. The situation is desperate."

"May I," Baynes said, "therefore suggest that we - you and I - undertake a simple rite with the intention of enticing Robury from the house. I could arrange for some people to be waiting. He would not be harmed, of course."

"You could arrange all this?"

"Yes. It should not take long - a few hours, no more." He turned toward Togbare and smiled. "Wealth has its uses - occasionally!"

"Those good people who were with us, yesterday?"

"Yes?"

"If you could arrange for some of them to come here, you need not be detained. We, then, could do the ritual you suggested."

"Splendid! I shall contact them at once. I told them, this morning, to be prepared as we might need them at short notice."

"You spoke to them all this morning?" Togbare was amazed.

"Well, when I returned here, I could not sleep. I thought I would do something useful. They all felt the ritual they undertook went well."

"It has bought us some time, I think. Some little time. This Mr Robury - I have realized that his apparent Occult ability depends on a certain young lady. She was with him, this morning. It is the same woman, I am sure, who was with him at the ritual at Mr Fitten's house when that unfortunate lady, his wife, passed over to the other side. So, alone and with us, he should have no power. Yes," he mused, "the more I think on this - on this plan of yours - the more I am inclined to believe it will succeed."

"Then," said Baynes, "I shall go and make the necessary arrangements."

^^^^^^

Baynes stood staring out of his office window watching the traffic in the city street below. He liked his spartan office on the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in the city centre as much for the splendid view as for its relative quiet amid his busy business empire which he controlled from this, his, building.

His desk intercom buzzed. "Yes?" he asked.

"A Mr Sanders to see you, sir."

"Excellent! Send him in!" He seated himself in his leather chair behind his uncluttered desk.

"Mr Sanders," his Secretary announced.

"Please," he said, indicating a chair, "be seated."

"I'd rather stand," Sanders said. He was dressed in black as was his habit. "You wanted to see me?" he asked, warily.

"I have a proposition for you - a business proposition."

"So your flunky said on the 'phone."

"You operate what some might describe as a 'Black Magick' temple, do you not?"

Sanders sat in the chair. "Let's cut the crap! I know you, Baynes, and you know me."

"I would like you to do me a favour - for a substantial sum of money."

Suspicious, Sanders looked around the room. "Are you taping this?"

"Of course not!"

"So what's your offer - and how much?"

"Fifty thousand pounds."

Sanders hid his surprise. "To do what?"

"Not long ago, a certain young gentleman - a student - came to visit you. You introduced him, I believe, to a certain group. Well, I would like this gentleman brought from where he is to my house. With the minimal use of force, of course."

Sanders stood up. "I can't say it was a pleasure meeting you. Goodbye."

"You have a very lucrative side-line, I believe."

Sander was nearly at the door when Baynes added, "I'm sure the Police would be very interested in your - what shall I call it? - your import business. A Mr Osterman is your contact in Hamburg, I understand."

Sanders stopped. "You're bluffing."

"I assure you I'm not. Your last assignment arrived last Tuesday. Estimated value - I believe the term used is 'on the street' - two million pounds, at least. Of course, if my figures are correct, your profit is somewhat smaller. Much smaller in fact. So many overheads."

Sanders walked back to the desk. He sat down again, and smiled. "You're very well informed."

"Of course," Baynes said, "we both know who takes most of the profit. You are familiar, I understand, with the house where this Mr Robury is currently residing."

Sanders shrugged. "Possibly."

"Toward dusk, he will be walking in the garden. You are to bring him to me. At this address." He gave Sanders a printed card.

"And the money?"

Baynes opened a draw in his desk. He laid out several piles of ten-pound notes. "A small advance. The rest will await your arrival at the house."

"And if he is not where you said?"

"He will be. But should some unforeseen circumstance arise and he is not there, telephone me and I shall arrange another time."

Sanders scooped up the money and stuffed it into his pockets.

"And," Baynes added as Sanders stood up to leave, "if you are worried about your 'Master' finding out about our little arrangement, I'm sure you have experience enough to work some plan out so as not to implicate yourself."

Sanders was already thinking along similar lines. "You've missed your calling!" he smiled before walking to the door.

Baynes waited until Sanders had left before he used the telephone.

"Hello?" he asked as his caller answered. "Frater Togbare?"

"Yes?" came the quiet and somewhat nervous reply.

"Baynes here!" he said cheerfully, pleased with his success with Sanders. "It went well. All is arranged as planned."

When Togbare did not speak, Baynes said, "Did everything go alright with you?"

"Er, no, not really. You'd better come here - I'll explain."

"I'll be there as quick as I can!"

## XIV

It had not taken Togbare long to fall asleep. He was sitting by the fire, as Baynes left for his office, wondering about the events of the past few days and the events to come. He too was tired, and slept soundly by the warmth of the fire.

The doorbell awoke him, and he walked slowly to answer its call, leaning on his stick, and expecting some of the guests of the night before. The cabinet clock in the hallway of Baynes' house showed him he had been asleep for nearly an hour. He did not recognize the woman who waited outside, but her expensive car, waiting with its chauffeur, did not surprise him, for he knew of Baynes' own wealth.

"Is Oswald in?" a smiling and alluringly dressed Tanith asked.

"Oswald?" repeated Togbare, averting his eyes from her breasts, amply exposed by her dress.

"Mr. Baynes. Is he at home?"

"Er, no. Not at the moment. Can I help?"

"I've come for your little ritual - or whatever it is you've planned."

"I'm sorry?" For some reason Togbare felt confused, a fact which he attributed to having just woken from a deep and needful sleep.

"May I come in?" Tanith asked and proceeded to walk past him, making sure their bodies touched. She walked into the study, and stood by the fire. "Dear Oswald," she said, "such a charming gentleman, but so frightfully forgetful sometimes. He forget to tell you I would be coming, didn't he?"

"Well - "

"Do be seated," she said affably.

Togbare obeyed.

"Any idea what this ritual thing is about?" she asked standing near him. "If it is anything like the one's he's invited me to before, we are in for some jolly good fun!" She laughed.

"Fun?" said Togbare, perturbed.

"Why yes! Don't say he hasn't told you? My word! Would you like a drink - to get into the mood?"

"A drink?" Togbare felt distinctly uncomfortable.

She went straight to a bookcase, pushed a hidden button, and waited until a shelf revolved to reveal decanters and glasses. "Whisky?" she said. "You look like a Whisky man to me. He has some very fines malts."

"I myself," Togbare said, rather stuffily, "do not imbibe."

"Shame. I'm partial to Gin, myself." She poured herself a full glassful and drank it immediately. "Splendid! Best on an empty stomach. Straight into the blood!" She poured herself another glass before saying, "Shall I draw the blinds so we are prepared?"

"Pardon?"

She pressed another button and the window-blinds descended to silently close.

Togbare stood up. "You seem to know this house rather well."

"I should say so! All the hours of fun I've had here! Oswald has the most marvellous parties!" She came toward Togbare who was standing by the light of the fire. "Hot in her, isn't it?" she said, beginning to remove her dress.

As she reached Togbare it fell around her ankles. She was naked and an unbelieving Togbare stared at her.

"Your spirit," she said, "is younger than your body."

She took his hand and placed it on her breast.

Togbare snatched it away and almost ran to the door. It was locked, but there was no key.

Tanith stepped out of her dress and moved toward him, laughing. "You will enjoy the pleasure I offer," she said.

Suddenly, Togbare understood. "Harlot!" he shouted. "The Master sent you!"

"Yes!"

She was closing upon him, and to Togbare she became a Satanic curse. He held up his stick, but she laughed at him.

"You are weak!" she sneered. "Look at me! Look at my body!"

Togbare turned away, mumbling words as he did so.

"Your god cannot help you now!" she mocked.

He turned to face her and as he did so she began to change form before his very eyes.

"My God!" he cried with genuine surprise, "you are his wife!"

It was a pitying laugh she gave him before gesturing behind her with her hand. Her dress disappeared, briefly, before re-appearing on her body. She gestured again, and the blinds rose to flood the room with daylight.

"You cannot harm me," Togbare said, holding his stick in front of him for protection.

"I have achieved what I came for!"

He stood aside to let her leave. The doors opened for her and she walked out into the sunlight. Through the window, she saw the Magus kneeling on the floor and saying his prayers.

"Home, Gedor!" she commanded as she got into her car.

Togbare prayed for almost an hour. He was calm then, but dismayed, and stoked and re-built the fire in his study. He sat by it, sighing and shaking his head in consternation, for a long time, rising only to answer the doorbell twice. Each time he half-expected the satanic mistress to return but each time it was only a group of Baynes's guests from the night before, summoned for a new ritual. Each time he apologized and told them to await another call. He did not explain why and they did not ask, but it took him a long time to remove the traces of the woman's presence from the house and the room.

Her mocking, lustful satanic presence seemed to have invaded every corner, and he cast pentagram after pentagram after hexagram to remove it. He only just completed his task when the telephone rang.

"I'll be there as quick as I can!" Baynes had said, and Togbare sat by the fire to wait.

He was almost asleep again when Baynes returned.

"Well," Baynes said after Togbare had explained about Tanith's visit, "it matters little. We can do the ritual ourselves, as I originally thought. That is," he paused, "if you yourself feel able to continue as planned."

"I fear we have no choice," he said sadly. "It will tire us, even more. I just hope we can recover sufficiently."

"In time for when the Satanists attempt to Open the Gates you mean?"

"Yes. Shall we begin?"

Together, they sat by the fire in the last hours of daylight, trying through their powers of visualization and will to entice Conrad away from the safety of the Master's house and into the open where Sanders would, hopefully, be waiting. After several minutes effort, Togbare withdrew from one of his pockets one of the small squares of parchment he always carried. Taking his pen, he began to write, first Conrad's name, and then several sigils, upon it. For several minutes he stared at the completed charm before casting it into the flames of the fire to be consumed.

"So mote it be!" he said as the parchment burned.

Near the window, a raven cried, loudly in the snowful silence that surrounded the house.

## XV

Conrad, as Aris had instructed, was reading in the library as the twilight came. The manuscript Aris had left out for him was interesting, telling as it did of the Dark Gods. But the more he read, the more dissatisfied he became.

The work was full of signs, symbols and words - and yet he felt it was insubstantial, as if the author or authors had glimpsed at best only part of the reality. His memory of the recent ritual was vivid, and as he stared at the manuscript he realized what was lacking. The work lacked the stars - the haunting beauty he himself had experienced; the numinous beauty which he felt was waiting for him. He wanted to reach out again and again and capture that beauty, that eerie essence, that nebulousity. He had felt free, drifting through space and other dimensions; free and powerful like a god - free of his own dense body which bound him to Earth.

"Having fun?" a voice unexpectedly asked.

It was Susan, and she walked toward him.

"Not really."

She wore Tanith's exotic perfume and her clothes were thin, moulded to the contours of her body. In that instant of his watching - full as it was of sensual memories and sensual anticipation - he remembered the bliss that a body could bring.

She stood by the French windows looking up at the darkening sky. "Shall we go outside," she suggested, "and watch the stars?"

"You been reading my thoughts again?" he asked, half seriously, and half in jest.

He rose from the desk to stand beside her and was pleased when she placed her hand around his waist before opening the windows.

"I'll just get a coat," she said and kissed him. "I'll join you outside."

The air was cold, but Conrad did not care as he walked out into the snow. The stars were becoming clearer, and he wandered away from the lights of the house to watch them as they shone, unshimmering in the cold air of Winter.

They came upon him swiftly, the three men waiting in the shadows. One carried a gun and pointed it at Conrad while the others grabbed his arms.

"Quiet!" the man with the gun said, "or you're dead."

Conrad struggled, and succeeded in knocking one of the men over. He tried to punch the other man in the face, but a blow to the neck felled him, and he was unconscious as he hit the snow.

"Bring him!" the man with the gun said.

Conrad awoke as he was being bundled into a car, but his hands were bound and he was roughly thrown onto the back seat.

"Bastards!" he screamed, and kicked at the door.

A knife was held to his throat. "Calm down, stupid," its holder said, and smiled. "Or I'll make a mess of your face!"

Yards away, Sanders sat waiting in his own car. No one had followed the men as they had dragged the unconscious Conrad toward the gate and the waiting cars, and he sighed with relief. He followed the car containing Conrad and they were soon far away from the house.

As he had instructed, Conrad was blindfolded, and he stood behind two men as they stood outside Baynes' house holding Conrad between them. Baynes had been watching from his window, and strode out to meet them.

"As promised," Sanders said.

"Excellent!" replied Baynes. He gave Sanders a briefcase. Sanders opened it and then pushed Conrad toward Baynes.

"He's all yours."

Baynes led Conrad into the house. Once in the study, he locked the door before removing Conrad's

blindfold and bonds. It took Conrad only a few moments to adjust to his new surroundings.

"Please," Togbare said, indicating a chair by the fire, "sit down."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he turned to Baynes who stood by the door.

"Resorting to armed violence now, I see," Conrad quipped.

"An unfortunate necessity."

"How very Satanic of you," Conrad smiled. "Well, great Mage," he said mockingly to Togbare, "what is your plan?"

"You will remain here - for a short while."

"I suppose you in your stupidity think they will exchange Neil for me."

Togbare looked at Baynes. Conrad sneered at both of them. "You won't be able," he said, "to hold me. Not once they find out where I am. They will come - are you ready for the violence they will use?"

"What makes you think," said Baynes, "that you are that important to them? You are just another Initiate. They have plenty more. You'll be easy to replace."

"Is that so?" Conrad laughed, but Baynes' words made him feel uneasy.

"We have taken certain precautions," Togbare said.

"Oh, yes?" Conrad sneered. "You have drawn a magick circle thrice around the house - and I stand trembling and abashed at its centre! Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii!"

"Well, well!" said Baynes, "a scholar as well as a comedian."

Suddenly, Conrad rushed at Baynes, intending to punch at his face, but Baynes was too quick and easily avoided the intended blow. His own counter was quick, as he caught Conrad off balance, tripping him to the floor.

Baynes bowed slightly as Conrad slowly got to his feet.

"He studied in Taiwan," Togbare said by way of explanation.

"Oh well," Conrad said, shrugging his shoulders, "so much for that idea then." He looked around the room. "I suppose I'd better make myself comfortable."

"A wise decision," Togbare said.

"Do you not wish," Baynes said to Conrad, "to complete your studies at University?"

"What's it to you?" Conrad looked at him briefly, then at the window. He sat in an upright chair as near to it as possible.

"I believe you have an interest in Spaceflight?"

"No need to guess who told you that."

"Mr Stanford, of course. I have some contacts in the aerospace industry in the States."

"Bully for you."

"I could arrange for you to continue your studies at an American university at the end of which you would be guaranteed work with one of the leading companies in the aerospace industry. You would, of course, be provided with a large capital sum - say fifty thousand pounds - for incidental expenses over the years."

"Are you trying to bribe me?" Conrad asked, amazed - and interested - by the offer.

"Yes." said Baynes without hesitation.

"What would you want in exchange?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" asked Conrad incredulously.

"Except your immediate departure for America. I would, of course, make the necessary arrangements."

"I don't believe it," Conrad said, amazed.

"Money has no interest for me - beyond what good I can do with it."

"And the Master?" Conrad asked. "What of him if I betrayed him by leaving?"

"As I said before, you are a mere Initiate to him. He can easily find someone to take your place. But if you wish, I could provide you with a new identity. I have certain contacts who could arrange matters. You would soon be forgotten."

"It's very tempting. But the Master - "

"All you have to do," said Baynes, "is stay here with us for a few days. You will see when nobody is sent to fetch you, when they show no interest in you whatsoever, that what I say is true."

"How do I know this isn't just some ploy to get me to stay here?"

"You have my word. Should you wish, you can be with me when I make the necessary arrangements. I can have the money here within a few hours, the airline ticket likewise. Your passport and new identity will take a little longer - a day, perhaps. You yourself can speak to the American university I have in mind."

"When do I have to decide?"

"The sooner you decide, the sooner I can make the arrangements."

For several minutes Conrad stared at the fire. Then he rose slowly from his chair to yawn and stretch his limbs. "Any chance of some tea?" he asked casually.

"Have you reached a decision?" Baynes asked.

"Yes." Taking several deep breaths, Conrad grasped the back of the chair, swiftly lifting it and smashing it into the window. The glass shattered, and he threw the chair at Baynes before diving through the broken glass. He landed awkwardly in the snow, his hands cut and bloodied by the glass. Something warm was running down his neck, and he extracted a splinter of glass that had embedded itself in his arm before leaping up to run down the driveway and away from the house. He could hear Baynes shouting behind him, but did not look back, concentrating on running as fast as he could down the street. He ran and ran, past houses, over roads, on pavements, verges and roads, stopping for breath once by a busy main road. Then he was away, out into the dark lanes beyond the lights of the city.

He stopped to hide behind a tree, nauseous and shaking, and it was some time before his breathing returned to normal. His hands, neck and face were covered in blood, but it was dried or drying, and he took off his jacket to tear part of his shirt for a bandage for his arm. Soon, the cloth was soaked, and he lay still, pressing his hand over his bandaged wound to try and stop the bleeding. As he did so, he began to feel pain in his hands and face. He felt very tired.

No one had followed him down the dark narrow lane. He dreamed he was in the Satanic Temple. Neil was on the altar, tied down by thongs, and Tanith bent over him, a knife in her hand.

'It is your deed,' Tanith said to Conrad.

'Your deed,' Aris and Susan repeated as they stood beside him.

'We require his blood,' all three of them said.

Tanith gave him the knife and he walked toward Neil.

'Please,' his former friend pleaded, 'spare me! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!'

'We require his blood,' Conrad heard as a chant behind him. 'His blood to complete your Initiation. We must have his blood!'

Conrad hesitated.

'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!' the insistent voices said.

He raised the knife to strike, but could not find the strength, and as he lowered it in failure the bound figure on the altar was no longer Neil, but himself. Then Aris, Tanith, Susan and his double on the altar were laughing.

'See how close to failure you came!' Aris said and kissed him on the lips. He made to move away, but it was Susan kissing him until she, too, changed - into Tanith.

Suddenly he was awake again, lying on the cold snow stained by his own blood. Such a waste, he thought, to die here, cold and alone. He tried to sit, up against the tree, but lacked the strength. Then he smiled. 'I would do it all again,' he muttered to the tree, the snow, the stars. 'Susan', he said to himself as his eyes closed of their own accord, 'I love you.'

The last thing he heard was the cry of a hungry owl.

## XVI

Denise sat on and surrounded by cushions as brightly coloured as her clothes, two green candles in tall ornate holders alight beside her. Her house was otherwise unlit, and quiet except for the nearby rumble of traffic which passed along the main road less than fifty yards away. She was looking with half-closed eyes into her large crystal scrying sphere and her friend Miranda - High Priestess of the Circle of Arcadia - sat beside her, awaiting her description of her visions.

"I have found him," Denise said as if in trance. "He suffers, and will die."

Slowly, she placed a black cloth over her crystal. "Come," she said to her friend, "I shall need your help."

Her zest was evident in her driving, and it did not take them long to drive away from the city to the dark, narrow, lane she had seen in her vision.

"There, by the tree," she said.

Conrad was unconscious. "We must hurry," Denise said as she bent over him. "Others - the evil ones - will soon be here. I feel they are near."

Together they lifted and carried Conrad into the car.

"You drive," Denise almost commanded her friend. "I must begin, now."

Her hands were warm and she gently placed them on Conrad's cold and almost lifeless face before raising them a few inches to make passes with them over his arms, hands and body. She imagined energy flowing to her from the Earth through her fingers and down through his aura into the vital meridians of his wounded body, stopping only when they reached their destination.

Her house was warm, and they laid Conrad on the cushions between the candles.

"Will he be alright?" an anxious Miranda asked.

"I don't know - yet."

"Shall I let Mr. Baynes know?"

Denise turned toward her, her eyes intense. "No!"

"But I thought - "

"Nobody must know!" And she added, in a softer voice: "Not yet, anyway." She kissed Miranda, saying "Trust me, my love."

Then she knelt over Conrad to renew her healing with her hands.

"Can I do anything?" Miranda asked.

"Be a darling and make some tea." Denise did not turn around or look up.

The pot of tea was cold by the time Denise stood up, tired from her efforts, and she went to her kitchen to hold her hands against the cold tap, earthing the energies, before drinking several cups of the cold brew.

"Do you want me to stay?" Miranda asked hopefully.

"No - I'll be alright. I'll call you if there is any change,"

"Well, if you're sure."

"Yes. And," Denise said, embracing her, "please not a word - to anyone."

They kissed, briefly, and then Miranda left the room and the house. Denise sat beside Conrad, and gently stroked his face. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

"Back with us, then?" she said and smiled.

"What?" Conrad said, confused.

"You had a bit of an accident. And before you say anything, you're in my house."

Conrad sat up. "And you are?"

"Let's just say someone who likes helping waifs and strays!"

Conrad looked around the room. He saw the crystal with its black cover for 'closing down', the incense burner upon the fireplace. There were no furnishings other than the many cushions of varying size strewn over the carpet and the long, heavy drapes covering the window; no light other than that from the candles.

"Whose side are you on?" he asked cautiously.

"Does one have to be 'on a side'?" she countered with a smile.

"You know who I am?"

"Yes. How are you feeling?"

"Alright. I must have passed out." He found the woman strangely attractive, although her features were not beautiful in the conventional sense. But he suppressed his feelings, remembering Susan. "I really ought to go," he said and tried to stand up.

He failed, and slumped back into the cushions.

"Rest, now," Denise said,

"I must telephone someone," he said as he lay down to close his eyes to try and stop the dizziness he felt.

"In a while. But first you must rest."

She left him for a short time, returning with a silver bowl, cloths, phials of lotions and a mug

containing a hot infusion of herbs, all carried on a silver tray.

"Here," she said, "drink this."

He sat up and smelt the contents of the mug. It smelt horrible. "What is it?"

"Just an infusion - of herbs and things. My mother showed me how to make it. It will bring back some of your strength."

Cautiously, Conrad sipped the drink. She removed the bandage he had made to cover the wound on his arm and began to clean the area using the liquid in the bowl. When she has finished, she made a clean covering using a cloth richly suffused with lotion. Soon, she had washed, cleaned and covered all his injuries with her lotions.

"It tasted better," Conrad said after finishing her potion, "than it smelt."

Her nearness, her gentle touch and her bodily fragrance all combined to sexually arouse him, and he held her hand before leaning to kiss her.

She moved away, saying, "I'm sorry to disappoint you - but I'm not that way inclined."

"I hope I didn't offend you," he said sincerely.

She laughed as she collected her lotions. "For an alleged Satanist you are rather innocent. Your aura marks you as different from them."

"Oh, yes?" Conrad was intrigued.

"What is your aim in all this?" she asked. "What do you hope to find?"

He felt his strength returning with every breath he took. Even the throbbing in his arm had begun subside. "Knowledge," he said.

Denise sat down beside him as she did so he felt there was a calmness within her. He felt good, just being near her, as if in some way she was giving him energy. At first, he had felt this as her sexual interest in him, but the more he looked at her and the more he thought about it, the more he realized it was nothing of the sort. It was just beneficent energy flowing from her. He did not know, nor particularly care, why - he just felt relaxed and comfortable in her nearness.

"What is it?" she asked again, smiling, her eyes radiant, "that you hope to find. Why did you join them?"

"I wanted knowledge." It was only partly true, he remembered. Most of all he had wanted to experience sexual passion.

"Is that all?"

He sensed she knew the answer already. "Well, sex as well."

"And then what?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, perplexed.

"Think of it - in a few years time, if you continue along your present path, you will have had many women, learnt many Occult truths. Perhaps you will have acquired some skill in magick. But life is - for most people - quite long: many decades, in fact. What do you do with all this time? The same pleasures and delights over and over again? Someone of your intelligence would surely find that boring?"

"There will be other goals, I'm sure. Other things to achieve."

"Perhaps. Your youth will go, and with its going will come tiredness of both body and spirit."

"So what? It is the present that's important. Why worry about what might never be?"

"And if I said you were giving up your chance of immortality what would you say?"

"I don't believe there is a chance. It's superstition. When we die, that's it."

"Is that what you believe Satanism as all about - the pleasure of the moment?"

"Yes." Then, with less certainty, he added, "Well, at least, I think so."

"There is no belief in something beyond?"

"Not as far as I know." He smiled. "But as you must know, I'm only a new Initiate."

"Would you kill your friend Neil?" she suddenly asked.

"Say again?"

"Neil Stanford. Would you kill him if your Master demanded it?"

"What do you know about Neil?"

"He came to see me once. For a reading. But you haven't answered my question. Would you - could you - kill him, or anyone?"

Conrad remembered his dream. But there was within him a desire to deny that part of himself which would not kill. For a few moments he felt compelled to boast, to answer her question in the affirmative - depicting himself to her as someone ruthless and unafraid. But she was sitting near him, calm and smiling, and it seemed to him that her eyes saw into his thoughts. She would know it was just a boast, the nervous arrogance of naivety.

"I don't know," he said honestly.

"See," she said with a slight tone of censure, "to you all this Satanism is at present a game. An enjoyable one, to be sure, but still a game. Your aura tells a different story. They are serious - they kill, without mercy. They corrupt. Are you ready for all that?"

"You make them sound vile," he said, thinking of Susan, and the bliss he had shared with Tanith. "They are not like that."

"Don't you understand what is happening to you? Of course, now all is pleasure - all is passion and enjoyment. You are being courted, drawn into their web. But soon the perversity will begin. It will start in a small way - something perhaps only a little morally degrading. But soon you will be so involved there will be no escape."

"No, I don't believe it. You're just trying to turn me against them, aren't you?"

"Am I?" she smiled. "I have something to show you."

She fetched her crystal sphere and set it down between them. Carefully she removed the black cloth before making passes over the sphere with her hands.

"Look," she said to him, "and see!"

Conrad peered into the sphere. At first he saw nothing except the reflection of the lights from the candles, but then a blackness appeared within which cleared. He saw the Temple in Aris' house. Susan was there, naked upon the altar, and around her the congregation danced. Then a man went to her, fondling her body before he removed his robe to lay and move upon her. Then the scene changed. Aris was with several other people whose faces Conrad could not see. They were on what looked like a moor, and on the ground a young woman lay, naked and bound. She was struggling, but Aris laughed - Conrad could not hear the laughter, only see the Master as his mouth opened and he rocked from side to side. Then there was a knife in his hand and he bent down to calmly and efficiently slit the woman's throat. Conrad turned away.

"There is more," Denise said,

"So what?" Conrad said, affecting unconcern. "Every war has its casualties. Anyway, what I saw was not real."

"It was. The woman whom you saw murdered was called Maria Torrens. I can show you the

newspaper reports of her death if you wish."

"In every period there are victims and masters. The weak perish and the strong survive."

"Do you really believe that?" she asked.

"What if I do?" Conrad said defensively. "Will you try and convert me?"

"You must make your own decisions - and take the consequences that result from your actions, both in this life and the next."

"Belief in an afterlife," Conrad said scornfully, "is merely blackmail to prevent us from fulfilling ourselves - from achieving god-head - in this life."

"You seem set to continue along the dark path you have chosen - despite what I sense about your inner feelings."

"I've made my choice."

"I know," she said softly.

"Tell me, then, why you have helped me?"

Denise smiled, and her smile disconcerted Conrad. "I have no right to judge. I simply help those in need."

"But even so -"

"You should rest now." She covered the crystal with the black cloth.

Suddenly, Conrad felt tired. He lay down among the softness of the cushions and, in the warm room with its gentle candlelight, he was soon asleep. His sleep was dreamless, and when he awoke he was astonished to find Susan sitting beside him.

## XVII

The repair of the window Conrad had shattered was almost complete, and Baynes watched the workmen while Togbare sat, wrapped in a cloak, by the bright fire. Slowly at first, and then heavily, it began to snow again.

When the work was over, Baynes thanked the men, gave them a large gratuity in cash, and stood outside to watch them leave. He was about to return to the warmth of his house when a motor-cycle

entered his driveway. It was a powerful machine, ridden by someone clad in red leathers, and he stood in the bright security lights which adorned his dwelling while the rider dismounted and began to remove the tinted visored helmet.

Miranda shook her long hair free. "I have some news for you," she said.

"Shall we go in?" Baynes asked. He gestured gallantly toward the door, and held it open for her.

"You have not met Frater Togbare, have you?" he asked her as he showed her into the study.

Togbare stood to offer Miranda his hand. "Hi!" she said, smiling, but not shaking his hand.

"Please, do sit," Baynes said.

"Denise found him," Miranda said, "and I think she'll need your help!" She looked anxiously at Baynes.

"Found who?" he asked.

"Robury! He's at her house. She didn't want me to tell you - but I had to." Miranda sighed. For over an hour she had sat at her house, wondering what to do. At first, she had thought of going back to Denise. But her memory of Denise's firm insistence persuaded her otherwise. She had tried to forget her own worries about Denise's safety, and had almost succeeded - for an hour, trusting as she had in Denise's psychic ability.

"They are sure to find him," she continued. "She'll be in danger! We must do something!"

"You mean," Baynes said calmly, "Mr. Robury is at present in her house?"

"Yes!" It was an affirmation of her impatience.

"Did he go there himself?" Baynes raised his eyebrows as he glanced at Togbare.

"No - she found him. And we brought him back. He was injured - quite badly, it seemed."

"I see." Baynes stroked his beard with his hand. "You took him to her house? Why?"

"She wanted to help him." Then, realizing what she had said, and seeing the exchange of looks between Togbare and Baynes, she added, "It's not like that!"

"You said," Togbare asked her, "she found him. Was she therefore looking for him?"

"Well - in a manner of speaking, yes." The room was hot, and she unzipped the front of her leather suit.

Baynes looked at her as she did so, as if suddenly realizing she was a woman. She noticed his attention and smiled at him, shaking her head so that her long hair framed her face. Suddenly, she saw him as a challenge, for she knew of his avoidance of women. Her own liaison with Denise was only for her a brief interlude in her bisexual life, and she smiled enchantingly at Baynes.

Hastily, Baynes turned away.

"Did she say," Togbare asked her, "why she was looking for him?"

"No. And I didn't ask. You know about her, don't you Oswald?" she said to Baynes, smiling at him again and deliberately using his first name. "About her abilities."

"She is rather gifted in certain psychic matters, yes." He looked briefly at her, then turned away.

"Do you know of recent events," Togbare asked Miranda, "involving Mr Robury and the Satanist group?"

"Only that there was to be some sort of ritual. Denise said something about Robury being important."

"You know of the death of Mr. Fitten and his wife?"

"Yes. She mentioned them."

"You were among the first to know of this Conrad Robury, were you not?"

"Actually, yes. He came to attend one of our meetings."

"Introduced by a certain Neil Stanford?"

"Yes." She turned to look at Baynes, but he staring into the flames of the fire.

"I think it is right and fitting," Togbare pompously said to her, "that we take you into our confidence. Mr Stanford, I am grieved to say, has fallen into the hands of the Satanists - he had, on our instructions, infiltrated the group. However, he was betrayed. We do not know by whom. As you probably are aware, such groups do not take kindly to anyone who betrays them, and therefore ever since Mr Stanford was kidnapped by Mr Robury and taken to the house of the so-called 'Master', we have been concerned for his safety.

"Yet for some time I myself, and the Council, have suspected that we ourselves have been infiltrated by the Satanists."

Miranda looked first at Baynes and then at Togbare. "And you now suspect Denise?" she asked with astonishment.

It was Baynes who answered. "It is logical - considering what you have just told us."

"I don't believe it! Not Denise!"

"Of course," Togbare said, "we cannot be sure. But Mr Baynes is right - it is logical to presume she may be implicated."

"So you see, Miranda," Baynes said, and smiled at her, "if it is true then she is unlikely to be in danger from them, as you believed."

Miranda sat in a chair, confused by the accusation against her lover yet pleased that Baynes had apparently shown an interest in her. He had used her first name - something he had never done before - and his smile seemed to convey a warmth toward her. Suddenly, it occurred to her that if the accusation was true, Denise had been cruelly using her. The thought saddened her.

"But if you're wrong about her," she said, still unconvinced, "then she will be in danger?"

"For helping Robury?" Baynes said. "I doubt it. You did say she intended to help him?"

"Yes. She was going to use her healing powers."

"Which, to my knowledge, are quite remarkable. Quite remarkable."

"But surely - " Miranda began to say.

"Why did she wish to find him in the first place? And, more importantly, why did she then wish to heal him? For she knew, being with me a member of the Council itself, that he was important to them - to their ritual."

"She was on the Council?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"Why, yes. Did she never tell you? I knew you two were very close friends." Baynes smiled at her.

Miranda blushed, and shuffled in her chair. "No," she said softly, "she never told me." She sighed in sadness, for she remembered what Denise had once said: "There shall be no secrets between us..."

"He was badly injured, you said?" Togbare asked her.

"Covered in blood."

"Well," Baynes said, "he did jump through that window."

"He was here?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"We had hoped to - how shall I say? - exchange him for Stanford. Now we are back to where we were before."

"But surely the Police - they can help. If Neil has been abducted - "

Baynes shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture of obeisance with his hands. "What evidence have we? What could we say about this conflict which such people would understand?"

"But surely they would listen to someone as well respected as you?"

"Possibly. Even if I sent them to the house of the Master, would they find Stanford there? Of course not. How would I explain why he should have been abducted? What reason - what motive - could I give without appearing as some sort of crank? They would listen, make some routine enquiries, find nothing and decide I was rather strange. No, it is not as easy as that."

"I fear, my child," Togbare said to Miranda, who cringed at his endearment, "that Mr Baynes is right. There have been two deaths, two unfortunate deaths, already. It is due to Mr Baynes' resourcefulness and indeed influence that those deaths have been registered by the authorities as natural ones, unconnected with any suspicious circumstances. And this I myself accepted - for how does one explain to an unbelieving world the true cause of such deaths? If we had tried, then we would now, I am sure, have all manner of journalists intruding upon our affairs, impeding our investigations and preventing us from achieving our goal - that of ending for once and for all this Satanist threat to our world."

Togbare seemed pleased with his speech, and rubbed his hands together.

Miranda turned to Baynes. "I would like to help," she said.

"Then I suggest we go and see Denise. I shall ask her, directly, where she stands on the matter."

"And if Mr Robury is with her?" Togbare asked.

"I shall persuade him to return with us." He walked to the desk and from a drawer took a revolver which he placed in his jacket pocket.

"Please," Togbare said, "surely we can avoid such complications?"

"There is no choice now," Baynes replied. "Do you wish," he asked Miranda, "to travel with me or use your own transport?"

"With you," she smiled and began to remove her leather suit.

Even Togbare glanced at her fulsome figure. "If," Togbare said, clearing his throat, "Mr Robury is not there - what then, my friend?"

"Sanders - he will know how to enter their Temple. He can be persuaded to tell us. We shall then go to them. You ready?" he asked Miranda.

"Yes."

"Excellent!" He turned toward Togbare. "If we're not back within the hour inform the Police."

"But - " mumbled Togbare. "what shall I say?"

"I'm sure you can think of something!"

"But - "

Baynes did not wait to hear the Mage's words.

## XVIII

"She has done well!" Susan said as Conrad sat up. "You are better than we thought."

"How did you get here?" Conrad asked her. He looked around the room, but they were alone. "The woman - "

"Denise?" Susan said. "You will see her in a while. The Master is pleased to see you."

She helped him to stand.

"Ah! Conrad!" Aris said as he entered the room. "Such determination! You rejected a most tempting offer, I hear."

"Sorry?" Conrad looked at Susan, and then at the Master whose black cloak and clothes seemed to Conrad appropriately suited the Master's gleeful yet sinister countenance.

"An offer - from Baynes," Aris the Master said.

"You talked in your sleep," Susan said before Conrad could ask the obvious question.

"Come," Aris said, gesturing toward the door.

Conrad followed him up the stairs of the house and into a bedroom where Denise lay on a bed, apparently asleep.

"She is yours," Aris whispered to him.

"I'm sorry?"

"It is for you to decide her fate. Take her - possess her if you wish. She has never been with a man. You can be the first."

Aris walked to Denise, touched her forehead with his hand and she awoke. Then there was a knife in his hand and he held it as if ready to strike.

"Your wish?" Aris asked him, and smiled.

Conrad went to her, took her hand in his and kissed it. "Thank you," he said to her sincerely.

The fear that had been in her eyes disappeared.

"And her fate?" Aris said, still holding the knife.

"I don't want her harmed.,"

"As you wish." Aris touched her forehead with his hand, and she closed her eyes in sleep. "You must go now," he said to Conrad.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him as he reached the bottom of the stairs.

The face of the Master had shown no emotion as Conrad had expressed his wish, and he was wondering whether the Master disapproved.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him again.

"Just a little tired," he replied.

"We must go now." She held the front door of the house open as a gesture of her intent, and, in the snowy street outside, he saw her expensive car.

He walked with her out into the coldness to seat himself beside her, and was soon warm in the cocoon of the car watching the snow covered streets and houses as Susan drove almost recklessly in the dangerous conditions.

The music she chose as an accompaniment to their journey seemed to Conrad to reflect his mood and

the almost demonic aspirations which underlay it, and he listened intently to Liszt's B Minor Sonata. As he listened, he began to realize that his decision regarding Denise was correct, and they were approaching the Master's dwelling when he concluded it made no difference to him what Aris his Master - or indeed what anyone - thought about it. He would do the same again.

Gedor awaited them at the steps of the house, and held Conrad's door open for him in a gesture which pleased Conrad. The very house itself seemed to welcome him, and he was not surprised when Tanith greeted him in the hall with a kiss.

"They will soon heal," she said as she caressed the dried cuts on his face.

Even Mador came to greet him.

"Welcome Professor!" the dwarf said. "Welcome!"

"The Master will see you soon. But first, you should bathe and change. Mador will show you your room."

As Conrad turned to follow Mador, she added, "And Conrad, from this day forth this house is yours as your home."

Her words pleased him, and he followed Mador, proud of himself. Susan was beautiful, wealthy and powerful, and together they would return the Dark Gods to Earth.

The room Mador led him to was on the top floor of the house. It was large and luxurious and he was surprised to find the cupboards full of new clothes, all in his size. He selected some, and was relaxing in a bath of warm water when the maid entered the room, pushing a trolley replete with food.

She did not speak, but smiled at him through the open bathroom door as he lay, blushing at the unexpected intrusion.

"Thank you!" he said unnecessarily as she left.

It was almost an hour later when he too left, cleaned and fed, to find his way to the library where he assumed the Master would be waiting. It took him a long time, for the house was large and mostly unknown to him.

"Do you find," the Master said to him as he entered the library, "your house pleasing?" He smiled as he sat at the desk, indicating a chair.

Conrad sat down.

"From tonight, all this," Aris continued, "shall be yours."

Conrad could only stare in amazement. Was it a jest?

"There shall be a ritual," Aris said, "whose success will begin that New Aeon which we seek. Recall that I said you had a Destiny. Your Destiny is to continue the work which I and others like me have begun. Every Grand Master such as I chooses, when the time is right, someone to succeed him. And I have chosen you. My daughter shall be your guide as your own power develops. She shall be your Mistress, just as Tanith has been mine."

Aris smiled benignly at him. "It is right you are amazed. You have proved yourself fitting for this honour. As to myself, I have other tasks to perform, other places to visit where you at present cannot go. We have tested you, and you have not been found wanting. Now, I shall reveal to you a secret regarding our beliefs. We represent balance - we restore what is lacking in any particular time or society. We challenge the accepted. We encourage through our novices, our acts of magick and through the spread of our ideas that desire to know which religions, sects and political dogmatists all wish to suppress because it undermines their authority. Think on this, in relation to our history, and remember that we are seldom what we seem to others.

"Our Way is all about, in its beginnings, and for those daring individual who join us, liberating the dark or shadow aspect of the personality. To achieve this, we sometimes encourage individuals to undergo formative experiences of a kind which more conventional societies and individuals frown upon or are afraid of. Some of these experiences may well involve acts which are considered 'illegal'. But the strong survive, the weak perish. All this - and the other directly magickal experiences like those you yourself have experienced - develop both the character of the individual and their magickal abilities. In short, from the Satanic novice, the Satanic Adept is produced."

He smiled again at Conrad before continuing his Satanic discourse. "We tread a narrow path, as perhaps you yourself are becoming aware. There is danger, there is ecstasy - but above all there is an exhilaration, a more intense and interesting way of living. We aim to change this world - yes, but we aim to change individuals within it - to produce a new type of person, a race of beings truly representative of our foremost symbol, Satan. Only a few can belong to this new race, this coming race - to the Satanic elect. To this elite, I welcome you."

He passed over to Conrad a small book bound in black leather.

"All this I have said, and more, much more, is written of in here," Aris said. "Read and learn and understand. We shall not speak together again."

He bowed his head, as if respectfully, toward Conrad before rising and taking his leave. Alone in the silence which followed, Conrad though he could hear a woman's voice.

"I am coming for you, I am coming!" it seemed to sing and for an instant he glimpsed a ghostly face, It was Fitten's wife.

Then Conrad was laughing, loudly, at the thought, as he basked in the glory of being chosen by the Master.

"I am the power, I am the glory!" he shouted aloud in his demonic possession as, behind him, the ghostly face cried,

## XIX

Several times during their short journey Miranda tried to engage Baynes in conversation and each time she failed. He did not speak even as they left the car near their destination to walk the last few hundred yards.

Only as they approached Denise's house did he relent.

"I fear," he said, pointing to where a car had left its imprint in the snow, "we are too late."

The door was unlocked, and he entered the house cautiously. No sounds came from within the house, and with Miranda in tow he slowly checked every room. The house was empty.

"Has she gone with them?" Miranda asked as they returned to the front door.

"Or been abducted."

"Why would they do that?"

"She would be a prize, I presume. A lady of her - how shall I say? - persuasion would be regarded in some respects as an ideal sacrifice."

"It's my fault," Miranda said sadly.

"Not at all. We still do not know if she is involved with them." He ushered her outside.

"I feel so responsible," she said.

"There is no need," he said kindly.

She took advantage of his tone and his nearness by resting her head on his shoulder. He held her, feebly and briefly, and then drew away.

"Here," he said, giving her the keys to his car, "can you tell Frater Togbare what had occurred?"

"Yes, I will."

"Good. I will make some necessary arrangements."

"To get into their Temple?"

"Exactly. I shall be - say - an hour at most. Tell Frater Togbare to be ready to leave at once."

"Will three of us be enough?"

He looked at her for some seconds before replying. "I cannot allow you to go," he said somewhat pompously.

"Tough! I'm going!" she said with determination.

"No you're not."

She held her head slightly to one side, resting her hands on her hips. "Because I'm a woman?" she demanded, a touch of anger in her voice.

"Actually, yes."

"Oh I see!" she mocked. "It's strictly a job for the boys, is it?"

"It could be dangerous."

"Oh I see! And we weak women, cannot cope with danger, is that what you mean?" By now, she was angry.

"I didn't say that," he protested.

"But you meant it!"

"Look - there are more important things at the moment than this stupid argument!" He himself was beginning, uncharacteristically, to become annoyed.

She smiled at him, as if satisfied to have aroused some emotion within him. "We'll be ready when you get back," she said. She did not wait for his reply and walked back toward his car.

Baynes watched her drive away in the falling snow before he returned to the house. The telephone was working, and he dialled Sanders' number.

"Baynes here. Can you meet me? Or should I say - meet me in fifteen minutes."

'Leave me alone!' he heard Sanders say, 'One favour is - '

"Listen! There will be more money, this time."

'I'm not interested.'

"Just meet me. It will be to your long term advantage. You know what I mean?"

Sanders sighed, and Baynes smiled. 'Where?' he asked.

Baynes gave him the address, and sat on the stairs to wait.

Sanders was late.

"That your car?" Baynes asked.

"Yeah."

"Let's go, then."

As they drove away, Sanders asked "Where to?"

"My house. Now - you've been in the Masters' Temple I imagine."

"Possibly."

"Excellent."

Baynes did not speak again until they were inside his house.

"Some friends of mine," Baynes said as he led Sanders into the study where Miranda and Togbare were waiting.

"Hello Miranda," Sanders said.

"You know each other?" Baynes asked, surprised.

Sanders raised his eyebrows and gave a lascivious smile. "I've hear of her. It's a small world, the Occult." He stared at her breasts.

Miranda stared back, and nervously, Sanders looked away.

"You said," Baynes asked him, "you'd been in the Satanist Temple."

"It's a free country," he shrugged.

"Can you lead us there?"

"You serious?" When Baynes did not answer, he added, "You are serious!"

"Naturally, I would make it worth your while. Financially, of course."

"How much?" he whispered to Baynes.

"Sixty thousand."

"That's a lot of money!" He thought for a minute. "And all I have to do is lead you there, right?"

"Correct."

"When?"

"Now."

"Now?" Sanders said with surprise.

"Yes. And no tricks. I know the Temple is below the house, but I also know there is a secret entrance somewhere, nearby."

"You're well informed," Sanders said with surprise.

"I have my sources of information."

"Don't I know it!" Sanders said like an aside. "And the money?"

"Tomorrow. When the Banks open."

"Let's get this straight," Sanders said, twirling the inverted pentagram he wore around his neck. "I lead you there, then I'm free to go right?"

"Correct. Provided, of course, you do not inform anyone of our presence."

"What do you take me for? I know you've got your pet Policemen."

"Shall we go then?"

"Your car or mine?" Sanders quipped.

"Please," Togbare said quietly to Baynes, "may I talk with you? Alone?"

"As you wish," Baynes replied. "Please, excuse us for a moment," he said to Miranda.

Outside, in the hallway, he firmly shut the door to the study.

"This plan of yours," Togbare said, "are we not being too hasty?"

"I don't believe so."

"But to go to their Temple - "

"What choice do we have? They will sacrifice Stanford and for all we know Denise as well. Did Miranda not say that Denise was 'virgo intacta'?"

"No."

"Don't you see? I am sure their ritual will be tonight."

"The blood of a virgin - yes, yes," Togbare mumbled.

"Your actual presence at the ritual will I am sure suffice to disrupt it."

"It is possible, yes. But the physical danger - "

"I shall of course leave a message with a friend of mine, a Police Officer. Should we not return, he will investigate. Believe me, there will be no second chance for us. Can we afford to wait? What if we do nothing and tonight they complete their sacrifices and open the gates to the Abyss? What then? The evil they will release will spread like a poison. Large scale demonic possession will occur - madness, crime committed by those weak of will ..."

"Yes, yes of course," Togbare said abstractly, "you are right."

"Their success," Baynes continued, "would give them magickal power - Satanic magickal power - beyond imagining. We would be powerless. And their Dark Gods would return, to haunt the Earth."

"You have only voiced me own fears. I shall prepare myself as we journey to our destination. May God protect us."

Baynes left Togbare mumbling prayers. In the study he found Sanders kneeling on the floor, clutching his genitals, his face contorted with pain. "See," Miranda said to Baynes in triumph, "we women can take care of ourselves! Shall I drive then?"

Both Baynes and Sanders watched her as she left the room.

## XX

"Your marriage to our daughter," Conrad remember Tanith had said, "shall be first."

A prelude, he thought to the fugue that would be the opening of the gates to the Abyss.

He stood in the candlelit Temple, resplendent in the crimson robe Tanith had given him for the ceremony. The congregation formed an aisle to the altar upon which the tetrahedron glowed, and he stood in front of it, with the Master and Tanith, to await his Satanic bride.

There was a beating of drums, and Gedor, with Susan beside him, walked down the stone steps and into the chamber of the Temple. She wore a black veil and a black flowing gown and walked alone past the congregation as Gedor stood guard by the door which marked the hidden entrance.

Tanith's viridian robe seemed iridescent in the fluxing light, and she greeted her daughter with a kiss before joining and binding Susan's hand with Conrad's.

"We, Master and Mistress of this Temple," Aris and Tanith said together, "greet you who have gathered to witness this rite. Let the ceremony begin!"

There was a chant from the many voices of the congregation.

"Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas!"

We are gathered here, " the Master said, "to join in oath and through our dark magick this man and this woman, so that hence forward they shall as inner sanctuaries to our gods!"

"Hail to they," Tanith chanted, "who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names!"

The Master raised his hands and began to vibrate the name *Atazoth* followed by *Vindex* while Tanith led the congregation in chanting 'Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas! Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet! while the drums beat ever louder and more insistent. Then, on Tanith's sign, they stopped.

The sudden silence startled Conrad, a little.

"Do you," the Master said to Conrad, "known in this world as Conrad Robury accept as your Satan-Mistress this lady, Amilichus, known as Susan Aris, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our Dark Gods?"

"I do," Conrad replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

Conrad accepted the silver ring, and placed it on Susan's finger.

Aris turned to his daughter. "Do you Amilichus, accept as your Satan-Master this man, known in this world as Conrad Robury and whom we now honour as Falcifer in name, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our Dark Gods?"

"I do," Susan replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

She took the silver ring, and placed it on Conrad's finger.

"See them!" Aris said, "Hear them! Know them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this Master and Mistress against the desire of this Master and Mistress, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our faith! Hear me you Dark Gods of Chaos gathering to witness this rite!"

Tanith unbound their hands to swiftly cut with a sharp knife their thumbs. She pressed Conrad's bleeding thumb onto Susan's forehead, leaving a mark in blood, before marking Conrad in the same manner and pressing the two thumbs together to mingle the blood. Then she pressed a few drops of blood from each onto a triangle of parchment. There was a silver bowl on the altar containing liquid which Aris lit before Tanith cast the parchment into the flames.

"By this burning," she said, "I declare this couple wed! Let their children be numerous and become as eagles who swoop upon their prey!"

"But ever remember," Aris said, "you who in joining find a magick which creates, never love so much that you cannot see your partner die when their dying-time has come."

"Let us greet," Tanith said, "the new Lord and Lady of the dark!"

Tanith's kiss was signal for the congregation to greet the spaeman and his wife.

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No traffic came along the narrow lane that led past the neglected woods near the Master's house, and Miranda parked the car partly on the snow-covered verge. The snow had stopped, and there was an

almost unearthly beauty about the scene: the snow-capped trees, the virgin white of the fields, the cold quiet stillness of the night air.

But the horizon around the fields began to change, as if the sky itself was full of fury. Red, indigo and thunder-purple vied for mastery. Each passing moment brought a change, a subtle shift in colour or intensity. Yet there was no sound, as there might have been if an Earth-bred storm had existed as cause.

Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the spectacle ceased, to leave Miranda and the others staring at a night sky full-brimming with stars.

"This way," Sanders said as he walked in among the trees.

There was a fence yards within the wood, and he climbed it easily while Baynes gave assistance to Togbare and Miranda. Soon, the undergrowth became thick, but Sanders followed a narrow path deep into the stillness, stopping frequently to wait for his companions. Baynes kept close behind him, one hand in his jacket pocket and holding the revolver.

The snow was deep in places over the path that snaked around trees, bushes, dead bracken and entwining undergrowth, and Togbare stumbled and fell.

"Are you alright?" Miranda asked him.

"Yes, thank you." Slowly, he raised himself to his feet using his stick.

He tried to sense the power of the rituals being undertaken that night on his instructions to try and counter the magick of the Satanists, but he could sense nothing, however hard he strained and however he listened to the emanations from the astral aether. There was nothing, and it took him some minutes as he walked along the path to realise why. The wood was like a vortex in the fabric of Space-Time, absorbing all the psychic energies that radiated upon it. He sighed, then, at this realization, for he knew it meant they would be alone in the magickal battle to come.

He could see a clearing ahead where the others had stopped to wait for him. As he reached its edge, he was startled by the strange cry of an Eagle Owl. He had heard the cry before, in the forests of Scandinavia, and looked up to see the large ominous predator swooping down toward Sanders face, its hooked claws ready to strike.

Sanders shielded his face with his arm. Quickly, Togbare raised his stick and the huge owl veered spectacularly away, up and over the trees. It was not long before they heard its harsh call break the silence that shrouded the wood.

"Come," Togbare said, "we must hurry. They will know now that we are here."

## XXI

Denise awoke to find herself in a cell. It was small, brightly lit and warm. There was a thong around her neck, and she was still struggling to remove it when her cell door opened.

Neil, dressed in the black robe of the Satanic order, stood outside and motioned her to come forward.

"Listen to me," he whispered, glancing behind him at the stone stairs, "I don't have much time. You must go and warn the others. It's a trap. Here," he handed her a bunch of keys, "take one of their cars. Come on."

When Denise made no move to leave, he said, "Please, you've got to trust me. Frater Togbare will explain."

She looked into his eyes, then smiled. "How do I get out?" she asked, taking the keys.

"I'll show you."

He led her up the stairs and through an archway. "Through that door," he said, "are some stairs. You'll come to another door which leads to a passage. Follow the passage and you'll be in the hall, near the front door of the house. And don't worry, no one is around - they are all in the Temple. Good luck!"

He watched her go before returning to the top of the stairs. He stood in the circular chamber and waited. It was not a long wait, for soon the floor began to turn. The wall parted, revealing the Temple, and he walked down the steps to join the worshippers.

Conrad greeted him. "The Master has just told me," he said, "that you were one of us all along! Sorry if I used too much force."

"You weren't to know," said a relieved Neil.

Aris, Tanith and Susan were standing in front of the altar, the congregation before them, and they waited until Neil and Conrad joined them.

A proud Conrad held up his wedding ring for Neil to see, and Conrad joined them.

"Let the rite of sacrifice begin!" The Master intoned.

Slowly, the congregation began to chant.

"Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth," they chanted.

Then they began their dance around the altar, singing a dirge as they danced counter to the direction

of the Sun.

"Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sybilla. Quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

Then the Master was vibrating the words of a chant, *Agios o Baphomet*, as one of the congregation came away from the dance to kneel before Tanith who bared her breasts in greeting.

"It is the protection," the kneeling man said as he removed the hood which covered his head, "and milk of your breasts that I seek."

Tanith bent down, and he suckled. Then she pushed him away, laughing, and saying, "I reject you!"

The man knelt before her, while around them the dancers whirled ever faster, still singing their chant.

"I pour my kisses at your feet," the kneeling man said, "and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of their blood. I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter of and a gate to our Dark Gods. I lift up my voice to you, dark demoness Baphomet, so that my mage's seed may feed your whoring flesh!"

Tanith touched his head with her hand. "Kiss me, and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste my fragrance and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the Sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a gate which opens to our gods!"

She clapped her hands twice, and the dancers ceased their dance to gather round as she lay down beside the man, stripping him naked. Then she was upon him, fulfilling her lust as the congregation clapped their hands in rhythm to her rising and falling body.

"Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!" Aris the Master was chanting.

Tanith screamed in ecstasy, and for a moment lay still. Then she was standing, intoning the words of her role.

"So you have sown and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak." She looked smiling upon the congregation. "I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark nor as deadly as I. With a curse I can strike you dead! Hear me, then, and obey! Gather for me the gift we shall offer in sacrifice to our gods!"

She gestured with her hand and two of the congregation ascended the stairs as drum beats began in the Temple. It was not long before one of the men returned, aghast.

"She's gone!" he shouted.

Aris turned toward Neil, and smiled.

"You will do instead," he said.

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By the far edge of the clearing lay a wooden hut, and Sanders led them toward it.

"Inside," he said to Baynes, "there's a trap-door in the floor."

He made to move away, but Baynes said, "Show me."

Reluctantly Sanders went inside and lifted the floor covering in a corner. The hut itself was bare.

"There," he said in a whisper.

"Open it then," answered Baynes.

Sanders did so and light from the stairs suffused the hut. "They're all yours!" Sanders said with relief and walked toward the still open door where Miranda stood beside Togbare,

He was about to step outside when he saw them. Three large dogs snarling and running toward him. Hastily he slammed the flimsy door shut. They jumped against it, fiercely barking. Only his weight against it held it firm. They jumped again and again as if possessed and the wood began to splinter.

"Quick!" Baynes said, indicating the stairs.

He helped Miranda and Togbare down and descended the several steps himself.

"Follow me quickly!" he shouted to Sanders who stood, his eyes wide with terror, with his back and arms against the breaking door.

Baynes had gone, and he ran across the floor of the hut, almost stumbling. The door shattered and he was fumbling with the trap-door ring when the first dog attacked. But he succeeded just in time in closing the door, and leant back against the steps, breathing hard as above him the dogs tried to dig around and through the door.

"Come on," Baynes said to him as he stood, stooping, in the narrow tunnel that led away from the stairs.

Sanders said nothing, but his eyes and face betrayed his fear.

"You don't have any choice," Baynes said unsympathetically.

Above them, the dogs could be heard howling. Miranda edged past Baynes to take Sanders hand in her own.

The gesture worked, and he followed them as they walked along the tunnel. Soon, it began to slope gently downward, but it seemed a long time before they could not hear the barking and the baying of the dogs.

Gradually, the light began to change in intensity, and it was only a faint glow sufficient for them to dimly see by when Baynes reached the door that sealed off the exit to the tunnel. "Are you ready?" he said to Togbare.

"Yes, my friend," he replied, and felt in his pocket for his crucifix.

Dramatically, Baynes brandished the gun before opening the door that led to the Temple. It swung silently on its hinges, and as it did so they heard a man's voice shout: "She's gone!"

## XXII

Denise was sitting in Susan's car outside the house when she experienced her vision. She saw the wood, the country lane where Miranda had parked Baynes' car, and she drove toward it, followed her instinct and intuition.

When she arrived, she sensed the woods were a place of danger, both physical and magickal, and she walked cautiously in the snow-steps Baynes and his two companions had left behind, stopping every few minutes to stand and listen. The deeper into the wood she went, the more did she become aware of elemental forces. The wood was alive to her - and she had to shut her psychic senses against the myriad images and sensations: a primitive fear urging her to flee back to the road and safety; leering and laughing demonic faces and shapes peering out from behind the trees and bushes...

She knew as she walked that the Master and his followers had built with their sinister magick a psychic barrier to shield the woods, the house and the Temple. But she was also aware that there were other forces outside this barrier trying to break it down. She saw in her mind groups sitting in a circle within a room within a house... They were focusing their powers upon Togbare: he was their symbol, his stick a magical sword trying like a magnet to attract the energies of their rituals. Her awareness of these rituals, of Togbare's foresightful planning of them, pleased her as she walked in the silence of the wood.

The clearing she entered caused her to stop and stand still for many minutes, and she with her heightened psychic ability sensed the owl before she saw it. And when she did see it, swooping

silently toward her, she spoke to it in words like gentle music. It seemed to hover above her head as if listening to her voice before flying silently away.

She was approaching the hut when she heard the dogs. She did not shorten her pace but walked toward the door to see them crouched in a corner as if ready to pounce.

"Hello, little ones!" she said gently and unafraid.

They snarled at her, but did not attack. But they would not let her near. When she moved toward them, they would bare their teeth and growl as if ready to leap at her. But when she moved back toward the door, they sat down on the trap-door watching her.

Several times she tried to edge near, but the response was always the same. She could not seem to break with her gentle magick the barrier which surrounded them.

With a sigh, she settled down to wait, consciously trying to break a hole in the magickal barrier shielding the woods and the Temple, hoping that the white magick outside might break through to aid Togbare in his battle, and as she spun her mantric spells she experienced a vision of Baynes and his companions entering the Satanic Temple.

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Baynes was the first to step into the Temple, but Miranda and Togbare soon followed.

The Master turned toward them, as if he had expected them.

"Welcome!" he said.

Conrad saw Gedor go through the door and return carrying Sanders whom he carried toward the altar.

"You have betrayed us!" The Master said to him.

"No! No!" Sanders feebly protested.

"Prepare him!"

"Stop!" Togbare shouted, and raised his stick.

The congregation parted, making an aisle to the Master.

"We must begin," Susan whispered into Conrad's ear.

She was standing in front of him, holding his hands as she had often done before, and Conrad understood. Then Neil was attempting to come between them but Conrad knocked him away. Dazed,

Neil retreated to stand beside Togbare.

Gedor was stripping Sanders of his clothes while Tanith stood nearby, holding two knives.

"Stop!" Togbare said again.

The Master held out his hand, his ring glowing. A bolt of energy sprang from it toward Togbare, but it was harmlessly absorbed by the Mage's stick. The tetrahedron on the altar had begun to pulse with varying intensities of light and the Master went to it and laid his hands upon it. As he did so he became engulfed in golden flames. Togbare raised his magickal staff and he too became surrounded by light.

Susan tightened her grip on Conrad's hands and he suddenly felt the primal power of the Abyss within him. He was not Conrad, but a vortex of energy. Then he was in the darkness of Space again, sensing other presences around him. There was an echo of the sadness he had felt before, and then the vistas of stars and alien worlds, world upon world upon world. He became, briefly, the crystal upon the altar, the Master standing beside it. But there were other forces present and around him, trying to send him back into his earthly body and seal the rent that had appeared and which joined the causal universe to the acausal where his Dark Gods waited. He became two beings because of this opposition - a pure detached consciousness caught in the vortex of the Abyss, surrounded by stars, and Conrad, standing holding the hand of his Satanic Mistress in the Temple. His earthly self saw the astral clash between Togbare and the Master as their radiance was transformed by their wills and sent forth, transforming the colourful aura of their opponent. He saw Tanith give Sanders a knife. Saw Gedor approaching him, brandishing his own. Saw the congregation gather around the fight as they lusted for the kill - Sanders tried several times to get away, but the encircling congregation always pushed him back toward Gedor. Baynes, Neil and Miranda were beside Togbare and partly enclosed in the luminescence of his aura.

Then Conrad seemed free again to wander through the barriers that kept the two universes apart. He and Susan, together, had been a key to the gate of the Abyss, his own consciousness freed by the power of the crystal and the Master's magick. He was free, and would break the one and only seal that remained.

In the Temple, the fight did not take long to reach its conclusion. Sanders seemed to have become possessed by the demonic atmosphere in the Temple and attacked several times, slashing at Gedor with his knife. But each time Gedor had moved away. Sanders tried again, and harder, after Gedor cut his arm. He caught Gedor's hand and turned to be stabbed by Gedor in the throat.

"The third key!" Tanith shouted in triumph.

The spurting blood seemed to vaporise and then form an ill-defined image above the altar. It became the face of the Master, of Conrad, of a demon, of Satan himself.

Suddenly, Neil snatched the gun from Baynes. The shot missed the Master, and Baynes knocked Neil over.

Togbare, distracted, looked at Baynes and then at the Master. He felt in that instant the Satanic barrier protecting the Temple break, and renewed magickal power flowing down toward him, energizing his staff and his own aura. He pointed the staff at the Master, sending bolts of magickal energy. They reached him, and the auric energy around the Master, and the shape above the altar, vanished. But Baynes leapt forward to snatch the staff and break it over his knee.

As he did so, the aura around Togbare flickered, and then disappeared. But the old man was too quick for Baynes, and bent down to retrieve part of his stick which he threw at the crystal, hitting it. As it struck, the crystal exploded, plunging the Temple into darkness.

There was then no magickal energy left, and Togbare calmly led Miranda and Neil back along the tunnel to the hut. The dogs departed quietly the instant the crystal shattered, leaving Denise free to open the trap-door and, when Togbare and the others reached her, she realized Neil had gone insane.

Togbare smiled at her as she closed the trap-door, and then he quietly fell to the floor. She did not need to check his pulse, but did so nevertheless as Neil stood over her, dribbling.

Togbare was dead, and over the trees the Eagle Owl sent its call.

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The darkness in the Temple lasted less than a minute, and when it was over both the Master and Tanith had vanished. Conrad looked around and saw Baynes walking toward him. The congregation still stood around the body of Sanders, looking at Conrad and waiting, as Susan looked and waited.

Without speaking, Baynes took hold of Conrad's left hand and bent down to kiss the ring in a gesture of obeisance. Suddenly, Conrad understood. He was not just Conrad but a channel, a like, between the worlds. He would be, because of this, the Anti-Christ and had only to develop and extend his already burgeoning magickal powers for the Earth to become his domain. For by dark ritual a new beast had been born, ready and willing to haunt the Earth. A few more rituals, and his invading legions would be ready.

His laugh reverberated around the Temple.

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## **Epilogue**

Barred windows? Neil shook his head as if he could not remember before returning to his seat. The television was on, as it always was during the day, and he watched it in the smoky, grimy room. He did not know what he watched, but it passed a few hours.

Occasionally he would rise from his chair to stare around the room or out of the window. Once, someone brought him some tablets and he took them without speaking, and, once he wandered across

the room to watch two of his fellow patients play a game of snooker on the worn table with cues that were not quite straight. But neither the game nor they themselves interested him, and he resumed his chair, sunk into his stupor.

Baynes had watched him briefly before he sat with the psychiatrist in the small almost airless room at the end of the ward.

"Yes, indeed," the man was saying, "a perplexing case."

"And he mentioned my name?"

"Once, a few days ago, when he was admitted. He said something about an Eagle Owl, but it didn't really make much sense. You met once I believe?"

"Yes. He was a student, at the University. Into drugs, I understand. And the Occult - that sort of thing. He wanted to borrow some money. Rambled on about some conspiracy or other."

"Well," he fumbled with the folder that contained Neil's psychiatric case notes, "I won't keep you any longer."

"He is receiving treatment, then?"

"Of course. Medication at the moment - although tomorrow we shall start ECT."

"Electroconvulsive therapy?" Baynes asked.

"Yes."

Baynes looked at Neil, and smiled. Then: "If there is anything I can do to help - " he said formally to the Doctor as he stood to leave.

"We have a note of your address."

"Good bye, then."

Neil did not even look at Baynes as he walked through the ward to the door that led down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight.

The Sun warmed the air, a little, but insufficient to melt any of the snow, and Denise stood by a large Beech tree in the grounds of the hospital, watching Baynes leave. She knew better than to try and follow him, and went back to her car where Miranda waited, asleep.

Miranda could remember nothing of the events in the Temple, but by using her own psychic skills, Denise was beginning to understand them. She did not know what, if anything, she could do. All she

knew was that she had to try.

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*Fini*

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# **The Temple Of Satan**

## **A Symphonic Allegory**

### **Order of Nine Angles**

First issued: 102 yf

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“Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth.

Traditionally, Baphomet is associated with the magickal grade of Mistress of Earth – the fifth of the seven stages that mark the Satanic path. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth – based living child to be born from these children is the Demon named Love....

Herein are truths to set against the lies  
and distortions of Elisphas Levi and others."

*Book Of Recalling*

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## Prologue

Melanie was a beautiful woman, and she had grown used to using her beauty for her advantage. Her crimson robes, her amber necklace and her dark hair all enhanced it, and she smiled without kindness at the overweight man prostrate before her.

The black candles gave the only light but she could still see the parchment paleness of his naked skin as the dancers chanted while they danced sun-wise in the temple to the beat of the tabors.

Beside her, a man cloaked in black declaimed in a loud voice words of Initiation.

"Do you bind yourself, with word, deed, and oath to us, the seed of Satan?"

"I do," the nervous, prostrate man replied.

"Then understand that breaking your word is the beginning of our wrath!" He clapped his hands, and the dancers gathered round. "Hear him! See him! Know him!"

Seven beats from a tabor and the dancers broke their enclosing circle, sighing as Melanie raised her whip. The sweating men knew it was a formality, a ritual gesture without pain. But Melanie smiled, and beat him till he bled.

Then she was laughing. "Dance!" she commanded, and they obeyed, completing the ritual to its end. And when it was over and the bloated man with the freshly bloodied skin drew some pleasure as he slumped by the altar in the climax of a whore's sexual embrace, Melanie left to swim naked in the sensuous warmth of her pool.

Soon, only the chief celebrant remained, waiting for her in the small study by her hall. He was a tall man of gaunt face whose eyes brought to some a remembrance of the image of someone who was mad. For years, a monastery had fed his body and tried to break his spirit but he had given way to temptation and sought the road of sin.

Melanie's dress hid little of her flesh, and she sat on the edge of the desk beside him, smiling as he turned his eyes away. He wanted her body, and she knew it and the reason why he would do nothing.

"You are going bored with us, " he said.

"And you are afraid."

"Of where you might be leading us?"

"The Ceremony of Recalling."

"But no one, for a long time, has dared - "

She leaned over him, caressing his lips with her finger. "If I find you sacrifice, have you faith enough to do the ritual and slit his throat?"

!

Thurstan's past seemed to him to consist of a series of disconnected memories and, as he sat above the stream while hot sun drew sweat from his body and a light breeze carried it away from the summit of the hill, tears filled his eyes.

His memories were of women. There was a beauty, and ecstasy about their recalling as there was about his gestures of love and as he remembered he experienced again the intensity of life that those gestures had brought him.

He remembered walking one late perfume-filled Spring evening to see, for just a few minutes, the woman he loved before she left for the company of another man. It was, he remembered, a long walk begun with the sun of afternoon was warm and the bridge that

joined the banks of the river Cam where they in Cambridge would meet only an image - distant and hopeful - in his mind. He remembered, years later, a cycling 15 miles through a winter blizzard to take his letter to the house of the woman he then loved while she slept, unaware of his dreams. He remembered the exhilaration of running through the streets of the city to catch the last train and the long walk in the early morning cold to a

house to apologize to the woman he then loved.

Yet the tears, which came to him, were not the tears of sorrow. Everything around him seemed suddenly more real and more alive - the larks which sang high above the heather-covered hills; the sun, the sky, the very Earth itself. They, and he himself, seemed to almost to possess the divine.

He sensed the promise of his own life - as if in some way he and the woman he loved were, or could be, the instrument of a divine love, a means to reveal divinity to the world. Yet the divinity he sensed was not the stark god of religion, or even of the one omniscient God, and the more he experienced and the more he thought he realize it was not god all. It was a goddess.

This thought pleased him. He felt he had re-discovered an important meaning, maybe even the ultimate meaning, about his life, and he walked slowly down the from the hill to wash his face in the cold water of the stream.

The loss of his wife held no sorrow for him now and the sad resignation of yet another loss began to fade. Like a little boy, he took off his shoes and socks and paddled along in the stream.

There was no Natalie to share this with him as he might have wished, and his meeting with her seemed a dream. Was it a week since you come upon her, sitting by the bank of the river Severn in tree-full Quarry Park while, around, the town of Shrewsbury became drier for the hot sun of summer?

He could remember almost every word of their conversation – she had smiled as he had passed and he, shy and blushing, spoke of the weather, of how the long heat had lowered the level of the water. On her delicate fingers – a ring with a symbol of the Tao. So he had asked, and had sat beside her. For two hours they talk, revealing their pasts like two friends.

"Without my dreams," she had said, "I would be nothing" and he hid his tears.

There was a beauty in her words, in her eyes, sadness in the softness of her voice and by the time she rose to leave he was in love, although he did not realize it then. "Can I see again?" he asked. She was unsure, but agreed and he gave her his address, named a day and time and watched her walk away wanting but not daring to run and embraced her.

And then she was gone, lost to his world. A day only was over before he found her address and sent her flowers. Next day – her long, sad letter. "I have nothing to give," she had written. "You were my random audience."

He sent more flowers, but sat alone by the river at the appointed time before the dying sun dried away the foolish vapour of his dreams.

The cold water of the stream refreshed him and, as he bathed his face again, his sadness slowly returned, only muted by his ecstasy. No one passed him as he walked along the paths that wound down from among the hills. There was no one to welcome him home, and he sat by the window in his small cottage wondering what he should do. The hills of south Shropshire, the isolation, the garden - all had lost their charm. Somewhere, beyond the valley, the hills, the villages and the town, his wife would be happy within the arms of another man.

It was not a long walk from his cottage to the town and its station, but the heat of the day oppressed him as it made the other passengers in the stuffy, noisy train sit silent and still throughout the short journey.

Variegated people mingled over the sun-shadowed platforms of Shrewsbury station and Thurstan followed two young girls as they walked along the concrete above the sun-glinting lines of steel which carried a diesel engine through the humid air and which vibrated with its power the ground and buildings around. Then the wooden barrier siphoned the arrivals down dirty stone steps and through ultramodern doors to the traffic-filled streets of Shrewsbury.

It was in these streets Thurstan realized he was afraid. He believed he could sense the feelings behind the faces of the people he passed – and not only sense them, but feel them as if they were his own. He felt the nervous vulnerability of a young girl as she waited, half-afraid, by the frontage of a shop where people jostled, and an intimation of her gentle innocence being destroyed troubled him. He felt the anger of a young mother as she scolded her screaming child while cars passed, noisy, in the street: the pain of an old man

as he hobbled supported by a stick toward the pedestrian precinct where youths gathered, waiting.

Thurstan fled from the people, their feelings, the noise, and the latent tension he could feel in the air, to sit by the river in Quarry Park. The sun, the flowing water, the warm grass all calmed him. He sat for over an hour, occasionally turning to watch a few people who passed along the paths. He sensed an affinity, perhaps a love, for the individuals around him – an empathy that he could not, even if he had wished, formulate into words. But this insight was destroyed by a woman.

She was beautiful, the woman who passed him as she walked along the path near where he sat vaguely wondering about love. She seemed to smile at him, but he could not be sure for she passed under the shadow of a tree while sunlight narrowed his eyes. His feelings in that moment were not mystical but rather a strange mixture of gentle sexual desire, expectation and a burgeoning vitality mixed with the anguish of his shyness, and he was resigned to simply remembering the moment as he had remembered such moments before when the woman turned around and smiled.

Thurstan felt as though he had been punched in the stomach. The woman turned, past a tree to walk under the bridge that fed a road over the river, and up toward the town along a narrow, stone-lined passage, leaving Thurstan to his turmoil. Then he was on his feet, and following.

He wanted to run, but dared not. So he followed, quickening his step. He would catch her when the lane met the road ahead between High School and Hospital. Perhaps she sensed him lurking behind and was afraid, for she seemed to Thurstan to quicken her step and he was left to follow her not knowing what he would do. She crossed the road. Thurstan saw nothing except her and had decided not to follow her anymore when she turned, almost stopped, and smiled at him again. He felt she was waiting for him and this feeling made him follow her along the empty pavement and down a narrow cobbled street towards the empty market of an empty traffic-free town.

He was within yards of her when she vanished into one of the many small shops that lined the street. '*J. Apted – Antiquarian Books*' the sign above the door read.

No bell sounded when the Thurstan entered and in the musty dimness he peered around the shelves. A portly gentleman with a genial face stared back at him.

"Can I help you at all, sir?" he asked.

In this small room beyond the shelves Thurstan could see no one. "A woman – did woman just come in here?" Thurstan asked shyly, and blushed.

"A woman?"

"Yes - long red hair, green eyes, wearing a long dress."

The man smiled, kindly. "No one but yourself as entered here this last hour."

Fear of having mistaken the shop, which he saw her enter, made Thurstan rush towards the door when he saw her portrait, in oils, upon the wall.

It was only several minutes later, after questioning the bookseller, that Thurstan realized he is seen a ghost. The woman had been dead for 50 years.

II

Fifty years, the bookseller and said.

"It was a sad business, yes indeed. Murdered she was. In here - in this very house. I was a school then, you see. You saw her, you said?" And the old man's eyes seemed to brighten.

Then Thurstan thanked him and fled through the humid heat and the peopled streets to find a train to take him toward his home. He could not sleep that night, and the next day, at the same time, he was in the park again, but she did not appear and he walked away to stand for nearly an hour near the bookshop trying to find the courage to go in.

The bookseller was not surprised to see him. "She is beautiful, yes?" he said as Thurstan stood staring at the painting.

"Where did you see her first?", the old man asked directly.

Thurstan turned towards him, and shyly shuffled his feet. "I -" he began.

The man smiled kindly. "I have always felt this place is still her home but, alas, I have myself never met her, as you have done."

"I didn't realize -"

"That what you saw was an apparition? They appear so real, you see. I myself a small interest in such matters. Would you like some tea?"

The invitation was so unexpected and so kindly meant to the without thinking Thurstan said, "Yes - that would be rather nice."

"Shall we retire - to somewhere more comfortable?" the man smiled and wrung his hands. "I shall close early, today!"

The room beyond the shop was, like the shop itself, lined from floor to ceiling with books, and like the books, the table, chairs and desks were antiquarian. There was a large and oddly shaped specimen of rock crystal on the table and Thurstan bent down to examine it. A face - the face of a beautiful woman - was within it but Thurstan had barely recognized it when it vanished.

"Help me!" he thought he heard a sad, distant voice, say.

The bookseller brought a tray, offered a mug of tea, some biscuits and cake while

Thurstan waited, half -watching the crystal and half -expecting to hear the distant voice. He ate and drank, and listened to the words of the old man without really understanding them. Somewhere, in a nearby recess or room, a large clock struck the quarter hour.

His nervous expectancy, the heat, the man's slow but persistent voice, all combined to make Thurstan disposed towards sleep and he felt himself drifting to embrace that temptation when a loud and persistent wrapping awoke him.

"I'm sorry," the booksellers said. "Would you excuse me?"

Thurstan heard a brief curse, the door being unlocked and a few words of the hurried conversation that followed. He was staring into the crystal when the bookseller returned alone. Nearby, the hidden clock marked the passing of half an hour.

The old man did not smile but stared, nervously, at the floor while he said: "I must go. An appointment, you understand. You will not be offended I hope?"

"No, of course not".

"Perhaps -", but he looked up and cast his eyes down again before leading Thurstan towards the door. He saw Thurstan look again at the woman's portrait but pretended not to notice.

"Well, good-bye," Thurstan said, perplexed by the sudden change in the man's aura.

"It was nice meeting you, Mr. Jebb."

Thurstan held out his hand, but the bookseller shuffled away, leaving Thurstan to stumble down the outside step and awkwardly close the door. He had almost reached Quarry Park where a warm sun cast cool tree shadows over the grass when he realized he'd never told the man his name. But this strangeness did not concern him for long as he walked down to the river to sit on a bench, trying to remember what the bookseller had said.

It had been about apparitions, but not in general and not about the ghost that Thurstan and seen, and as he sat watching the strong river flow silently by, he felt his sadness returning. He would never meet her. Never be able to share his dreams, visions and love. He tried hard to wish himself back in time - 50 years before. He would walk to her house and wait. He would not care how long he waited. But he would be ready and somehow save her.

It was childish fantasy and he knew it was, but still he had to control himself to prevent the tears. "There's so much I don't understand", he said to himself aloud and a young girl, prettily dressed, moved away from him, fearful, as she passed by his bench.

His tiredness returned, slowly, brought by sun and his sadness and he closed his eyes to briefly sleep. No sound woke him from the dream about his wife - only a beautiful scent, nearby. A woman had sat beside him on the bench and for almost a minute he feared to look at her. But then she seemed about to leave and he turned, in desperation.

Her dark hair was cut gracefully to fall just above her shoulders and she wore a necklace of polished amber.

"Do you often gawp like that at a strange woman?", she said as he sat open mouth and unbelieving. Only the colour of her hair and manner of dress was different.

"I...", Then: "I'm sorry, but you are so beautiful," he said without thinking as he let out his breath.

She smiled but stood up to leave.

"Please- ", Thurstan stood beside her, unable to control himself, and held her arm as she turned.

She was alive, and in his joy at this he forgot his fear of her reaction. But only for an instant. He jerked his hand away.

"Yes?"

He struggled to find words would make sense but his thoughts were fastly moving water breaking over the weir of dread.

She's saved him from this turmoil. "You may invite me to share a pot of tea with you at the café around corner."

"What? Yes, of course."

He walked beside her, awkward and blushing, for many yards before she spoke again.

"You are an interesting man."

"Do you live in Shrewsbury?" he managed to say.

"Nearby."

"Do you often walk along here?" The banality of his questions pained him - but she would think him a fool or mad, if he formed his chaos of feelings into words. And did not want to lose her.

"Sometimes."

It was a strange sensation for Thurstan walking beside the beautiful woman. Was she a vision sent to haunt him - or was his dream the ghost of yesterday? But he knew she was real as he seemed to know she was interested in him. In him, Thurstan Jebb. Perhaps she was intrigued. Was it something in his eyes, he wondered, that gave him away? For a long time he had believed he was different - a mystic perhaps, who felt and saw more than others. This secret knowledge gave him security in the outer barrenness of his life as he eked out a type of living as a gardener, content to have forgotten his past.

"You are an interesting man", he heard in his head like an echo, and he smiled.

"May I ask your name? " he said, feeling his mouth go dry.

She turned and smiled. "Melanie."

"Melanie, " he repeated, like a fool.

"Yes. I believe it comes from the Greek for black."

"Hence your black dress."

"Not really. I think the colour suits me, don't you?"

Unexpectedly, she twirled around, laughing.

"I think most colours would suit you." she smiled at him again and Thurstan wanted to from

embrace her - more from sexual desire than from any nobler feeling. This sudden desire surprised him with its intensity and he began to tremble. It seemed to him natural that he should be walking with her, for she was not like a stranger to him. He wanted to hold her hand as they walked away from the river up a narrow street to where an almost empty café lay, renovated and waiting beside the boarded up windows and doors of a once notorious Inn. "Barrick Passage", the street sign read.

They sat in silence for a long time as their Darjeeling tea cooled. "I don't", Thurstan said and blushed, "make a habit of this."

"What? Drinking tea on a hot afternoon, " she teased.

"No - I mean inviting strange ladies.... "

"Am I strange then?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"Don't worry," Melanie laughed. "Anyway, I invited you!"

Her smile made Thurstan's desire return. She seemed to be waiting - expectant. There was warmth and her eyes, in her smile, even in the way that she leaned her body slightly towards him. Her dress emphasized her breasts as her necklace emphasize her green eyes and Thurstan greedily sucked in her beauty through his eyes as he sucked in her perfume through his nose. Her skin was tanned and he found it impossible to judge her age. He wanted to tell her of the ghost he seen - of his dreams and hopes and visions about life. But all he did, trembling of limbs and with straining heart, was reach across the table and hold her hand.

She did not flinch nor move away as half of him expected, but slowly stroked the back of his hand with her thumb. He was elated with his success, and closed his eyes in delight.

"You are trembling, " she said, gently.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I can't believe this. There are so many things I want to say."

"Don't say them. Let's just enjoy this moment."

"You are so beautiful." he reached up and stroked her face with his fingers.

"Will you walk with me to my car? "

Dazed, he followed her out of the building to walk beside her. She did not seem to mind when he held her hand.

Several men turned to stare at her as they descended the shop-strewn steepness of Wyle Cop to cross the busy road. Thurstan was oblivious to it all.

The luxury of her car surprised him and he stood beside it under a hot sun, tongue-tied and embarrassed and feeling lost. Only the wealthy could afford such a car.

"You seem surprised, " she said, breaking free her hand to find the keys in the pocket of her dress.

Their slow but short walk from the café had unsettled Thurstan, for the magick of the moment they had shared appeared to him to be drifting away to another world, and he would begin to convince himself that he had been mistaken. There would be nothing more - except perhaps the future possibility of him trying somehow to painfully recapture those moments: to draw her on toward the fulfillment of desire. But all she did was hold the passenger door of the car open for him, saying, "Come on." And, obedient, he sat beside her, while chaos returned to his head.

Skillfully she drove through the streets to take a road westerly from the town while Thurstan watched and waited, so full of anticipation that he could not speak. She turned to smile several times as a miles lay numberless because uncounted behind them and as a strong summer sun coloured the sky deep blue, he found his desire increasing. He knew she sensed this, and drove faster as if intoxicated both by the power of the car and his feelings toward her. The road rose steadily through small villages, past cottages and houses, to turn and re-turn between the Stiperstonerocks and the growing hills that became Wales, leading up from a tree-lined valley to the desolate wastes of marshlands where abandoned mine-workings lay.

Melanie left the main road that dropped slowly between the Corndon and Black Rhadley hills to follow a low hedged-hemmed lane over the border into Wales. The lane rose and fell to rise again between fields worn for centuries only by sheep and sparse of tree. Then, quite suddenly, Melanie stopped.

Thurstan felt her anger before he saw it in her eyes. She was staring at him, but he only smiled. For a moment, she did not seem quite human and when he reached out for her hand she snatched it away.

He was perplexed by this change in her rather than afraid, and sat, quietly waiting and smiling. When she looked away, he said, "I can walk back if you wish."

She did not turn around. "It might be best."

"I'm sorry if I have upset to you in any way. I thought...."

"I know what you thought!" she said savagely.

"No - not just that." he closed his eyes to see within the fleeting impression of his dreams. The days, hours, minutes shared: the moments of intuitive closeness - sharing a sunset, a snowy day in Spring, laughter, tears, and physical joy. The look, touch, feeling of lovers.

Thurstan did not want to lose his dreams. "You are a rare, precious and beautiful woman. There is something about you - I don't know what it is." He felt so much love within him that he wanted to share and thus his words could not be stopped. "I sensed something about you when we sat by the river. Call me mad - or a fool, or both. I don't care. You sensed it too, I know."

Angry still, she said, "What did you sense then?"

"Then maybe you are my Destiny." Gently, he stroked her face.

"Your dreams are not real."

"They are if I make them real." He sighed and stared out the window. A raven flew nearby,

but it did not interest him. "Maybe it was the goddess I saw in you, I don't know. I've certainly made a fool of myself this time, haven't I?"

"You interest me, " she said, her anger gone.

"And you perplex me." Since he felt he ought to be honest he added, "and you arouse my desire. But you know that. As you know that basically I'm just a romantic fool with a headpiece filled with dreams."

"You do not know anything about me."

"I have always found the beginnings of relationships difficult. The tentative steps, the gradual unravelling of lives. It always seemed such a waste - there are so many more important things. And I'm not talking about the physical aspect either. I always plunge straight in - rather bad choice of phrase - the grand passion every time. Never seem to learn either.

"So, it's not important for you to know me. I sense things about you. I see your beauty, smell your perfume, and am intoxicated. You offer the choice of existence, meaning, bliss, sorrows, tears. Whenever. It does not matter - I am alive again! Really living. Full of energy, anticipation. You are music, poetry, dance - even religion."

He laughed. "Now you know that I am mad!"

Slowly, she drove on to where a cottage with a sagging roof and decaying walls grew beside the road, sheltered from sheep by a small garden where a rusty dismembered tractor lay dead. Incongruous beside it was a new car, spreading bright sun. Melanie stopped, and entered the cottage without knocking on its paint-peeling door. Less than a minute later she returned.

"I must see you again," she said she started her car. "Now I have other matters that must be attended to. "Joel," she indicated the men who emerged from the cottage "shall take you back."

Thurstan look perplexed so she said, "Don't worry," and touched his face. "You were not mistaken. Meet me tomorrow night at nine where we met today. Can you do that?"

"Of course!"

"Good. Now I must go."

To Thurstan's surprise, she leaned over and kissed him on the lips. Then he was outside the metal womb of the car. She did not wave, but drove quickly away to leave him standing beside the ugly man with a madman's grin.

Over the cottage, a raven flew to shadow him briefly from the sun.



They were waiting for her, in the small wood near the circle of ancient stones. Algar, Master of her Temple, smiled as he watched her walk alone towards them.

"So," he said, "he was not to be our chosen." In the light of the wood, his dark gaunt features were sinister.

"There shall be other times." Melanie did not take she offered robe. "Tomorrow when dark comes, we shall gather here again."

"For the sacrifice?" Algar asked.

"Perhaps." She addressed her followers directly. "Go now. And tomorrow we shall feast and rejoice!"

She did not wait but turned back along the track toward he car. Almost obsequious, Algar walked beside her.

"But he was receptive?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You do a particularly fetching in that dress if I may say so." Then, seeing her indifference, he said, "Shall you lure him tomorrow?"

"He may not be suitable."

"Oh? Why would that be then?"

Melanie stopped and stared at him and he visibly cowered. "What do you mean?"

"I meant nothing," he said truthfully. But her anger aroused suspicion.

"The new candidate?"

Algar smiled. "He has healed well. He would like to see you, privately of course."

"Of course. Tonight?"

"I could arrange it, if you wish."

"Arrange it!"

The humid heat of the evening annoyed her while she waited, and when he did come, brought forth from the darkness outside her house by Algar, she was impatient to begin. Algar took the man's money before leading him into the candle-lit incensed Temple where he stripped and bound him to the frame.

But the frenzied whipping of the fat man with bulging eyes and pale skin did not bring forth the joy of pleasure she anticipated - only a hatred that quickly passed as the man groaned and sighed, taking his own dark pleasure from his pain. There was little blood upon the back and buttocks of the man and Algar, leering in the shadows, was surprised when she stopped. The bound man turned to look up at her, his eyes pleading for the pleasure her

pain and dominance brought him. He could see her breasts clearly through her thin sweat-stained robe, but his hands were bound by leather thongs to the cold aluminium frame and he could not reach out and touch them as he wished.

There was a strange desire within Melanie and it appalled her. She tried to destroy it by fulfilling her role as Satanic whip queen and surrendering again to the joy she found in dominating and debasing the men she despised. But it did not work and the lashes she gave became softer until they stopped completely. In disgust at herself she threw the leather scourge upon the altar to let Algar disrobe and take his own selfish pleasure upon the man whom he unbound and pushed roughly to the floor.

Her swim in the warm water of her pool settled some of her feelings, a little, so she was able to plan how best Algar could kill her chosen sacrifice. She and she alone would dare to call the Dark Gods back to Earth. The chosen would be easy to entice to their sacred circle of stones as he had been easy to capture, and the more she thought of the deed to come, the more the anticipated pleasure covered and obscured her remembrances of his gentle dreams.

She was Melanie, Mistress of the Earth in the Temple of Darkness: ruler of a coven of fifty. No man would mould her feelings. For years she had schemed, cheated, manipulated and lied, building from the foundations of her beauty and sexuality the wealth and power she craved as a girl. She was fifteen when her parents died when the plane they were in crashed. A teacher befriended her and was not long before she realized the power her innocence and beauty gave her. He was her first victim, but she soon tired of him and his small gifts and sought more wealthy prey. But she despised them all, these man who lusted after her - they would sell their souls, and most of them had, for the short pleasure she sometimes allowed them to find in her body. Thurstan would be no exception.

It would be good, she felt, to sacrifice him at the moment he achieved his desire. This thought pleased her and she swam slowly, allowing the physical exertion and the warmth of all of water to gently excite her.

Algar watched the rear lights the man's car fade on the long driveway from the house before he shut the door. Melanie was upstairs, asleep, and he did not creep but walked boldly through the hall to her secret Temple. It was a small room, windowless and black, containing only a chair and a wooden plinth on which stood a large quartz tetrahedron.

A diffuse light, reddish in hue, was thrown upward from the opaque floor and for many minutes Algar sat in the chair amid the warm and perfumed air. He felt powerful, sitting

there instead of a kneeling on the floor while she sat smiling and forming her thoughts into the crystal to become the chains, which bound him.

"With a look or smile," he remembered she had said, "I can strike you dead!". He did not doubt it. Three years ago she had stolen his power.

For ten years he had followed the way of his Prince gathering allies and power. Even as a boy he'd followed some of these ways, but his teachers and superiors had mistaken his hatred for intellectual sophistry, his dark interior life for spirituality and his ruthless ambition for spiritual gifts. The world of monastic schooling was all he had ever known or wanted and it was natural that it should lead him to a novitiate and the Order of his teachers.

For one year, and one year only, he tried to follow their way until Bruno the elder novice had one night seduced them as he lay in his cold monastic cell.

For weeks afterwards he had prayed to the Prince, "Our Father, which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our desire and delivers us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons. Prince of Darkness, hear me."

Bruno died soon after, in his sleep, an expression of stark terror on his face. "Heart attack" a doctor had said, but Algar knew his humiliation had been avenged.

He was a Priest, his dark life hidden and a source of satisfaction, when he first met her. It was a cold morning in Spring and she stood outside his little church, radiantly beautiful in the light of the sun. "I have come, " she said, "to ask you to say a Mass for us". She held out her left hand and he saw the strange symbol on her ring. Obedient, he knelt down to kiss it. "How did you know?" he asked. She smiled, not kindly despite her beauty. "I have seen you at night pray to our Prince."

The crystal had guided her. That very night he presided as priest at a Black Mass and afterwards, with only her servant Lois remaining in her large house, she had bound his will with her own. He had been standing by the crystal when Lois had stripped him bare and offered her body. Then Melanie the dark witch was laughing but his sudden anger was no match for her power and she stared at him before binding him by curse.

Her eyes seemed to suck his will away and she unthreaded an amber bead from the many she wore around her neck. "In this bead I bind you by the power of our Prince! Binan ath ga

wath am!" she chanted. "Nythra!..." He watched silent and paralyzed while she counted the fifty beads she wore around her neck. The crystal gave power to and magnified her thoughts and when she released him he stared at it for several minutes. But it was useless - he could do nothing with it and calmly allowed himself to be led by Lois to his room. And when he awoke, worn and feeling old, there was a beautiful boy, waiting naked, by his bed. "I am her gift" the burgeoning man had said....

Algar sighed as he remembered. Even after three years he did not know the secret of her crystal but he did know the Satanic organization she had created to keep her power and wealth, and as he walked from her temple to find a telephone, he was smiling.

"Rathbone?" he said into the telephone receiver. "This is Algar. I believe you owe us a favour ....I have a job for you."

Upstairs, unknown to or her High Priest, Melanie was awake and watching him on the monitor screen of her discretely installed surveillance system.

#### IV

Thurstan was early. It was a humid evening and he sat by the river enjoying the twilight. The new clothes he had bought for the occasion made him feel self-conscious and every few minutes he would look around. But the few people who wandered by did not - or pretended they did not - notice him and he would be left to rehearse again in his head what he would say to Melanie when they met.

It was not a sudden decision, but the planning of the night before, that made Melanie watch him silently from a distance. She did not watch for long.

Darkness was upon the hill as in silence the worshippers prepared, guided only by the diffuse light from the candles in their red lanterns. Carefully Algar laid out the sacrificial knife upon the woven cloth inside the circle of stones. The thongs were strong and would bind the victim while the cloth would soak up the blood. Satisfied he whispered commands.

"She is here!" Lois said seeing the signal from one of the men guarding the track that led to the stones.

There was a sigh from thirteen throats and then the slow dance and has chant began.

"Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus..." Soon the hissing became like the sound of a thousand demons chattering as they rose gleefully from the pits of Hell. In the centre, Algar waited with his muscular helper to bind the victim's arms and legs.

Then Melanie was before him. One bead of her amber necklace appeared to

Algar to be glowing, pulsing in rhythm with the beat of his heart. He was becoming mesmerized with this when it occurred to him that Melanie was alone.

Before he could move he was held from behind. He felt thongs being tied around his wrists, heard Melanie whisper mockingly in his ear, "We have our sacrifice!"

"No! No!" he screamed. But she was laughing as someone gave her the knife.

Around them, the sibilant chant rose towards its climax, the dancers fleetingly caught in the red glow from the candles.

With a sudden burst of energy Algar screamed. "Jebb dies if I do!" but a gag silenced him.

Melanie held the sharp knife to his throat before loosening the gag. "Tell me what you mean!" she demanded.

"He dies if I do not return," Algar said, flinching.

"Is that so? "

"Rathbone shall - "

Melanie clapped hands twice and from the darkness around the track a man stepped into the dim circle of light. Someone held a lantern near his face.

"I had no choice," Rathbone said, his face, like a weasel, twitching.

Then Algar was on his knees, crying. "Spare me, spare me!" he pleaded

"And if I do?" demanded Melanie.

"I shall always be your slave."

Three times Melanie clapped her hands as a signal for the dancers to gather around. "See" she said, "all you who dwell in my temple. Here is Algar, the High Priest who thought he knew my secret, admired and envied for his fortune by you all. See now how he begs before me! Shall I spare him?"

"Kill him! Kill him!" they demanded.

Melanie laughed. Algar was brought to his feet. "For a year I shall spare your life."

The dancers, as if signalled silently, dispersed to return to their dance. "Now," she whispered to Algar, "you shall see my power - brought without the gift of blood!"

She did not speak, or move, but slowly raised her hands as, many miles away, the crystal within her secret temple began to glow. "Atazoth! Atazoth!", the dancing dancers hissed. The sky above and around them was clear, speckled by stars but a ragged darkness came to cover a part of the sky as a putrid stench filled the air and a circle of cold fell around the worshippers. No one moved, then, or chanted or spoke but all stared up at the sky. The darkness grew slowly before withdrawing into a sphere that darted across sky. And then it was gone.

"Tomorrow, " Melanie said, "you shall see the chaos I have caused. Now feast and rejoice and take your pleasure as you will!"

Around her, the orgy began as she unbound Algar's hands and led him from the revelry toward her car.

"There is much you do not know, " she said she drove toward her house.

Algar did not speak during their journey and slunk away like a broken man into his room on their arrival, while Melanie watched him on a monitor screen. But it was not long before she

began thinking about Thurstan. She had reached out to him while she had watched him sitting by the river and even had not Algar's intended treachery changed her plans she knew that she could not have hurt him.

She had even lost her lust for Algar's blood and let him live. Somewhere, around the world, the dark power she unleashed would be causing disaster and death. It was a small beginning, the prelude to the opening of the Star Gate which would return her Dark Gods to Earth. But it was not fulfilling, and she thought it might be.

Unsettled, she went down to her temple. The warmth of the gentle light, the perfume but most of all the crystal brought here reassurance about her power and role, and she forgot about Thurstan and a burgeoning dichotomy he was causing in her head. Perhaps her Dark Gods and guided her to the crystal - she did not know. But only four years ago she had found it, in a Satanic Temple she had visited. The group had not impressed her, but the High Priest was easy to manipulate and he had given her the crystal as a gift. Only when she first touched it did she discover its power.

The High Priest was the first person whose soul she bound within the beads around her neck. He still brought her money from his schemes, and sometimes a new member. She was content to leave him to bask in his little power, knowing she only had to summon him for him to fall prostrate at her feet. And when his schemes failed or he ceased to be of use, she would remove his bead and grind it into dust, for then he would surely die.

For weeks after the gift of the crystal she had shut herself away in the small house she then shared with Lois. The crystal brought knowledge and she had learned how to use it to travel among the hidden dimensions where the Dark Gods slept, waiting for someone to break the seal that bound them in sleep. She learned of Earth's past, of how the Dark Gods had come bringing terror and much that was strange. Of how her Prince was their Guardian, given the Earth as his domain. Her shape-changing Prince was her guide to the Abyss beyond, and she explored the Abyss without fear, trembling or dread. She would be ready, she knew, when the stars were aligned aright, to call and summon the Dark

Gods from sleep.

Her temple, the men she held in thrall in her beads, were but a means to this call, for the crystal was the key to the Star Gate. She, and she alone of all those who over the centuries had tried to bring the dark terrors forth, would succeed - of that she was sure.

So had she played her games of power and joy, feeling herself the equal of gods. There were few crimes that she had not sanctioned or sent men, in their lust, to commit, few

pleasures she had not enjoyed. Yet she was not maddened by either pleasure or power, and kept her empire small, sufficient for her needs, and herself anonymous. Many small firms headed by small men, a brothel or two, a number of temples in the cities beyond - such were the gifts of her Prince and she tended them all, as a wise woman should.

Slowly, and contented once again, she left for temple to climb the stairs to her bed.

Algar waited, quite patiently, until he was sure she was asleep and knocked, not too loudly, on Lois' door. She had returned alone, as he knew she must, and was not surprised see him.

"Yes!" she asked and smiled, leaning against frame of her door. Sometimes, Algar like to talk with her, as one servant to another.

Algar did not smile, nor speak but moved towards her to stab her in the throat. She rasped, staring in disbelief, and staggered back towards the bed. Not content, he followed and stabbed her through the heart. The beauty that had pleased Melanie would please her no more and, smiling at this thought,

Algar wiped the handle of the knife clean on the satin sheet. Soon, he was running away from the house under the shimmering bright stars of the humid night.

Melanie awoke slowly. She sensed a change in the aura of her house and had walked towards her door before realizing what it was. She was alone. But there was no fear in her and she wandered barefoot and naked along long corridor, as there was no shock when she entered Lois' room.

It was then she knelt down to gently close the eyes of her dead lover that the reaction came. Her cold hatred toward Algar for his deed was soon gone, and in the silence of her house and for the first time in her life, she began to cry.

Outside, a stray, fierce dog howled.

## V

Algar heard the howling as he ran down the narrow lane away from the house and in terror

he scrambled through the hedge to run faster across the fields. The dog, sent by the dark force of Melanie's will, had picked up his scent and Algar ran, desperate and stumbling, toward the valley stream.

The house lay alone on a track below the hill that held Billings Ring, the fields around sheep-strewn and rough, overlooked by the southerly slopes of the Mynd that turned the waters of the Onny River south then almost north until a softer rock fed them eastward again. The sound of water was clear amid the silence of the night and Algar stood beside the stream in an effort to slow his straining breath. The lights of a car on the road above and a field away from him shone ragged through the high hedge, and Algar crept down, fearing to be seen.

But his fear of the pursuing beast was stronger and he waded into the stream to walk along it for several yards and hide under the bridge. He could hear the dog but could not see it and waited, cold and shaking, for nearly half an hour. The bridge swept a narrow lane away, and up from the valley road, to a hamlet of a few houses. There would be no safety for him there in the farm workers' houses less than a mile from Melanie's home.

For some time he listened intently, and, hearing nothing, crawled slowly and scared from the stream. He was on the lane, almost at its junction with the road when the stalking dog attacked. It leapt snarling to try and sink its teeth into his throat. But Algar shielded his face with his hands and the dog bit deeply into his arm, knocking him over. It bit him again as Algar struggled with it on the ground. There was a large stone by his hand and Algar used it to smash at the dog's skull. In a frenzy, he struck the dog until it was dead. But even then he kicked it several times and threw the stone at its face before staggering to the road.

The first car that passed him did not stop and nearly knocked him over as he stood in the road waving his bloodied arms, but the second one, a long time after, did stop and Algar pretended to faint. The driver was near when Algar leapt up to push the man away before stealing his car.

The pain was excruciating but he tried to ignore it and the dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him. He had one hope and one hope only and drove fastly toward Shrewsbury to seek sanctuary from Melanie's curse. The roads were empty, the streets of the town deserted in the silent hours before dawn and he abandoned the car to walk the last quarter mile to the church.

No light shone in the Presbytery windows until his insistent knocking on its doors awoke its occupant from his sleep.

Cautious, but not afraid, the old Priest opened the door.

“Help me, Father! Please, help me!” Algar pleaded.

He did not see the bats that flew silently away from the church.

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There was no choice, as Melanie knew. The two members of her Temple, summoned from their sleep, carried the body to their van. Melanie had cleaned and bathed it, using her own black satin sheets for a shroud, and she stayed beside it during the hours it took them to dig the grave.

Dawn came, with no wind to break the silence of the forest, but its beautiful colours did not interest her as she stood, dressed in white, in the still air to watch the two men lower the body into the Earth. There were no prayers to her to say, no lament for her to sing – only an unvoiced oath to avenge the death of her friend. The earth was returned, the covering of grass and small bush neatly replaced, the debris of leaves and broken twig scattered again. There was no sign of the grave and, satisfied, Melanie allowed the men to return to her home.

“There shall be gifts for you both,” she said as they bowed slightly before taking their leave.

Slowly, in her secret Temple, she unthreaded from her necklace Algar’s bead. There was no frenzy of anger within her but a desire for Algar to suffer a slow, painful death as she squeezed the amber bead several times between her fingers. To her surprise the crystal did show her Algar contorted in pain. Yet she knew that even though for some reason she could not see him and thus discover his location, she was still causing him pain, and as she danced around her crystal she increased the pressure on the bead before stopping to visualize the time and place of his death, two weeks hence in the centre of her circle of stones.

Slowly, and deliberately she cut the threads, which bound his life to this Earth, and, although still living, he was imprisoned in her web of death. It was not difficult for her to move the plinth upon which the crystal stood, for she had done it many times before and the mechanism which she had installed many years before did not fail her. The plinth, and the stone and which it rested, moved quietly aside to reveal a dark pit that sank deep into Earth. She did not smile, or feel anything, as she let the bead drop to join the scattered human

remains.

The remains were the work of the sinister woman who had in the weeks of her dying given Melanie the house. “I have waited for you,” she remembered the old woman had said, “waited as our Prince said I should. My coven and books and house are yours.” She never spoke again, but signed her name on her will, and Melanie was left to find the old woman’s secrets from the Black Book of workings she had kept. ‘I, Eulalia, Priestess of the forgotten gods, descended from those who kept the faith, here set forth for she who is to come after me, the dark secrets of my craft...’ The book was Melanie’s most treasured possession, after her crystal and her beads. It was the crystal that first showed her the house.

She let the crystal guide her here again and sat in her chair while the plinth slid silently back into place. At first, the tetrahedron showed nothing, but its inner clearness gradually vanished to reveal a man’s face. Thurstan was in his cottage, reading as he sat hunched on the wide inside sill of a window, framed by the rising sun. He looked up, briefly, and smiled as if aware of being observed. He seemed to Melanie to be staring at her. Then he was gone as the crystal cleared.

His smile, that gentle look in his eyes, her sensation of herself being observed all confused her, and she left her Temple to walk under the warm sun in the walled garden at the rear of her house. It was not long before she returned to her crystal.

It did not respond to her commands of thought. There was no Thurstan for her to see, not even an outside view of his cottage. Faint images seemed to be forming, but they were intrusive – bats flying away from a church at night, a raven plucking the eye from a dead dog – and her failure angered her. Her anger was the catalyst, and transformed the flickering images into a clear vision of Algar writhing in agony upon a bed. Above him on the wall, was the symbol of the Nazarene. By the bed an old Priest spoke silent words as he read from a leather breviary.

Melanie’s laugh erased all thoughts of Thurstan from her mind.

## VI

“Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnia Satanica potestas omnis incursio infernalis adversarii ....”

The old Priest continued his prayer of exorcism while Algar writhed in pain on the bed. But then the pain eased. Algar however, did not attribute this to the Priest but to Melanie's curse. She would want him to die slowly, and as he lay smiling inwardly at the antics of the old man who had earlier cleaned and dressed the wounds the vicious dog had caused, Algar sensed a chance for life.

It would not arise from the exorcism for he had no belief in the religion of the Priest which once and briefly he himself had embraced inwardly. The old man had been kind, listening intently as Algar had told him a tale composed mainly of lies. He had been given sanctuary, clothes and medical aid – which was all he wanted – and let the Priest play out his farce of a role. His chance for life would come from his own hands by his breaking of Melanie's curse. For that, she herself would have to die, and he began to think of stratagems by which he could lure her to her death.

Thurstan Jebb held some fascination for her, or some future potential which she planned somehow to draw out for her own advantage and although he did not know nor particularly care which, if any of these was correct, he knew enough to realize Jebb might provide his bait. The plan he thought of pleased him, bringing a resurgence of some of the power he had felt as High Priest and he allowed the old man to finish his prayers before explaining he would have to leave.

He thanked the Priest for the exorcism, lyingly said it was effective and thanked the man for saving his life. He even suggested they go into the church to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Algar, offering his wounds as an excuse not to kneel, sat to say aloud in Latin a suitable prayer. The Priest was impressed, as Algar knew he would be, and did not say no when Algar asked for some money.

“Just a small loan, Father,” the lying High Priest said.

A few hours later, he was safely in Leeds. The pain, which came to him during his journey by train, was not intense or prolonged.

Ray Vitek was not pleased to see him and it showed on his face. But in deference to Algar's position he asked him politely inside the seedy terraced house along the sloping streets between the traffic noise of Hyde Park Corner and the tree lined peace of Meanwood Ridge.

“So,” Vitek said suspiciously as they sat among the books within a mould-filled room, “she has sent you for another favour.” Nervously, with thin fingers, he stroked his pointed beard.

“A favour, yes. But not for her.”

“I see. So it has come to that.”

“Will you join me – against her?”

“Years ago – I forget exactly when it was – I had a Priestess. Perhaps you remember her? No, well I was young then, as you were. I loved her. Linda was her name. Then she came to entice her away. She died – in a brothel.”

“Then you will help?”

“Me – once in love! I have never loved anyone or anything since.”

“I did not know,” Algar said, acting concerned.

“Who cares – I don’t care – not any more.” Then, his mood changed, he added, “what has she done to you then?”

Algar took off the coat that the Priest had given him and showed his bloodstained bandages.

“So?” Vitek said. “Why come to me?”

“Because you have friends. Desperate friends who need a little something every now and then. What would they do for a year’s supply?”

“She would have you killed before you did anything.”

Algar laughed. It was not pleasant to hear. “She does not know about my – how shall I say – my little side-line!”

Vitek was surprised – but his lethargy soon returned. “So what can I do?”

“Your friends,” Algar said – and his imitation of a gargoyle suited him, “shall keep a little something of mine. To lure her. She come – and they – how shall I say – entertain her?”

Vitek’s brief laugh was broken by a spasm of coughing. He spat into the fireplace. Then, remembering: “but her power – “

“When they take her they bring you the necklace she wears. You shall bring it to me.”

“But I remember – “

“The crystal? Yes, I shall smash it while she is away and her power will be gone!”

“A year’s supply, you say? For them all?”

“For them all!”

“It shall be done as you wish. When?”

“Tomorrow!”

“So soon?”

“It must be! When she arrives – surprise her. Take her by force, tear the necklace away! Without it she has no power. And when your friends have finished their games with her –“ he shrugged – “an overdose perhaps.”

“When do you deliver?”

“After the deed is done.”

“I may need something – “

“To offer them? Of course! You shall have it, my friend! This very day. Give me two hours.” His torment was beginning again, and as he strove to control the pain, sweat began to dribble down his face. “I shall return here.”

He did not wait but rushed to flee outside where he stood under a cloudy sky while his body contorted in pain. “I shall kill you!” He repeated. “You shall die a horrible death.”

He imagined that the death Melanie would find tomorrow and although this brought a little satisfaction it did nothing to lessen his pain. He felt like he was being crushed. Then, as suddenly as it had before, it stopped. He walked on toward the summit of the road, dreading its return.

He worked slyly and quickly in the anonymity of the city while thunderclouds covered the sky and the humidity grew. A few telephone calls, a meeting with a man whose expensive car drove him along the crowded streets to a small warehouse by the river. Promises made, a briefcase given to him, another journey by car and he was handing Vitek the promised goods – small packets containing white death.

His pain did not return, but his dread of its returning never left him, becoming during the growing cloud darkness of the daylight hours a demon to haunt him. He was always two footsteps behind, this demon.

The Satanic underworld did not fail him. For two years he had used his influence as Melanie’s High Priest to spin his webs in the temple of the empire she had built. Money diverted, a few small schemes of his own. He had been waiting for her weakness, and had found it. Soon, her empire would be his.

This pleased him. He was given help in her name, but in a few days it would be his name which commanded respect. He had used her name before and she never knew. He used it again, and a young man collected him in a new car and ferried him toward her home.

The demon of dread followed. Several times while lightning struck and nearby thunder crashed, he feared Vitek’s betrayal. “You know how she feels about these,” he had said to Vitek while he gave the white death away. And Vitek’s sunken eyes had bulged. “She does not like them. Warn her, Vitek, and there shall be no more.” Vitek’s thin, grasping hands said he understood. “Your friends, Vitek – I should have to tell them, you understand, if you betrayed me.”

His fears grew like the darkness that brought the day to its end until he became a madman pretending he was sane. He had procured a revolver, and caressed it repeatedly.

Apted was in his shop, as Algar hoped he would be. As soon as Apted unlocked the door he pushed past him.

“Is all well with you?” Apted asked cheerfully.

Algar pressed the barrel of the revolver into a flabby cheek. “Give me Jebb’s address!”

“But she – “

“Give me the address!” He eased back the hammer of the gun with his thumb.

“But I gave it to Rathbone.”

“He is no use to me now! The address!”

Apted gave it.

“Tell her, fat man, and I shall carve the fat from you, slice by slice! Understand? Good! She is finished!” As a gesture of his defiance he spat at her portrait, which hung on Apted’s wall.

The storms, which had followed him from Leeds, fell upon the town to wash the heat and dust away, stealing, for a few brief minutes, the lights that kept the night at bay. Somewhere below the thunder, a young child screamed.

## VII

The storm pleased Melanie and she danced naked in her garden while the rain washed her body as she sucked the storm’s health in.

She was inside, allowing the warm air in her secret Temple to dry her when she heard the

telephone ring. The call was brief and she dressed slowly before saying goodbye to her house.

Apted was in a corner of his shop, jibbering, the telephone in his hand, his door open as Algar had left it. She smiled at him and touched his forehead with her hand. Soon, he was almost smiling.

“I had to tell him. I am sorry,” he said and meant it.

“You are safe now. He cannot harm you. Do you believe me?”

“Yes, my princess.” Happiness returned to his face.

“Is Jane still in your care?”

“Why, yes! But they have threatened to take her away from me.”

“May I borrow her for a few days?”

“She is yours now – a gift from an old and grateful man.”

Melanie’s brief kiss surprised him, but when he opened his eyes again, she was gone.

The sky had cleared by the time she drove along the narrow track that led to Thurstan’s cottage among the hills of south Shropshire, and as she left her car to walk the few yards to his door bats swooped around her. She greeted them, as a queen should, laughing as she pushed the door open.

Thurstan was gone, as she half expected him to be, and she felt and smelt the traces that Algar had left. There was a note, stuck to the table by a knife and she read it without emotion. “Come alone,” it read, giving a date, time and place, “or he shall die like Lois.” It demanded a large sum of money.

She burned the note in the fireplace before examining the cottage. There were few books and all of those were in Greek. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles... Few clothes, furniture or

possessions. In the bedroom she found a neat pile of translations but they did not interest her, as the cottage seemed to hold few clues to Thurstan himself. It was damp if clean, austere but full of memories. The memories, spectral forms and sounds, seeped out of the walls, the floor, the beams which held the roof, to greet Melanie. Sighs, laughter, the pain of childbirth, an old man dying his bed while his spirit wandered the hills above.

Two centuries of life, struggle, love and death.

But however intently she listened, however still she held her gaze, neither sights nor sounds from Thurstan's past seeped to her through the gates of time, and it was behind the only painting in the cottage that she found her answer. It was a good painting of a pretty woman, curiously hung above the long narrow windows where Melanie had seen Thurstan sitting. Behind it, totally obscured, was a niche carved from the rough stone that made up the walls. It contained a large quartz crystal. Stored in the crystal was Thurstan's life, in images only a Mistress of Earth or a Magus could see.

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The child that Algar had abducted near Apted's shop during the storm had lain silent and terrified in the car while the young man drove through the night, obedient to Algar's commands because he believed he was acting in Melanie's name.

The young man had said nothing when Algar told him to stop and took the child into the darkness of trees by the road. He kept his silence when Algar returned alone fastening the belt of his trousers. He said nothing as he stood waiting for Thurstan to answer the knocks that Algar made upon his door. Kept his silence as he bound and gagged the man at whose head Algar aimed the revolver. Said nothing as he drove his silent passenger to the city of Leeds and the rotting, broken houses that were Algar's destination. The human shadows that surrounded his car and who dragged the bound man away repulsed him, and he was glad when Algar gave him money and dismissed him.

There was much mute laughter and hissing glee as Thurstan was hauled from room to smelly room whose denizens lay supinely on floors or leaned, festering, against walls while loud music played. Vitek was lashing Thurstan to a chair in an upper room when Algar's demon of dread leapt and sunk its rows of teeth into the flesh of its prey. Algar did not scream but cowered in a corner, his whole body convulsed. Thurstan was smiling – or seemed to Algar to be smiling at him – and he leapt up to punch Thurstan several times in the face. Instantly, his torment ceased. Then Thurstan winked.

Raging, Algar held the revolver to his head, but Vitek calmed him and led him away, saying, "He is our bait, our money. Leave him."

Daylight brought no sun or light through the boarded windows and Algar slept, twitching from nightmares, on the floor of a suppurating room where three men took turns copulating with a young girl too tired and drugged to care. But their energy did not last and soon only Thurstan was awake, dreaming of the woman he had loved.

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A few high cirrus clouds flecked the beautiful blue of the sky as Melanie drove slowly under the warm sun through the busy streets of Leeds. She was not late, and parked her car in the narrow rubble filled street of boarded up houses. Two men with long greasy hair wearing chains for belts watched her, showing rotten teeth as they smiled.

Swaggering, they walked toward her as she got out of her car. Behind her, another man emerged from the shadowed alley beside a house. He was within feet of her when she opened the back door of her car. Gracefully, the leopard leapt into the sunlight.

She stood leaning against her car while the leopard sat beside her. Respectfully and silently, the men moved away. Then, one of them moved slowly toward her but he did not speak as she did not, only bowed his head while she stared into his eyes. He walked away, then – and there was a scream as he, obedient to her will, entered the house, then the sound of breaking glass and wood. A shout. "Don't come any closer!" And a single shot, dull but echoing.

Another man walked toward her and he too bowed his head, a little, as she stared into his eyes. "Kill him!" a voice like Algar's screamed, as he too entered the house.

The third and last man came forward to wait with her beside her car. For a long time, silence – broken by a shout from within the house.

"We must kill her."

Three men carrying clubs and knives came forth from the house but the single man was no match for them and was soon beaten unconscious. Triumphant, the three moved sneering and leering toward Melanie.

“Kill her! Kill her!” the demented Algar screamed from the safety of the house.

“Come on!” laughed one of the men, “hypnotize me!”

“She is making me tremble!” jeered another.

“Let’s strip her, hey?” Laughed the third.

Melanie did not see but rather sensed Algar aim his gun and she stared toward the shadows in the doorway. There was no shot, only Algar cursing as the revolver jammed, while the leopard stood and kept the shouting men away.

Their obscenities were irrelevant to Melanie as she was content to wait in the heat of the sun for her full magickal powers to return. Her control of the three men had weakened her, a little, but she knew her weakness would not last. Perhaps the jeering men sensed her weakness or perhaps Algar had told them to try to drain her power away, but it was not important and she hid her strength for Algar’s expected attack.

It was Vitek who came running from the house, carrying an axe. He slowed, as her power touched him, then stopped to stand harmless and silent. But his appearance broke the spell that kept the others at a distance – they rushed toward her howling with drug courage. The leopard snatched one, her power slowed another but the third was not stopped. The knife he carried reflected the sun and Melanie side stepped gracefully to strike the rushing man as he passed, his momentum conveying him into her car. He bounced, slightly, before her blow to his neck sent him falling unconscious onto the road.

Her absorption freed Vitek who fled into the house.

“Leave!” she commanded and the leopard obeyed, leaving the uninjured man to help his sobbing and bloodied companion away.

Behind the house she heard shouting, and a car being driven away. Thurstan, Algar and Vitek were gone, and as she stepped over bodies near the door, the house burst into flames. She could almost hear Algar laughing.

## VIII

The coven was gathered, dressed in crimson robes, in the large Satanic Temple to give honour to Melanie as Mistress of Earth. A man lay on the altar, naked, while a young woman in white robes kissed his body in the light of the candles to the insistent beat of the tabors.

A masked figure dressed in black came to lift the man from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress of Earth.

“What do you wish?” the Mistress asked.

“It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek”. The naked Priest reached up as the Mistress bared her breasts, but she kicked him away with her foot.

“I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their blood.” He stared at her body. “I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage’s seed may feed your virgin flesh.”

“Kiss me,” she taunted, “and I will make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn, which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!”

Slowly, she led him to the Priestess whom she kissed on the lips and caressed before removing her white robe.

“Take her,” she said to the Priest, “for she is me and I am yours!”

Around them the coven gathered, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation began. And when it was over and the Priest lay sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple came to lift him up and forced him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.

“So you have sown,” she said, “and from your seeding gifts may come if you are obedient

hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark and yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!"

The Guardian brought her a large silver chalice, which she offered to her coven in turn. The Priestess was the last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kissed her to receive the wine from her mouth.

She threw the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying, "No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!"

She did not wait for the orgy of lust to begin, but left alone. No sounds of Satanic revelry reached her as she sat in her own small Temple, waiting. But the crystal showed nothing.

For hours, Melanie sat still and alone. She did not think of the flames that only yesterday had engulfed her and from which she had escaped unharmed, nor of Algar, fleeing now from those who sought to collect the bounty she offered for his death. The ritual had bored her, and she did not miss the pleasure that she had obtained in the past through having a man grovelling while she whipped his naked flesh. Instead, she thought of Thurstan and his strange life that she had seen in the crystal. There was a quality about this Thurstan that both pleased and disturbed her, as if he was someone from a dream she had just awoke from and could not quite remember. She wanted to forget the dream and concentrate on the pleasures of her own world, but she was lonely. Thurstan's intrusion into her planned and orderly life, Lois' sudden death, both combined to become a catalyst and change her emotions. And it was her feelings of loneliness which surprised her. For years, she ruled her coven and small empire through her magickal charisma, power and the fear she inspired. She could be charming, subtle, scheming and brutal as the moment and the person required, never losing her belief in herself and her Destiny. For a long time during the years of her growing she had felt herself chosen and different from others. Gradually, awareness of her Destiny came – as Mistress of Earth, ruler of covens, who would dare to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

She still felt her Destiny – but it was the distant beat of her pulse in her ear, not the yearning she now felt to share with someone a moment of life, like the strange moment she had shared with Thurstan while they sat in the café and he, trembling, had first held her hand. She had been playing a role, then, but somewhere and somehow the role had become real to her and for an instant she had become the woman she was pretending to be – gentle, sensitive and vulnerable. This woman had returned, unexpected, when she had held the dead Lois in her arms. Her tears had been real tears of love and loss – but they did not last.

Now this woman sat in Melanie's secret Temple, thinking of Thurstan and the moment they had shared. This woman knew she was alone.

Then Melanie, in anger, walked slowly from her Temple, her eyes glowing, to seek the comfort of her car. Her speed was an attempt to express her anger and she drove westward along narrow lanes and wider roads for nearly an hour before returning east to stop near the stone circle. The twilight of closing cloud and strong wind coloured the sky near the descending sun, and Melanie stood in the circle's centre calling on the storms to break. Thunder cloud rushed toward her, killing the colour, as the wind graved strong and heavy around. There was no thunder, only a sudden and prolonged burst of rain, which Melanie laughing let soak through her thin dress to the warm flesh beneath. She became intoxicated by the power of wind and rain, and danced around the circle calling on the names of her gods. She was Baphomet – dark goddess who held the severed head of a man; she was Asoth – worker of passion and death. Circe – charmer of man; Darket – bride of Dagon. She felt her crystal, many miles distant, begin to respond and draw power from the Abyss beyond. The power came to her, slowly, through the gate in the fabric of space-time, a chaos of energies from the dimensions of darkness. Her consciousness was beginning to transcend to the acausal spaces where the Dark Gods waited and she sensed their longing to return, to fill again the spaces of her causal time. They were there, chattering in lipsed words she could not understand, roused from sleep by the power of her previous rites, ready to seep past the gate to feast upon the blood of humans.

But they could not break through from beyond the stars. The two universes, rent together by her will and crystal, were drifting apart again and she was left to walk along the track from the stones while the wind lost its power and the clouds left with their rain.

She sat in her car for a long time, No power, not even a trace of power, had come down to here over the abyss that divided the causal and the acausal realms of existence. No chaos for her will to form and direct as it had many times before. Her magick was weakened. The cause of her failure became clear to her slowly, like the low autumn mist of a valley becomes cleared by the sun as it heats the cold air of morning. She was in love with Thurstan, and her feelings of love had begun to brighten the darkness that was the source of her power.

## IX

“The Police have released the names and photographs of the two men they wish to question in connection with the murders in Leeds...”

Vitek turned the radio off. Algar was beside him in the van they had stolen in Leeds, waiting for the last glimmer of light to conduct the ritual, which he hoped, would free him from Melanie's curse.

"She arranged things well," Vitek said while in the rear of the van Thurstan worked silently to try and free his bound hands.

"Of course!" Algar shouted, "what did you expect? Her influential friends! When she is dead they will be mine!"

"Must we...?" asked Vitek, indicating Thurstan.

"It is the only way. The force cannot be invoked without a sacrifice. Her power is weakening! I sense it!"

The forest Algar had chosen lay in a small valley between the haunted rocks of the Stiperstones and Squilver mound, and had in times past been used by the darker covens which once had abounded in the area. He would invoke the Great Demon, Gaubni, through sacrifice, and imbue himself with power before setting forth to kill Melanie herself. His ritual would strip her of magic, her death would end her curse.

"Come, let us prepare," he said.

Trees were creaking in the breeze and the smell of stinking fungi mingled with the damp the heavy rain had brought as Algar walked carefully the path to the small clearing. Vitek followed, stooping and afraid, listening to Algar mumble incantations. "Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! Agios O Gaubni..."

The incantation became louder until Algar was shouting the name. "Gaubni! Gaubni!" Then a silence that startled Vitek. He could not see Algar's face as he stopped and turned in the clearing but he heard the hissing and saw the hands raised like claws. The long, bony fingers grasped Vitek's neck and the strength of the arms pushed Vitek to the ground. Algar sat on Vitek's chest, slobbering and laughing while his nails tore the flesh on Vitek's face. The spasm of struggle did not last long as the fingers snapped the neck.

Possessed, Algar loped awkwardly out of the wood. Thurstan sat hunched in the back of the van and Algar stared at him, dribbling like an idiot while in the distance a dog howled.

Algar was struggling to control the chaos which had possessed him and direct it to bring another death when he heard the voice behind him.

“Come to me, come to me!” the melodious voice said.

Algar turned to see the leering face of a multitude of witches. Then they vanished. But another voice came from the trees behind him.

“You are my gift!”

He did not look, but the power of the demon he had invoked was sucked from within him to form a hideous face whose rows of teeth gnashed before the mouth opened to spray Algar with fetid breath. Then it was gone, sucked into the trees and down into Earth by the power of the long-dead leering witches.

“You are my gift!” the voice repeated.

There was no longer any magick in Algar and he became just a man who was half-mad. His madness made him move toward Thurstan, but the High Priest was afraid, and all he could do was turn and watch as Vitek with a ruptured face and dead eyes walked toward him.

“You are his gift,” a chorus of voices behind him said.

Desperate, Algar performed a banished ritual, inscribing a pentagram in the air before him with his hand, saying, “The sign of the Earth, protect! Agios O Shugara!”

The dead body of Vitek still came toward him. He invoked more gods, drew a pentagram, called on the Prince he had followed in secret from youth, but Vitek moved ever nearer while behind him the ghostly chorus laughed.

He tried a hexagram, but his gesture and words had no power and, in abject terror, he began to pray fervently in Latin to the god he had scorned.

“In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. In nomine Jesu Christi...” he mumbled.

But Vitek did not stop – instead, the dead eyes swivelled down to stare at him and the mouth opened in a leer. Algar fled, crazed and stumbling, along the track, over a fence and field, to run up the side of the steep hill. He did not stop when he reached the summit, but ran on down the steep bank and over another hill to drop exhausted into a ditch. Terror brought recovery and he ran on for many miles over fields, fences and hills, his clothes and flesh torn by stone, wire and thorn. And when he could run no longer, he crawled among the heather that grew on the side of the Mynd, clawing his way to the slope’s summit. He rested then, staring down into the silent blackness below, fearful and afraid of something following, and praying praying for the light of dawn. He made a kind of cross from stems of heather which he pulled with bleeding fingers from the ground. Around him, nothing stirred.

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Thurstan had freed his hands from the cord, which bound then when he saw Algar run away. Cautiously, after unbinding his feet and removing the gag, he left the van.

Twilight had almost ended, but sufficient light remained for him to follow the path into the woods. He walked for sometime but could find nothing and no one. The place seemed peaceful and calm to him.

A large dog was sitting by the van when he returned. It did not bark, but sprang up to run for a few yards along the track before stopping.

“Your guide!” a soft voice beside Thurstan said. When, he turned, he could see nothing.

There was no moon, only the lingering glow of the sun that was now below the horizon. The clear sky soon showed the brighter stars and in the pleasant warmth of the early night Thurstan followed his guide along the track to paths and narrow lanes that kept a southerly course until he was led eastwards by the stream and up to where a large house lay darkened and silent.

He knew why he followed the dog, as he knew whose house it was, but he still stood nervously in the driveway. The evening was dark by the time he walked toward the house, and as he did so a soft light shone through the half-opened door.

“Hello!” he called like a jester to a court of fools as he stepped onto the mosaic tiles of the

hall. He did not see the door behind him close.

Somewhere he could hear a harpsichord being played. He followed the sound, along the hall and up the stairs whose walls were lined with paintings depicting lust, greed and joy, to where a door was open. A voluptuous perfume reached out to him and he closed his eyes, listening to the gentle music. It seemed a long time to him that he waited, listening and trembling. But it was only a few heartbeats of his life that passed.

He took several steps into the candle-lit room. Melanie sat at her harpsichord in a long flowing dress and looked up briefly before playing the fugue to its end.

The room was beautiful, graceful in its few furnishings, the music was beautiful, the light itself was beautiful, casting subtle hues that only a painter, a musician or a poet might recall. But most of all, to Thurstan, Melanie was beautiful. His senses, subdued by his captivity, were overwhelmed and he began to cry, not loudly or for very long, but as a mystic or an artist might cry when overwhelmed by such splendour.

She smiled at him again when her fingers ceased to work their magick upon the keyboard, and held out her hand. He could see her breasts, uplifted and partly exposed by her dress, rise and fall with the rhythm with her breathing: the way her amber necklace seemed to glow a little in the light from the candles around her, and he walked forward, hardly able to breathe.

But this was unreal to him, an idle dream, perhaps, of a hot insect-filled summer's day as he sat by the stream near his cottage. But their fingers touched, bringing reality. He felt shy and foolish as she stood to face him, gently smiling. No words would reveal themselves into the world through his mouth, and he embraced her, stroking her hair with his hand while she moulded her body to his so he could feel the heat of her flesh through the thin dress.

Stretched were the moments of their embraced until she kissed him, pressing her tongue to his lips in supplication. He let her in, smelled the fragrance of her breath and felt with his hand the warmth of her breast and the erection of her nipple as her tongue sought his. He did not see the door of the room close silently, nor the strange shadow that seemed to stand beside it, but let himself be let to the circular bed in the adjoining, darkened room.

She was gentle with him as she removed his clothes and then her own, kissing his body as he kissed hers in return. He tried to speak of his love and her beauty but she pressed a slender finger to his lips as they lay naked together on the sensuous softness of the bed while perfumed incense caressed them. He felt the softness of her breasts and kissed them

in worship as he kissed her lips, shoulders, face and thighs in worship before tasting her moistness. She pulled him gently upon her, opening herself in invitation, and he did not need his hand to guide him to her hidden cleft.

He moved slowly, and for a long time the gentle intimacy continued while the warm humid night brought sweat to him and a gradual urgency to her until a frenzy of passion possessed them both, rising to issue forth into loud ecstasy mutually achieved before the natural fall left limbs loose and a pleasing exhaustion.

He slept then, although he did not wish to, holding her as if he feared she might go, softly breathing the words of his love. He dreamed he was walking on a strange planet whose two bright suns lit the purple sky. There was a city nearby, but it lay in ruins, and as he approached over the warm sand, he could see the desolation of centuries. He wandered the empty streets made of strange steel where above twisting walkways hung or soared to meet the towering pyramids of buildings whose entrails of floor and room had been cut away cleanly and left dangling from tendons of wire. He felt a sadness at the desolation, for the world was abandoned and quite dead.

When he awoke from his dream, Melanie was gone.

## X

Part of her wanted to kill him. His death would make her free again; restore to her the power she had lost.

She sat in her Temple wondering what to do. The years of her life had been bereft of love and only Lois had shown her kindness – unexpectedly, for kindness was something she had never wanted nor sought. But she had been too proud, too confirmed in her role and quest for power to let the kindness of Lois matter, and their relationship had become, for her at least, a simple affair to satisfy her lust and turn her momentarily from the hatred she felt for the many men who sold their souls and gave their wealth and power away to satisfy themselves with her body.

For a year she had withheld her favours from all men, using her magick as a snare and a weapon to keep her dominance and power. She let them lust, and satisfy themselves with the whores she gave them. But she had enticed Thurstan, sending a wraith to guide him to her house after she had found him through her crystal waiting bound in the van. Other forces had gathered round, surprising her, but she had fought them and gained control, moulding them to her will to bring the dead body of Vitek back and send Algar in terror to

the hills.

She had sensed the other powers were trying to help Thurstan and keep him from her for some reason she did not understand, but she wanted him and would have her way.

Now, her crystal reached out to him upstairs where an elemental spirit, born from one of her rituals, waited to work her will, hovering by the bed she had left. The spirit was guarding him, shielding him from other powers, but she had only to transform her thought through the crystal for the elemental to cause Thurstan's death and break the heavy chains that now seemed to bind her to his Earth.

But she did nothing. She was intrigued by the other powers she felt and by his crystal that she had found. There was also, for her, a promise in the feelings she felt for him – there seemed to be new pleasures awaiting, new experiences to enhance her life. She began to think of what these might be – of what it would be like to talk with someone, just to be with someone, who seemed to love her, not her power, wealth or influence. Someone whose lust, though real and strong, was bound with sensitivity and who sought through it an ecstasy of sharing beyond the physical; someone who gave, and did not just take. She had captivated him at first, but not as she had expected: not as she had captivated all the merely lustful men before him. He had seen beyond them to another world.

These thoughts pleased and disturbed her, but she sensed he had awoken from his dream and waited, strangely tense, for him to find her. When he did, and stood in the doorway of her Temple, she hid her feelings before trying to destroy them.

She did not succeed. The crystal began to glow, betraying her as it pulsed to the beat of her heart. He walked past it, drew the glow onto his hand and offered it to her. She stared at him as he stood before her smiling. Then, before she could open her hand to receive his gift, the light in the Temple faded, and then was gone, leaving only the glow he held before her.

A multitude of babbling, hissing voices broke the silence.

“He is ours!” one clear voice said.

“Ours!” a second and third repeated.

The powers she had felt before were stronger now and she strove to cast them away by casting her thoughts into her crystal, but the glow on Thurstan's hand dimmed, then died.

There was laughter in the Temple, the smell of rotting flesh as, slowly, a luminous shape began to form in a corner. It began to resemble a bearded man with green skin who held in his hands a crook and a whip, and from whose eyes fine filaments emerged to move toward where Melanie sat. She knew they would form a web to imprison her. She formed her own will into purple strands to form a wall before her but the filaments snaked easily around it before writhing toward her. She cast an inverted seven-pointed star at them, but the star shattered and was obliterated. Sweating from the effort, she held her hands outstretched before her in readiness to absorb the power that came toward her, tensing her body to try to cast it into her crystal and send it out into the acausal space where it would die.

She felt Thurstan beside her and the heat of his hand as he touched her shoulder. In the instant of his touch the mocking laughter stopped. She did not know what was happening but Thurstan's face had become a dark void filled with stars, and she felt herself becoming stronger. A chaos of energies rushed from the void to be transferred to her by Thurstan's touch, but the energies were not hostile and she shaped them by her will into an auric demon before casting them at her foe. The demon greedily ate the filaments before devouring the green bearded man. Then it too vanished, leaving Melanie and Thurstan standing naked beside each other in the soft light of the perfumed Temple.

When she looked at Thurstan, she realized he was in a trance. She sat him down gently and stroked his face until he awoke.

He was surprised to find himself in the Temple and embarrassed by his nakedness.

“Are you alright?” Melanie asked.

“Yes, thanks,” said Thurstan blushing and covering his genitals with his hands. “I must have been dreaming!”

“What did you dream?”

“I was on this dead planet – in a city. Alone. Then I saw you. There was a shadow near you, which I seemed to think was threatening you, so I came to you and held your hand. Strange thought – I thought I woke up.”

There was no guile in Thurstan's face as Melanie looked: and in that instant he seemed an innocent child. He sought to hold her hand as if for reassurance and she did not refuse. She looked at him, as he sat smiling and embarrassed, then at her crystal and then at Thurstan again, realizing as she did so that in some way she did not yet understand Thurstan was a gate to her gods, a medium, perhaps, that anyone might use. It was not the thought of using him and his psychic gifts that made her kneel down beside him and kiss his lips, but a strange desire to somehow share again the moment when he had first touched her hand and trembled – to discover again the joy that his body had brought her, the feeling she had felt when she had examined his face and found a curious trust.

He responded readily to her kiss and they made slow, tender love on the floor of her Temple. Melanie was receptive to him through her burgeoning feelings of love, and felt herself drawing power from him. She let this power build within her before trying to transfer it by an act of will to her crystal but even she was surprised at the ease of this and the extent of the power she had stored. The crystal began to glow, and in her orgasm she felt possessed of the power of a goddess. But she did nothing with her new found power, and let it rest safely in the crystal in her Temple before realizing, as Thurstan breathed in her ear the works of his love, that it was her own feelings of love that were the key.

She lay for a long time while Thurstan caressed her and their sweat dried slow, wondering about the meaning of this in the context of her Satanic life. But only vague feelings, need and desires suffused her and she led him from her Temple in the quiet house to her own bed. He was soon asleep, entwined around her warm body, while she inwardly watched the shadows that gathered outside her house, held away by the power she had stored in her crystal. They beat down, screaming, leering and threatening, upon the auric protective sphere that enclosed her and her new lover, desiring her death or at least a chance to lead Thurstan away. These shades of the dead and dying were like rain to her, and she listened, safe and warm, while they beat noisily down.

In the morning, they were gone. But they had sucked her crystal dry. Melanie slept on, her body pressed close to Thurstan's, while in her garden Algar waited, ready to kill her with the billhook he held in his hand.

## XI

Ezra Pead lived surrounded by mould and mites. The mould rose up the feet of the furniture in his small, dark cottage at the end of a muddy track between two high hills that shielded him from most of the sun, while the mites could be seen scurrying away from anything he touched.

The wood burning stove in his kitchen lay broken and unrepaired, letting damp seep up the walls and wood lice to cover the floor, and he cooked his soups on a small gas-burning ring. He was not an old man, but bore himself like one and dressed like a tramp, his beard matted and long. The large sums of money his father had left him he left unused in a bank, and he walked the three miles to the small town of Stretton once a week to withdraw the few pounds he needed to keep himself alive.

Like his cottage, Ezra Pead was slowly falling into decay. His cottage smelled and was like an overgrown, wild forest whose floor is alive and where green fungi crept slowly up trees and where strangling ivy thickens and hardens as it grows round trunks, branches and stems seeking the canopy of leaves. What falls to the ground is captured by the myriad creatures who live mostly unseeing in the dampness, or covered by mould and by mites, or stolen to be eaten or stored away by insects. The roof did not leak, but Ezra Pead would not have cared if it did. He had plenty of buckets. He never opened the windows which were covered by thickly spreading grime.

He spent his days reading the many books and manuscripts that surrounded him everywhere in the chaos, or writing in one of the large vellum bound volumes that covered one of his three scriptorium desks. Unlike his features or dwelling, his handwriting was beautiful, and he used a quill pen and ink that he made himself.

All his books and all his writings were about alchemy or magick. When darkness came, he would light a candle and retire to the room where he slept. There, where no windows relieved the dampness of the walls and where only a rusting metal bed stood upon the floor, he would cast his spells into the night. All his reading, spells and writing were directed toward one end: to discover the secret of life and so make himself immortal. Every night he invoked demons from the pages of the medieval Grimoires he possessed, for he had read once and long ago when young that some of these demons knew the secret. So he invoked, and questioned them, night after night and year after year. Baratchial, Zamradial, Niantiel, Belphegor, Lucifuge ... he knew the legions of Hell well, and although the answers they gave him he did not often understand, he wrote them all down in his book after the conjuration was over and his ritual banishing complete. A demon named Shulgin he invoked most of all using his ceremonial circle, names of power and sword – but the demon spoke backwards in a numbered code and transcribing the messages took many hours of his day, as breaking the original code had taken over a year of his life.

But the years of his work wore down his body, and he began to wish for a better means to find the answers that he sought. He possessed an insane faith in demons he invoked, and it did not seem to matter to him that most of the information he obtained was meaningless or wrong. He checked and re-checked the answers, searching patiently among his books and manuscripts. There were enough answers over the years, which could be corroborated with

the little he already knew or could find in his books to keep his faith in the quest, and it never once occurred to him that this quest was destroying the life which he hoped to prolong.

Sometimes, he would venture from his cottage in search of herbs to grind and make into incense or oils to aid his invocations, talking to himself while he walked. All his original ideas and expectations had been eroded over the years – there was no stone for him to make by alchemical means, no potion for him to drink. He had tried both ways, led by manuscripts and demons, but his alchemical apparatus lay dismantled in his shed together with the rare juices of plants and bizarre ingredients he had used. His apparatus and ingredients had come from a dealer only too eager to indulge his expensive needs, but the cost made little difference in the money that he kept in the bank.

For almost a year, following the ten years of his alchemical work, an idea had come to possess him. Something was happening that was threatening his quest. His demons were becoming increasingly disturbed or disoriented. Sometimes his invocations did not succeed – or he obtained a jumble of form as if someone or something was disrupting the energies. He felt something himself – a force darker than the demons he knew. An ancient manuscript gave him the clue – the cosmic tides were changing, or rather being changed by someone. The very balance of the hidden universe was threatened.

Minor ripples in these tides were no stranger to him, but these did nothing to change in any significant way the current of Osirian energies that he worked with and which for centuries had passed over the Earth, partly due to the rites of the Church of the Nazarene and those who followed its faith, for they belonged to the same world as him. He was only part of its darker side. He knew a change was coming, symbolized by the son of Osiris as a child, but this was a natural progression that would not affect his own work or alter in any meaningful manner the balances of power on the Earth, despite the rhetoric of some of its adherents.

But this new distortion was different. If it succeeded, it would bring a new Aeon, which had no magickal Word to describe it – an Aeon of Chaos. He spent months searching his manuscripts and books for answers. Parcels of books arrived regularly from his dealer – they were read, then discarded, to suck more mould from the floor.

He began to realize that he was near the centre of the disruption, but the demons he invoked to question were incoherent or would not appear. He needed the blood of sacrifices. The dealer brought him a dog, which he kept chained outside. He began using necromancy to bring him the spirits of the dead, sacrificing often by sending the dog out to bring a victim back. Sheep were not a problem, for they roamed the hills around cottage, and he would sever their necks letting the blood pour to his floor while he chanted his invocations. And when it was over, he would burn the body in a pit outside while the spirits

he had raised gathered round.

He found his answers. He did not know the identity of the person who was trying to break through the causal dimensions and draw to Earth the energies of Chaos, but he knew the area from where the forces were being drawn down and sent his reluctant spirits to guard it. His ancient manuscript told of dark entities that were waiting to be returned to Earth to drink their fill of human blood. Atazoth, Dagon, Athushir, Darkat ... such were some of their names. Once summoned, they could not be returned. To be summoned they needed human sacrifice of special kind.

His own work had wrought changes in the astral planes, drawing to his cottage another Adept, and Ezra Pead did not like the man who arrived at his cottage. Jukes did not like Ezra Pead either, nor the squalor he found. But a vision by his Priestess had brought him, and her trance warnings made him stay, offering his help and that of his Temple of Ma'at, to prevent the Dark Gods from returning.

“We have a common aim,” he said, and Pead, reluctant, had agreed. “They cannot be allowed to break the Current of Aiwaz.”

Jukes, stocky and squat, sincerely believed what he said. For over a year he had run his small Temple in London, helping by his acts of magick to further the Aeon of Ma'at. By day, he worked in an office, but at night, in his basement flat, he became High Priest for his gods. He had read widely on the subject of the Occult, made many contacts during the years of his searching, but he was surprised by the books and manuscripts the Pead possessed.

Avarice was a stranger to Jukes, but the rare books and manuscripts introduced them.

“They need a human sacrifice,” Pead said in his lisping voice.

“Can we prevent it?”

“If we knew who it was.”

“Your manuscripts – “

“They are silent.”

“May I?”

Pead smiled. “Study them here? Of course.”

For two days he studied, while at night, he stayed in a hotel in the nearby town, slightly fearful of the obsessive Pead and the savage dog, which strained on its chain snarling every time he entered and left. The filth and squalor oppressed him while he worked, as avarice whispered cunning words in his ear, but he ignored them. On the third day he rose from the stool by a scriptorium desk, triumphant.

“So they need a psychic, eh? Pead said.

“There is a ritual – the Ceremony of Recalling – to which he is brought. The sacrifice, and it must be a man, is killed and the High Priestess washes in a basin full of his blood before calling the Dark Gods back to Earth.”

“So, you found all of this there?”

Jukes held the vellum manuscript carefully. “Yes. The first few pages are a blind – and the last few. Quotations from the Fathers of the Church. The real text begins here – “ He pointed with his finger.

Pead shrugged. “I cannot read Coptic.”

Jukes spent a day copying the manuscript while Pead watched over him. He was glad to leave and, returned to his flat, he burned all his clothes before scrubbing himself clean in the bath. That night he summoned his Temple. The ritual began at the time he had agreed with Pead. He did not know what ritual Pead himself would do, but he had his suspicions and he did not want to ask.

Jukes’ Temple was the room where he lived, lit by candles and perfumed by thick incense and his members sat on the floor touching hands. It was not long before his Priestess was in a trance, guided by the sigil that Pead had inscribed on parchment. She spoke of being in a forest where two men walked, leaving one who was bound. Of how spirits had gathered to

help her. “Above his eyes – the one who sits waiting and bound – there glows a tattvic sign. He is the one we seek... but there are horrors of which I cannot speak! Another will opposed with mine. Stronger – it casts me away and back...”

All night they tried, until, pale and exhausted, the Priestess slept, severing the astral link that had bound her to Pead and his spirits of death. And in the morning while a few rays of sun brightened for a few minutes the top of the basement window, she told of battles on the night that had drained their power away to leave the one who was chosen in the sanctuary of the Dark Gods' Temple.

Jukes knew that where magick had failed, physical force might succeed.

“We must stop them!” he had said, his eyes bright with the fervour of his strange faith.

Outside a solitary bird sung, unheard amid the early traffic that chuntered along that narrow London street.

## XII

Melanie did not sleep for long. But there was no desire within her to rise and breakfast before using her telephones and telex to establish the well being of her world. She had done so for years, and it was a new experience for her to lie watching a man sleep in her bed. The few who in previous times had been granted her favours for reasons of Satanic or financial power, she had told to leave after the conquest of them was complete.

She watched until he awoke, roused by her gentle caress of his face. She left him them, to dress and walk in her bare feet across the lawn of her walled garden. The sun was warm as she walked, intrigued by her own feelings. There was a beauty about the world that she had never seen before. She felt this beauty in the blue of the sky, in the delicate colours of the flowers that bordered her lawn, in the sound of the wind as it rushed through the trees nearby. It was the warmth of the sun, the dampness of the grass, the silence that surrounded her. She understood that there were many worlds within the one on which she lived, brought to reality perhaps by a mood or a circumstance.

This world of beauty was real to her in a way that brought unusual feelings to her, but the world that she had left yesterday was still there – still full of the feelings she felt: contempt for the members of her coven while she played her role as Mistress of Earth, hatred and love of strife. Each year, each day of her life was a world into which she projected

meanings, interpretations and from which she sought to wrest for herself money and power.

There were worlds beyond – alien worlds, which she hoped to join with hers, bringing chaos and much that was strange. But, for now, she found happiness in walking around her garden in the warming sun and thinking about Thurstan. She wanted to make him her High Priest, share her power and wealth with him and enjoy the pleasure that she felt such a sharing would bring, ending the years of her loneliness

She did not see, nor even sense such was her preoccupation, Algar creeping toward her and when she did her attempt to stop him by her magick power failed. She had no power. This startled her, and she could only watch in silence as Algar, grinning like the madman he had become, raised the billhook to slash at her throat.

She raised her arm to deflect the blow when Thurstan, sprinting across the lawn, jumped on Algar, knocking both of them over. Algar was screaming, trying to slash at Thurstan but Thurstan grappled and held his arm round Algar's neck. They rolled over the dewy grass until Algar's body went limp.

“I've killed him! I've killed him!” Thurstan said.

Melanie's inspection of the body was brief. “Come on,” she said. “Let's go inside.”

“But I've killed him.”

The beauty she had felt was destroyed. “He deserved it.”

“I didn't mean to,” Thurstan tried to explain. “The Police – “

Melanie smiled. “There is no need to involve them.”

“But I killed him.”

Melanie turned to face him. He was now quite calm, but perplexed. “There are some things you should know about me.”

“All I know is that I love you.”

With his words and the look on his face part of the beauty returned. She had been defenceless against Algar, and now she felt defenceless against Thurstan. She did not like either of the forms this defencelessness took, and walked with Thurstan into her house to arrange the removal and disposal of Algar’s body.

Thurstan followed her from room to room, listening amazed while she made her telephone calls. And when they were done and they sat eating the breakfast he cooked, Melanie explained about her life. Thurstan listened, intently and gently smiling.

“So now you know the person you think you are in love with.”

“Why did you tell me?”

“Because – “ She turned away, appalled at herself. “In your cottage I found a crystal sphere.”

“I love you.”

Her feelings for Thurstan seemed to her to have stolen the personal power she had over people, and she was uncertain as to whether she cared about this. “You are not appalled by what I have told you?” she asked.

“No. Nor about the chap lying in your garden. He was going to harm you. I love you, so I stopped him. Simple really. The Police would ask too many questions.” He shrugged.

“Considering what you have said, that is very understandable!”

“It will bind you to me.”

“Why do you think I have agreed?” he said directly.

“You are not afraid?”

“Of what?”

“That I might use this to control you?”

“No.”

“Even after what you know about me?”

No – because I sense you love me even though you are afraid to say the words.”

She did not answer, but stared out of the window. “They should be here soon – to dispose of the body.”

“And then?”

“We shall go to your cottage.”

The two men who had taken Lois’ body arrived and Melanie talked to them briefly before they went to carry the dead High Priest to the van. Thurstan was in her secret Temple when she returned, having seen them depart.

“What do you feel?” she asked.

“About this crystal? That it shall take us to the stars!”

Intrigued, she asked, “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. Just a feeling. I remember you were a dream of my youth. Maybe I am your Destiny as you are mine.

Melanie perceived forces gathering around them, as if a rent had appeared again but without her will in the metric of causal space, such that acausal energies were surrounding them. Then, suddenly, the Temple darkened while she stood breathless beside Thurstan watching her crystal become filled with stars. She touched him then, drawing his hand into

hers, to feel the power tense her body as it would be tensed before an orgasm relaxed it. But she did not feel the old intoxication of power, nor the sensuous bliss that her many and varied pleasures had brought her over the years of her reign. Instead, there was the quiet ecstasy of gentle and suffusing love coupled with an expectation, a promise of vistas yet to be explored but waiting. But it was soon over, this tantalizing glimpse, as light returned to her Temple, leaving only a dim glow to suffuse her crystal.

Her house, drained by the demon battles of the night, was alive again, and she let her own spirit wander from room to room. The early oppression she had felt was gone, as if somewhere and somehow a storm had broken.

A vague memory came to her, like details of a landscape seen through thin mist, and she led Thurstan out of her house and into her car. She did not speak, and he did not as she drove the narrow, hilly lanes, in the warmth of the early morning, that lead to his cottage. The crystal was in its niche, where she had left it, and she took it down. She tried to read it, as she had done before when it gave up its images to her mind, but it was empty.

“You seem surprised,” Thurstan said.

“Where did you obtain this?” she asked.

“An old man gave it to me.”

She sensed he was not lying, for she could almost see the image that formed in his mind as he spoke the words. “Why?”

“A gift, he said. He was insistent. How could I refuse?”

“When was this?”

“Oh, not long ago. A few months. I forget exactly when. He came here to beg a little food. I suppose he wanted to give something in return.”

“You do not know what this is?” she asked.

“A crystal ball? He might have been, once, a teller of fortunes.”

For a long time, Melanie had controlled her life, guiding herself toward the goals she sought. She was always the Mistress, the Satanic queen who ruled, never possessed of fear. No one she had ever met had disturbed her belief in herself or shown in any way an inner power greater than her own. Satanist, criminal, businessman or people of wealth – she had mastered them all through her wiles, will and beauty. She found their weakness, and used it to her own advantage. Thurstan had disturbed her because he was so transparent – there was nothing in him that was hidden, neither to her or himself. His feelings, thoughts and pleasures seemed spontaneous and enthusiastic like those of a child. Yet he possessed a fatalism that no child possessed or could possess: an inner belief in the necessity of change, which far from negating his own life, seemed to enhance it by making each moment of life unique.

But it was not Thurstan who disturbed her now. The control she had in life was ebbing away. The loss of her personal power, evident in her failure to control Algar as he attacked, was only a part of this. Events were happening to her, rather than being controlled by her, and she did not like this. What she had seen in Thurstan’s crystal had sent her in pursuit to Leeds, drawing outward her burgeoning feelings of love. Something had and was happening to her because of Thurstan, and she began to believe because of his crystal that forces she did not understand or even know about were trying in some way to manipulate her.

It was simpler for her to believe that her love for Thurstan was changing her life, and she tried to believe this. But a suspicion remained.

“You are a strange man,” she said to Thurstan as she gave him the crystal.

“Not really. I live – or did live – a quite simple and somewhat boring life.”

“You know nothing about this crystal – or my own?”

“No. Only what I feel.”

“And what do you feel now?”

“That there are forces trying to keep us together – and other forces that are trying to break

us apart.”

“And you are not afraid of where we might be going?”

“All I know is that I love you and want to be with you!

He embraced her then, kissing her, and she did not push him away. She felt again, as they stood in the room of his cottage, swaying slightly in their embrace, that with him and through him she possessed a greater, if different, power that made her own past and even her dreams, seem tawdry.

“There is a gathering tonight,” she said, “which I would like you to come to.”

“Oh? What?”

“Just a simple ritual called the Ceremony of Recalling.”

“To what purpose?”

She walked away from him to watch a few ragged cumulus clouds straggle from the horizon toward the sun that rainbowed in places the old, worn glass of the window. “To draw down to Earth a certain power.”

“Why?” he asked in innocence.

“To bring change.”

“Why?”

“To hasten our evolution.”

“Toward what?”

“A higher consciousness,” she said, a little exasperated.

“Such is the aim of the covens that you rule?”

“Not really. They are a means to provide me with things.”

“Enjoyment? Pleasure? Power?”

“Yes!”

Urwroth showed in her eyes but she quickly controlled her feelings.

“Come,” he said smiling and taking her hand, “I would like to show you something.”

His cottage lay in a fold of small hills between the steep slopes of bare Caer Caradoc and the road, which rose from the Stretton valley to track eastwards through field and village toward the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge. All around, springs began small brooks among the slopes where sheep mostly grazed and few trees grew, and Thurstan took a path to one of these. Yards from where the water issued forth as a trickle, a small pool had formed on a slight piece of level ground, and Thurstan knelt beside it while Melanie stood, bemused, watching and listening to a kestrel as it flew between the bare hills that made a little valley for the brook. The kestrel flew toward her, circling three times overhead before calling its woeful call and flying away.

“Look!” Thurstan said, rising and showing her the palm of his hand.

On it, no larger than the nail of his thumb, sat a frog. “Isn’t it wonderful?” he said enthusiastically.

Melanie looked at it but without much interest.

“I come here often,” Thurstan said as he placed the frog in the water. “Every time it is different. In one day the light may change so much. In March the frogs come. Last year there was thick snow, but they still came. There is always change – even in this little spot – as the seasons change. Snow, ice, frost, mud, scorching sun that bleeds the green from the

grass and brittles the fern. At night – perhaps a moon or only the stars, which change too. No day in its weather and light is ever the same as any other day.”

He stood up to stand beside her. “And I do nothing. Yet everything changes. Even I change, a little with the passing of each year. There,” he pointed, “miles away is a road where fast cars carry people. They seldom see the change around them, only that which lives in their head. A few miles - and another world where those small specimens of life,” he gestured toward the frog, “are never seen and become squashed without thought.

“You are beautiful – slightly wild, perhaps, like that kestrel which flew overhead – and your world is strange to me. These hills, that cottage, the farm over there where I work, are my world. There is so much in so little – so much beauty to share. I make love with you – kill someone to protect you – and our two worlds join, for a little while. But they are still two worlds. You want me to step into yours as I wish you to enter mine. The change you seek to bring may destroy my world – and I not ready for that.”

Melanie had felt the warmth in Thurstan as he talked.

It was a strange warmth to her, a kind of supra-personal love which she did not understand and which she could not relate to the pleasures of her own life or the goals that she had sought. Yet she liked being beside him as he talked, watching his face and eyes. He could have crushed the frog in his hand as she might have done in her youth or as she had crushed people that opposed her – but he did not seek to mould it or destroy it according to his will. He accepted it as it was at that moment in Earth’s history.

“I have seen in you,” Thurstan was saying, “the same beauty I see in this small piece of land, as if you were natural to it in a way I cannot describe. More natural, more real and living than most other people. Yet the world in which you live and have lived and in which you possess power, is not where you should be. I fear it will destroy you, and I don’t want that.”

“I know no other world.”

“But you have begun to discover mine. I touch you, hold you, make love to you.”

His world possessed a fascination for Melanie, as if he had divined what she had felt and as she stood beside him she was no longer a Satanic queen, ruler of a coven of fifty, but a woman in love.

“I would like you to share my world as well,” she said.

Thurstan smiled. “Then I shall come to your ritual.”

The kestrel returned to swoop down toward them before veering away, calling, as it flew toward the sun.

### XIII

The wood where Algar had been buried was not silent for long. The sun had set, leaving a nebulous light, when the sibilation began, muffled by earth. Algar had awoken in his grave.

The Priestess screamed, and fell unconscious into the circle of worshippers in Jukes’ Temple. Jukes held her, and she awoke to wail before crying in terror at the vision she had seen. She could not speak aloud but described the horror in a slow sobbing whisper.

It did not take them long to prepare and they left London, in three cars as the sky darkness became complete, to travel toward the hills of Shropshire and the house the Priestess had described before the horror had ended her trance. The eight were silent and subdued in spirit during the hours of their journey, nervous when they left the warmth of the cars parked on the verge of a narrow lane almost a mile from Melanie’s house. Around them and dark, the countryside was silent and still.

Jukes led them, walking slowly and beginning to doubt. With every step he seemed to become more tired. He stopped before the driveway of the house, listening, while the Priestess, shaking and sweating, held his hand.

“It will be soon,” she whispered, touching the silver scarab she wore as an amulet around her neck.

The driveway was full of cars, and a warm glow of light spread around the house. Jukes thought he could hear the beat of drums. His Priestess sensed it first, and turned toward the blackness beyond the hedge where they stood, huddled together in the increasing cold. There was a rustling in the field beyond, the sound of wood being broken sharply by force.

Algar smashed the gate apart with his torn and bloodied hands and came toward them. Only Jukes and his Priestess did not flee at the harrowing sight, but hid, pressing themselves into the thorns and leaves of the hedge. They were not seen, and watched, trembling and afraid, as Algar walked lumbering like the living dead he was toward the house.

## XIV

Thurstan waited in her secret Temple, feeling embarrassed by the luxurious crimson robe he wore. He could not hear them, but knew that many of Melanie's members had arrived and were preparing for the ritual.

She prepared him well, returning him to her house in her car whose telephone she used to summon her willing servants. He had bathed, been massaged, his body relaxed by the gentle hands of a pretty woman who caressed perfumed oils into his skin; been served food, manicured, his hair attended to. Dressed in silken clothes. No one had spoken to him, but he was treated with deference, and by the end of the afternoon had begun to appreciate in a way that was not real to him before, Melanie's power. When she finally came to him, hauntingly beautiful like an ancient queen, part of him had already begun to accept her world and enjoy it. She was corrupting him with luxury and he knew it.

Melanie, in a green robe almost transparent and which emphasized the contours of her body, came to guide him to where her Satanic worshippers were gathered. The large Temple was lit only by candles and a naked woman lay on the altar beside which a young girl dressed in white with a garland of flowers in her hair swung a thurible. Somewhere, among the shadows, hooded red-robed figures beat their shaman drums.

"Hail to he who comes in the name of our gods!" the worshippers chanted as a greeting for Thurstan.

Two men with the physique of wrestlers whose faces were covered by black masks and who wore very little, closed the doors of the Temple as Thurstan followed Melanie to the altar. Melanie kissed the temples, lips, breasts, womb and pubic hair of the altar Priestess before kissing Thurstan who turned to receive a kiss from all of the congregation.

"Now shall we," Melanie chanted, "with feet

Faster than storm's horses

Seek to bring she who with fire

And cutting sword leaps plunging

Upon her foe while the fates of dread

Unerring gather round!”

“Agios O Baphomet!” came the shouted response.

“See!” Melanie pointed at Thurstan, before twirling round, building her feelings into a temple to frenzy while the congregation sighed and the beat of the drums sounded loud,

“Here is he

Who shall this night

Be her consort and pour forth

As libation his seed of life!

Dance – I command you

And with the beating of your feet

Raise the dead!

I shall take him down into Earth

And let her with her teeth

Suck him dry!

Dance! – I command you!

And I, Mistress of this Earth

Shall raise him up and feed him

With the fragrance between my thighs!

So shall he unlamenting

Become the Gate that opens

To our gods!"

The congregation began to dance, slowly at first, chanting loudly as they did so. Melanie stood in the centre of the circle they were tracing with their bare feet, raising her arms as the power was invoked. The chant of Ba-pho-met pulsed to the beat of the drums as the dancers danced faster and faster, throwing off their robes as quietly the altar-Priestess arose to climb down from her altar.

Her eyes were closed, but she walked within the circle of the enclosing dancers toward Thurstan. She embraced him, lightly, before pulling his robe open and revealing his nakedness. Then she kissed his lips and opened her eyes.

Her eyes did not seem human to Thurstan, but he was not afraid. The young woman with the slender body had become Melanie – the power with Melanie and the greater power beyond her. She was lover, mistress, wife, mother, daughter and sister – goddess and demoness, and Thurstan let himself be pulled to the floor of the Temple. He had no will to resist as he looked into her eyes. She was not gentle with him, but tore off his robe before wrapping her legs around him and digging her nails into his back. There was pain, but it seemed to enhance the delight that came to him. The drumbeats, the chanting, the naked whirling dancers, the incense, the writhing woman beneath him – all ravished his senses. The pain brought frenzied desire, and sweat soon bathed their naked bodies. Then she was screaming in ecstasy as he was while around them the dancers stopped to turn inward, clapping their hands as they watched and shouted the name of their goddess. And when it was over and Thurstan lay breathless upon the relaxing body, the two men by the door came to lift him and place his still naked upon the altar.

The worshippers formed an aisle to the altar down which Melanie came to kiss Thurstan and rekindle his fire with her lips. It did not take her long to succeed and she leaned over Thurstan's face to brush his lips with hers before whispering as her eyes became the eyes of the altar-Priestess: "Now you are mine forever!"

She signalled with her hand, and her dancers moved slowly in a circle around her and her altar, calling down with a dirgeful but powerful chant the Dark Gods beyond the Gate that was Earth.

"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" they chanted.

Melanie did not remove her robe, only lifted it as she lowered herself upon him. The beat of the drums had slowed to match the slowness of the chant, and she moved upon him slowly. Somewhere, in the Temple, two cantors began to chant, a fifth apart, above the chanting drone of the slow circling dancers.

“Agios Rotanev”, sang the cantors, their powerful, clear voices making the complicated plainchant flow like a high crested wave toward shore, rising, falling slowly with grace but always moving on.

The slow moving organum of the cantors, the chant of the slow moving dancers who had linked hands, the energy brought by sexual frenzy, the shamans drums and wild dance, all conspired to push open the Gates to the Abyss. The slowness was a counter-part to the earlier frenzy, and Melanie used it to gather the energies to herself. She showed no outward sign of the ecstasy within and was smiling as she transferred the energy to her crystal while Thurstan’s body spasmed and then relaxed. She kissed him before climbing down from the altar.

She signalled the dancers to stop and gather round her in preparation for the climax of the rite when she would release the stored energy to bring her Dark Gods to Earth. They would still their minds, as she had shown them, to become parts of a mirror that would focus the energy.

But the doors of the Temple burst open. No one screamed as Algar stood, hideous, in the light of the candles, but they seemed to gather closer to Melanie. The two men by the door moved upon him but he easily knocked them to the side and they fell away unconscious. He was snarling, staring at Melanie as he walked toward her in silence. She did not move except to hold up her hand to restrain Thurstan who had risen to stand beside her. Then she smiled.

Algar stopped, his body twisting forward as if he wanted to move but could not. Melanie raised her hand toward him and he fell upon his knees, oozing blood as his already torn flesh, festering, split further. She raised her hand again, and he screamed as if tortured, before crawling face down on the floor. She dropped her hand, and his screaming stopped. He looked up at her then, not as a madman and not as one of the possessed that had returned, briefly, to life. Instead, his look was that of a mute child who could not bear the pain that it felt. But Melanie raised her hand again and the spectre that had once been Algar lowered its head and died.

## XV

“Join us!” Melanie said as she stepped past the body.

Jukes and his Priestess stood in her hall, awed by what they had seen. They had followed Algar, and were still trembling.

“Come to me!” said Melanie softly.

Jukes stared at the floor while the Priestess looked upon Melanie’s face. She was smiling, her dread gone, as she walked forward to kneel at Melanie’s feet.

“No!” shouted Jukes. He tried to move toward her, but could not.

Gently Melanie raised the Priestess to her feet and kissed her on the lips. The Priestess understood her thought and went to touch the masked Guardians who lay unconscious in the Temple. They awoke and followed her to stand on either side of Melanie.

“Will you be mine,” Melanie said to Jukes, “as she is?”

“Never!”

“Then I shall make you mine!”

She was about to raise her hand to force his head up so she could see into his eyes when she saw an old man dressed like a peddler walk through the open door of her house.

“He is mine, I believe,” he said as he tapped Jukes on the shoulder to free him from the bonds Melanie had placed around him. “He is no use to you. But if you object –“

There was great magickal power in the old man, hidden even in his eyes, but Melanie perceived it.

“Who are you?” she asked.

He bowed deeply, like a jester. “I am Saer.”

“Saer?”

He looked around the hall and peered briefly into the Temple. “You have made great changes, I see.” Then smiling, he bowed again before escorting Jukes away.

She let him go. “Feast! Rejoice!” she said, turning to greet her coven and they felt happiness spread among them as the drums began to beat again.

She detailed her Guardians to carry the body and let them into her secret Temple where they threw it into the pit beneath the plinth that held her crystal. There was laughter and lust among the worshippers when she returned, servants carrying trays of food and chalices of wine. She thanked her Guardians, bid them join the feast, and watched Thurstan as he stood, covered by the robe he had discarded, beside the Priestess from Jukes’ Temple. She did not mind the hidden desire between them and went to walk alone in the hazy darkness of the garden.

Forces opposed to her own were present, returned from the night before and sent forth against her by the shedding of blood, but they did not affect her or the guests in her house, kept away by the power in her crystal, and she walked slowly in her bare feet over the cooling grass, idly looking up toward the stars.

It was not long before Thurstan joined her. He was followed by Jukes’ Priestess.

You knew, didn’t you?” Thurstan said, a little shyly. He too had been awed.

“That it was Saer who gave you the crystal? Yes, I knew it as soon as I saw him.”

“Then you know who he is?”

“Perhaps!” she laughed. “What is your name?” She asked the Priestess.

“Claudia.”

“Yes – it suits you. I shall not change it. Do you wish to stay with me, Claudia?”

“Oh, yes!”

“You are free to go.”

“I don’t want to go.” She looked down at the ground. “Not now I have found you.”

“I shall never harm you – unless you turn against me.” She took Claudia’s hand and held it to her own breast. “You are mine now and I shall always protect you. As a sign of my trust I shall give you a gift.” She placed Claudia’s hand in Thurstan’s, kissed them both and left them standing together in the mild night air.

They were still standing in her garden holding hands when she looked upon them from a high window in the house. She knew Thurstan did not know what to do and Claudia was too shy to initiate anything. Melanie wanted, through the ritual and her gift of him to Claudia, to draw out Thurstan’s darker self, and as she watched while a bright large moon began to rise quickly above the distant hills and an owl screeched nearby, she felt she had found the means to achieve her goals.

The ritual had returned both her power and her role. She was stronger than she ever had been and, with Thurstan as her willing High Priest, she would make herself stronger still by uniting his world with hers. Together, they might wander among the stars. The prospect excited her, as her desire to watch Thurstan and Claudia have sexual intercourse excited her, and she remembered words from the Black Book of the witch queen before her: ‘The secret of the Moira who lies beyond our Grade of Mistress of Earth, is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens – it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna. Whoever takes of this elixir will live immortal among the stars.’

Melanie believed that she had found the secret, brought forth from within her by her feelings for Thurstan and the power of ritual. She was preparing Thurstan – for first she had to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

Excited, she saw Thurstan briefly kiss Claudia before leading her toward the house, and she retreated to her room to follow them on her monitor. They seemed uncertain what to do as they stood in the hall, but the naked worshippers who rushed past them to run up the stairs gave them their clue. Suitable rooms lay open and waiting on the first floor of the house, as they always did. No one ever dared violate the floor above, reserved for Melanie and her special guests, and Thurstan did not as he slowly led Claudia to an empty room.

Nothing in the house was hidden from the surveillance system but Melanie did not often use it as she used it now to watch and listen to Thurstan and Claudia, for there were a multitude of pleasures that gave her satisfaction. In her desire to make Thurstan part of her world she pressed a switch to record images and sounds in the room on the floor below.

Melanie became aroused by watching them. Thurstan undressed Claudia slowly and as her naked body appeared, Melanie realized she desired it also. Claudia responded to Thurstan's kisses by pulling him down with her onto the softness of the low bed in the luxurious room and it was not long before Thurstan's tentative slowness of delight gave way to sexual frenzy. But this was not prolonged and there was no scream, nor even sigh of ecstasy from Claudia – only Thurstan's groan as he slumped fulfilled upon her voluptuous body.

This pleased Melanie and she lay listening to them talk.

“Who is she?” Claudia asked.

“You don't know?” an exhausted Thurstan said.

“I saw her in a vision – in this house. We came to stop her.”

“But you didn't.”

“I couldn't. When I came near to her I felt – “

Thurstan smiled. “An overpowering love?”

“Maybe,” she said and blushed. “And you?”

“She is the most remarkable woman I have ever met.”

“You serve her then? I mean as High Priest?”

Thurstan laughed. “I know little of her world. I only met her a few days ago.”

Claudia was surprised. “But are you an Initiate?”

“Of what?”

“Her Temple.”

“Not as far as I know. She told me she was involved in something – “

“Satanism?”

“Yes. But I assumed it was some kind of game. You know what I mean? Then,” he sighed, “this ritual. There is real power in her, real magick. She casts a spell with just a look.”

“You love her then?”

“Yes. Because, I suppose, like you I am sensitive to things and people. When I saw you I felt a warmth in me, a happiness. I don’t normally do this sort of thing.”

“What?”

“Leap into bed with women I have only just met.”

“Neither do I! I think she overwhelmed us both.”

“Do you mind?” asked Thurstan softly.

“No,” she whispered. “I feel I have found what I have always been seeking – here in this house. It is exciting and yet I feel protected. Before I came I assumed it was evil in some way – that she was evil and must be stopped. But now –“

“Stopped from what?”

“Changing the cosmic tides that wash upon the Earth and give to people a certain energy.”

“I understand nothing of such things.”

“I saw that man – in his grave.”

“The one who died?”

“Yes. He was her High Priest wasn't he?”

“Yes.”

“I assumed you had taken his place,” she gestured to his robe, discarded on the floor.

“I know little of her beliefs.”

“It is a new beginning, then, for us both.”

“Perhaps we can learn things – together?”

“I sense that is what she wishes.”

“And the man you came with?”

“High Priest of my Temple in London.” She laughed. “I suppose he will be thinking I have been abducted against my will and forced to indulge in hideous Satanic rites! Or be offered as a sacrifice to Satan.”

“You are not afraid that you will be?”

“No – as I’m sure you feel. I know nothing about her except what I feel, and I feel she will not harm me. Quite the reverse, in fact.”

Thurstan leaned on his elbow to look at her. “It may seem like a trite thing to say, but you are not like a stranger to me.”

She touched his face with her hand. “I know what you mean. She is not a stranger to me either.”

“What shall we do?”

“Apart from the obvious, you mean?” They both laughed. “Wait, I suppose for her to tell us.”

“It could be an enjoyable wait.”

“I hope so.”

Melanie had seen and heard enough. It did not take her long to reach their room and she stood in the doorway while they sat up from the bed, nervously smiling.

She gave Thurstan his robe. “Leave us,” she said to him.

He left, obedient to her word, and she closed and locked the door before sitting beside Claudia on the bed.

“You are beautiful,” she said, caressing Claudia’s neck.

Her soft kiss was returned, shyly, and she took off her robe before drawing Claudia toward her in an embrace.

“I have never done this before,” Claudia whispered.

Melanie kissed her neck and breasts. “Do you want to?” she asked gently.

“Oh, yes.”

The tender caresses, the perfumed softness of Melanie’s body, the slow intimate kisses and movements, her own feelings of warmth, the sensuous pleasure that Melanie brought to her gently through touch and tongue, all combined to stimulate Claudia to an ecstasy both physical and emotional and of a kind she had never experienced before.

She lay beside Melanie, embracing her and softly crying, drawing comfort from the strange woman who kissed away the tears, feeling in that moment that all the confusion, doubts and sorrow that her sensitivity had brought her over the years, was no more. Her past, with its broken relationships its traumas and dreams, was forgotten. Her future was unreal – only the present was meaningful to her. She sensed forces outside the house that wish to harm the woman who kissed her and whose body heat reassured, but she was protected for the moment from those forces as Claudia felt protected. The harmful forces, which were waiting for weakness, drew more emotion from Claudia until she felt a genuine love.

Jukes had stolen her love when they first met and through him she had learned to use her powerful psychic gifts. But his passion for her had just been a passion, fleeting like the brightness of a meteor in the sky of night, and she had learned to live again and alone with her dreams while he filled and emptied his bed with the women in the Temple in the name of the magick he invoked. Her gifts brought empathy and vision, but never the love she needed.

Melanie to her, in that moment, became all her dreams and it did not matter to her then that she gave her love to another woman. It felt natural to her – as it had seemed natural when she and Thurstan had made love, and she understood, as she lay warm and relaxed, that she had given her body to him because it was what Melanie had wanted.

To Melanie, she had given her body also, but now she gave up her soul as well.

“I think I love you,” she said, and Melanie, in the humid room, felt a confusion of love that she did not need nor desire grow within her heart.

## XVI

Thrust forth from the room, Thurstan wandered around the house. The Temple was full of naked bodies and the incense of sex, and when he tried the door that he knew led to the crystal, it would not open.

Other doors were locked to him as to other worshippers, and the one that did open led him to a library. He heard the door closing behind him, but it did not open when he tried the handle and he contented himself with trying to see out of the window. He could see nothing, for the outside shutters had been closed. The room was large, with a high ceiling and books rose in shelves on all the walls, darkly lit. A chair stood waiting beside a table whereon a single book lay open. ‘The Book of Wyrð’, the gilt spine read.

She planned this, he thought to himself and sat down to read.

“Satanism is the philosophy of the noble and strong. It is the antithesis of the religion of Yeshua, that worship of decaying fish. To the cowards and the followers of the Nazarene belong the meekness of the weak, the rapid utterances about pity and the vileness of the bully. Above all, Satanism is the enjoyment of this life.

The most fundamental principle of Satanism is that we as individuals are gods. The goal of Satanism is simple – to make an individual an Immortal, to produce a new species. To Satanists, magick is a means, a path, to this goal. We walk toward the Abyss and dare to pass through to the cold spaces beyond where CHAOS reigns. There is ecstasy in us – and much that is strange. Vitality, health, laughter and defiance – we challenge everything, and the greatest challenge is ourselves.”

There was music filling the room as he read. He knew it was real even if he could not see its source, but it was faint – an unearthly sound that he found beautiful and brought a vision of stars and a remembrance of his strange dream after he had first made love to Melanie. His body tensed as he listened, carried to another plane of existence, and he experienced in that moment, a possession of feeling surpassing the ecstasy of physical passion. Then, there was no room, only a rushing of stars, the exhilaration of phenomenal speed and then a silent slowing that brought him to the planet of his dreams. The music was a slow chant of words he did not understand combined with sounds from instruments he had never heard

before, and it expressed the desolation of the dead planet as well as his longing for Melanie – and Claudia.

Then the vision and the music ended and he was simply sitting alone in a library staring down at a book. He tried, but could not recapture what he had seen and heard and he felt a longing that strained his breathing and brought tears to his eyes. Melanie was the woman he had always sought to bring meaning into his life, the reality behind his insight of days before when he had stood by the stream near his cottage and made his divinity a goddess. Her power, charisma and promise made his own life and expectations seem dull, as his vision made the world around him seem unreal and ponderous.

He experienced a sudden need to express his feeling through the frenzy of his body and was not surprised to find the door unlocked. He began to understand the house itself was alive, an extension of Melanie's will, and he let it guide him. Lights brightened to show him the way, or dimmed when he went wrong. He was led to a room where all that he needed, and more, lay waiting. He dressed quickly, his heart beating fast and ran along the corridor and down the stairs to leave the house.

He was not alone. Something was with him as he ran along the driveway in the cooling air under the stars with the light of the moon to guide him. He sensed the presence as he sensed that it was protective of him, and he ran fastly down the narrow lane allowing the freedom of physical exertion to suffuse his body. His running brought some of the vision back to him and he left the road to follow a track that led alongside the slopes of the Long Mynd. He was soon tired and breathing heavily but he ran on to become a little detached from his body, defying it. He ran for miles before turning and running only a little slower back to the house, suffused with a desire to learn, to be master and equal of Melanie. Her world had become real for him, and he did not want to leave it.

The house seemed to welcome him on his return. There were no cars in the driveway, for all the worshippers had gone, and he followed the lights to a bathroom where he soaked himself for a longtime in a deep bath, pleased and expectant. His love for Melanie, his hope of their affinity, the passion they had already shared, the ritual, her sharing of him with Claudia, even the killing he thought he had done for her - all had liberated him, releasing the inner energies that his normal life had kept under control. He felt there was no challenge that he could not overcome, nothing that he would not do. Life was before him – a large canvas on which he would paint a masterpiece. He wanted to make his own life a work of Art.

Satan was the name he gave to the energy that made both his body and his mind vivid with life, he dried himself vigorously, covered himself with the silk robe that hung from a hook on the door and let the lights guide him to Melanie's room.

The door opened for him and we walked over the soft carpet in the azure light to find Melanie was not alone and the door closing behind him. Claudia was beside her in the bed, asleep. He was not shocked by this, only momentarily confused. They were both naked.

“Come”, his Mistress said, “sit beside me.” And he obeyed.

She kissed him, before stroking Claudia’s hair. “She is lovely, isn’t she?”

“Yes.”

“Can you share me?”

The directness of the question startled him. “I think so.”

“Come then and take off your robe.”

He obeyed, and lay beside her. She was pleased with his arousal, and the reasons behind it, but she teased him saying, “Trying for four in a row, then?”

“I’m sorry – I didn’t – “

“Don’t be sorry, my darling.”

The endearment made him happy, lessening the awe he felt and which came upon him as soon as he had entered her room.

“You are pleased with things?”

Their bodies were touching as they lay together and he felt his awe ebbing away. “I want to learn. Share your world with you.”

“It is good that your inner strength returns. I want us to share.”

“But I feel a little lost sometimes.”

“Because of what I own?”

“Partly. But also –“

“Do not say anymore.” She pressed her finger to his lips “I shall tell you something. You have made me realize how lonely I was. How much I need love.” She laughed, self-mockingly. “I, with all that I have, all the power you have seen, need you. I am human after all, even though I don’t want to be.”

Thurstan kissed her, and Melanie felt like crying. But she mastered her feelings. Thurstan had changed, as she had hoped and planned he would, but she herself was changing. Never before had she displayed her feeling and she felt vulnerable. She knew Thurstan sensed this, as Claudia had when they walked hand in her hand to her room. She was not afraid of them, only herself, and when Thurstan spoke she was composed.

“And Claudia?” he asked gently.

“I need you both, it seems.”

“You have enough love to give.”

“You must be tired – after all of your exertions!”

“I am.”

She kissed his eyelids and he smiled, languid, before relaxing into sleep. She watched him for some time. Her feelings of love, born by Thurstan and suckled by Claudia, now enhanced her power and did not destroy it, and she drew down energies while her lovers slept beside her, storing them in her crystal below. Words from the Black Book kept returning to her. She had never understood them before, knowing only that they described the process of change necessary before a Magus or a Mousa was born in the coldness that lay beyond the Abyss where Satan reigned. She did not know what awaited for her and in her if this change was successful, for all her books were silent about it and there was no one whom she could ask. She had believed with a certainty that her own power had

confirmed, that no one living in her time had passed that way toward the final stage of the seven that marked the Satanic path.

This belief, however, troubled her now more than the changes within her wrought by love – more than the duality that love has assumed in the past hours of her life. More even than the persistent hostile force which still surrounded her house and came with the night like hail. She was troubled by Saer, and tried to cast an image of him into her crystal, but some barrier beyond her own power to breach prevented her, and she lay awake between her two lovers pondering instead the patterns which the Dark Gods might assume when, tomorrow as she had planned, they would be returned finally to spread their chaos upon Earth.

Only Saer, she felt, might prevent her - and if he tried, she would have the power of two lovers to help her.

## XVII

The old man who had rescued him from the Satanists left Jukes as he had arrived – without greeting or explanation – and Jukes walked toward the cars and the shivering members of his Temple who had fled from Algar.

He did not speak to them and they asked no questions of him, and they sat huddled together while the moon rose and their sense of reality returned. Then, in whispered words Jukes told his tale and how he wished them to join him in the battle that was to come when, with Pead, they would conjure from the Abyss a destructive force to send against the witch queen and her house.

They gave their assent, and in all the cars drove along the moonlit roads over and down hills and through turning valleys to Pead's unlit cottage. The dog snarled, straining on its chain, while a voice from the darkness said, "Why do you come?"

Jukes shown a torch on Pead's face, then turned it away. "We failed," he said and explained.

"This man," asked Pead, "did he say his name?"

"Saer."

“Saer? I thought he was dead!”

“You know him?”

“No, but there are stories. Come in, my friends!”

Inside, Pead lit a single candle.

“We must act!” Jukes said while his followers adjusted themselves to the stench and the flickering shadows.

“This night I have sent a fetch against them.”

“Perhaps Saer – “

“If indeed he lives, I do not know where to find him.”

“She had no power over him. If – “

“He would act if he wished. If he does not, then maybe it is for us to do nothing also.”

“But we must do something!” shouted Jukes. Several members of his Temple, standing behind him, were already scratching themselves.

“I see you do not understand.”

“I understand,” persisted Jukes, “enough to know this planet is threatened. By her and the forces she wants to bring.”

“If Saer – “

“Saer this! Saer that! Who is this bloody Saer anyway?” said Jukes in anger, his body

trembling in reaction to the events of the night.

“He is an old man, older than me – much older than me – who in his youth sought the secret of the alchemical Stone. Some say he found it. Myself – I do not know. It is said of him that he understands and can control should he wish, the cosmic tides themselves. He had a pupil once, a young woman. But she abused his trust and they parted – he to live alone and she to follow the sinister path. But that was a long time ago. No one has heard of him or seen him for – what? - maybe thirty years.”

“Then he is a Magus?” asked Jukes.

“Indeed. The only one this century – although there have been many who claimed the title but lacked the understanding and the power.”

Even in the dim light, Jukes could see Pead’s sly smile. He ignored the slight at the man whose teachings he followed. “But surely then he must do something.”

Pead shrugged his hunched shoulders. “Maybe he is.”

“I feel nothing.”

“As I.”

“But surely,” persisted Jukes, “his very appearance – his saving of me – means something.”

“Perhaps.”

For years, Jukes had absorbed diverse Occult theories, and he quickly made an assumption. “Perhaps it was a sign for us to act? Perhaps he has chosen us to act?”

“I do not know.”

“I saw and felt the power he had. He must have wanted me to do something. We could summon Shugara.”

“Do you know what you ask?”

“Yes! There is enough of us to invoke such power.”

“It is dangerous.” Pead rested against one of his desks as if seeking comfort from the books upon it.

“We cannot allow her to succeed. Shugara would destroy her – and all of her followers.”

“And maybe us, also.” He moved to where a pile of small, bound manuscripts lay on the floor. Extracting one, he began to read aloud. “Shugara is one of the most dangerous to invoke. Manifestations may be accompanied by the smell of rotting corpses. Symbolized by the Tarot card The Moon – Shugara is the great Beast that comes from the dark pool under the Moon. His call is to be chanted in the key of G major...”

“It is the only way!” said Jukes with messianic zeal.

“In all my workings I have never dared – “

“We must dare it now! Listen to me! Do you believe in evil?”

“Evil?”

“Yes, evil. Do you believe that there is a dark power at work on this Earth?”

“I know that there are dark forces that we as magickians can use.”

“Yes, yes. But what about innocence?” He reached behind him and drew forward a young female member of his Temple. “See her?” And the young woman blushed. “I would call her innocent – someone who trusts and believes in the good. Now,” he continued, intoxicated by his eloquence, “If I for whatever reason threw her to the ground and raped her, I would destroy that trust, that innocence, wouldn’t I?”

“Maybe.”

“I would be imposing my will on hers, to fulfill my own desire. Well, I should really respect her – her own desires, for ‘every man and woman is a star’ and ‘love is the law, love under will’. My act would be an evil one.” Something obscure occurred in his mind, but he could not define it and passed on. “Our magick – the Osirian current and that of the child who comes after – is to bring love into this world, to bring a New Aeon. Yet she – “ he spat out the word – “wants to break our magickal current and impose her own. We would become possessed by the power she brought – invaded in our minds. There would be evil – the ending of love!”

With his strong words, Jukes seemed to have invoked a presence in the damp, shadowed room. They all sensed it – and Pead most of all.

“Yes, you’re right,” Pead said, glancing behind him. “We shall do as you say.”

“Then let us prepare,” said Jukes confidently.

Pead took the candle and led them to the room where he slept. They could not see the bloodstains that covered the floor and he set the candle by the window to fetch his ceremonial equipment. The magickal circle, inscribed with sigils and words of power, almost filled the room when joined together, and Jukes and his followers stood within it while Pead brought candles, incense, a sword, parchment and pen. The burner was lit, incense burned, the circle purified by the sprinkling of salt and sealed by the passing along it of the tip of the sword.

Jukes and Pead stood in the centre while the others linked hands and began to walk, slowly at first, sun-wise around the circle. Pead drew a sigil on parchment, showed it to the four corners of the room and began his chant.

“You I invoke, Shugara, who lurks waiting in the pits of the Abyss! You are Fury and the bringer of Death! Hear me! And hearing hearken to my call! For I am the Lord of Powers in this circle – hear me! And hearing hearken to my call!”

‘Shu-ga-ra!’ chanted the circling dancers as the incense filled the room and the candles flickered. “Shu-ga-ra!”

“Shugara!” commanded Pead. “With this my seal and sword I conjure you! Attend to the words of my voice! Exarp! Bitom! Nanta! Hcoma! I rule over you all: Gil ol nonci zamran! Micma! Come Shugara! To me! To me!”

Jukes felt the frenzy and began to chant the demon's name in the key of G major while Pead continued with his invocation and the dancers, circling fast, chanted their own chant.

First the smell choked them, and then the laughter stopped their chants. The dried blood on the floor seemed to boil, and then seeped away into the room to form an ill-defined shape that hung near the ceiling. Pead began to speak, but the shape swooped down to engulf his face and vanished.

“You fools!” he hissed before turning and walking from the room.

Outside, the dog growled, yelped and then was silent. When Jukes found it, it was dead. Jukes waited a long time, but could hear nothing. He left the implements of magick, the candles and the incense burning, but performed a banishing for himself and his followers before leading them to their cars. He felt sick and oppressed and, in silence, drove slowly through the night knowing Pead was possessed and would probably die. There was nothing they could do except hope that in some way he would fulfill the purpose of the ritual.

There was little traffic as they drove down the roads toward London, sensing that they might have failed. In his depressive state, Jukes did not care about leaving Claudia and as the time of the journey turned into hours and clouds came to cover the moon, he had come to believe his own beliefs were an illusion. Nothing was threatened, there were no powers trying to break through the dimensions, no magick – only hallucinations and dread. He found comfort in these thoughts, a sense of reality returning, and all he wanted to do was return to his flat, throw away his books and begin a normal life. He could forget the terrors of the night. He was like a person suddenly and unexpectedly locked in a prison cell – first, there was the loss of his will, a disbelief, the slow depression of shock, and then the gradual adjustment to the reality of the surroundings. But there would be no anger, no sudden resentment at this fate as there might have been for one unjustly imprisoned. The terror had burned that from his soul as a flash of lightning burns out the bark of trees.

For the first time in his life, Jukes felt the need of a personal love. His need was not for the love that was an idea that he carried in his head, nor for that which was only a word in someone else's faith used to bring a little self-importance to his life, as when he used a woman in a magick ritual or real life. Instead, his need was for the comfort and gentle joy that personal love could sometimes bring, and as he drove carefully and slowly toward the lights of London, he held out his hand for the young woman beside him. She did not refuse, for she loved his charisma as High Priest and in her gentle, trusting way held his fingers tight.

The simple gesture destroyed all the demons of Jukes' past.

## XVIII

It was dawn when Thurstan awoke to find Claudia still asleep beside him. It was her hand, which rested on his shoulder, her warm breath against his face, and for some time he thought the memory of Melanie being between them was the memory of a dream.

A thin duvet covered them, but their closeness, Claudia's bare shoulder and his memory of her body, aroused Thurstan's passion and he was about to let his hand stroke her breast when she awoke. For a moment there was fear in her eyes, which he saw, destroying his passion. She smiled at him and in her smile was an awkward vulnerable trust, which brought to Thurstan a remembrance of all the women he had loved and the reason why he loved them.

He kissed her, as a brother might, before leaving the room to find his clothes. Dressed, he wandered around the house but could not find Melanie. The air of late summer was mild and hazy and he sat on the grass in the walled garden, listening. A contemplative calm came to him and he might have been a Taoist monk meditating in the still air of dawn. He was at peace, within himself, and felt in a way stronger than he had ever done before that the world, and he himself, unfolded in its own natural way. It was also beautiful, in a strange, calm way and he sat, very still but without effort, while the gentle euphoria suffused him.

The mood drifted from him, slowly. His fervour of the night was unreal – a memory of another person. The calm he felt now was real and he realized with a sudden insight that it was this feeling that he wished above all else to share with Melanie. It was the beauty, the calm he found when he looked into a woman's eyes – the gentleness he experienced sometimes when he lay naked beside the woman he loved and she showed by a caress or a kiss or a smile that she cared for him. It was the longing he felt to be with a sensitive woman – the soft desire to make slow, gentle love to her. All the sharing moments, all the experiences of two people in love would be a remembrance of such moments, a giving and returning, a mutual embrace and breaking of barriers, that he knew no words might describe.

The energy of the night, even the magick, was alien to him. He wanted his vulnerable love to lead himself and the woman he loved to another existence, and he began to feel that such a love might in a way he did not understand, affect the world, as once he had believed that prayer to a god might. He knew this was an ideal – but it was an attainable one, if the love was mutual and without reservation. He began to think of how a monk or a nun,

pledged to contemplation, might seek to love God – he wanted and needed to love a woman in such a way: a woman of flesh and blood who responded to his kisses, who laughed, cried, danced, became angry or sad, but who, whatever the emotions and whatever the experience loved him faithfully as he would love her. There would be a sacred quality about such a love.

He did not need the energy of power or magick or money, for he sensed the beauty of life lay hidden in its simplicity, in a kind of detachment, and as he sat in the still warming air of early morning only the sound of bird-song around him, his body and mind languid, he felt it easy to believe in a god who might have made it all - or some force, perhaps named Fate, which governed the workings of the cosmos. He was aware, as he sat, of the suffering and misery in the world, as he was aware that he himself was not God – not even a god. He did not understand the suffering, or the misery, but felt that all he could do was try and change himself, re-orientate in some way his own consciousness so as not to add to those burdens.

All the threads of his life were gathered together in the moments of his sitting: the memories, sometimes painful and intense, of the women he had loved; the lessons of his own past, his feelings and thoughts of and about others. He drew them to himself by a quiet process of thought to make his feelings and memories conscious and part of a whole, and by the time he had completed the task, his view of the world had profoundly changed. He felt he had at last discovered the reality of his own self, buried for so long in a confusion of feelings, moods and desires.

Perhaps his intuitive awareness of Claudia's vulnerability or the strange things of magick he had seen caused this. He did not know or particularly care. There was a happiness within him, which was gentle and made him smile. He felt in love with the world and possessed an awareness of meaning. He sensed there was something beyond his own life, which a particular way of living would create – which a sharing of love with another person would make possible. Perhaps this was another life in another plane of existence. It was a nebulous sensation, this belief, which he could not formulate directly into ideas expressed by the words of his thoughts, but nonetheless real to him and he added it to his view of the world before rising from the grass and walking, in the sunlight, toward the house.

A man was by the door, leaning on an Ash walking stick. It was Saer and he was smiling. Thurstan blinked in surprise – and Saer was gone. Thurstan felt he had seen a ghost, and did not bother to look for the old man.

Melanie sat by the crystal in her Temple and he stood beside her.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

“What?”

“Will you marry me? Leave all of this and come and live with me in my cottage?”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“There are many things that I must do.”

“Forget them. Forget all this.”

She smiled at him. “And Claudia?”

He sighed. “And Claudia. I cannot share you.”

“All that I have is from this day yours – and hers.”

“I want nothing except you.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothing. No money, power – whatever. I earn enough to support us both, if we live simply.”

“You need never work again.”

“But I need to.”

She laughed, and touched his face. “It is a lovely, romantic ideal! But not possible.”

“Why not?”

She gestured toward her crystal. "This is my life."

"I can be your life."

"But for how long?"

Thurstan flinched, and in that moment part of his hope was extinguished. "We can try."

"Why this sudden change?"

"All this really isn't me. You have power, money, charisma – and magick to bind people to you, to control. I love what is beyond all that in you. My real world is outside, sitting in the sun listening to the songs of the birds or watching clouds or waiting for the frogs to return in Spring. I do not belong here – in a Temple, doing strange rituals."

"You are tempting me," she said smiling.

"As you tempted me?"

"Perhaps."

They stood in silence for a long time until Thurstan said, "You could use your power to bind me, but –"

"I no longer have any power over you," Melanie said softly. "I knew that when you entered here."

"You still love me then?"

"It is not my love that makes me powerless to bind you. There is something else."

"What?"

“Would you like to take Claudia some breakfast? There are many things to do this morning.”

“Marry me.” When she did not answer, Thurstan said, “well at least come away with me.”

“And if I want you to stay here with me? Share my world?”

“I don’t think it would work,” Thurstan said, sadly.

“You could try.”

“It would be a game. What would be the point?”

“To enjoy the game, perhaps.”

“I want to go straight to what is beyond all that.”

“Our bridge is in danger.”

Thurstan looked at her and began to cry. He made no sound and Melanie wiped the tears away with her hand.

“Go now,” she said. “Before I do something I will regret.”

The sunlight seemed painful to him as he walked along her driveway toward the lane. He had not looked back and she did not run after him, and he walked slowly shuffling like an old man along the lane and down toward the road. He stopped for several minutes to stand and lean on the bridge toward the bottom of the lane, watching and listening to the fastly flowing stream of water. A cyclist, brightly clad and whose bicycle was laden with panniers, passed and wished him good-day.

“Lovely day!” Thurstan said.

“Yes, splendid!” replied the traveller before changing down into a lower gear and riding up the hill.

The scenery, the weather, the brief human contact charmed Thurstan, bringing the world around him alive. Melanie the Satanic witch queen was not of this world where he himself belonged, and as Thurstan walked away to take the Neolithic track that rose up the slopes of the Mynd a mile distant, his sadness was relieved by a presentiment of joy.

## XIX

The house seemed, to Melanie, to sigh as Thurstan left. Her own grief was longer, and it was nearly an hour later that she went to her bedroom to find Claudia asleep.

For several minutes she stood, watching the sleeping woman. There was a gentleness and trust in Claudia that brought to Melanie an intimation of a type of love she did not know nor even perhaps understand, and she allowed her grief at losing Thurstan to sharpen this intimation. But she could not hold in her consciousness this insight and left, imbued again with her role and Destiny, to make arrangements for the evening ritual.

There would be no sacrifice, only a calling down of dark power through her crystal – a breaking of the gates by the directed frenzy of the members of her Temple and the guests she had invited from around the world. The hours of the day passed quickly for her, Claudia was happy, receiving guests, preparing the Temple and food for the feast, which would follow the recalling, directing the servants that morning had drawn to the house on Melanie's command.

Fifty-four people were gathered in the Temple as darkness came slow to cover the land around. Melanie left them as her cantors began their discordant chant and her dancers began to dance, slowly, drawing forth from themselves a rising pyramid of power. Claudia waited for her in the secret Temple, her hands on the crystal and soon the diffusing light from the floor began to change in colour until a purple aura surrounded them.

There was a yearning in Melanie as she stood beside her Priestess and lover. But it was not a yearning for love - only a cold desire to alter the living patterns in the world and so fulfill her Destiny by returning the Dark Gods to Earth. She was suspended between her past with all its charisma and power and the future that might have been possible if she had surrendered to Thurstan's love. She was aware of herself only through the images of the past and her barely formed feelings for Claudia: detached from the realness of her body and personal emotions. The power being invoked seemed to be drawing her toward the Abyss

and the spaces beyond the Abyss where she had never been.

The Abyss was within her, within Claudia, within all those in the Temple and all those outside it. It was primal awe, terror and intoxication and she entered it she felt its energies forming into shapes ready to ascend to Earth through her crystal and Temple. She was not conscious of the world around her and so did not see the door of the secret Temple open or the leering man who entered.

The darkness of the Abyss had attracted the darkness which had possessed Pead, as it made him sense the vulnerability of Claudia. He was growling like the animal he had become as he fastened his hands around her neck. Melanie heard the scream but she was paralyzed by the Abyss and could only return slowly to the world of the living as inadvertently Claudia operated the mechanism, which opened the pit beneath the crystal. She and Pead stood on its ledge as the plinth with its crystal slid aside.

“Take me!” Melanie screamed. But she was too late and as she moved toward them they stumbled and fell into the pit.

Silently the plinth returned to seal them in deep darkness. Melanie could not make it move and bloodied her hands trying. And when it did, no answer came to her repeated calls, only silence rising from the rotting blackness below.

The power in the crystal had gone and she hid her tears as she walked toward the Temple and its worshippers. They were still chanting and dancing, unaware that the real power was gone from the crystal, the house and its Mistress they all held in awe. Melanie watched and listened, aware as she did so that what they felt as they chanted and danced was only a flickering shadow. So she left them to seal herself in her room.

She sat for a long time, vaguely aware of the passing hours and the people who drifted away from the house, perplexed. They had danced, chanted and waited for her to appear, but when she had not come forth to carry them to the Abyss they had waited again until the realization of failure made them shuffle and slink away.

Dawn drew her to her garden and in the long moments of her walking barefoot in the dewy grass she found an answer to her grief. It was an answer without words – a feeling that drew her beyond the cold Abyss to where a new universe waited. She was drifting in this universe, floating among the stars and galaxies of love, sadness, sorrow and joy, and as she consciously drifted, her body tensed and tears came to her eyes.

Images and feelings rushed through her as a whirling system of planets and stars forms from chaos and rushes through a galaxy past other stars when time itself is compressed. The images were of her past but the feelings attached to them were not the original feelings. There was sadness instead of exultation, love instead of anger, grief instead of joy. They had changed because her perspective had changed for she was seeing herself and her past not as before through her own eyes but from beyond herself where other people were part of her in a way that brought an awareness of their sorrow, passion, hurt, narrowness, love and stupidity. She was Thurstan as he sat in the café holding her hand and trembling with the expectation of love; she was Claudia as she lay being kissed for the first time by a woman – the possessed man who in blindness and unthinking hate had killed Claudia.

The images and feelings rushed through her and when they were gone she was left feeling both sorrow and love. Her sorrow was in her lack of vision – she had drawn forces from within herself and beyond herself and used them to fulfill her will and desires: nothing had been real for her except those powers and herself. Here love was in a yearning to try and understand by giving herself, by sharing what she felt with someone who understood.

The sorrow that burst upon her broke her free of her past: it was a storm which smashed her mooring and snapped the anchorage of her self so she became a ship sailing free blown by winds she did not understand. Her feelings for Thurstan, her brief sorrow at Lois' death, her brief love of Claudia were distant heralds of the storm, which had come.

Gradually, her yearning became a yearning for love. She felt the blue of the sky above pour down upon her as the warmth of the sun, felt the wholeness of the patterns of Nature before her as if they were all notes in a beautiful piece of music – Vivaldi, perhaps, exulting in song the god of his faith, or Bach transforming a fugue to its end. She received the emanations that broke upon her with a joy seldom before known except in brief moments of physical passion, and she became happy, sad, compassion, ecstatic and afraid until a vision calmed her. Her vision was of the vital, ineffable mechanism of the cosmos itself – the eternal beyond the transient forms that life assumed through the process of slow evolution to something beyond itself.

This something she felt to be a vast, calm ocean where evolution ended, and began, in an indescribable transcendent bliss. But the vision was soon over, and she found herself lying on the grass of her garden in the chilly air of morning.

For over an hour she lay, calm and gently breathing while physical senses returned to her body and an awareness of self brought need. She did not want to move as she did not want the calm, her perception of the whole of which she was a part, to end, and when she did move it was to slowly walk toward her car to drive away from her house, hoping, as she did

so, that Thurstan would still love her.

## XX

The past came back to Jukes. The day had barely gone after the night of his return before his insight faded. He was in bed with his new and gentle lover when they called.

“I hope you do not mind us calling,” the nervous young man said.

“Not at all.” He gestured to the sofa and watched keenly as they sat. The young woman with short hair was pretty, dressed in a purple dress while the young man with a straggly beard seemed weak-willed and shy.

“We heard about your group,” the man said, “and are very interested.”

“How did you hear?” Jukes asked.

“Oh – the chap in the ‘Occult Bookshop’.”

“Actually – “ Jukes began.

“He said you were an Adept – and we would very much like to learn from you.”

“How do you mean?”

“Be one of your pupils.”

Jukes was flattered and when he looked at the woman she turned her eyes away and blushed. His new Priestess entered bearing a pot of tea on a tray – she smiled at him with love, but his own smile was brief and she sat down in a corner, quiet and trusting, while Jukes began to manipulate, again.

He talked of the Occult path, the difficulties and the sacrifice that was needed, and the importance of being willing to learn. He drew them to him, talking of the Aeon to come when

truly free individuals would change the world forever. He talked of the magick within, which could be drawn out and help each individual find their True Will, and as he talked he drew nearer to the subject of Initiation and acts of sexual magick. His desire for the woman who sat opposite him grew as he talked, moulding his will through words which seeped into his new followers as a parasite seeps into the intestine of the host.

“You are very sensitive – to certain forces,” he said to the woman.

“I don’t think I am,” she said softly.

“It seem to me you have a natural gift.” He sensed the compliment was well received. “It can be developed by certain means, should you wish to do so.”

For hours, he talked while they listened. He felt a power, talking to them about magick, a mastery that made him confident. He was an Adept, and would guide them toward magickal understanding. Part of him was sincere as well, and over the years he had covered his desires with lovely names as his assumption of having attained Adeptship made all that he did or chose to do seem right for both the cosmos and him. His names were Destiny, free love and the Chosen.

As the hours passed he became his role – there was no dichotomy within him. His pupils would be a means, sent by his gods, whereby he himself – and they – could attain further magickal understanding.

Darkness came early, shielding, and his Priestess lit some candles to shed some light and add to the atmosphere of magick that he was building with his words. The terrors of his recent past became rationalized as he talked – Pead had brought misfortune on himself by his past deeds of sacrifice, and the terrors at the Satanist house were the result of a battle between Saer and the woman who had enticed Claudia away. It was not his battle, and his only mistake had been to become involved. That involvement was Claudia’s doing, she was obviously being manipulated by other powers emanating from the Satanist house.

Jukes was pleased with his understanding. He described to his new pupils the ritual Pead had done and explained how the magickian became possessed.

“So you see, there is always danger present. We must learn to master our wills!”

His two pupils looked at each other, and the woman nodded.

“When,” asked the man, “can we be Initiated?”

Jukes pretended to consider the matter carefully. “We have a meeting next week at which Initiation could take place.”

“Really? As soon as that?” The man was surprised.

“Of course, if you wish to delay – “

“No, no. What you suggest is fine. We are only too keen to begin our quest.”

“Good. I shall arrange everything.”

“May I ask you something?” For the first time the woman spoke.

“Why yes!”

“What happened to the man in that ritual?”

Jukes laughed. “He is probably wandering around still, quite mad!”

Jukes was pleased to see them go, knowing the woman would soon be his and knowing that his Priestess would be only too willing to please him when they returned to his bed. He slept well that night, tired from his bodily exertions and safe again within the world he had created. He did not hear his Priestess crying, a little, toward dawn as she sensed what next week would bring. But she would accept it, for she was only a Priestess and he was her teacher.

Outside, two Blackbirds sung her to sleep.

‘Therefore, let every mortal see that last day

When they die – not considering themselves fortunate

Until without suffering they cross the boundary of this life.’

Thurstan wrote the words slowly, savouring them, before collecting together the scattered pages of his translation. He glanced through it, satisfied at the labour of months, but sad because he would have to think of something else to do in the long hours to be spent alone as summer changed to autumn and brought the dark of night to cover the evening hours.

A premonition of dawn came to him as he looked out from his window to the eastern hills, and he snuffed out the candles by which he liked to work. The air outside was fresh like that of early autumn and he stood by the door of the cottage slowly breathing it in. There was no wind to break the silence and he walked into his small garden, riddled by weed and long of grass, to watch the haze of Aurora grow. Definition of fence, tree, fields and hills came slowly in rhythm with the song of birds as if those very songs were calling Eos from her sleep. The growing light though without warmth still drew the cold sadness from Thurstan as he stood waiting for the sun god to rise. And when He did, climbing steadily between the cleft in hills on the horizon, Thurstan smiled in reverence.

Phrases from his translation repeated themselves in his mind and it did not seem to him a long span of time since Sophocles had seen or imagined the sun rising over the mountains of Phocis: *‘Bright as a flame from the snows of Parnassus comes a voice...’* Who, Thurstan wondered, had in the intervening centuries understood the message? Would his own attempt to present it in his own language fail should it ever be printed and read? Would hubris – defiance that broke the balance in the cosmos – increase? Could the balance ever be restored?

He did not know the answers to these questions as he did not know any answers that were solutions to the problems of his own life, and he contented himself with enjoying the beautiful world around him; the sights, sounds, smells of sky-god and Earth-mother. The Earth around him was real in a way that his memories and dreams were not and as he stood, experiencing the dawn of day, he forgot his love of Melanie and his dreams of sharing his life, making himself content by his work in the gardens of mother Earth and by his night time toil of translations.

He became at peace again with himself and sat upon the step to plan his next translation. The turning of Earth brought the sun higher into his sky while he sat, enjoying the warmth of

his last day free from his work. Tomorrow, his brief holiday over, he would return to the farm to strain and stretch his muscles and delight in his simple tasks.

The sun was warm when he heard a vehicle approaching, but he did not rise even when he recognized the car, which was screechingly braked to a halt. Melanie came toward him and his peace vanished like darkness by lightning. For minutes they stood, pressed close together by their arms.

“I love you.” Melanie’s words were a spell, which bound her to him. She knew they would be and had never used them before.

“You seem changed,” Thurstan said as she began to cry, gently.

“Claudia is dead.”

He kissed her, sat her in a garden chair in the sun, made and brought her a pot of Shenca tea and sat beside her to listen while she talked. She spoke of the man who came rushing into her house, drawn somehow by the power she was invoking, of how he seemed to sense, as she had, Claudia’s innocence. She described the pit into which they fell where Algar’s disfigured body lay rotting: of how she had let her grief walk her to her garden and how the burgeoning light of a new day had brought to her an understanding of the tragedy of her past.

“Your simple love,” she said, “broke through the shield around me. I don’t know how or why – but it did.”

“What will you do?”

She laughed. “Did you mean what you said?”

“Yes.”

“Then I want to stay here – with you.”

Clouds began to gather around the eastern horizon of hills as they spoke, growing as a wind

arose to shape and move them across the sky to cover, briefly, the sun. Other, darker clouds followed.

“But your house – your plans?”

“I shall forget them.”

“Can you?”

“Yes. My perspective may have changed – but not my will!”

Thurstan was delighted, both by the answer and the spirit which sent it forth from her lips. “Will you marry me, then?” he asked.

“Yes!”

They kissed like new lovers while clouds covered the whole of the sky.

“Shall we go in?” Thurstan asked.

“I would like that.”

Inside Melanie said; “You know what I wish?”

He was attuned to her and answered, “I think so.”

“It may be possible, for I no protection and my cycle is right.”

This new desire enhanced the closeness they found as naked body lay upon naked body. Rain fell around the cottage in where they lay, sweating. It beat down as a storm upon the roof and windows, a counter-point to their passionate ecstasy and love, and when it was over and they lay entwined together while the sun sent shafts of light through a window, Melanie began to cry. She softly cried for a long time as if the tears purged her of her past. Thurstan felt this, and brushed them away as she lay resting her head on his chest.

The knocking on his door startled them both. Hastily Thurstan covered part of his nakedness.

“Yes?” he asked as he opened the door.

The old man was in ragged clothes and it was some seconds before Thurstan recognized Saer.

“I am sorry to intrude – at such a time,” smiled Saer. “May I enter?”

Thurstan was reluctant, for he sensed the Saer was more than an intrusion. “I’d rather you didn’t.”

“Her power is gone.”

“Please go.” Thurstan did not understand what was happening – but Saer seemed a threat to him in some way.

“I cannot leave without her.”

The words struck Thurstan like blows. “We are to marry.”

“It cannot be,” said Saer quietly.

“Leave us alone!” shouted Thurstan and in anger shut the door. He bolted it before returning to Melanie.

Saer stood by the bed. “It cannot be,” he repeated.

Thurstan’s wrath made him move toward Saer who raised his hand. Thurstan’s body became paralyzed and he could only watch as Saer gave Melanie her clothes.

“I shall kill you!” Thurstan screamed.

Saer smiled.

“Why are you doing this?” Thurstan asked, realizing his rage was useless. Melanie did not look at him and seemed to be in a trance.

Saer smiled and Thurstan’s rage returned. He channelled it to his body. Trembling with effort he could only manage to move his feet a little forward.

“Sleep now,” Saer quietly said.

Thurstan’s eyes were closing and he could not stop them. The last thing he saw was Melanie’s pleading but helpless eyes. Then he was dreaming. He was in his garden under a searing sun – but his garden was different: full of beautiful flowers and luxurious grass. Claudia, radiantly beautiful, was beside him and held his arm. He felt peaceful with her and listened almost rapturously as she spoke.

“You were part of his plan. He could do nothing until your love broke her power.”

“Help me,” Thurstan asked.

“We can do nothing here.”

Thurstan awoke to find himself lying on his bed. Moonlight reached his room and he lay trying to unravel dream from reality and reality from dream. It was a slow process, but helped by Melanie’s perfume, which still lay on his pillow and when it was over he remembered her car.

It was still outside his cottage. He felt uncomfortable with its power and drove carefully along the moonlit lanes and roads to her house, which he found empty and cold. Nervous, he switched on all the lights as he journeyed from room to room and floor to floor avoiding the temple of her crystal. But he felt and saw nothing except the shadows and fears of his own mind. And the memories of their brief time together.

Only the library possessed some warmth as if in indication of the answers he hoped to find, and he shut its door before browsing among the books. All of them, and the manuscripts bound like books, were about alchemy, magick or the Occult. He could read the Latin of the medieval manuscripts and books, but what it related did not interest him as the later books brought forth no desire to read further. Even the Black Book of Satan, resting on the table, seemed irrelevant to him. They were all compilations of shadow words, appearing to Thurstan to fall short of the aim that the searchers who had written them should have aimed for. His instinctive feeling was to observe in a contemplative way some facet of the cosmos – to stand outside in the dark of the night and listen for the faint music that travelled down to Earth from the stars – rather the enclose himself in the warm womb of a house to read the writings of others. Demons, spells, hidden powers, the changing of base metal to gold, even the promises of power and change for himself, were not important to Thurstan, and he left the library with its stored knowledge and forbidden secrets and lurking gods, to walk in the moonlit garden.

The stars were not singing for him – or he could not hear them above the turmoil of his thought – but his slow moon-wise walking brought a calm. His dreams of sharing life with Melanie were still vivid, but he realized that if such sharing was not to be, it would not be. He might try, through force or even magick to win her back. But if he succeeded, his dreams would only become real if she wished to make them real for him, and all he could do was give her the freedom of choice. Saer was using her – for what purpose he did not know – and he would try and find her, somehow, to give the promise of choice. He was not afraid of Saer, not worried about the magickal powers he possessed, for as he walked with a calm that deepened and brought awareness of the rhythms of the cosmos, he felt that it was his fate to try and find her. What happened when and if he did, would happen, as Spring happens after the cold darkness of Winter.

## XXII

It was not a long wait. Thurstan did not enter the secret Temple and use the crystal nor any magickal means. His way was not the way of magick but of sensitive thought and he sat on the damp, cold grass to close his eyes and think of Melanie.

What he saw guided him and he walked in the moonlight along the narrow turning hilly lanes singing softly to himself. His songs were from his translations and he invented the music to match the rhythm of his walking feet. There was joy in him then, a simpleness that gave him the strength of water and its ability to follow any channel or shape itself while still being itself to any vessel or container. His goal was a small cottage of stone with a sagging roof and tiny windows beside an unmarked track that weaved among the mamelons between the western slopes of the Mynd and the tress of Linley Hill. No one passed him as he walked and the fields were quite silent and quite still. His chosen track led him for a hundred yards

through a wood, past a stream flowing down between two hills to curve eastwards and rise north among the rocky barren land. As its sudden end lay the cottage but briefly home to the short sun of Winter. Dawn was almost rising behind him as he knocked upon the old studded oak door.

No one came to answer his call and he opened the door. Inside in the flickering light of a fire, he saw Saer hunched on a stool before the hearth while against the wall in the recessed bed, Melanie lay sleeping. The large room comprised all of the cottage and it smelled of burnt hazel mingled with pine. Saer, though surprised, did not move.

“You are persistent.” Saer did not look toward Thurstan but still stared into the large flames that ate, with sporadic breaking of tree-limbs and fingers, the wood.

Thurstan did not close the door but began to walk toward Melanie. Suddenly, Saer rose.

“Leave her,” he said quietly and raised his left hand.

For an instant Saer’s features seemed, to Thurstan, to be lacertilian but the impression soon vanished to leave only an old man with white hair standing before a fire. As soon as Thurstan touched Melanie she awoke. “She is mine,” he said, almost sadly.

“It is not for you or for me but for Melanie to decide,” Saer said, and smiled. It was a kindly smile and he raised his hand again.

Thurstan just sighed and held Melanie’s hand.

“I can see,” Saer said to Thurstan, “what powers you now represent.”

“I have no power – only my love for her.”

“Even now you do not understand.” Saer turned toward Melanie. “It is written: *‘Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth-based living child born from these children is the Demon named Love.’*”

“So I,” said Melanie, suddenly understanding, “as Mistress of Earth passed beyond the Abyss.”

“To bring into this world what must be.”

“And now I must choose?”

“Yes.”

For a long time Melanie looked at Thurstan. “I must go with Saer,” she finally said. In that instant, she felt her magickal powers return.

“But I –“

“Say nothing.” She pressed her forefinger to his lips.

“I don’t understand,” said Thurstan, almost crying with emotion.

Melanie smiled, sadly. “There will be enough time for understanding in old age. What lives now and grows within me will always be a part of you.”

She kissed his cheek and he became too full of emotion to do anything but watch her and Saer walk into the burgeoning dawn. Then, suddenly, they vanished. He ran outside, but he could not find them.

He walked slowly away from the cottage. The light of dawn seemed to be sucking mist from the ground, but he did not care. He moved, like an old man pained by his limbs, through the cold and sometimes swirling mist along a path that took him toward the Mynd and up, steeply, to its level summit where he stood, high above the mist, to watch the mist-clotted valleys below. The heather was beginning to show the glory of its colour, and he walked through it northbound along the cracked and stony road stopping often to turn around and wait. But no one and nothing came to him – no voices, song or sigh. There was hope within him as he walked as he had often walked along the almost level top of that long and beautiful low mountain. But hope did not last, for he felt he would never see her again – never know their child. The very Earth itself seemed to be whispering to him the words of this truth. He began to sense, slowly, that there was for him real magick here where

moorland fell to form deep hollows home to those daughter of Earth known as springs and streams, and where the Neolithic pathway had heard perhaps ten million stories. No wisps of clouds came to spoil the glory of the sun as it rose over the mottled wavy hills beyond the Stretton valley miles distant and below. No noise to break the almost sacred silence heard. For an instant it seemed as if some divinity, strange but pure, came into the world, and smiled.

The smile might have been one of understanding, but Thurstan sat down in the heather and cried.

### XXIII

It was raining still and dull of day when Jukes arrived at Pead's cottage, summoned by avarice. His fear began to ebb away as he saw it was empty, unchanged since the night of the ritual – except for the stench of the dismembered, half-eaten and rotting dog.

He selected his goods carefully, taking only the rarest of books and manuscripts to his car wherein his Priestess waited, soothed by his words of charm: 'He said if anything happened to him, I was to keep his books...'

So he worked while she, in trust, waited. And when, to his satisfaction, the collection was complete, he drove in curiosity to see from a safe distance the house wherein Claudia had left him and where he thought she lived in bondage to her Satanic mistress.

An old tramp was walking away from the direction of the house and Jukes stopped him, saying: "Do you know who lives there?"

"In that there house?" said the old man before spitting on the ground. "Empty it is – has been for weeks if you ask me. No mug of tea for me there, that's for sure."

Jukes did not thank him or even watch him walk away. He was excited, and led his Priestess along the driveway to the house, as, behind them, Saer turned in the rain, and smiled.

Jukes tried the door, and to his surprise found it open. The house was warm, comforting after the cold rain, and they ambled along the hallway with Jukes calling "Hello?"

No one came. Jukes left his Priestess for he felt strangely aroused. The house, he felt, was a woman of beauty and he was violating her. He was full of physical lust and felt powerful and began to explore all the aspects of her warm and scented body – hoping vaguely he might find a real woman whom he could rape. He eagerly sought the bedrooms – caressing the silken sheets – as he eagerly sought items of clothing, which he hoped by their texture, and smell, might bring nearer to him the woman he was searching for. Night came from outside while he wandered, bringing light and increased warmth within the house. But Jukes did not notice this. His arousal became stronger until he became a man intent only on rape. He did not see the shadows from his own Abyss as they gathered around him lisping words of encouragement, as he did not find in his search the woman he wanted. But he remembered a woman, waiting for him below.

He found her asleep in a chair fluxed in the glow of a large crystal before her. He did not care about the strange room nor wonder about the crystal. He cared only for satisfying his lust – he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to abuse her cruelly, to beat her and rape her savagely. He was strong in body and would use his strength to satisfy himself by forcing her beneath him.

He moved toward her, leering. But, then, she opened her eyes and smiled.

Jukes found he could not move, and did not see the door behind him close. “You are mine now,” the woman who had once been his willing lover said. “With a look I can strike you dead!”

Jukes did not doubt it. Reality for him returned quickly. She was no longer his Priestess, but a woman, mistress of him, who by magick bound his will. Beside the crystal where he stood watching helplessly, an amber necklace lay and she rose from the chair to take it for herself. She was still smiling as she unthreaded one bead, which began to glow in her fingers. She showed it to him, mockingly, and laughed before re-threading it and placing the beads around her neck.

“You are mine,” she repeated and smiled. “Through Them whom we never name, we who garb ourselves in black possess this rock we call this Earth.”

She did not yet know what she would do with her new power, but there was plenty of time for her to think of something, plenty of secret books to be read. The old man who had led her from the hallway to this chamber would return, one day, to instruct her, she remembered he had said.

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Thurstan saw the lights in Melanie's house, and waited. He waited for a long time in the cold and the darkness, trying to forget his hunger, his tiredness and the rain. At last the lights became fewer, until all were gone, and he walked, trusting in his love and hopeful still, toward the door. It was not locked.

There was a woman sleeping in Melanie's bed. He did not wake her, nor the man he found sleeping in another room, but left them and the house to walk along the dark road that would take him to the Mynd, down into the valley and back to his cottage.

"I am an old man in a young man's body," he said to himself as he walked amid the rain. Maybe some day he would love again, but the shattering of his dreams had changed him, making him to wish to live alone, content with his translations. He did not fully understand his recent past but he felt that Melanie's child, when born, would be important in some way to the world – a kind of channel for the forces which both she and Saer represented.

He had seen enough of the hidden dimensions of the world to realize his lack of knowledge, but this lack did not bother him. He would go his own way, slowly as perhaps befitted a hermit-scholar, seeking through the slowness of the years a kind of inner peace in the little piece of Earth that was his home. Change would come – as it always had and always would – and he would sigh, while he treasured what he knew.

In the rain he thought he heard a strange creator star-god sigh, but walked on – shaking his head at the perplexity that was human life and the sadness that was the breaking of his dreams.

*Incipit Vitriol.....*

In your beginnings – we, waiting.  
In your quest - we are.  
Before you - we were.  
After you - we shall be, again.  
Before us - They who are never named.  
After us - They who will be, waiting.

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***[Fini]***

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***Appendix***

**A Note Concerning The Deofel Quartet:**

The books in the *Deofel Quartet* were designed as esoteric 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 works of literature or novels of literary value, and their style is not that of a conventional novel. Thus, detailed descriptions – of people, events, circumstances – are for the most part omitted, with the reader/listener expected to use their own imagination to create such details.

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.

In addition, each individual book represents particular forms, aspects, and the archetypal energies associated with particular spheres of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, and for example, *The Temple of Satan* relates to the third sphere, the alchemical process Coagulation, and the magickal process represented by the magickal word *Ecstasy*. [For more details, refer to the ONA MS *Introduction to the Deofel Quartet*.]

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## The Giving

### **Order of Nine Angles**

#### **(Deofel Quartet)**

Re-issued and corrected [v 1.03]: Anton Long 119 Year of Feyen

(First published 101 yf)

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“In truth, Baphomet – honoured for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth...

For centuries, we have kept this image secret, as the Templars and their descendants did...”

*Book of Asoth*

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There was much that was unusual about Sidnal Wyke, including his name. His name no longer brought forth any comments from his neighbours in the small hamlet of Stredbow where he had spent all his life, and his strange habits were accepted because he was regarded by them as a cunning man, well versed in the ways of the old religion.

He was six years old when the old car his father was driving went out of control on a steep local hill, killing both his parents while the child was safe at his grandmother's house. For twelve years he lived at her cottage. Stredbow was his home and he knew no other.

It was an isolated village, surrounded by hills and accessible only by narrow, steep and twisting lanes. To the west of the village lay The Wilderness, Robin's Tump and the steep hills of Caer Caradoc hill. The lane northward led along Yell Bank, skirted Hoar Edge and the side of Lawley hill to the old Roman road to Wroxeter. To the south, the village was bounded by Stredbow Moor, Nant Valley and Hope Bowdler hill. The area around the small village was, like the village itself, unique. Small farms nestled on the lee of the hills or rested in sinewy valleys hidden from the lanes. Coppice and woods merged into rough grazing land and the few fields or arable crops were small, the size hardly changed in over a century. But it was the sheltered isolation of the area that marked it out, like a time-slip into the past – as if the surrounding hills not only isolated it physically but emotionally as well. Perhaps it was that the hills dispersed the winds and weather in a special way, creating over the area of the village and its surrounding land an idiosyncratic climate; or perhaps it was the almost total lack of motorized transport along the rutted lanes. But whatever the cause, Stredbow was different, and Sidnal Wyke knew it.

He had known the secret for years, but it was only as his twenty-first birthday approached that he began to understand why. Stredbow was an ancient village, an oval of houses at whose center was a mound. Once, the mound contained a grove of oaks. But a new religion came, the trees were felled and a church built from stone quarried nearby. The church was never full, the visiting ministers came and went, and the oaks began to grow again, although reduced in number. The village was never large, although once – when the new railway fed trains to the small town of Stretton in the valley miles beyond the hills – there had been a school. But it had long ago closed, its building left to slowly crumble as the towns, cities and wars sucked some of the young men away from their home and their land. Yet a balance had been achieved through the demands of the land. For over sixty years, since the ending of the Great War, no new houses had been built and no outlanders came to settle. The village attracted no visitors, for there was nothing to attract them – no historical incidents, no fine houses or views – and the few who came by chance did not stay, for there was no welcome for them, only the stares of hostility and scorn, the barking and the snarling of farm and cottage dogs.

Sidnal knew every square foot of the village and the lands around. He had visited every field, every coppice, every valley and stream, all the houses and farms. He knew the history of the village and its people and this learning, like his name, was his grandmother's idea. He had been to a school, once and briefly – against his grandmother's wishes. But her daughter and son in law had died to leave Sidnal in her care. She taught him about herbs, how to listen and talk to trees; about the know of animals. She owned some acres of land and he farmed them well, in his strange way.

His clothes, and he himself, never looked clean, but he bore himself well, as befitted his well-muscled body. His solitary toil on the land and his learning left him little time to himself, but he was growing restless and his grandmother knew it and the reason why. She had no chance to guide him further, no opportunity to find him a suitable wife to end the isolation she had forced upon him. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, she died – slowly and quietly sitting in her chair by the fire.

It was a warm evening in middle May with a breeze to swing some of the smaller branches of the large Ash tree behind the cottage which a mild winter had brought full into leaf, and Sidnal did not hurry back from the fields. He greeted the tree, as he always had, and smiled, as he almost always did. He did not cry out, or even seem surprised when he found her. He just sighed, for he knew death to be the fated ending of all life.

It was as he closed the cottage door on his way to gather his neighbours that the reaction came. For the first time in his life, he felt afraid.

## II

Maurice Rhiston did not even know her name. A room of his house overlooked her bedroom and she was there, again, as she had been every weekday morning for the past three weeks. Her routine was always the same – the curtains would be drawn back and she would stand by the mirror for a minute or so before removing her nightdress, unaware of him watching from behind a chink in his curtain.

Naked, she wandered around her room in her parent's house. He lost sight of her several times – before she stood by the mirror to slowly dress. He guessed her age at about fifteen. His watching had become a secret passion that was beginning to engulf him, but he was too obsessed to care. He was forty-five years of age, his childless marriage a placid one. For fifteen years he had sat behind his office desk in a large building in Shrewsbury town, satisfied with steadily improving both his standard of living and his house on the small and select estate which fringed the river. He was diligent, and efficient as he worked as a Civil

Servant, calculating and assessing the benefits of claimants. His suits were always subdued in colour, his shirts white, his ties plain and even his recent worrying about his age, baldness and spreading fat, did not change his taste. The cricket season had begun, his place in the team was secure and he had begun to feel again that sense of security and belonging which pleased him.

He had, during the past week, turned his observing room into a kind of study to allay the suspicions of his wife. He bought a desk, some books and a small computer as furnishings. He had changed his unchanging routine of the morning to give time to sit at the desk with the thin curtains almost meeting but allowing him his view. Then, he would wait for her to draw back the curtains, and undress.

Today, as for the last week, he would be late for his work. Yesterday he had spent most of his evening in the room, hoping to see her and she, as if obliging, had appeared toward dusk – switching on her room light. For almost an hour she wandered in and out – and then his moment came. She undressed to change her clothes completely.

The morning was warm, again, and he left his overcoat on the stand by the front door. The goodbye kiss to his wife had long ago ceased, and she was already stripping away the bedclothes at the beginning of her workday. She was singing to herself, and Maurice smiled. His watching had brought to him an intense physical desire and his wife was pleased, mistaking his renewed interest for love. But he kept the girl's naked image in his head, while his ardour lasted.

His journey to work by car was not long, and only once did he have cause to cease his planning of how best to photograph the girl. He was about to turn from the busy road to the street which held the office where he worked when a young man, dirtily dressed and carrying an armful of books, stepped off the pavement in front of the car. Maurice sounded his horn, hurled abuse through the open window, but the man just smiled to walk slowly away toward the town centre to try and sell some of the books his grandmother had owned.

The routine of Maurice's morning at work was unchanged, and he sat at his desk in the over-bright, stuffy office, found or retrieved files from other desks and cabinets, entered or read information on pieces of paper and computer screen, his concentration broken only by his short breaks for morning tea and lunch. It was at lunch that his interest had become aroused.

As was his habit, he ate his sandwiches at his desk. One of the ladies from the section that investigated fraud brought him a case file and he recognized the name written on the cover.

The young lady was fashionably dressed and had swept her long black hair back over her shoulders where it was held by a band. She smiled at him, and for a few seconds Maurice felt an intense sexual desire. But it did not last. She explained about the man and the information anonymously received – as she might not have done had Maurice not been responsible for her training in her early months in the office before she became bored and sought the work of investigating fraud.

He gave her his computer read-out of the benefits the man had claimed and listened intently as she, a little shocked and angry, explained about the man's activity – Satanism, child prostitution, living off immoral earnings. She borrowed Maurice's file on the man and left him to continue his lunch in peace.

There was turmoil in Maurice's head, images which made him nervous and excited, and it did not take him long to decide. In the relative quiet of the office, he dialled Edgar Mallam's number, wishing him to be in.

Edgar Mallam was a man of contrived striking appearance. His hair was cropped, and his beard pointed and trimmed. He dressed in black clothes, often wore sunglasses even indoors, and black leather gloves. Maurice watched him for some time as Mallam sat at a table in an Inn in the centre of the town amid the warmth of the breezy late Spring evening.

People mingled singly, in pairs or small clusters around the town as evening settled, traffic thinned and shops closed, and Maurice, fearful of being seen, had tried to avoid them all. He had bought a hat, thinking it might disguise him, but wore it only briefly as he waited for the appointed time. The image of the naked girl obsessed him – and had obsessed him all afternoon: her soft white unblemished skin, her small still forming breasts, the graceful curve of her back...

Cautiously, he sat down beside Mallam.

“So, you want an introduction?” Mallam smiled.

“Well – “

“Don't be nervous! One favour deserves another. I presumed that is why you – ah – warned me. How old?”

“Pardon?”

“How old do you want the item in question to be?”

Maurice coughed, and shuffled his feet. “I –“

“Thirteen? Fourteen?”

Maurice felt an impulse to leave, and rose slightly, but Mallam’s strong hand gripped his arm.

“Let’s say fourteen. It’s a middling figure. Come on, then!” Mallam rose to leave.

“Now?”

“Of course!”

For an instant fear gripped Maurice, but the haunting image returned and he followed Mallam through the customers and to the door. The alley outside the side door seemed dark and he did not see the two waiting figures cloaked by the sun’s shadows. But he felt their hands gripping his arms.

“Just a precaution,” Mallam explained. “I’m sure you understand.”

He was searched, led to a car, blindfolded. The journey seemed long and he was guided into a house where the blindfold was removed. The luxury of the house surprised him. Mallam indicated a door.

“One hour,” he said. “Any longer,” and he smiled, “and there will be a charge!”

Maurice needed no encouragement to open the door.

The river, swollen by heavy rain and brown from sediment, swept swiftly and noisily over the weir, and in the dim light of dawn Thorold could see water eddying over the edge of the concrete riverside path that led into town. The warm weather had been broken by storms.

No corpse was water borne to add interest to Thorold's day and he walked slowly, trying to savour the light, the sounds and his happy mood. A few people, work-bound on bicycles, passed him along the path but they did not greet him as he did not greet them. Sometimes he would smile, and an occasional individual might forget for an instant the impersonal attitude of all modern towns. There would be then a brief exchange of humanity through the medium of faces and eyes: and the two individuals would pass each to their own forms and patterns of life, never to meet again.

But today, no one returned his smile. He stood for several minutes under the wide spans of the railway bridge watching the water carry its burden of branch, silt, twigs and grass. He was thirty-five years of age and alone in his life, except for his books. His marriage of years ago had been brief, broken by his quietness and unwillingness to socialize, but the years were beginning to undermine the happiness he had found in solitude. His face was kind, his hair unruly, his body sinewy from years of long-distance walking over hills, his past forgotten.

He liked the hours after dawn in late Spring and Summer, and would rise early to walk the almost empty streets of his town and along the paths by the river, sensing the peace and the history that seemed to seep out toward him from the old timbered houses, the narrow passages, the castle, bridges and town walls. Gradually, during the hours of his walking, the traffic would increase, people come – and he would retreat to the sloping cobbled lane, which gave access to his small shop, ready for his day of work. 'Antiquarian & Secondhand Books' his shop sign said.

The path from the railway bridge took him along below the refurbished Castle, set high above the meander of the river, under the Grinshill stone of the English bridge to the tree-lined paths of Quarry Park. He stopped for a long time to sit on a bench by the water, measuring the flow of time by the chimes of the clock in Shrewsbury School across the river. No one disturbed him, and by the time he rose to leave the cloud had broken to bring warm morning sun.

His shop lay between the Town Walls at the top of the Quarry and the new Market Hall with its high clock tower of red brick. The window was full of neat rows of well-polished antiquarian book, and inside it was cold and musty. Summer was his favorite season, for he

would leave the door open and watch, from his desk by the window, the people who passed in the street.

A pile of books, recently bought from a young man whose grandmother had died, lay on his desk, and he began to study them, intrigued by the titles and the young man who had offered them for sale. The four books were all badly bound and in various states of neglect and decay. One was simply leaves of vellum stitched together then bound into wooden boards, the legible text consisting mainly of symbols and hieroglyphics with a few paragraphs in Latin in a scholarly hand. There was no title – only the words ‘Aktlal Maka’ inscribed at the top of the first folio. The words meant nothing to Thorold. The three remaining books were all printed, although only one of them in a professional manner. It bore the title ‘Secretorum Naturalium Chymicorum et Medicorum Thesauriolis, and a date, 1642. The titles of the other two works – ‘Books of Asoth’ and ‘Karu Samsu’ - signified nothing to him, and though the books bore no date he guessed they were less than a hundred years old. They also contained pages of symbols, but the style of the written text was verbose, the reasoning convoluted, and after several hours of reading he still only had a vague idea of the subjects discussed. There was talk of some substance which if gathered in the right place at the right time would alter the world – ‘the fluxion of this causing thus sklenting from the heavenly bodies and a terrible possidenting of this mortal world...’

He was still reading when a customer entered his shop. The woman was elegantly dressed and smiled at him.

“I wonder if you can help me,” she said confidently.

Thorold smiled back, and as he looked at her he felt an involuntary spasm in the muscles of his abdomen. But it was transient and he forced himself to say “I hope so” as he looked at her beauty.

“Do you have a copy of Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus? Only my son – “

“Aeschylus?” he repeated, and blushed.

“Yes, the playwright – “

“Of ancient Greece,” he completed. “Was it a Greek text that you wanted or a translation?”

“The Greek, actually. Julian has just begun his “O” levels at his school.”

The woman was near him and he could smell her perfume. For some reason it reminded him of the sun drying the earth after brief rain following many dry days. “Yes, we do have a copy.”

He rose from his chair slowly and as he did so the woman smiled at him again. In his desire to impress with his agility he tripped and stumbled into a bookcase.

“Are you alright?” she asked with concern as he lay on the floor.

“Yes, thanks.” He rose awkwardly to search the shelves for the book. “Ah! Here it is. It is a fairly good edition of the text,” he said as he handed the book to her.

She glanced through it. “I’ll take it.” She placed it on his desk before taking her purse from the pocket of her dress. Their fingers touched briefly as she handed over the money but she did not look at him and he was left to wrap the book neatly in brown paper. The ‘Book of Asoth’ still lay open upon his desk and he could see her interest.

“May I?” she asked, indicating the book.

“Yes,” he faltered, unsure. “If you wish.”

She handled it carefully, supporting the covers with one hand while she turned the pages with the other. She stood near him, silent and absorbed, for several minutes. But her nearness began to make him tremble.

“I have not, as yet, had occasion to study the work in detail,” he said to relieve some of his feelings.

She held it for him to take, glanced briefly at the two other books before perusing the vellum manuscript.

“They are for sale?” she asked.

“Well – “ he hesitated, wondering about the price. “You have an interest in such matters?”

“Yes!” and then softly, “do you?”

She turned to face him, so close he could smell her fragrant breath as she had exhaled with her forceful affirmation.

“Actually, no.” She did not avert her eyes from his and part of him wanted to reach out with his fingers to softly touch the freckled smoothness of her face. He smiled instead, as she did. “I am not familiar with the field – but would think it was a very specialized market: if a market as such exists.”

“Are these recent acquisitions?”

“Yes.”

“May I enquire from where – or whom?”

He did not mind her questions, for he wished their contact, and closeness, to continue. “A young chap brought them in – in the last few days. They belonged to his grandmother, apparently.”

“I would like to buy them – name your price. Except that one,” she indicated the ‘Secretorum’. “That does not interest me.”

“As I say, I have not really had time to study them in detail and so – to be honest – have no idea what they are worth.” Her nearness was beginning to affect his concentration and he edged away on the pretext of studying the manuscript.

“But surely you have some idea of their value?”

“Actually, no. I did consult some of my reference works and auction records but could find nothing.”

“How refreshing!”

“What?”

She laughed, gently. “To find someone – particularly in business – who is so open and honest.”

“Well, bookselling is a small world.” He looked away embarrassed, but pleased.

“How much – if I may ask such a question – did you pay?”

“Actually only a part payment – I was going to research them, particularly the manuscript, and then, if they or the manuscript were particularly valuable, add to that payment.”

“Do you wish to sell them?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then I will buy them. You will want my address, naturally.”

“Sorry?”

“My address. So you can bring the books with you tonight when you come to dinner. Nothing formal, so no need to dress. Do you have a pen and paper?”

“Er, yes.” Dazed, he gave her his favourite fountain pen and notebook.

She wrote quickly. “Shall we say half past seven for eight? Good. Oh – and you can bring that Greek book with you as well.”

She smiled at him, waved, and then was gone, out into the sunlit street and away from his world of dead books. Her perfume lingered, and it was some time before Thorold’s amazement disappeared. He tried to still his excitement and imagination by searching again

through his reference works.

He did not succeed, and the one reference he did find to anything mentioned in the books did not interest him. 'Asoth', it read, 'was a demoness worshipped by some ancient and secret sects about which nothing is known beyond the fact that women played a prominent role.'

No customers spoiled the solitude of what remained of his morning, and he carefully wrapped the books and manuscripts for the woman, sorted some stock from the piles of books against the cabinet by his desk before closing his shop early. He wandered happy and full of anticipation along the paths by the river, pleased with the sun and warmth of the day, occasionally stopping to sit. He spent a long time sitting on a bench by the weir, watching people as they passed, vaguely aware of his dreams but unwilling from fear of disappointment to make them conscious, to dwell upon them.

He had not noticed a man dressed in black following him, and did not notice him as he began a slow walk under the hot sun along the overgrown riverside path that led him back to his small riverside Apartment.

#### IV

The gardens of the large detached house were quiet and secluded, and Lianna spent the hours of the afternoon removing weeds from the many beds of flowers. The house stood on Kingsland above the river and beside Shrewsbury School but afforded views of neither. Once, the area had been select, but the decades had drawn some of the wealthy away, their homes absorbed by the School or divided into still expensive Flats and Apartments. But an aura remained, and it pleased Lianna.

Her interest in her garden waned slowly, and she discarded her implements and her working clothes to bathe in the bright surroundings of her bathroom. She lay relaxed and soaking in the warm water for a long time, occasionally thinking of the bookseller. She had enjoyed her game with his emotions and although the books he would bring interested her, he himself interested her more.

She was dressing in readiness for her evening when someone loudly rapped the brass knocker of the oak front door. She did not hurry, Edgar Mallam smiled at her as she opened the door, but she did not return his greeting.

“Yes?” she said coldly.

“Hello Lianna. May I come in?” He removed his sun glasses.

“Why?”

“To talk – about my group.”

“Fifteen minutes – that is all the time I can spare.”

He followed her into the Sitting Room to sit beside her in a leather armchair.

“Well?” she asked.

“I thought you and me – “

“As I have said to you many times, our relationship is purely a teaching one.”

“You know how I feel,” he said almost gently.

“What you feel, you feel. It is a stage, and all stages pass.”

His mood changed abruptly. “Is that so?” There was anger in his voice.

Her smile was one of pity, not kindness. “I sense your feelings are being inverted. What you thought was love is turning to anger because your will is thwarted. You will doubtless now find reasons for disliking me.”

Edgar stood up. “I’m sick of your teaching!”

“As I have said to you many times since you first embarked upon your quest, the way is not

easy.”

He took a step toward her, but she rose to face him and smile. He stared at her, but only briefly – averting his eyes from her suddenly demonic gaze.

“I’ll go my own way! I don’t need you!” he shouted.

“You are, of course,” and she smiled generously at him, “free to do so. But I have heard reports that some of your activities are, shall I say, not exactly compatible with the ethos of our Order.”

“So what?”

“Such activities are not conducive to the self-development which our way wishes to achieve. They are not, in fact, connected with any genuine sinister tradition but are personal proclivities, best avoided if advancement is sought.”

“Stuff your tradition and your pompous words!” He walked toward the door. “And I’m not afraid of you – or your curses!”

“True Adepts do not waste time on such trivia. Everyone has to make their own mistakes.”

He laughed. “Just as I thought! You’re all talk! Well, I do have magickal power! So stuff your Order!”

She waited, and was not disappointed for he slammed her front door shut on his leaving. One of her telephones was within easy reach, and she dialled a number.

“Hello? Imlach?” she queried. “Lianna. Mr. Mallam has I regret to say just resigned. You will know what to do. Good.” She replaced the receiver and smiled.

The hours of her waiting did not seem long, and when the caterers arrived she left them with their duties while she occupied herself in her library. The table was laid, the food heating, the wine chilled by the time of Thorold’s arrival and all she had to do was light the candles on the table. The caterers had departed as they had arrived – discreetly, leaving her alone.

Thorold was early, and nervously held the books as he knocked on her door surrounded by the humid haze of evening. She greeted him, took the books and led him to her library where he stood by the mahogany desk staring with amazement. Books, in sumptuous bookcases, lined the room from floor to high ceiling. She placed her new acquisitions on the desk.

“Later, if you wish,” she said, “you can spend some time in here.”

Only two places were laid on the table in the dining room.

“Will your husband not be joining us?” an expectant but nervous Thorold asked.

“Joining us? Why no!” she laughed. “He went abroad, some years ago. Living with some Oriental lady, I believe.”

For two hours they conversed while they ate, pausing only while she served her guest the courses of the meal. The topics of their conversation varied, and as the hours drew darkness outside, Thorold began to realize there was much that was unusual about Lianna. She asked about his knowledge of and interest in a wide variety of arcane subjects – alchemy, the Knights Templars, witchcraft, sorcery.... He had admitted his ignorance concerning most of them, and she, slightly smiling, had explained in precise language, and briefly, their nature, extent and history.

“Come,” she said as she poured him a cup of fresh coffee, “let us sit together in the Sitting Room.”

She took his cup and held it while she sat on the sofa. “Here, beside me,” she indicated.

Thorold sat beside her and blushed. All evening he had tried to avert his eyes from her breasts, uplifted and amply exposed by the dress she had chosen. But his eyes kept drifting from her face to her eyes to her breasts. He knew she knew, and he knew she did not mind.

She gave him his cup and he managed to control the shaking he felt beginning in his hand.

“Do you believe in Satan?” she abruptly said.

“Satan?” he repeated.

“Yes. The Devil.”

“Well, actually, I was brought up Roman Catholic to believe that he existed. But now – “ he shrugged his shoulders.

“Now you no longer trouble yourself with such matters.”

“I did – once. There was a time,” he said wistfully, “when I believed I had a vocation to be a Priest. I suppose most Catholic children – the boys, that is – who are brought up according to the faith have such yearnings at least once.”

“But you sought another road.”

“I lost my faith in God.”

“So you do not believe there is a supra-human being called the Devil who rules over this Earth?”

‘No. Why do you ask?’

She did not avert her eyes from his. “Why do you want to know?”

“Because I sense the question is important to you.”

She laughed, and touched his face lightly with he fingers. “You are astute! I like that.”

“In what way can I help you?”

“You underestimate yourself.”

For a moment Thorold was perplexed. He had accepted her unusual invitation to her house partly from curiosity but mostly because he had been sexually attracted to her. The intimate dinner, her topics of conversation, her looks and gestures had gradually made him aware – or at least he had thought so – of her purpose in inviting him. This, he had believed, would explain why a beautiful obviously wealthy and exceptionally intelligent woman would be interested in an unadventurous bookseller.

She saved him from his perplexity by saying, “You know what I am, then?”

“I can guess.”

“Yes – you have guessed. And the prospect of your guess being correct does not frighten you?” When he did not answer, she continued. “It excites you, in fact – as I now excite you.”

Thorold began to sense he was losing the initiative. Then it occurred to him that he had never had the initiative. Since his first meeting with her he had been playing the role of victim. He tried to distance himself from his desire for her, but she moved toward him until their bodies touched. Her lips were near his, her breath warm and fragrant and he did not resist when she kissed him. She did not restrain his hand as it caressed her breasts just as he did not prevent her from undoing the buckle of the belt that supported his trousers. He felt a vague feeling of unease, but it did not last. It had been a long time since he had kissed and touched a woman, and he abandoned himself to his desire, a desire enhanced by her perfume, her beauty and her eagerness.

Their passion was frenzied, then gentle at his silent urging until her need overcame his control. They lay, then sweaty and satiated with bodies entwined for some time without speaking until she broke their silence.

“You are full of surprises,” she said with a smile, and kissed him.

He wanted to stay with her, naked, and sleep but she kissed him again before rising to dress.

“Come,” she said, throwing him his clothes. “I have something to show you.”

Outside in the warm air, a nearly full moon in a clear night sky cast still shadows around and upon the house.

## V

Mallam could sense the girl's fear. He did his best to increase it by staring at her while Monica, his young Priestess and mistress, held the girl's arm ready. The room was brightly lit in readiness for the filming of the ritual that was to follow, and Mallam walked slowly toward the girl, a small syringe fitted with a hypodermic needle in his hand.

The girl could not struggle, for a man dressed in a black robe whose face was shadowed by the hood, held her other arm and body, and Mallam carefully pierced the vein of her arm with the needle and filled the syringe with her blood.

“See,” he said to her as he withdrew the needle, “you are mine now!”

The girl began to cry, but he had no pity for her. “Betray me, and I shall kill you – wherever you are.” He showed her the blood-filled syringe for effect. “Take her,” he said to Monica, “and prepare her.”

The Temple was in a large cellar of a house, and Mallam walked around it, ensuring that everything was prepared. The black candles on the stone altar had been lit, the incense was burning, the lights and camera ready. A black inverted pentagram was painted on the red wall behind the altar.

He did not have long to wait. The now naked girl was carried by some of the black robed worshippers and laid upon the altar. Stupefied by drugs, she was smiling and seemed oblivious to the people around her as, behind the bright enclosing circle of camera lights, drumbeats began.

Mallam raised his hands dramatically to signal the beginning of the ritual, his facemask in place.

“Asmodeus! Set! Jaal! Satan! Hear us!” he shouted.

“Hear us!” his followers responded.

“We gather here to offer you the first blood of this girl!”

“Hear us!”

“Hear us, you Lords of the Earth and of the Darkness. This day a new sister shall join us in our worship!” He gestured toward the girl and one after the other, the worshippers kissed her.

“Now we shall dance to your glory!”

The worshippers removed their robes to dance around the altar laughing; screeching and shouting the names of their gods while the drums beat louder and louder. Only Mallam and another man did not join the dance, and Maurice Rhiston let himself be led toward the girl. He did not notice the camera lurking in the darkness and operated by a black robed figure, as he hardly noticed Mallam remove his robe. The girl seemed to be smiling at him as he walked naked toward her. Mallam had offered him the privilege and he could not refuse.

For Rhiston, the orgy that followed did not last long. Mallam, still robed and masked ushered him upstairs into a house where they both dressed before sitting in the comfortable Sitting Room.

“You have done well,” Mallam said. “There are two matters, though, that need your attention.”

“I am only too pleased to help,” an obsequious Maurice said.

“All of this,” Mallam smiled, “is not cheap.”

“I understand.”

“The other little matter is a short trip – to London. I have some contacts there, there will be a film to deliver.”

“As you wish. May I ask you something?”

“Yes.”

“With all these people involved – there is a risk, surely?”

Mallam’s laugh made Maurice even more nervous. “I have the power of my magick to bind them!”

“Yes – but...”

“So you do not believe? I shall show you, as I have shown them!” and his eyes glowed with his intensity of feeling. “Fear! Fear – that is what keeps them silent. Fear of me.” Quick, like lightning, his mood changed. “You like girls – I give you girls. So why should you worry?”

“I’m not worried, really,” Maurice lied. Then, to ingratiate himself, he said, “there is someone I know who might interest you.”

“Who?”

“Shall I say a certain young girl who lives near me.”

“For something like tonight?” And Mallam smiled again.

“Possibly, yes.”

“For yourself, I presume.”

“If you wish it so.”

“I might – because I am beginning to like you. Of course, it would be expensive. All the arrangements, and so on.

“I understand.”

“If you can bring her – I shall take care of the rest. I’ll need details.”

Before Maurice could answer, Monica entered the room. Beneath the black velvet cloak Maurice could see she was naked.

“What do you want?”

“Sorry to interrupt, but there is someone to see you.”

“They can wait.”

“He insists.”

“So what? I’ve better things to do.”

“He mentioned Lianna’s name,” whispered Monica.

Mallam’s face twitched. He indicated Maurice. “Look after him, then.”

A tall man with the face of an undertaker stood in the hallway, holding his hat in his hand. He was dressed well, except the cut of his suit was forty years out of fashion.

“You do not know me,” he said directly. “But we have a common enemy.”

“Is that so?”

“I have information you might find useful.”

“Oh yes?” Mallam pretended indifference.

“I don’t ask much.”

“What makes you think I’m interested?”

“If you are not, there are others.” He turned to leave.

“So what is this information?”

“A place I found out about. She knows about it – but no one else. Special it is, see. For the likes of you – and her.”

“So?”

“There are rich pickings, in that place.”

Mallam was suspicious. “Then why come to me?”

“I need your help. The place, see, where to find it exactly is written about in a sort of code – a secret writing. I know nothing of such matters.” He took a step toward Mallam. “Ever wonder where she gets her money? I’ll tell you. A hoard, from this place.”

Mallam had often wondered. Once, when he had been her pupil for only a few months, he had asked and she laughing had said, “It is a long story. Involving the Templars. I may tell it some day.” He had been infatuated with her even then and could remember most of their conversations. But the months of his learning with her were short, for he lusted after success, wealth, power and results while she urged him toward the difficult – and for him inaccessible – path of self-discovery. So he had drifted away from her teachings, seeking his own path.

“What about this place?” he asked, his curiosity aroused.

“An old preceptory it is – of the Knights Templars. South of here, exactly where is a secret only known to her. But I stole her precious manuscript!”

Mallam controlled his excitement. “How are you involved with her?”

“I’ve seen you – many a time. Coming to the house. The gardens – for years I tended them, made them bloom. These hands, see, they worked for her and her father before her. I paid no heed to their doings. Paid to be quiet, see. But then, after all these years a weeks’ notice is all I got. No thanks. Nothing. No reason given. Turned out of my home, as well. Nothing to show for forty years!”

“A manuscript, you say?”

“Yes, sir. For a price!”

“I would need more proof than your story.”

“Would I cheat you? You pay – a small sum, see – I give you the thing to you. You find something – you give me some more money. You find nothing – you come and find me, have your money back. Is this fair – or is this not fair?” The man held his hands out, palms upward, in a gesture of hopelessness.

It did not take Mallam long to decide. “You have the document with you?”

“You have money to give me now?”

Mallam smiled. “How much?”

“A few hundred pounds, that is all I ask.”

”Wait here.”

Mallam was not away long. He counted the money into the man’s hand. The manuscript the man took from the inside pocket of his jacket consisted of several small pieces of parchment rolled together and tied with a cord.

“I call upon you again,” the man said, “in two weeks.”

Mallam did not answer. He had already untied the cord and unrolled the parchments by the time that man closed the door. Each sheet consisted of several lines of writing in a secret magickal script and, with increasing excitement, he walked slowly toward the stairs and his

own room. The small desk was cluttered with letters, books, bizarre artifacts and empty wine glasses, and he pushed them all aside.

For hours he studied the script, making notes on pieces of paper or consulting some book. Once, Monica entered. At first he did not notice her as she tidied the heap of clothes from the dishevelled bed. But she came to caress his neck with her hand and he pushed her away, shouting, "Leave me alone!"

It was nearing dawn when his efforts of the night were rewarded and with a shaking hand he wrote his transliteration out. The parchments told of how Stephan of Stanhurst, preceptor, had in 1311 and prior to his arrest in Salisbury, taken the great treasure stored in the preceptory at Lydley - property of Roger de Alledone, Knight Templar – to a place of safe keeping. It told how the preceptory was founded in 1160 and how, centuries later, the lands granted with it became the subject of dispute and passed gradually into other grasping hands; for Stephen after his arrest was confined within a Priory and refused to reveal where he had hidden the treasure. But, most importantly to Mallam, it told where the treasure had been stored when the foresightful Roger de Alledone realized the Order was about to be suppressed by Pope Clement V and all its properties and treasures seized.

The name of the building housing the treasure meant nothing to Mallam, but he did recognize the name of the village containing it. As soon as he could, he would buy a large scale map of the village of Stredbow, and begin his search.

## VI

The bright light of the rising sun awoke Thorold, and for several minutes he lay still, remembering where he was and the events of the previous evening and night.

He had not slept well. He had watched the film Lianna had shown him in silence and was almost glad when at its end she had shown him one of the many guest bedrooms, kissed him briefly saying, "I'm sorry, but I always sleep by myself. I shall call you for breakfast."

The film disturbed him not only because of its content but because Lianna, before, during and after it, had made no comment to him about it. For years, Thorold had lived like a recluse – dimly aware of some of the terrible realities of life but content to follow his own inner path. He prided himself on his calm outlook and his intuitive understanding of people, accepting events with an almost child-like innocence. The film had shown what he assumed to be some kind of Black Magick ritual during which a young girl, obviously drugged and

probably only around fourteen years of age, was placed on an altar and forced into several acts of sexual intercourse with men, all of whom had worn face masks to protect their identity. But, coming so soon after his passion with Lianna, the film destroyed his calm. By the time the film ended, his own passion – and the beauty he had felt in his relationship with Lianna – was only a vague remembered dream.

He had felt anger – a desire for the girl somehow to be rescued. But this did not happen. Lianna's face had shown no emotion and he became perplexed because he could not equate the woman with whom he had made love with the woman who, by having such a film, must be somehow connected with the events depicted. And Lianna had left him alone with his feelings.

The sun rose into a clear blue sky and he watched it until it became too bright for his eyes. He dressed quickly, and left to find Lianna. It did not take him long, for he could hear her singing.

She was in the bathroom and he, politely, knocked on the door.

“Do come in!” she said.

She was bathing in the large bath and indicated the chair beside it.

“Did you sleep well?” she asked and smiled.

Her breasts were visible above the foamy water and Thorold blushed and averted his eyes.  
“No, not really.”

“Do you want to join me?” she said mischievously.

“I'd rather talk, actually.”

“About the film, I presume.”

“Yes.”

“Your verdict? I presume you have come to some conclusions.”

She smiled at him and Thorold closed his eyes to her beauty. When he opened them again, she was still smiling.

“Are you – “ he began, hesitant.

“Am I involved, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“What do you feel – sense about me?”

“You really want to know?”

“Of course.”

Thorold sighed. “This is all very strange to me. It’s like a dream. I cannot believe I’m sitting here, in the bathroom of a beautiful woman who last night shared with me something beautiful and who then shows me a ....”

“A perverted film?”

“Basically, yes.”

“But you have not answered my question,” she said, softly.

He shook his head. “I sense you could not be involved in something like that.”

“And?”

“Which leaves the question – why show me the film?”

“To which your answer is?”

“I don’t have an answer. Except –“

“Except what?”

“It has something to do with the subjects we discussed – correction, which you talked about - last night.”

“Nothing else?”

“Actually, it occurred to me that you might be testing me.”

“And if I was, why would that be?”

“I can only guess.

“Guess, then.”

Thorold turned away. “Our relationship.”

“Would you like to join me now?”

Without hesitation, Thorold stripped away his clothes.

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“After breakfast” she had said, “you might like to browse in the library.”

He was surprised to find that the manuscripts he had brought were no longer on the desk but this discovery did not detain him from beginning to inspect the contents of the library. For an hour or more he wandered around the shelves and bookcases reading the titles and

occasionally removing a book. He found a section devoted to classical Greek literature and, among the volumes, several editions of 'Prometheus Bound'. This startled him, as Lianna did when he came up quietly behind him.

"So," she said, observing the copy of Aeschylus he held in his hand, "another secret discovered."

He replaced the book, tried to appear unconcerned, and failed. "You are an intriguing woman."

She laughed. "In both senses of the word!"

"I didn't mean it that way."

"Nevertheless, it is true."

"So I was right after all. Our meeting was obviously not by chance."

"Is anything?"

Thorold ignored the remark. His feelings became confused again. And his pride was hurt. "So, how can I help?" he asked, almost angry.

"Help is not exactly the right word."

"Is that so?"

She answered softly and slowly. "I would say 'partnership' is the word that captures the essence."

He could see her, outwardly unperturbed, watch him as she waited for his reply and as he did so he became aware of his own feeling for her. He wanted her to elaborate, but dared not ask directly in case he had misunderstood her usage of the word. He was still trying to think of something reasonable to say when she spoke.

“You are,” she said, “unusual for a man in being so sensitive.”

Thorold was unsure whether he was pleased or insulted, and said nothing.

“That is,” she continued, “one of the qualities that attracted me to you. I have watched you for some time.”

“Say again?”

“I met you once before – although you will probably not remember. You were walking, one morning very early, along by the river. I was there, too. You passed me, and smiled. You revealed yourself through your eyes.”

Thorold tried, but could not remember the incident. He began to tremble, thinking in his innocence that she spoke of love. But her speaking dismayed him.

“I shall be honest with you, now – and cease to play games.” She sat on the edge of the desk, but Thorold remained silent and still. “You see around you what I possess, and you have, I believe, some intimation of some of my interests and activities. I am approaching that time in my life when certain changes are inevitable. Before that time, there is one role I would like to fulfill. But more than that I wanted companionship. Of course, I could have, with you, carried on as I began. But I wanted you to know, to understand. Because of who I am and because of – shall I say? – my interest, there was really no other way.

“Also, you have other qualities, besides sensitivity – or perhaps I should say, besides your empathy. At this moment in time, you yourself are probably unaware of them. But they are important to me – to my interests.”

“In all this,” Thorold said, “haven’t you forgotten something?”

For a few seconds Lianna looked wistful. “I don’t think so.”

“Spontaneity? Love?”

“That’s two things,” she smiled.

For an instant, Thorold thought of abruptly leaving, slamming the door as a gesture of his intent. He did make a move in that direction, but he was already smiling in response to her remark.

“What am I letting myself in for?” he said humorously as he turned toward her again.

“Paternity?”

“And I thought romance was dead!”

“You will stay tonight, then?”

“I might consider it – if I have any energy left.”

“I shall make sure you have! But now, there is someone I would like you to meet.”

“No more games – or tests?”

“Naturally not. It is only a short drive. You may drive me, if you wish.”

Thorold bowed in deference. “Of course, ma’am. There be, like” he said in a demotic voice, “one little problem, your Ladyship. I canna’ drive.”

She started to play her allotted role, then thought better of it and said, seriously, “Really? I didn’t know.”

Thorold made an imaginary mark on an imaginary board with his finger. “One up for me, then!”

She did not quite know how to react to his playfulness. “Do you wish to learn?” she asked.

“What?”

“To drive, of course.”

“Not really. I’m quite content walking. Why should I want to leave Shropshire? All I need is here – within walking distance usually.”

“But your business, surely,” she said.

“A few trips a year – by train. The fewer, the better.”

Nearby, a pendulum clock struck the hour. “Come,” she urged, “or we shall be late.”

“May I ask to where?”

“Oh a small village, not far”

“Why the rush?”

“Because it is seven o’clock already, and we have to arrive before someone else.”

“I suppose all will be revealed?”

She smiled. “Possibly.”

Thorold followed her out of the library. He was curious, perplexed and pleased. Her dress was thin, and suited to the warm weather and he had noticed, while she talked, how her nipples stood out. He could not help his feelings, and as he watched her collect her keys from a table in the hall, turn and briefly smile at him, he realized he was in love.

Compared to that feeling, the reason for the journey was not important to him. Outside, he could hear cats fighting.

## VII

Lianna was right. Their journey was not long even though she took the longer route. She drove along the narrow, twisty lanes southeast of Shrewsbury town to pass the *Tree with the House in It*, the wood containing *Black Dick's Lake*, to take the steep lane up toward Causeway Wood.

"This lane," she said, breaking their silence, "used to be called the Devil's Highway. Just there –" and she indicated an overgrown hedge, "was a well called Frog Well where three frogs lived. The largest was, of course, called Satan and the other two were imps of his."

The lane rose, to twist, then fall to turn and rise again, always bound by high hedge and always narrow. A few farms lay scattered among the valleys and the hills on either side, a few cottages beside it and Thorold caught glimpses of nearby Lawley Hill and wooded banks and ridges that he did not know.

The village she drove through was quiet, its houses, cottages and church mostly built from the same gray stone, and Thorold was surprised when she stopped beside an old timbered cottage whose curtainless small windows were covered in grime.

"Wait here, will you?" she asked.

Thorold watched her enter the door of the cottage without knocking. For over ten minutes he waited. But the heat of the sun made the car stuffy and uncomfortable, and he got out to walk toward the cottage gate. As he did so a man appeared, quite suddenly from the small rutted driveway across the road. He was old, dressed in worn working clothes and wore a battered hat.

"You not been here before, then?" he asked Thorold.

A surprised Thorold stopped, and turned. "Er, no I haven't."

"You come for The Giving, then?"

Before he could reply, Lianna appeared beside him. She smiled at the old man, nodded and held Thorold's hand. Thorold saw the man's look of surprise, and the old man raised his hat, slightly, bowed just a little toward Lianna and shuffled away, back along the tree-shadowed driveway.

"Come on," she said to Thorold, "I shall show you round."

She still held his hand as they walked along the lane toward the mound and the church. Her gesture pleased him, but she did not speak and he let himself be led sun-wise around the mound, up through the wooden gate and through under the shade of the trees. She lingered, briefly, by the largest oak to take him down and back toward her car. A young woman in a rather old-fashioned dress stood near it.

"I shall not be long," Lianna said, and left him, to walk the fifty yards.

He could not hear what was said between the two women, but several times the young stranger turned to look at him. Then, she seemed to curtsy slightly to Lianna before walking away, but the movement was so quick Thorold believed he had been mistaken.

Lianna beckoned to him and he, obedient, went toward her.

"There is something else I would like to show you." She opened the passenger door of her car for him.

"What did you think?" she asked as they drove away from the village.

"Of what?"

"The village, of course."

"Alright. Seemed a very quiet place. They seemed to know you."

She avoided the subject by saying, "Do you ever see your wife?"

"Occasionally. Why do you ask?"

“You never divorced.”

Her words confirmed Thorold’s earlier suspicions. “So, you’ve been checking up on me?”

“Of course! You are still friends, then?”

“Yes. Where exactly are we going?”

“Just a place I know. Very efficacious – for certain things. A stone circle, in fact.”

The lane gave way to a wide road that took them down and turning into the Stretton valley, through the township and up the steep Burway track to the heather-covered, sheep-strewn Mynd. The turning she took, brought them down over Wild Moor to a stream filled valley of scattered farmsteads, up over moor, past the jagged rocks of the Stiperstones, past woods and abandoned mine-workings and high hills, to a narrow rutted track.

“Just a short walk,” she said, and briefly touched his face with her fingers.

The moorland was exposed and covered in places by fern, almost encircled by distant undulating hills. Thorold had walked the path before, in a storm, to the clearing which contained a flattened circle of stones, some tall, some broken and some fallen. He had not stayed long then, for his walk of that day was long and the weather bad. Now, a breeze cooled him as he walked beside Lianna, and she held his hand as they entered the circle to stand at its centre.

“Looks like someone has lit a fire recently,” Thorold said, indicating the burned ground under their feet.

In answer, Lianna kissed him and guided his body to the Earth. She did not need to encourage him further. His passion was strong but her need and frenzy were stronger and his body soon arched upon hers in orgasmic ecstasy to leave him relaxed and sleep-inclined.

“I must go now,” she suddenly said before rising and smoothing down her dress. “Meet me

on June the twenty-first outside the church in the village. At dawn. And do not worry about what you saw in the film. I will solve that particular problem – in my own way.” She bent down to touch his forehead with her hand. “Sleep now, and remember me.”

No sooner had she touched him than he was asleep, and she pulled up his trousers and re-fastened his belt before walking back along the track to her car.

Almost an hour later, Thorold awoke. She was not waiting for him by her car as he hoped and he walked slowly under the hot sun along the road and away from the stone circle. He walked for miles without stopping and when he did stop his memory of her was like a dream. A few cars and other vehicles passed him as he continued walking along the road past the wooded sides of Shelve Hill and down toward Hope Valley, but he did not try to stop them to ask for their assistance. There was a shop in the village at the valley’s bottom but he passed it by, unwilling to break the rhythm of his walking. He wondered about the lateness of the hour, about customers waiting for his shop to open, about Lianna and her strange interests.

There was little breeze to dry the sweat, which covered him as he walked, and he would stop, occasionally, to wipe the forehead with his hand. He did not mind the sweat, the heat or even his walking, and the nearer he came to Shrewsbury town, following the road down from the hills to the well-farmed plain around the town, the more he became convinced of the folly of his love. He began to convince himself that he did not care about Lianna – that she was only a brief liaison to be well and happily remembered in the twilight years of his life. But he nevertheless took the town roads that led toward her house.

He stood outside her gate for a long time, aware of his thirst for water and his sweat-filled clothes. For almost five hours he had walked toward his goal, and he stood before it exhausted and dizzy but still determined.

No one came to answer his loud rapping on the door of the house, and he wandered round, peering in the windows. Around the back, a young woman was kneeling as she tended a bed of bright flowers, and she smiled at Thorold before rising and saying, “Hello! Can I help you?”

Her face and bare arms were sunburned, and as she came closer, Thorold could see her hands were roughened and hard.

“I came to see Lianna.”

“Ah! You must be Thorold. She told me to expect you.”

“Is she in?”

“Afraid not.”

“Do you know when she will be back?”

“Three to four weeks.”

“Are you sure?”

“Quite.”

“Do you know where she has gone?”

“Amsterdam, she said.”

In the middle of the large expanse of well-tended lawn, a sprinkler showered water, and Thorold went toward it to stand in the spray. The coolness refreshed him, and he washed his face and neck several times with his hands before cupping his palms together to try to catch sufficient water to drink. He was not very successful.

The young woman with the sad face watched him, bemused.

“Would you like a drink?” she finally asked.

“If you don’t mind.” He left the spray to stand in the sun.

He followed her to a small outbuilding shaded by the branches of a walnut tree. Inside, and neatly arranged, was a large selection of gardening tools, two small tables and some chairs. A small sink and tap adorned one wall.

“Tea?” she asked, and seeing his surprise, added, “I was about to make one for myself.”

“You work here, then?”

“Sometimes.”

She smiled, and her smile reminded Thorold of Lianna and the reason why he had come. He thought, briefly, of rushing away to an airport to find her, but this romantic impulse did not last. He felt physically exhausted from his walk and emotionally confused, a piece in a game Lianna was playing. And his own pride was sometimes quite strong.

“Actually,” the woman said, intruding upon his thoughts, as she filled the kettle with water, “my father is the gardener here. He’s away at the moment.” She handed him a towel.

Thorold did not mind its colour or the stains. “Does she often go away?”

“Quite often, yes.”

“I know this may sound strange,” Thorold said, “but I don’t know her surname.”

“Alledone.” She smiled as she said the name.

Its significance escaped Thorold. “Mine’s Imlach, but you can call me Sarah.” The young woman smiled again, and began to remove her clothes.

## VIII

It was if Thorold could still hear her laughter. He had left, as she had stood naked before him. It was not that he was not aroused by the sight of her lithe body; it was that he felt himself again part of a game Lianna was playing.

He had left without speaking, and her laughter seemed to mock him. He did not care for

long. His tiredness, hunger and thirst returned, and he walked almost as if in a trance of his Apartment. He drank, ate and rested, and when darkness came he lay himself wearily down to sleep. His sleep was fitful, disturbed by images of Lianna. Once, she appeared before him smiling and dressed in black. They were in a dark and cold place; full of mists and smells and when she kissed him it was as if she was sucking life from him. He felt dizzy and exhausted, and when she stopped to stand back and laugh, he fell to the ground where rats waited.

Several times during the night he awoke shouting and covered in sweat. Morning found him tired but restless and mentally disturbed. Outside his dwelling, the weather was cloudless and hot, but he himself felt cold, and dressed accordingly.

Dawn had long since passed when he left to walk to his shop and, despite the lateness of the hour; he was surprised to find the town quiet. Only on entering his shop did he remember it was Sunday. Momentarily pleased, he left to walk up the narrow street toward the trees and spaces of Quarry Park. For some time he stood by the wrought iron gates, looking down toward the river, and while he stood, absorbed in his thoughts and feelings about Lianna, church bells tolled, calling the faithful to prayer.

The sound pleased him, as the weather itself did, but he began to shiver from cold. But the strange sensation did not last and he began to slowly walk beside the old town walls toward the reddish-gray stones of the Catholic Cathedral.

Mass had not long ended, and he could still smell burning wax from the altar candles. A faint fragrance of incense remained and, conditioned by his childhood, he performed a genuflection before seating himself near the altar. Even in the years of his apostasy he had often visited churches of the religion of his youth, finding within them a peace and tranquillity which pleased him and which drew him back. He did not know the reason for this, and although he had thought about it occasionally, he had left the matter alone, content just to accept the feeling, whatever its cause. Once, his wife – tired of such visits and such silent sittings – had challenged him repeatedly on the matter, and he, unwilling to speak, had muttered briefly about the stones and the space within the building as creating a special atmosphere. He had partly believed himself, but a vague suspicion about God remained. All his subsequent visits during the years of his marriage he had made alone.

He sat on the wooden pew gently breathing and still for a long time, free from thoughts and feelings about Lianna and was about to leave, calm and happy, when a Priest walking toward the altar turned toward him and smiled.

The man was young – too young, Thorold thought, to be a Priest. His face was gentle, his

smile kind and in the moment that measured the meeting of their eyes Thorold felt a holy aura about the man. It was a strange sensation – a mixture of joy and sadness – and possessed for Thorold a uniqueness, bringing back memories from the years of his youth: the sound of the communion bell, the reverence as the head was bowed, the host shown; the smell of incense... Then the Priest genuflected, and walked through the sacristy door.

Thorold followed, consumed by a desire to speak to the Priest. But the sacristy was empty and, beyond in the narrow corridor, a balding bespectacled man in a cassock mumbled words from a Breviary he held in his hand.

“Yes. Can I help you?” he asked as he saw Thorold.

“Yes – I’m looking for the young Priest who just came this way.”

The old man squinted, closed his Breviary, and said, “Young man, you say? No one else is here but me.”

“But – “ Thorold looked up and down the corridor, back toward the sacristy, and as he did so he realized he had seen a ghost.

“Father –“ Thorold began.

“Yes?”

“Can I talk to you for a moment?”

The old Priest started to look at his wristwatch, thought better of it, and said, “Yes, of course. Shall we go into the garden?”

He led Thorold down the corridor, through several doors, rooms and a passage, into a small but neat garden. He indicated a wooden bench.

“Do you believe,” Thorold asked directly, “that Satanism exists today?”

The Priest smiled. “I myself do, of course. But some of our younger brethren have different

ideas.”

“About Satan?”

“Indeed.”

“And such people – would they have any powers?”

“To an extent, yes. I remember reading somewhere – a long time ago...” He thought for a moment, removed his spectacles, cleaned the lenses with a handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose and continued. “Joseph de Tonquedec I believe it was, who said something like *‘the Devil’s interventions in the material realm are always particular and are of two kinds, corresponding to miracle and Providence on the divine side. For just as there are divine miracles, so there are diabolical signs and wonders.’*” He replaced his spectacles, squinted at Thorold, and said, “Why do you ask?”

“Curiosity.”

“Curiosity, of course,” smiled the Priest.

“And these people, when they want to – how shall I say? – draw someone into their circle, how would that person feel?”

“I am no authority on such matters.”

“But surely you have heard things?”

“Heard things? Yes, of course. I have been in Holy Orders a long time.”

“And?”

“I remember one incident – years ago. Many years ago. A young girl was involved. There was a man – whether he actually worshipped the Devil, I do not know, but he was said to. He brought this girl under his influence. Gradually, of course, for that is how I believe they work. She who was happy became joyless – a shell. For he sucked the life from her.

Thinking back now, she was like an addict – needing him.” The Priest kept his silence for a long time.

When he did not speak, Thorold asked, “And what became of her – and him?”

“Oh, she died – wasted away. He left the country. Never heard of him again. My first Parish. Her family of course kept the matter quiet. That’s how they work: slowly, offering to their victims what that victim most desires. For some, it is money, others power – for others perhaps love and affection. When they have that person under their control - they have one more soul for the Devil. He rewards them, of course, for bringing such a prize.” He looked at his wristwatch. “Just curiosity, you say?” When Thorold did not reply, he added, “I have a friend, a monk, who knows more about such matters.”

“No. No, thank you, Father. I must be going now.”

He stood up.

“As you wish,” the Priest said and smiled.

“Thank you, Father.” Thorold turned, and hurried away, back through the church and into the bright sunlight.

He felt cold again, and walked briskly back along the path by the narrow road toward Quarry Park, aware as he did so of a man behind him. The man stopped when he stopped, waited when he waited, and walked when he did, many yards behind. Thorold felt a brief fear. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly for him, he felt anger and turned to walk back to face the man.

The man was tall, his face tanned and lined by decades of weather. He held in his hat in his hand and his heavy unfashionable suit seemed to be unsuited to the hot weather.

“Why are you following me?” Thorold demanded.

“I am Imlach.”

Thorold's surprise lasted only a few seconds. "Well, you can tell Lianna that I'm not playing any more of her games! I never want to see her again!" His anger, frustration and incipient fear moulded his words and he felt himself shaking.

"You will be there," Imlach said, with menace in his voice, "on the twenty-first as she instructed." He touched Thorold's shoulder, placed his hat upon his head and abruptly turned to walk away, down the hill.

Thorold did not watch for long. But he had taken only a few steps back toward his shop when he realized the coldness he had felt was gone.

Around him, he felt he could hear Imlach's daughter laughing.

## IX

Carefully, in the dawn light which entered his room, Mallam refolded the parchment before hiding it, safely he thought, behind the mirror on the wall. He felt unusually excited, almost possessed, by a desire to find and steal Lianna's secret horde.

He found Monica asleep downstairs on the sofa, the house quiet and otherwise quite empty. He did not like the silence, and turned the radio on loudly.

"Come on, wake up!" He shook Monica several times.

"What?" she mumbled.

"Get up! I want some breakfast," he demanded.

"What time is it?"

"About four. Come on – I've got to go out soon."

Monica turned over intent on resuming her sleep.

“Get up you lazy bitch!” he shouted.

“Leave me alone,” she mumbled.

“Get up!” he snarled, and shook her again.

“I’m tired.”

“I want some breakfast!”

“Get you own.”

This sign of defiance, meek though it was, enraged Mallam, and he took her by the shoulders to throw her onto the floor.

“Get off me!” she screamed. In the struggle, she kicked him.

“You whore! You bitch!” Mallam shouted and began to beat her body with his fists.

She tried to protect herself with her arms, but to no avail, and Mallam in his fury, ripped off her dress.

“You like this, don’t you?” he smirked as he fumbled with the belt on his trousers.

But Monica was crying, and tried desperately to wriggle free. He slapped her face several times before attempting to kiss her. Suddenly, her flailing hand touched a lamp knocked over in the struggle and before she was aware of what she was doing, she hit his head with it several times. He groaned, then collapsed but she pushed his body from her.

He was only stunned by the blows, and she took advantage of this to grasp her dress and flee from the room and house. Her dress was torn, but she did not care, and she put it on before running away.

It did not take him long to recover. He changed his clothes, collected a large portion of the money he had hidden in the house, and left to find her. He toured the streets around the house in his car, then, finding nothing, drove to her Flat. The streets around the Abbey were deserted and he parked in the shadow of the large old Benedictine building to wait and watch the row of terraced houses across the road. A few cars passed while he waited, and he was soon bored.

He thought the church was mocking him, and he spat in its direction before crossing the road to unlock the front door with his key. Her Flat was on the ground floor, and faced the Abbey, a fact that he had detested on his infrequent visits. Quietly, he opened her door and it did not take him long to wreck her few possessions, and he sat at the table by the window to wait for her. Her clothes he had torn and scattered on the floor, and with a knife from her small kitchen he had slashed her bedding, her pictures and anything else he could find. Her Teddy bear he had disembowelled and set upon the table before him.

The longer he waited, the more frustrated he became until, after hours of waiting, he smashed the table, the chairs and overturned her bed. Then, hearing movement in the Flat above, he crept out into the bright sun of morning.

He drove fast and almost recklessly away from the town toward the village of Stredbow, remembering his greed and his hatred of Lianna. He left his car near the mound of the church and wandered around the quiet village trying to locate the house and, when he did, he was not impressed, as a tourist might have been by the black and white half-timbered, if somewhat restored, house. The front garden of the residence was separated from the narrow lane by a low wall of large stones, and, set back in a corner of the grounds and almost obscured by a tree, Mallam saw a small stone building. The stones were worn by the weather of centuries, and he was considering how best to sneak toward when he knew to be his goal – whether then or later that night – when a young woman in an old fashioned dress came out of the house toward him.

Her face was round and her cheeks red and she had gathered her hair in a band behind her neck.

“It’s a fair old morning, isn’t it?” she asked and smiled.

Immediately, Mallam thought her stupid and dull. “Yes!” he agreed, trying to ingratiate himself.

“You passing through, then?” She stood by the low wooden gate, resting her hands on its top.

“Yes. Yes I am.”

“Come far, have you?”

“No, not really.”

“Be a hot day, again.”

“Yes. I don’t suppose,” he asked and smiled at her, “there is anywhere I could get a cup of tea. Only I’ve been driving all night.”

“Can’t say as I can think of anywhere. Lest ways, not round here.”

“Oh.” He tried to sound disappointed.

“You must be hot – in all them black clothes.”

“Yes – I am a bit.”

“Well – “ she began before looking him over, letting her eyes linger for a while on his crotch, “I suppose I could see my way to letting you have some water. You want to come into my kitchen? It’s cool in there – and what with you being so hot.”

“Yes, that would be fine.” He concealed his glee.

“Follow me, then.”

He did, his mind already full of scheming.

“Sit yourself down.”

The kitchen was large, cool and full of old furnishings. Bunches of drying herbs hung from the walls, and rows of cork-stoppered glass jars adorned nearly all the other spaces. Most seemed to contain herbs or spices but a few appeared to Mallam to contain parts of animals or insects. He could not be sure for the strong odours made him feel dizzy.

“Sit you down.”

She brought him an earthenware mug full of water, which she placed on the old table beside him.

“Good water, that is. From the well. None of your piped stuff.”

Mallam drank, and began to feel better. “You have a well, then?” he asked.

“Been here for centuries, that well.”

“That old building in your garden – that’s not it, is it?”

“That? No – that belongs to her!” She almost spat the last word out.

“Who?”

“She herself who owns this house – and most of the village. You mark my words, one day that family will pay for what its done!”

“So that old building is not yours, then?”

“Keeps it locked, she does. Once or twice a year she comes to it. Nobody I know has seen inside.”

“You don’t like her then?”

“No one here does, I tell you. For as long as anyone can remember her family have owned all the land here - and the houses what’s in them.”

The woman looked around while she spoke, and Mallam guessed she was afraid.

“She herself does not live here, in the village?”

“Why no! Got a big house in Shrewsbury town, she has. And others elsewhere – abroad, as well. You feeling better now, then?”

“Yes, thanks.”

“You’d best be going.”

Mallam sensed the sudden change in her mood, as if her resentment had overcome all her other feelings. Mallam had no doubt that the woman had referred to Lianna, and he began to form a plan of action in his mind.

“The water is good, as you said. Can I take some with me?”

“If you like. I got an empty bottle somewhere.”

“Your husband out, then?”

She filled the bottle from an urn by the sink before answering. “In the fields, yes. Since dawn.”

“You must get lonely.”

“There, take that with you.” She handed him the bottle. Its shape and rubber stopper gave away its age.

Mallam stood up to face her. “I’ll bring the bottle back, if you wish.”

“If you like.”

“I often pass this way. Well, nearby.”

They stood watching each other. Mallam felt she was waiting for him to make the first gesture of their intent, and he was about to raise his hand to touch her face when she turned away.

“Folk around here talk,” she said. “You’d best be away.”

She walked him to the door, where he said, “What would be the best time for me to call for more water?”

“Sunday, after dark. Wait by there.” She indicated the stone building.

“Until then.” He did not look back as he walked along the path, through the gate and back up along the lane toward his car, elated by his success and his plan. She would, he thought, be easy to control. He had seen the desire plain on her face, sensed her frustration. He had it all worked out in his mind – a homely woman, young and burdened with a desire her hard-working husband could not or would not fulfill. He would play his role, and gain access to the building, which he was certain would contain the treasure of the Templars.

Happy and contented, he drove away from the village. He would forget about Monica – she was just another whore, and there were plenty more, as there were plenty more girls ready to be enticed into his group. Maurice Rhiston, he felt sure, would not fail him.

## X

Thorold spent the hours of the morning walking slowly or sitting by the river as it wound its way through the town, and when he did return to his Apartment he was tired and thirsty and still thinking about Lianna. For once, the hot sun in a clear deep blue sky did not bring forth a mood of peace and contentment, and he trudged wearily up the short overgrown path that led from the river to the road of his dwelling.

A woman was sitting on his doorstep, and he sighed, thinking of Lianna and the games she played with people. The woman was a pitiful sight to him – her face was swollen, she was barefoot and her dark dress was torn. She saw him approaching, and rose.

“Hello!” he said like a simpleton.

Monica smiled at him.

“Can I help you?” he asked. She nodded, but said nothing and Thorold could see the fear in her eyes. “You’d better come in,” he said.

Across the street he could see a net-curtain twitching in the bottom Apartment. His dwelling was stuffy and hot, and he opened all the windows. By the time he had finished the woman had curled up and fallen asleep on the sofa. He covered her with a blanket. She was young; her oval face enchanting despite the swelling, and Thorold searched his own wardrobes for suitable clothes for her, which might fit.

For hours she slept, and when she did awake, he sat by her on the floor.

“Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“You haven’t got anything stronger, have you?”

“Sorry, no. But I do have a good selection of teas. Any preference?”

“Not really.” Her smile was forced.

“Are you hungry?”

“A little, yes.”

“Some toast, then?”

“That would be nice. You’re very kind.”

Embarrassed, Thorold stood up. "Mind if I ask," he said as he busied himself in his kitchen, "what you were doing on my doorstep."

"Waiting for you of course!"

"I suppose that is logical. There are some clothes there, if you want to try them."

"Thanks, I will. You have a bathroom, I presume."

"Down the hall, second door."

She returned wearing a shirt several sizes too large and a pair of jeans that almost fitted. He presented her with a tray containing teapot, jug of milk, cup and saucer and a plate of buttered toast.

"I was right about you," she said softly, taking the tray.

"Since we have not met, Thorold said, "may I introduce myself?"

"Thorold West," she replied.

"Ah! My fame precedes me! And you are?"

"Monica."

"Well, Monica, I suppose that a certain lady sent you?"

"Sorry?"

"Lianna. Or perhaps I should say Alledone."

“No.”

“But you do know her?”

“Not exactly. Perhaps I should explain.”

“It might help – after you’ve finished your tea, of course.”

He sat beside her, and waited, occasionally smiling when she stole a look at his face.

“The person who did this –“ she gestured toward her face, “was watching you because you were involved with that woman. He was an ex-pupil of hers but they disagreed about his activities.”

Thorold guessed her meaning. “Young girls?”

“You know, then?”

“Just a guess. What’s his name?”

“Mallam. Edgar Mallam.”

“And he did that to you?”

“Yes.”

Thorold’s objectivity began to disappear. The film he had seen, the physically abused woman who sat beside him, his own fading but still present and mixed feelings about Lianna, all combined to undermine his calm resigned acceptance of the world and its darker deeds.

“He sent me to follow you – once,” she said.

“I must be more observant in the future!” When she did not return his smile, he said, “tell me about yourself – only if you want though.”

“And if I do – will you still help me?”

“It is my help you want, then?”

“Yes. I want out. I’m finished with them.”

Slowly at first, then with increasing confidence as she saw he was not repulsed or disapproving, she explained about her life. The parties at University, the half-serious searching for new experiences which led her and some friends into a kind of ‘Black Magick’ sect and a meeting with Mallam. It had been, for her, a game at first – a revolt against her upbringing, her parents and what she saw as society. She had enjoyed herself – and was gradually drawn deeper and deeper into the activities of this sect.

“I knew what was going on,” she concluded. “At first, I did not care. Then he – Mallam – chose me as his Priestess. I was flattered. I had power over others and for a long time I thought I was in love with him. But I began to feel disturbed at some things he and the others were doing. Then this – it sobered me up!” She laughed, a little, at herself. “I should have come to you sooner. I spent yesterday and last night hiding in the town.”

“How do you know you can trust me?”

She sighed. “I have to start somewhere – trusting someone. Anyway – you’ve got a kind face!”

“Have you thought of going to the Police?”

“Yes – but what could they do? They need evidence.”

“You could give them plenty.”

“Not really. Now I’m gone he’ll change all of his arrangements – even the places they use.”

“Any you still fear him?”

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“Do you live in Shrewsbury?”

“Yes. Why?”

“I thought – “

“I couldn’t go back there!” He’s probably got someone watching the place.”

“What do you intend to do?”

“I know it’s asking a lot, but could I stay here - at least for a few days?”

Thorold liked living by himself, but his compassion for the woman overcame his objections.

“Well, actually, I suppose so – for a few days.’

“You are kind!” And she kissed him.

Embarrassed again, Thorold stood up. “We could go to your place and collect some clothes for you. Those are not exactly a good fit.”

“He might be waiting,” she said softly.

“Is that so? I’ll telephone for a taxi, then.”

The wait and the journey were not long, and he stood beside her while she rang the doorbell of the Flat above.

“Hi!” she said in greeting to the dishevelled man who opened the door. “Forgot my front

door key again! Sorry!”

The man yawned, scratched his face and sauntered back up the stairs.

“Can you?” Monica asked Thorold, pointing at the door to her Flat.

“Are you sure?”

“I won’t be coming back here again.”

Thorold tested the door, stepped back, and kicked it hard, bursting the lock open. Monica said nothing about the devastation Mallam had caused, but stood by the window, cuddling her torn Teddy bear and crying while Thorold began to sort through the devastation to find undamaged clothes and belongings. He found a suitcase for his collection, took Monica’s hand and led her, still crying and clutching her bear, out to where the taxi waited. He saw no one watching them, or following the taxi, and relaxed, wanting to hold her hand as a gesture but unwilling to commit himself in case his gesture was misunderstood.

Books adorned the floor and bed of his spare room, and on his return he removed them.

“Come on,” he said as she sat still on his sofa holding the bear. “I shall show you your room, and then we can begin.”

She looked at him nervously, so he added, “finding evidence to use against him.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I presume you want to.”

“What?” she asked defensively.

“Find evidence?”

“I suppose so. I hadn’t really thought about it. I just wanted to get away. I have no friends

here – he saw to that.”

“Can you drive?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

“But I don’t have a license. Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Are you involved – in her activities?”

“The mysterious Lianna Alledone herself you mean?”

“No. She bought some books and manuscripts form me. That’s all.”

“Really?” Her expression was of surprise and belief in what he had said.

He did not want to lie to her. “Well, there was something else, but that is over now.”

She smiled, and held up her bear. “Let me introduce you. Reginald, say hello to Thorold.” She waved his paw.

“Hello, Reginald!” a bemused Thorold said.

“Regi to his friends.”

“Hello Regi!”

“Do you have a needle and some thread?”

“Somewhere. Going to do a bit of minor surgery, then?”

She patted Regi’s head. “It’s alright, Regi, it won’t hurt. Honest.”

Thorold sighed. “I hope I’m not going to regret this.”

“What – lending me a needle and thread?”

It was not what he meant, and she knew it, as he instantly understood her playfulness. He felt comfortable with her and re-assured – for in the first moments of their meeting he had liked her. Unwilling to think about his feelings further, he said, “You know where he lives?”

“Yes.”

“Then I suggest we eat, provide ourselves with some transport and begin our quest.”

She saluted in good-humoured mockery. “Just one thing, General.”

“Yes?”

“Can I have a bath first, please?”

“You don’t have to ask.”

A speeding car braked suddenly in the road outside and he saw Monica wince and hold her bear tightly. It was only a car avoiding a strolling cat, and as he returned from looking out the window, her fear made him resolve to seek out and destroy Mallam: her tormentor and the molester of children. His resolution made him forget both his dreams about, and his memories of, Lianna.

## XI

Several times, while Monica lay in his bath singing to herself, Thorold resisted the temptation to wander into the bathroom on some pretext or other. Instead, he busied himself by telephoning one of his few friends.

He spoke quietly, not wishing to be overheard, and ended the conversation abruptly when Monica entered the room, dressed in some of her rescued clothes.

“I shall see you shortly, then,” he said and replaced the telephone receiver.

“A friend?” Monica asked.

“Just arranging some transport. Are you ready?”

“What for?”

“I thought we would eat out.”

“That would be nice.” She went toward him to kiss him to thank him for his kindness, and then decided against it, thinking he might misinterpret her gesture.

The evening was humid; the sun hazy and there was no breeze to cool them as they walked the streets that took them to the centre of the town. The restaurant Thorold chose was small, its food plain but wholesome and its windows overlooked the river – a fact which appealed to him. The waiter recognized him, and pretended not to see Monica’s swollen face.

“Good evening, Mr. West. A table by the window?”

Thorold nodded, embarrassed, believing Monica would think he had chosen the restaurant to impress her.

They ate in silence for a long time until Thorold said, “what do you know about Mallam’s

connection with Lianna?

“Not much. He approached her about a year ago - wanted to learn about her tradition.”

“Which is what?”

“What she called the seven-fold sinister way – or something similar.”

“Satanism?”

“Not in the conventional sense. Our friend Mallam,” and she smiled, “takes that route. He showed me a book she had given him.”

“Oh, yes?”

“*The Black Book of Satan* I believe it was called. She believes that each individual can achieve greatness: but that must come through self-insight. There are certain rituals – ceremonies – to bring this.”

“And Mallam?”

“He wants power and pleasure – for himself.”

“And is prepared to do anything to achieve it.”

“Yes.”

“But she – Lianna – still uses people.”

“Yes. I think she was using Edgar. But why and for what purpose, I don’t know. In her book I remember reading about members of the sect being given various tests and led into diverse experiences. These were supposed to develop their personality.”

“Doesn’t sound like Satanism to me.”

“Well, some of the experiences involved confronting the dark or shadow aspect: that hidden self which lies in us all. Liberating it through experiences. Then rising above it.”

“And Mallam and his cronies? They wallow in their dark side – without transcending it?”

“Something like that. Enough of him – tell me about yourself. If you want to, that is.”

“Not much to tell, actually.”

“That’s not what I’ve heard.”

Thorold soon hid his surprise. “Oh, yes?”

“He found out about your past,” she said softly.

“Is that why you came to me?”

“Yes.”

Thorold smiled. “And I thought it was just because of my kind face!”

“So it’s true?”

“That depends. How did he come by such information?”

“Someone involved in the sect was once a Policeman – through his contacts.”

Thorold sighed. He had guessed that Lianna had discovered at least something about his past, but this new revelation dismayed him, although not for long.

“Do you want to talk about it?” she asked.

“Not really.”

“That’s fine by me. I’m not as bad as you think. Your past is yours, just as mine is mine. What is important is what we are now.”

“Your past does not matter to me.”

“Likewise.” And she smiled.

“However did you become involved with such people? Thorold sighed.

“Not the type you mean?”

“Not really. How did you become involved?”

“I suppose – “ She stopped, waiting until the waiter had removed their dishes and served them coffee. “I just wanted more and more ‘highs’. I remember I used to find that with men – the first intimate touch, the first French kiss, and then the exploration of the new. Of course, what followed was good. Well, some of the time,” she laughed. “But – I don’t know – it was, how can I say, the excitement, the build-up that really got me. I just couldn’t get enough of that feeling. What Mallam and his sect offered seemed – at the time – just an extension of that.”

“I do know what you mean. It’s why I used to do what I did. There was an ecstasy there – a feeling, which made me, exult. Most men fight not because of idealism or patriotism or whatever, but because they enjoy it. They like living on the edge of death. It gives them a feeling that ordinary life cannot match.”

For a long time they looked at each other until he said: “I used to live with that feeling – or searched for it, like you perhaps, but in a different way.”

“Then something happens to bring you down to reality.”

“Usually other people.”

“A big slap in the face - literally, with me!” she laughed at her own misfortune. “So what happened to you?”

“I won’t bore you with the details – you know the rest, I’m sure.”

“But the Court of Inquiry exonerated you?”

“That does not stop people talking.”

“So you resigned.”

“Only way. I put it all behind me – to live quietly.”

“Until now.”

“I suppose I knew it couldn’t last forever. You don’t change that much in a decade. Not deep inside. You only pretend to yourself. I’ve just stopped pretending.”

“So now what?”

“I pay the bill and we go. That’s enough talking!”

Outside, the streets were busy with people, the road burdened by traffic flowing past the monument to Hotspur, past the tall spire of St. Mary’s church to descend down the steepness of Wyle Cop.

“He does not live far,” said Thorold unhelpfully.

“Who?”

“Oh, didn’t I say? The chap who is going to lend me his motorcycle.”

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“You must know him well,” Monica said as she struggled into the leather motorcycle suit.

Thorold ignored the remark. “You’re about the same size as his wife, fortunately. Hope the helmet fits.”

“I hope you can drive that thing,” she said, pointing at the gleaming, powerful motorcycle that Thorold had brought back from the terraced house in the narrow alley near the railway bridge and a strip of waste ground covered in second-hand cars for sale at bargain prices.

“I had a few lessons – a few years ago,” he joked.

The visors on both helmets were tinted, the suits black, and Thorold felt good as he skillfully rode along the streets out toward the suburb where Monica had told him Mallam lived. Darkness came as they rode, then lightning and thunder to herald the storm. The house was on a new estate that had expanded the western boundary of the town, and they waited nearby while lights showed in the house. The storm passed, and their patience was rewarded, as twilight settled.

It was not difficult for Thorold to follow Mallam’s car along the roads of west and south Shropshire, but he was surprised when Mallam took the turning that led to the village of Stredbow. He left the bike a discreet distance behind where Mallam had parked his car and walked, with Monica, in the fading light in the direction Mallam had taken.

A diffuse light from an upstairs window made Mallam visible as he crept into the garden of the house, and Thorold recognized the woman who was waiting as the one Lianna had spoken to when she had brought him to the village. He could not hear what was said between them as he crouched by the garden wall, but he saw the woman point to the window then to the darkness that shrouded the back of the garden. He did not follow them further.

Mallam was not away for long. The light showed him nervously glancing around as he stood by the stone building in the garden. He tried the door, fumbled with the heavy padlock, glanced around several times more before almost creeping toward the gate.

Hurriedly, Thorold pushed Monica down to the ground. He could hear her breathing as he lay close to her, but Mallam neither heard nor saw them as they huddled close to the wall in the shielding dark, and they were left to slowly rise and follow him back to his car.

Somewhere among the houses near the mound, a dog howled.

## XII

Mallam led them not to his house, but over the hills toward the Welsh border. Thorold thought the roads familiar, but it was only as Mallam came to his destination that Thorold realized where they were – near the track that led to the circle of stones Lianna had shown him.

“I wish I had brought a camera,” he whispered to Monica as they lay, under the cover of the ferns, watching the group that had assembled within the stones. Lanterns, holding candles, were spread around the ground and in their light the ritual unfolded. Mallam had bedecked himself in a black cloak.

“Our Father which wert in heaven,” they heard the assembly chant, “hallowed be thy Name, in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and deliver us to evil as well as temptation, few we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.”

A woman was stripped, and bound to one of the larger standing stones. There were more chants, people in black robes dancing anti-sunwise inside the circle, dramatic invocations by Mallam, and a ritual scourging of the woman who was bound.

“Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness,” Thorold heard a man say, “and help us to fulfill our desires!”

The balding, slightly overweight man unbound the woman, pushed her to the ground, and began to copulate with her, while others gathered around, clapping their hands and chanting to their Prince.

Thorold was not impressed. "It takes all sorts, I suppose," he said quietly to Monica. "That the sort of thing you used to be involved in?"

"Yes."

"No one under age I can see."

"Those sorts of things are never done in the open."

The balding man interested Thorold. "We might as well wait until they've finished."

It was a long wait, and several times Thorold almost fell asleep. When the revellers did leave, he followed not Mallam, but the man he had watched. His trailing of Rhiston led him back to a prosperous riverside house in Shrewsbury town – a house almost visible from Thorold's own Apartment across the water.

For almost an hour they waited outside.

"Well, that's one down, ten to go," he said as he indicated to Monica that they should go.

He was glad to return to the peace of his own dwelling. He had removed his leather suit when Monica said, "Can you help?" She was struggling to free herself from hers.

"It's a bit tight," she said.

Thorold smiled. "You're somewhat larger in some places than she is."

She lay on the floor while he pulled on the legs of the suit. He fell backwards and banged his head against a bookcase. He did not mind her laughter, and held his hand out to help her up from the floor. She stood in front of him, still holding onto his hand, and she had closed her eyes in anticipation of his kiss when someone knocked, very loudly, on the door of his Apartment.

Thorold sighed, before leaving to walk down the stairs.

“Yes?” he said gruffly as he opened the door.

“She has sent me,” the man outside said.

It was as he spoke that Thorold recognized Imlach.

“So?” Thorold replied, annoyed.

“She does not like your interference.”

“My what?”

“You are to leave a certain gentleman alone. He is her concern, not yours.”

“Is that so?”

“She kindly requests you not bother him – or any members of his group.”

“Oh, really?”

Imlach moved closer to him. “You’d best heed her advice. For your own sake.”

“Tell her from me I’m not playing her games anymore and I’ll do what I like!” He slammed the door shut.

Imlach knocked loudly on the door, but when Thorold thrust it open in anger, he could see no one. He looked around, but the streets were quiet and still. Upstairs he found Monica asleep on the bed in his spare room. He covered her with a blanket before closing her door and settling down to listen to music, keeping the volume low.

But the music did not still his feelings as he had hoped, and he spend a listless hours, listening, attempting to read, and thinking about Monica, Lianna and Mallam. When he did

retire to his bed, strange dreams came again. He was on a cliff above the sea when a man leapt upon him from behind and tried to stab him. A woman was nearby, and it was Lianna, laughing. He wrestled the knife away from the man, and stabbed him by accident. Only then did he see the man's face. It was his own, and the man lay dead, while Lianna stripped away her clothes to offer him her body. He moved toward her, aroused and disgusted at the same time but she changed herself into Monica and he awoke, clawing at the humid air in his room.

He lay awake, then, restless and troubled, and when sleep came again he dreamt of his shop. There was a doorway among the shelves where he knew no door existed but he opened it to walk down stone steps into a cavern. Mallam was there, bent over a stone altar on which Monica lay tied and bound. He began to move toward them but he found himself paralyzed and when he could move it was slowly and painfully. Monica kept looking at him, her eyes pleading and helpless, but then he was alone, riding the motorcycle around the circle of ancient stones, faster and faster. There was a sudden mist, and he could not stop, crashing into the largest stone. He felt sad, lying on the ground knowing he was dying – for there was so much he wanted to do. The mist seemed to form into Lianna's face, then of her holding in her arms a baby. 'You will never know your daughter,' she said. He awoke again, to lie tired but unable to sleep, and was glad when dawn came, bringing light to his room.

He left Monica asleep to spend a few hours alone, thinking about his life and his dreams, before breakfasting and leaving her a note about his intended surveillance.

Rhaston, in his car, was easy to follow among the morning traffic that took most of the vehicle occupants to their work, and Thorold was pleased with his success. He watched Rhiston park his car in front of the large office building before returning to his Apartment.

Monica, obviously watching from his window, came out into the street to greet him, smiling happily. Thorold was glad, and it seemed natural that he should embrace her. He liked the feel of her body, but she drew away to take the helmet from his hand and lead him, her other hand in his, toward the door. Before he could speak, a car drew up alongside and Thorold recognized Lianna.

“So,” she said as she stood in the road near them, “this is how you repay me!” She stared at Monica.

Thorold could not understand her sudden anger toward him. “Were you following me?” he asked.

Lianna ignored the question. "I told you to stop but you took no notice of my words."

"Why should I?" He could feel Monica tighten her grip on his hand.

"You do not understand," said Lianna haughtily. "Great things are at stake."

"Is that so?"

"You deserve better than the likes of her!" She looked at Monica with contempt.

"Really?"

"Leave her – now, and come with me."

"No!"

For several seconds Lianna did not speak. "You are a fool!" she finally said.

"Goodbye, then."

Lianna stared at Monica. "You will pay for this!"

"I – " Monica began to say.

"I think you'd better leave her alone," Thorold said to Lianna, a trace of anger in his voice.

Lianna laughed. "I'm not finished with you either!"

"Go play your games somewhere else." He turned away, led Monica into his Apartment and shut the door without even looking at Lianna.

“She seemed a little angry,” Monica said as they, from the window, watched her drive away.

Thorold shrugged her shoulders. “Jealous of you, I guess.”

“And does she have reason to be jealous?”

“Yes.”

She turned toward him and kissed him. It was a long kiss. “Does she frighten you?” Monica asked at its end.

“No, actually.”

“I think Edgar is afraid of her.”

“Are you?” He stood beside her but she still held his hand.

“No. Well – perhaps a little.” She shivered.

“Shall we go and see what your old friend Edgar is up to, then?”

“What, now?”

“Yes.” He understood her look and touched her playfully on the end of her nose with his finger. “We have plenty of time.”

“Good,” she smiled, and kissed him again.

“On the hand, Mallam can wait,” he said as he began to unbutton her dress.

For Mallam, the day passed quietly. A van, driven by a trusted member, arrived early in the morning and he helped in the loading of cult and Temple equipment, including the video cameras and lights. A few telephone calls, and a safe haven was found - a place unknown, he knew to Monica. The removal had not taken him long, and he smiled as the van left, thinking of the rituals to come.

The sun of the afternoon saw him in the neighbouring town of Telford, visiting a house in a quiet street in Dawley where some of his ladies brought their clients. One girl, just seventeen, still looked much younger and she was seldom alone on the streets for long. He arrived at the house as she was leaving for the third time that day.

“Hi. Jenny!” he said in greeting. “You alright?”

“Sure!”

“No problems?” She was his most lucrative girl to date, and he intended to keep it that way.

“No. See ya!”

“Jess in?” he asked.

“Sure!” She waved and walked away to find another client.

Jess was a smiling man of Caribbean appearance with the physique of a wrestler, and he looked after the practical aspects of Mallam’s business. Their business that day did not take long. Jess gave him a pile of money which Mallam counted before giving half of it back.

“Any problems?” Mallam asked.

“Not one. I tell you it's too quiet.”

“Got a new house lined up – if we need to move.”

“Any new girls?”

“Maybe soon. I’ll see you next week.”

“Sure thing!”

Outside, in the warm sun, he could see no one watching the house but still drove carefully away, checking several times to ensure he was not being followed, and he drove slowly back to Shrewsbury arriving at Rhiston’s house at the time he had arranged.

“You have no trouble arranging time off?” he asked as Rhiston came out to greet him.

“Not at all!”

“Good.”

“Your wife in?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent.”

Inside the house, Mallam greeted Rhiston’s wife by kissing her hand. She was pleased by this gesture as well as by the look, and smile, which he gave her, unaware that this charm was a net closing around her.

“Could you,” Mallam asked Rhiston, “get my briefcase from my car?” He held out his car keys.

“Yes. Yes, of course,” the obsequious Maurice said.

Mallam waited until he was gone. “Jane, isn’t it?” he asked.

“Yes.” She smiled.

“You’re more attractive than I was led to believe.”

“Maurice said you used to work in his department. Is that right?”

“Only for a brief time,” he lied, convincingly. “I’m having a small party – tomorrow night – and wondered if you’d like to come. He paused for effect. “With your husband, of course.”

“That would be nice.”

“I shall look forward to seeing you there.”

Rhaston returned, bearing the unwanted case. But Mallam took it, saying, “Shall we retire to your room? That computer program you wanted to show me?”

“Ah, yes!” He turned to his wife. “We’ll be about an hour, dear.”

In the bedroom, Rhiston quickly set up his binoculars on a stand behind the curtains, before handing Mallam photographs of the girl.

“Not bad!” Mallam said. “Not bad at all!”

“She should not be long, now. A creature of habit,” and he smiled his lecherous smile.

“You seem more settled now.”

”Oh, I am, I am!”

“Good. There is a quote from de Sade, which always appealed to me. It goes something like – in translation of course! – *“The pleasures of crime must not be restrained. I know them. If the imagination has not thought of everything, if one’s hand one hand has not executed everything, it is impossible for the delirium to be complete because there is always the feeling of remorse: I could have done more and I have not done it. The person who, like*

*us, is eagerly pursuing the career of vice, can never forgive a lost opportunity because nothing can make it good...*” Mallam smiled. “You agree?”

“Naturally, naturally! You and your group have opened my eyes. I cannot stop now.”

“Excellent. I am having a party tomorrow night. Nothing special – just some friends. Bring your wife.”

“Jane?”

“Yes.” Then: “you seem unsure.”

“No, not really. Just surprised.” He wanted to ask, but dared not.

“Does this work?” Mallam asked, pointing to the computer.

”No. But I could set it up for you, if you wish.”

“Our prey has arrived,” Mallam announced. He watched the girl through the binoculars for some time before saying, “she is most suitable.”

“I’m glad you are pleased.”

“I shall make the necessary arrangements. Should they be successful – “

“I’m sure they will!”

“ – I can arrange for you to be the first. There will be expenses, and so on.”

“I do understand.”

“How soon can you have the money ready?”

“Next week. I have savings.”

“Tomorrow.”

Yes. Yes, of course. Can I ask how you will - I mean, how she will be...”

“I have experience in these matters.” She had gone from her room, and he studied the photographs again. “A pretty young thing. At such an age, they all have a weakness. With her – a wish to be a model, perhaps. Some infatuation with a celebrity. Whatever – there are ways.”

“Do go on, it’s fascinating.”

“Have her followed – find out where her haunts are. A chance meeting – then an offer suited to her weakness. Perhaps a few legitimate modelling sessions. Then disguise the ritual as one, get her drunk. You know the rest.”

“I admire your cleverness! And after?”

“Depends on her – how she reacts. If she takes to it, fine. If not, let her go. If her family doesn’t care or she wants away from them for whatever reason, draw her in.” He turned to stare at Rhiston. “I’ve told you all this because for some reason I like you. I’m going abroad for a while, and want someone to handle things here.”

“I’m very flattered that you should consider me.”

“You’ve proved yourself. But first, there is something I want you to do for me.”

”Anything. Just ask.”

“Tomorrow, after our little party, I have some business to attend to, not far from here. You will assist me.”

“As you wish.”

The warm weather had brought people into their gardens, and as Mallam stood fingering the photographs again, he could hear children playing happily and noisily under the heat of the summer sun. The sounds pleased him, because he understood them as part of a society he despised. To him, the people in the houses, no less than their children, were important only insofar as they might offer him the opportunities to indulge both his own pleasure and power. He felt himself different from them in a fundamental way – a prince among slaves – and the fact that society had passed laws in favour of them and what he saw as their utterly futile and wasteful ways of living, made him aware of his own genius even more. He knew with an arrogant certainty that he could outwit them and their laws – and he enjoyed doing so, planning and scheming and reaping his rewards, financial and physical and mental.

He believed, sincerely in his own way, in the powers of the Prince of Darkness. To the Devil he had dedicated his life – his Prince had given him power over ordinary mortals, and he used that power for his own glory and that of his god. With Lianna's treasure and his own powers and genius, he would be invincible.

Pleased with himself, he began to laugh.

#### XIV

Thorold awoke slowly. Monica's arm rested on his chest and her face was near his, peaceful, as she slept. He watched her before caressing her shoulders.

"I have to go out," he said as she opened her eyes.

"Want me to come?" she said sleepily.

"Only if you want to. Just going to put a note in my shop window. I shouldn't be long."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

“Still early, then.”

“We’ll go out for lunch when I get back.”

“Fine.”

She was asleep as he left the bedroom. Vaguely, she heard him leave the Apartment as, some time after; she vaguely heard a knock on the bedroom door.

“He should really lock his door when he leaves,” a woman’s voice said.

Startled, Monica sat up. Lianna leaned against the door frame, smiling mischievously.

“What do you want?” Monica asked, angry and afraid at the same time.

“Just a little chat. I have a proposition to put to you.”

“I think it would be better if you left.”

“This will not take long. I have here,” and she held up an attaché case, “ten thousand pounds in cash. Plus a train ticket – first class naturally – to London. There in a train in half an hour. I shall of course drive you to the railway station.”

“He will be back in a minute.”

“Not so. Such a charming man, but so open to magickal persuasion.” She took a square of parchment inscribed with magickal sigils from the pocket of her dress, glanced at it and smiled before returning it. “So you see, you have no option.”

“Please go.”

“I should explain. If you do not accept my little gift then you will be arrested and charged with possession of certain drugs. Before I came here, I visited your Flat. Such a mess. You will be pleased to hear that I have had the place tidied. One telephone call – and a valuable

find by the Police. If you care to look out from the window you will see my car and a gentleman within it waiting. So useful, those new car telephones!”

“I would deny everything.”

“Of course. But you had a conviction at University, did you not? Only cannabis then – but we all know, do we not, what the next stage usually is. Then there is the little matter of a certain video, which had by some chance come into my possession. You may not recall it – so many such things made, I understand – but there are certain scenes in it which certain newspapers would enjoy describing. They would no doubt publish some of the photographs.”

Lianna’s smile was almost mocking. “I have of course used only that material which does not feature a certain person who, until yesterday, you were somewhat well acquainted with.”

“You seemed to have planned things well.”

“I always do.”

“Why is Thorold so important to you that you want me out of the way? I don’t believe for one moment that you are jealous of me.”

“It is not important for you to know the reason.”

“I want to know – and then,” she said resignedly, “I might accept your offer.”

“A wise decision. It makes things much more civilized. I had other things planned, of course, if you had resisted.”

”Tell me then.”

“About Thorold?”

“Yes.”

“Since you are going, I suppose it will do no harm. All I will say is that something is about to

occur – something very special which takes place only every fifty or so years.”

“And for this Thorold is important?”

“It could well be,” Lianna smiled. “Now gather your belongings since you have a train to catch.”

“Mind if I check the case?” Monica asked.

“I shall leave it with you – while you dress.”

Monica did not bother to count the money. She was ready and prepared to leave when she surreptitiously placed two of the ten pound notes she had extracted from the case under the motorcycle helmet as it lay on the bookcase in Thorold’s living room. She did not look back as she left the Apartment.

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It was partly the sunny weather, partly Monica waiting asleep in his bed, that prompted Thorold’s decision – or so he thought at the time. The message in the window of his shop – announcing an ‘illness’ forcing closure for a week – he left to ride the borrowed motorcycle back to the house of its owner.

Jake was the opposite of Thorold in almost every way. Broad when Thorold was sinewy; tall where Thorold was only of medium height; bearded and with many tattoos on his arms. Thorold was quiet by nature, serious and determined, while Jake was naturally boisterous with an amiable attitude toward life – unless provoked. He had been easily provoked, until marriage calmed him a little. Their unusual friendship had been forged in the unusual years which made Thorold’s past interesting and intriguing, to some who knew of it or who had discovered it.

Thorold had hardly entered the narrow alley beside the terraced house when Jake descended upon him. He inspected the bike carefully while Thorold stood and watched in amusement.

“I don’t suppose,” Thorold said, “you want to sell?”

Jake glared at him, then smiled. “No way!”

“I didn’t think you would. You free for a bit, then?”

“Why?” he asked cautiously.

“Need your advice.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“I thought I might buy something similar.”

“You serious?”

“Yes. Can’t really afford it – but still.”

“She’s really got to you, ain’t she?” He thumped Thorold on the back in a friendly gesture. But Thorold was almost knocked over.

“Not at all – I just thought I might as well make use of this suit and helmet I bought. I had it in mind when I bought them, in fact,” he said trying to convince himself. “Sitting behind you a few times a year – well, it’s a bit of waste.”

“I’ll get me helmet, then.”

The staff at Thorold’s Bank were helpful and showed no surprise at him wishing to draw from his account what, for him, was a large amount cash, and he let Jake drive him to a succession of motorcycle dealers where machines were discussed, touched, sat upon and inspected. After less than an hour, Thorold made his decision. He bade his friend farewell and walked back toward his Apartment, eagerly anticipating the collection of his present to himself later that afternoon.

At first, on ascending the stairs that led up from his front door, he assumed Monica’s absence to be temporary – a walk perhaps, by the river, or a visit to a shop nearby. But then

he found her clothes and suitcase missing, and he became sad without quiet knowing why he was sad. His sadness did not last, for he thought of Mallam forcing her away against her will.

The idea angered him, and he smashed his fist against his bookcase. The bookcase shook, moving the helmet and revealing the money. He held the money in his hand, feeling the newness of the banknotes, and wondering, and the more he thought the more it became clear to him that it was not Mallam, but Lianna who was responsible. He knew Monica had had no money of her own. Mallam certainly would not have given her any or left such a small amount, hidden under his helmet she had used, for him to eventually find. His reasoning brought him to the conclusion that Lianna had left him the money – as an insult or gesture. And this displeased him more. Perhaps Monica had been involved with Lianna?

He refused to believe this, and wander around his dwelling without purpose, occasionally thumping a wall or a door, frustrated and angry – with himself, Lianna and the world. Then, quite suddenly, it occurred to him that Monica might have left the money as an explanation. Immediately, he understood – or hoped he did, for he grabbed his own helmet, then hers, to run down his stairs and out into the street, returning after a few yards as he remembered to lock his door.

Fine wisps of high white cirrus clouds had begun to cover the blue of the sky, dimming the sun. But the sun was still hot, sweating Thorold as he ran enclosed in his leather suit toward the centre of the town.

## XV

It did not take Thorold as long as he had expected, even though he had run only for about the first mile. A taxicab waited outside the entrance to the railway station, and he was glad to let it convey him the rest of the distance. Several times he checked to ascertain whether any vehicle was following him.

But Monica was not there, as he had expected and hoped, and he sat on the low wall that marked Jake's rear garden, not wanting to think about the consequences of his now obvious misunderstanding. Neither Jake nor his wife came in answer to Thorold's repeated thumps on the door of the house, and he removed his suit to let the sun and breeze dry his sweat. When an hour of waiting became two and brought scuttering low clouds to smother at intervals the searing heat of the sun, he folded his suit under his arm, collected the helmets, and began to walk slowly along the traffic lined streets, over the English Bridge and into the

centre of town.

His new motorcycle, powerful and gleaming as Jake's had been, brought him only a brief sparkle of pleasure, and he rode without any enthusiasm out and away from the town. But he could not dismiss Monica from his mind and rode dangerously fast, back to his Apartment.

She was not there – no one was – and without any hope left, he returned to Jake's house, intent only on intoxicating himself at best by sharing Jake's prodigious supply of beer or at worst by patronizing the nearby Inn.

But she was there, waiting as he had waited, sitting on the wall, and he stopped, stood his bike on its stand and removed his helmet while she stood and smiled. He wanted to rush toward her and embrace and kiss her, but he forced himself not to, hoping she would come to him as a gesture of her feelings.

She did not, so he said, "I was right, then, about your message."

"I thought you'd understand!"

"Lianna?"

"Yes." She reached behind the wall where she had hidden the attaché case, and opened it for him to see.

"Quite a lot there."

"Nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty pounds, exactly." She closed the case, and with a slow precision rested it against the wall.

He needed no more gestures and embraced her. She was relieved, and began to cry, but soon stopped herself.

"Another bike?" She asked, embarrassed by her own show of feelings.

“Yes!” he said and went to stand beside it. “Do you like it?” He ran his hand over the seat. “I’ve just bought it.”

“It is rather nice,” she said approvingly as she came to stand beside him and hold his hand. “Where shall we go?” She laughed. “We are not exactly short of money!”

“Monica?”

“Yes?” she said, trembling a little.

“I’ll have to give it back.”

“But you’ve only just bought it!” she joked.

“You know what I mean.”

“I know. I thought you’d say that.” Then, smiling again, she added, “A pity though! I’ve often wondered what I’d do if I had some money.” She went to collect the case. “Here you are!”

He took it from her, and she sighed. “And I suppose,” she said, “you’re still going to follow what’s-his-name?”

“Yes.”

“Also as I expected.”

She smiled at him, and he embraced her again, saying, “I’m glad you’re back.”

She began to cry again, then pulled away from him to laugh and point to her face. “Looks much better now, doesn’t it?”

“You look beautiful.”

“I see you brought my helmet. Shall we go and return the gift?”

“Actually, I would rather you stayed with a friend of mine – here, in this house. At least for a few days.”

“Not likely! Where you go – I go. Anyway, I want to see the look on her face when you hand back the money.

“But – “

She repossessed the case. “I’ll hold onto that while you drive. Unless you want me to!”

“Come here,” he said gently.

“Yes, Master!” she playfully mocked, “I hear and obey!”

He held her hand. “I’d rather you were safe, here.”

“What? And miss all the fun? Not likely! Come on!” she sat on the pillion

seat of the motorcycle, put on her helmet, held onto the case with one hand and waited.

Thorold shook his head, sighed, and then put on his own helmet. Clouds began to cover the whole of the sky, blotting out the sun, and as they arrived at the driveway of Lianna’s house, rain had begun to fall. They stood together outside the door, helmets in hand, and waited for an answer to Thorold’s insistent knocking.

“I hope she is not going to spoil things by being out.”

Thorold was about to answer when Lianna opened the door. She betrayed surprise at seeing Monica, but only for an instant.

“I expected you,” she said to Thorold, “but alone.”

“You can have this back!” Monica held the case out.

“So? You ignore my offer?” Lianna said to Monica.

Monica smiled at her. “I changed trains at Wellington.”

“I see I shall have to make that telephone call.”

“Go ahead! Monica shouted as Thorold stood watching. “Do your worst! Do you think I care? But I’ll tell you one thing – if you do. I’ll kill you. A few years to wait – maybe. But one day I’ll be there!” She was staring at Lianna her eyes full of passion. “You will never be safe and none of your magick will protect you!”

“I – “ Thorold started to say, but both of them ignored him.

“You’ll have to kill me,” Monica continued, “to stop me! Or have me killed – that’s more your style! So here, take your money before I start stuffing it somewhere very uncomfortable for you!” She threw the case down at Lianna’s feet.

Lianna turned to smile at Thorold. “Such a common woman, don’t you think?”

“I’ll show you how common I am! Monica said before punching Lianna on the chin. The blow knocked Lianna over and Monica did not wait for her to recover.

“Just a taste!” she said before kicking the case into the hallway where Lianna lay prostrate.

“You coming?” she demanded of Thorold, and a somewhat startled Thorold followed her down the steps to his transport.

Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight bathed the scene in brightness and warmth.

## XVI

Thirteen people were present – a number that pleased Mallam – and he mingled with his guest in subdued light of the room while loud music played and could be heard throughout the house. Rhiston, alone among all the people, sat by himself.

The owner of the house was a widowed woman in whom Mallam had once shown an interest. But she soon bored him, as he found most women did – although not before he induced her into his sect where she prospered, finding younger men to her liking and often only too eager to physically please her while their interest, hers, and her monetary gifts, lasted.

There would be no ritual following the gathering, for several of the guests were new and unblooded. The party was a ruse – to arouse their interest, offering as it did drugs to those who wished them as well as the sexual services of members of Mallam's sect. Mallam's own interest centred on Rhiston's wife and Rhiston knew it and like a child sulked in his corner. Mallam found this amusing, considering Rhiston's proclivities, and soon directed a lady member of about Rhiston's age to seduce him. Rhiston did not resist the woman's charm.

“Come on Maurice,” she said, “let's go and make love.”

Mallam was slightly more subtle in his approach to Jane. She had been watching him since she had arrived to be greeted by his seemingly friendly kiss, and when she saw her husband leave with the woman, he went to her.

“I hope you don't think I've been ignoring you,” he said.

“No, honestly.”

He smiled at her. “Another drink? Or would you like to go somewhere quieter – where we can talk?”

She was hesitant, so he said, “You know why I invited you, don't you?”

“Another drink would be fine!”

“I find you very attractive, Jane – as you must have guessed.”

“Maurice – “

“You’ve never been to a party like this before, have you?”

“No,” she answered softly.

“You’re not offended though?”

“No.” she whispered.

He kissed her and at first she did not respond, and when she did, half-regretful and half-thrilled, he led her out of the room and upstairs.

Twilight had begun outside when he left her in one of the many bedrooms of the house. Rhiston was asleep alone in another room, still tied to the bed as the woman had left him. Mallam freed him and gave him his clothes.

“I’ll wait for you outside in the car,” he said.

Downstairs, the music still played loudly, now mingled with sporadic laughter.

They arrived in Stredbow as the last vestiges of twilight gave way to a sky clear of cloud and full of stars, and Mallam parked his vehicle by the mound, some distance from the house and the small stone building where his real interest lay.

“Now,” he said, “to action. We’ll walk to a house and I want you to use this – “ He gave him a Police Warrant Card. “You are investigating the escape of a dangerous criminal who has been spotted in the area – making a routine check. There will be a man and a woman in the house. Just keep them talking – local gossip, sightings of strangers and so on. Use your own work experience,” he smiled. “Alright?”

“Yes. Is that all?” a relieved Rhiston said.

“What did you expect? I’ll be fifteen minutes – no longer than half an hour though.” He reached over to the back seat of the car where a torch and a pair of bolt-croppers lay. “I’ll meet you back here.”

They walked in silence to the gate of the house where Mallam waited while Rhiston went to ring the doorbell. Swiftly then, Mallam crept toward the stone building. The padlock was easy to cut through and he was soon inside. His torch showed a bare room. It smelled of burned wood and he was creeping along the walls, inspecting them for hidden recesses or loose stones when the thick oak door was closed behind him. He tried to force it open, but without success.

Outside, Sidnal Wyke secured the door with a new padlock before calmly walking back to his cottage.

Rhiston did as he had been told, and it was half an hour later when he left the house to return to the car. For hours he waited by, then near, the car – sitting on the mound under a tree, leaning against the stonewall that supported most of the mound among its circumference, or crouching. Twice villagers came near, and he hid himself by the trees.

It was after midnight when he made his decision and left to look again at the house. But it was quiet, and he walked along the lanes he knew would take him to the main road miles away and thence along and down to the township of Stretton.

With the departure of Rhiston, preparations for the celebration in the village began.

## XVII

It was a long time before Mallam ceased his shouting and banging his fists against the door. His voice had echoed in the empty stillness and, tired and confused, he slumped against the wall.

The building was windowless and without sound, and he was soon restless. For hours he checked the walls, the stones of the floor, the door itself by the light of his torch. But nothing moved. He could see a narrow slit in the wall far above his head, but could not reach it. He tried to sleep, but the floor was cold and as soon as he closed his eyes he thought he could hear someone behind the door. Each time he leapt up and listened, but could hear nothing.

The torchlight began to fade. Its dim glow lasted a while, and then was gone to leave Mallam in darkness. He had never before experienced such blackness and several times tried to see his hands in front of his eyes. But he could not see them. He crawled along beside the walls until he reached the door by touch, but no one came in answer to his shouting or in response to the banging of his fists against the studded oak, and he lay in the darkness listening to the roaring silence.

Sleep came, and when he awoke he could not see the time by his expensive watch. His waiting passed slowly and he began to feel hungry and thirsty. He shouted, and nothing happened. He began to curse all the people he knew and had known and then the whole world, and his voice grew hoarse and he himself, more thirsty. He prayed fervently to his Prince many times, saying: 'My Prince and Master, help me! Free me and I shall do terrible deeds in your name!'

He stared into the darkness trying to imagine where he had seen the slit in the wall, but no light, not even a glimmer of light, came to relieve his darkness. He began to imagine he heard sounds – people laughing and talking, then strange music. But the more he listened, the more he began to believe he was mistaken.

He slept again, only to awake in terror because he had forgotten where he was and could not see. He crawled over the floor, along the walls – sat and listened and strained to see. He stood up but became disoriented and dizzy and fell against the door, injuring his arm. He shouted, beat his fists again against the door, but nothing changed except inside his head. His hunger and thirst became intense for what seemed to him a long time until his increasing fear made him forget them.

To calm his fears he lay with his back against a wall, trying to understand why and for what purpose he was being kept a prisoner. At first he had believed that some mischance had imprisoned him – a gust of wind, perhaps, which jammed the door – but he had become gradually aware that it was not chance that brought him to the village and the building which had become his prison. Somehow, he felt, Lianna must have planned it all, and as the hours of his captivity became countless because he could not measure their passing, he came to increasingly believe that she might be testing him. Vaguely, he remembered – his memory brought back by his desperation for hope – her once saying when first he had

asked to become her pupil, that those who sought Adeptship underwent severe ordeals; ordeals not of their own choosing and about which they were never forewarned.

This is a test of hers, he believed, briefly smiling – she is testing my will. And this belief sustained him, for he believed in the power and strength of his will. But his hunger, thirst, the darkness around him and the darkness within him eventually broke this explanation. For she had never followed his own path as at first he had ardently believed. The weeks and the months of her teaching had extinguished his hope – she was no dark, evil, mistress with whom he might forge a physical and magickal alliance. So he had gradually turned away from her, seeking again his old ways, friends, helpers and slaves, understanding that she had been using him, playing with him almost. And this deeply offended his pride. For he, Edgar Mallam – High Priest of the Temple of the Prince – was above them all.

He had thought then that she had used him as he had used others – for her pleasure and satisfaction. She was playing the role of mistress, with him as her pupil – and this made him despise her more, for his own pleasures were carnal and real. He lusted after women, and money – enjoyed the power he had over others, making them his slaves; he enjoyed the misfortunes of others, the taking of young girls. But she simply played her mind-games from the safety and comfort of her house. Her power, he had thought, was nothing compared to his own.

His remembrance of this thinking from his past comforted him, and he began to laugh. But then his laughing stopped. He thought he could hear someone else laughing and when he stopped and unconsciously stooped to listen, he imagined he could hear a woman's laughing voice.

Then there seemed to be a voice inside his head. "Remember The Giving from the Black Book of Satan!" it said and laughed again.

Mallam remembered.

The Book, which Lianna had given him, spoke of an ancient blood ceremony performed only once every 51 years. The sacrifice was always male, an Initiated Priest, and before his blood was offered he was kept for days in a darkened room wherein to draw magickal forces to himself...

He tried to convince himself otherwise. But he heard "Remember The Giving..." in his head again, like an echo.

“I won’t be fooled by you!” he shouted aloud. “Do you hear me Lianna!” He shook his fist at the darkness. “You can’t fool me! I know that you are testing me! You’ll see – I’m strong! Stronger than you!”

He laughed, to convince himself. But the suspicion remained.

“Must not fall asleep!” he muttered aloud. “She’ll try and get me when I’m asleep. I’ll beat her! Me – her sacrifice? Hah! She’ll be mine!” He began to visualize in lurid detail how he might sacrifice her – tying her naked to the altar in his house, ravishing her, the letting others have their fun. He would kill her slowly, very slowly. These thoughts pleased and fascinated him, and he was still thinking them – visualizing them in detail – when he fell full asleep.

His dream was vivid – the most vivid dream of his life. He was surrounded by spiders; they were crawling all over him, biting him and filling him with their poison. He could not move, trapped in webs, and a large spider was crawling over his chest toward his face. But it was Monica, a spider again, Monica smiling with blood on her teeth and mouth and he awoke to thrust the imaginary spiders away with his hands as he writhed in panic on the floor.

## XVIII

The evening and the night that had marked Mallam’s party passed swiftly for Thorold and Monica.

“I don’t think she will bother us again,” a confident Monica said as they sat in his Apartment on their return from visiting Lianna.

“You amaze me.” Thorold said. “Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“I know what I would like!”

Thorold’s surprise turned quickly into delight. “I’ll just have a quick bath,” he said.

“No, don’t. Perhaps I shouldn’t give all my secrets away, but the natural smell of a man – well, some men! – turns me on.”

Thorold blushed. In that moment, Monica reversed their roles – standing to take his hand and lead him to his bedroom. She was gentle at first, then passionate and after hours of mutual bliss they lay with their bodies touching, sleep-inclined but pleased. Several times she started to speak – to try and form into words the feeling within her. But each time she stopped, afraid of herself and her future.

The recent years of her past had been years full of new experiences and through them all she had kept her cynicism. Only Mallam had disturbed her, for he seemed to fulfill, at least in some measure, her expectations: a man of mystery, arrogant and self-assured. But she had discovered the real Mallam was selfish, cruel and somewhat vain.

Her defences had been and were still being broken by recent events, and of all of them she felt her friendship with Thorold was the most significant. For as Lianna offered her the money, she knew she was in love with Thorold. She wanted to tell him, but felt constrained by her own doubts and fears, and as she lay beside him she realized for the first time in her life that she needed to be loved.

They awoke together at dawn. She had expected his suggestion and so was not surprised when he mentioned following Mallam. She did not want his quest to continue, but said nothing. She sensed Thorold wanted somehow to avenge her beating as he sensed his disgust and outrage at Mallam’s paedophile activities.

Thus it was that less than an hour later they rode together on the motorbike to wait near Mallam’s house.

“We’ll try the other chap,” Thorold said after an almost interminable time.

They waited again, outside Rhiston’s home, and then followed him to his place of work. Several times during the day they returned to find his car was still in place outside the building, and several times they returned to Mallam’s house, without success.

Dark cloud covered the sky promising rain, but they sat for nearly an hour by the river, refreshing themselves with food and drink, before lying beside each other in the grass in the peace of Quarry Park. She spoke to him, as their hands and lips touched and desire became aroused, of her bleak childhood without love, but still she could not say the words

she wished. She spoke instead with her body and they made passionate love in the long grass near the river's edge while people ambled or fastly walked along the path above.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they had returned to wait for Rhiston. He spent a few hours at his home then journeyed to Mallam's house and then to a house nearby to briefly speak to the woman who answered his knocking upon her door. And thence he led Thorold and his lover to Stredbow village.

Mallam's car was still where he had left it the night before, and in the twilight Rhiston checked it before walking toward the black and white house. Thorold saw him stop by the gate, turn and listen, and then enter the garden to creep toward the stone building. Rhiston listened again, tried the door, then noticed the broken padlock and the bolt-croppers discarded on the ground. He tried to cut the padlock several times before finally succeeding and Thorold watched in surprise as Mallam crawled from the building.

He blubbered something that Thorold could not hear before Rhiston assisted him to his feet. Then Mallam was running fast away from the house, his face contorted, his eyes staring, his clothes dirty and torn. He reached the car, fumbled in his pockets for his keys and shouted several times at Rhiston. Rhiston ran to the car, panting and exhausted, and Mallam pushed him inside before driving them both away.

They were not far from the village when Mallam slewed the car in the lane, using the driveway of a farm, to drive straight toward Thorold whose motorbike light he had seen in the rearview mirror. Thorold reacted as best he could, braking and steering away, but the front of the car clipped the side of the bike causing him to lose control. His front wheel hit the curb and he was e HeHe in the air, briefly, to land dazed in the hedge by the verge.

He sat up to see the car reverse over Monica as she lay still in the road. He ran toward her, but she was dead.

Carefully, and almost crying, Thorold carried the body to the verge. His motorcycle was undamaged apart from scratches and a few dents, and he collected several stones from beside the road before riding with fury after the car. He soon caught it and sped past to turn, skidding, and race back, throwing a stone at the windscreen of the car.

He did not hear the screech of brakes – or see the car swerve and weave across the road as the driver's vision became obstructed by the suddenly frosted glass. But he did see, as he turned, the car crash and come to rest on its side. Mallam was dazed, his face bleeding,

while Rhiston was unconscious. Thorold dragged Mallam from the car, banged his head against the underside and threw him onto the verge, and he was walking toward where Monica's murderer lay when the car suddenly exploded, searing the air with heat and light and throwing him to the ground.

Instantly, he regretted saving Mallam's life, and as he stood up to edge away from the burning, he felt an urge to throw Mallam onto Rhiston's funeral pyre. Mallam began to moan, and Thorold was considering what to do when, in the light of the flames, he saw people approaching.

Thorold recognized the young man leading them. He was Sidnal Wyke, seller of Lianna's books, and Thorold made no move to stop them as they carried Mallam away from the burning and back to the darkness that covered the lane to their village.

Many miles away, in a room of her house, Lianna smiled as she burned her square of inscribed magickal parchment in the flame of a black candle.

## XIX

They had not spoken to Thorold and he had not spoken to them, and he watched them - numb with shock from Monica's death - depart, carrying Mallam. His rage had gone and he stood near the now slow burning car for several minutes before riding to the nearby farm.

To his surprise, the Police did not take long to arrive, and the Policeman found him waiting beside his bike near Monica's body.

"My girlfriend." Thorold explained. "The car - just came straight toward me."

He explained about the crash, the car reversing, and his moving the body. "There was nothing I could do. Then I heard a crash and an explosion and went to see."

The young but kindly Policeman smiled. "We'll need a statement. No need now - tomorrow."

Thorold gave his name and address, heard a Fire Engine approach, watched an Ambulance

arrive and take Monica's body away. He did not quite know why he did not speak about Mallam, but he did not, but as he drove slowly away from the scene to take the roads that led to Shrewsbury, he began to regret his lie. He stopped once, to turn back and tell the full story, but it was not his courage that failed. Rather, he began to sense he was involved in something of great and sinister import, and although he did not have all the answers – or indeed perhaps not even the right questions – he would find them. He did not, at this moment, know how, but Monica's death gave him the desire to succeed.

Jake was at home with his wife as Thorold had hoped, and he sat with them, drinking beer while the television relayed some film.

“Want to talk about it?” Jake asked.

“No.”

But Jake was not offended, and offered him more beer. Gradually, Thorold drank himself into a forgetful stupor to slither from his chair to the floor where he fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself alone in the house and obviously carried by Jake to a bed. He soon dressed and left to drive in the light rain to Lianna's home.

“I have been waiting for you,” she said as she led him inside. “I am sorry for what happened.”

“You know?” he asked without surprise.

“One gets to hear these things.”

“You know why I have come then?”

“Yes.” She took him to her living room. A copy of *The Black Book of Satan*, bound in black leather, lay on a table, but its title did not interest Thorold.

“I have to make a statement to the Police,” he said.

“You met Constable Tong, I believe.”

Thorold was not familiar with the name, but he made the obvious deduction.

“Such a bright young man,” she continued. “A cousin of Mr. Wyke – whom of course you have met.”

“I see,” said Thorold, uneasy.

“I thought you would.”

“What will you do with him?”

“With whom?” she teased.

“Edgar Mallam.”

“Does it matter?”

“It might.”

“To you?”

“I might want to see justice done. He killed Monica!”

“What is justice?” she mocked.

“He killed her!”

“An accident. A body burned beyond recognition,” she shrugged.

“I should have left him to die in the explosion!”

“You had no choice.”

“What?’ he asked perplexed.

She ignored the subject. “Come, do not let us argue. Remember how it was between us.”

Her smile, her eyes seemed to be affecting him and he became aware again of how beautiful she was. He remembered the ecstasy and passion he had shared with her – the soft sensuous beauty of her naked body; her intoxicating and seductive bodily fragrance. She was moving toward him with her mouth open, her lips waiting to be kissed.

But something inside him made him suddenly aware of her witchery, and he forced himself to think of Monica – her body, bloody and broken, on the road. His remembrance of her death and her face in death broke Lianna’s spell.

“I must go,” he said, turning away from her eyes.

“As you wish!”

Her words seemed to end the tension he felt in his neck and shoulders, but he still avoided looking at her.

“Remember,” she said as if chanting, “I want to share my life with yours.”

Even as he left he felt an urge to return and surrender to her seductive beauty, but he rode away down to the river where he sat for hours in the first nascent and then fulsome sun thinking about Monica, Mallam, Lianna and the events that bound them, and he himself, together.

He was disturbed by this thinking and tried to relax by returning to the secure reality of his bookshop. He wandered around the shelves, seated himself at his desk, and opened the mail that had begun to accumulate. But the longer he stayed in the musty shop, the more he felt that the world of books in which had been his world for years, was a dead one. Its charm

had gone. Monica had been real – exciting and full of promise for his future: his surveillance had been exciting, reminding him of the years before his marriage. Lianna herself had been real – warmly alive, as the books around him were not. He could give his statement to the Police, forget about Mallam and Lianna – forget about them all – and live again within his cloistral world of books. Except he did not want to.

The door to his shop opened.

“You are open?” asked the elderly man who entered.

“No, not at the moment.” Thorold was annoyed at being disturbed.

“Oh, dear! And I did so want to look around. I called yesterday.”

“Didn’t you see the note?” asked Thorold, pointing to it on the door.

The man bent down to peer, took some spectacles from the pocket of his tweed jacket and squinted. “My! How silly of me!” He turned to smile at Thorold. “But you are here now.”

The man was short and rotund with red cheeks and thinning white hair. His manner of dress was conservative and he carried a rolled up umbrella.

Thorold relented. “You can have a look if you wish. But I will be closing again soon.”

“You were recommended to me.”

“Oh, yes?” Thorold said without interest. He was still thinking of Lianna.

“Perhaps recommended is not the right word. May I sit down? My legs are not what they were.”

Surprised at the request, Thorold offered him his own chair.

“Most kind! Let me introduce myself.” He held out his hand. “Aiden is the name.”

Thorold shook his hand.

“I shall be brief,” Aidan said. “You spoke to a friend of mine some days ago about a certain matter.” He smiled at a perplexed Thorold. “The Devil,” he said calmly.

“Just curiosity.”

“I know a little about such things.”

“Academic interest, that’s all. Someone wanted to sell me some books on the subject.”

“You have these books?”

“No, actually.” Then, thinking quickly, he added, “I threw them out.” He pointed to a bundle of books tied by string, which lay on the floor. “I haven’t got the room. Have to be very selective.”

“For over forty years I have studied the subject. Meeting people. Often those who have been involved. One develops an instinct.” He smiled again. “Rather like a Detective. Although in my own case, an ecclesiastical one.”

“You must excuse me – I really ought to close the shop.”

“You have the scent of Satan about you,” the old man said in a quiet voice.

“Say again?” Thorold was startled.

“A figure of speech. Those who practice the Occult Arts believe there is an aura surrounding the body. It is said Initiation, particularly into the darker mysteries alters that aura, most noticeably between the eyes. You must forgive me if I speak frankly.”

“You are welcome to have a quick look around the shelves for any books that might interest

you.”

“You interest me.”

“You must excuse me – I have a busy day.”

“Are you afraid of someone?”

Thorold was insulted. “Of course not!”

“I came only to help.”

“Why?” Thorold was becoming a little angry.

Gently, the man said, “Because I am concerned about the growth of evil.”

“What is evil?” He realized he was echoing Lianna’s parody and added, “I sell books, that is all.”

Aiden sighed. “I can only help if you want me to. You know where I will be staying if you wish to contact me.”

“The Cathedral?”

“Yes. Sometimes it is better to ask for help than to try to solve things alone.”

“Are you staying long?”

“A few days.”

“I hope you enjoy your stay. Goodbye.”

Aiden pointed to the motorcycle, which Thorold had parked outside. “Yours?”

“No, I always dress like this,” Thorold quipped.

Aiden did not mind the jest. “So different now, such machines. Once – a very long time ago before I accepted my vocation within the Church – I rode. An Enfield – at least, that is what I think it was called. So long ago. Fast?”

“Very. Zero to sixty miles per hour in less than six seconds.”

“A different world, now. Such memories. I shall pray for you.”

“Goodbye.”

“Adieu!”

Thorold had declined the man’s gambit to prolong their conversation, and he watched Aidan walk slowly up the narrow lane that led to St. Chad’s church and the gates of Quarry Park. He did not regret his decision not to share his secrets, and as soon as Aidan was out of sight, he closed the shop and rode down into the traffic that was congesting the roads through the town.

The street, which contained Mallam’s house, seemed quiet, and he parked his bike nearby to walk the last hundred yards. To his surprise he found the door slightly ajar, and cautiously entered. A faint perfume lingered, reminding him of Lianna, but he quickly forgot about it as he slowly moved from room to room. The rooms were untidy and he was making his way upstairs when he heard someone moving about.

“Hello!” he called.

No one answered, and he crept into a bedroom. Someone touched his shoulder and he raised his hands, saying, “it’s a fair cop!” before suddenly turning around and smiling.

His quick movement startled the woman, and Thorold recognized her as Rhiston’s wife.

“Can I help?” he asked cunningly.

“You haven’t seen Maurice, have you?” she asked hopefully.

“No,” he lied. “Not recently. He gave you this address?”

She stared down at the floor. “Edgar did.”

Thorold drew the correct conclusion. “Been waiting here long?”

“I’ve just arrived.”

“You’ve got a key, then?”

“The door was open.”

“You checked the other rooms?”

“Not yet.”

“Come on, then.”

All of them, at least to Thorold’s once practised eye, bore evidence of a quick but thorough search.

“You don’t know where Maurice is?” she asked.

“Afraid not. You know Edgar,” he smiled. “Likes to be a man of mystery. They’ve probably gone somewhere together.” He had no qualms about lying to her since he assumed, from her involvement with Mallam, that she knew at least something about his activities. “Do you want to wait here?” he asked her.

“I’d better be going. If you see him – “

“I’ll tell him you called.”

“Thank you.”

He walked with her down the stairs. She turned to smile weakly at him before she left, and he felt sad. But he did not follow her to tell her about the fate of her husband. Instead, he sighed, remembered Monica’s death, and began to search the house, after locking the door. He found nothing of interest and nothing to incriminate Mallam – only a large collection of pornographic magazines, some leather whips and some manacles and chains. No photographs of his activities, no letters, documents, and nothing to indicate his interest in the Occult or the names and addresses of his varying contacts. He was disappointed, but not surprised, and left the house wondering what he could do next. Mallam was gone, Rhiston was dead, he had no names and addresses, no factual evidence concerning Mallam’s activities. Then he remembered the woman that Rhiston had briefly visited.

She answered his knock on her door wearing a nightdress and squinting into the brightness outside.

“Yes?”

“I am a friend of Edgar.”

“Do come in! Please excuse the mess. A social occasion – last night – you know how they drag on and on.”

“You came highly recommended,” he said, guessing.

“Really?” Pleased, she thought he looked promising, although somewhat older than she had come to expect. “Would you like something to drink? Beer, perhaps?”

“Tea?”

“Darjeeling, if you have some.”

“You don’t look like a tea drinker to me.”

“It’s the leathers! Often gives the wrong idea.”

“You must be warm in that black leather.” She breathed out the last words as though black leather interested her.

“It has its uses.”

“I’m sure! Do you ride often?” she asked mischievously.

“As the mood takes me.”

“Does it take you now?”

“Possibly.” After such a promising beginning he was at a loss as to how to continue, except the obvious course. But he was not disposed to take this, despite the attractiveness of the lady whom he guessed was at least fifteen years older than him. He began to feel embarrassed by the role he was creating for himself as well as surprised by his burgeoning desires. She was standing near him, her nightdress almost transparent and he could see her nipples and dark mass of pubic hair. He forced himself to remember the reason for his visit.

“Have you known Edgar long?” he asked.

“Long enough! Have you brought anything from him?”

As she said the words he saw the needle marks on her arms. The sight decided him.

“I’ve just remembered it!” he said, and dashed out of the house.

He did not seem to consciously decide, but just arrived at the road to Lianna’s house, and he did not have long to wait in her driveway. Attracted by the noise of the motorcycle, she came out to greet him.

“I must know,” he said as he removed his helmet and she stood, smiling and beautiful, in the sunlight. “About Mallam.”

“It is good that you come of your own free will.”

By the side of the house, Thorold could see Imlach turn around and walk back into the garden.

## XX

The house was cool, and Thorold and Lianna sat in the Drawing Room overlooking the rear garden. She brought him iced tea before sitting beside him.

“What will happen to him?”

“Do you care?”

“Not in that way.”

“But you want revenge?”

“Possibly. I don’t know.”

“And if you were given the opportunity to dispense justice by taking his life, would you?”

“It’s not up to me. There is the law.”

“The Law! Hah! The Law is an accumulation of tireless attempts to prevent the gifted from making their lives a succession of ecstasies!” Her passion was soon gone, and she smiled kindly at Thorold. “I’m glad you came to see me again.”

Thorold returned her smile. "You didn't answer the question."

"About Edgar?"

"Yes. I do have my suspicions."

"Do you?"

"It seems to me you planned things."

"I will not deny – to you - that I planned some things. But I will tell you something. I planned things, yes – but I did not plan to fall in love with you."

For several minutes Thorold could not speak. He watched her, and she began to cry, gently, until tears ran down her cheeks.

"I have never said that to anyone before," she said, softly.

Thorold did not know what to do. He thought, vaguely and not for very long, that she might in some way be trying to manipulate his feelings, but the more he looked at her and the more he remembered the ecstasy they had shared in the past, the more his doubts began to disappear. She had turned her face away, to wipe the tears with her hand when he reached over to stroke her hair.

"Don't cry," he said.

"I'm sorry." She held his hand. "See what you do to me! I can't remember the last time I cried!"

"You are a strange woman."

"If I ask you something will you give me an honest answer?"

“Possibly.”

“Were you in love with Monica?”

The question surprised him. “I don’t know,” he said hesitantly. “I don’t think so.” He felt he had betrayed her.

“Good. I was a little jealous.”

“The thought occurred to me.”

“But I’m sorry about what happened – with her, I mean.”

“So am I,” His sense of having betrayed Monica began to fade. “I’d rather not talk about it.”

“I’ve missed you.” She moved toward him and kissed his lips.

The kiss, her perfume, the feel of her body pressing against his, overpowered his senses and he began to return her passion.

“Not here!” she said.

She held his hand as they walked from the room, and along the hall to a door. The door led down some steps into a dimly lit chamber. A dark, soft carpet covered the floor and she took him to an alcove where cushions were strewn, drawing him down with her. Her passion seemed to draw from Thorold all the darker memories of the past days and he abandoned himself to his lusts, remembering the tears and her words of love. Her hands gripped his shoulders and as her own passion became intense her nails sank into his flesh, drawing blood. But he did not care, as her body spasmed in ecstasy, followed by his own.

They relaxed then, in the gently bliss that followed.

“I want you,” she whispered, “with me always. Will you do something for me?”

“Yes,” he answered without hesitation.

“Whatever it is?”

“Yes.” His hands stroked her breasts. “You are beautiful.”

“I am all yours – now.”

“What did you want me to do?”

“Live with me.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously!” She kissed him. “I love you.” She sat up to lean against a cushion. “Tomorrow night there is a celebration in the village that I would like you to attend – with me.”

“Your village?”

She laughed. “I suppose it is!”

Thorold sat up to rest beside her against the stone wall and as he did so he noticed in a far corner, a statue. Beside it hung a lighted candle shielded by red glass. The light reminded him of the sanctuary lamp in a Catholic Church, but the statue showed a woman, naked from the waist up, who held in her outstretched hand the severed head of a bearded man. The woman was smiling.

“What’s that?” Thorold asked, pointing with his finger.

“The violent goddess – Mistress of Earth. There was a time when men were sacrificed in her name, and the Priestess of her cult would wash her hands in the victim’s blood before taking it to sprinkle on the fields. It ensured the fertility of the land – and the people.”

Thorold understood – or felt he did. He looked around the chamber. It was bare, except for one wall where a battered medieval shield, sword and armour hung.

“And those?” he asked.

“Family heirlooms. They were supposed to belong to an ancestor of mine – Roger de Alledone. There is a book in the library about the family – if you’re interested.”

“Yes. Does your son visit you often?”

“My son?” she asked, surprised. Then, remembering, “I have no children – yet.”

“But I remember you saying when you came to my shop – “

“A fabrication – to meet you. Am I forgiven?”

He vaguely remembered something else she had said, but could not form the vague remembrance into a distinct recollection of words, so he dismissed it. “Of course!” he said.

“Will you stay tonight?” she asked.

“Do you want me to?”

“You know I do.”

“I would have to collect a few things.”

“Naturally. Do you have a suit?” She looked at his motorcycle clothing discarded in haste.

“Yes, why?”

“I thought we could go to a rather nice restaurant I know. For dinner, tonight. And then come back here.”

Totally captivated by her, totally under her spell, Thorold simply said, “That would be nice.”

They embraced before he rose to dress. She watched him, before dressing herself. In the hallway, she kissed him saying, “Don’t be long, my darling!” He was almost to the door when she added, “I love you!”

It was a dazed almost hypnotized Thorold who sat outside astride his bike. Then he rode slowly out of the driveway only to be confronted by Imlach’s daughter who waved him to a halt.

“Listen!” she said, fearfully glancing around. “I must talk with you.”

He removed his helmet before saying, “What about?”

“I can’t talk here – it’s too dangerous. Please, you’ve got to hear me.”

“But – “

“Please!” she pleaded. “I must talk to you about Lianna!”

“Come on, then!” He indicated the pillion seat, replaced his helmet and drove down the road to take the lane that led to the toll bridge. He stopped before reaching it.

“Well?” he asked as they both stood beside the bike.

“She killed Monica,” she said.

Thorold’s smile disappeared. Stark realities, and memories of love and death, returned.

In the hazy sunlight, Thorold stared at the river flowing nearby. Two rowing boats, carrying their rowdy youthful crews, passed under the bridge.

“That’s ridiculous,” he finally said in answer to Sarah’s accusation. “It was an accident.”

“Was it? She arranged it using her magick.”

“Impossible.” He looked at her, but she did not turn her eyes away from his.

“Believe me, she has powers – sinister powers. She put a death curse on Monica.”

“Nonsense!”

“Is it?”

Thorold became perturbed. He had sensed many things about Lianna – including her natural charisma. “She wouldn’t – she had no reason.” Even as he spoke the words he knew a reason existed.

Sarah smiled, out of sympathy. “I saw her inscribing the parchments she uses to work her spells.”

Thorold still did not completely believe her. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I – we - need your help.”

Thorold sighed, and went to stand on the bridge, leaning against the supports and watching the water flow below. She followed him.

“For centuries,” Sarah began, “her family has ruled the village. Her father before her. But she is different – they are all afraid of her. She owns the land, nearly all the houses – the fields. Without her, they could not survive. But she had followed a different way. I was born in the village, so I know.

“She is using you, as she uses everyone, including me and my father. There is a ceremony due – part of an old tradition. She has captivated you – like the dark witch she is.”

The rowing boats had gone, and the river seemed quite peaceful. Sarah continued speaking while Thorold watched the breeze ripple the surface of the water.

“Her family kept alive for generations the old traditions, the old ways – as did the folk of the village. But she has meddled in other things. We need your help.”

“Why?”

“Because you are important to her – at least, in what she is planning.”

“And what is that?”

“To use the power of The Giving for herself. I don’t agree with the old ways – and want them stopped. You must know – or have guessed – what will be involved. The man whom you saw escape – “

“I did wonder. There is a statue in her house.”

“Yes. So you do understand?”

“I am beginning to.”

“Will you help, then?”

“I don’t know.”

“She will take you to the ceremony – we, you and I, must prevent what she plans.”

“And then?”

“Let him go.”

“I see.”

“I could give you enough evidence.”

“About his activities?”

“Yes. She removed all his files, last night from his house.”

“I did wonder,” Thorold said.

“She has other evidence against him as well. I could get that.”

“What is she to you?”

Sarah sighed. “My mother.”

When Thorold had recovered from his surprise he said, “she told me she had no children.”

“Oh, she doesn’t acknowledge me – not as her heir and all that.”

She smiled at him and Thorold saw the faint resemblance to Lianna that he had seen before but dismissed.

Sarah laughed. “I am a mistake that she made in her youth!”

“She never said anything to me.”

“She is not exactly proud of me. That’s why she keeps me around in her sight.”

“And you father?” Thorold still found it difficult to believe that she was Lianna’s daughter.

“He is her loyal servant – and servant is the right word!”

“So they are no longer close?”

“Close? They have never been close! She used him - once and for her own ends. He was and always has been her guardian. She despises him. He is totally in her power.”

Thorold felt relieved, but he soon suppressed the feeling. “You will be present tomorrow night at the ceremony?”

“Yes. You will help, then?”

“I’ll think about it.”

“I shall have to get back – before I’m missed.” She walked a few paces, and then turned toward him. “She killed Monica. And when she has finished with you – “ she shrugged, “ – who knows?”

Thorold did not watch her go. The past few hours, through their intensity and contradiction, seemed to have drained away his vitality and he rode to his Apartment to sit in the stuffy interior silence for a long time, without feeling and without thinking about recent events. When he did think about them, he came first to one conclusion and then another, to finally change his mind again, and it was without any enthusiasm that he collected clothes suitable for Lianna’s evening.

She greeted his return with a kiss, and did not seem to him to notice his change of mood.

“I feel very tired this evening,” he said to build his alibi.

She led him upstairs to the bedroom he had slept in before.

“I’ll see you downstairs, in the Sitting Room,” she said smiling, and left him.

He was soon changed, and sat to wait for her in the Sitting Room. It was a long wait, and he rose to briefly play the Grand Piano.

“You must play for me,” she said as she entered, startling him.

He was momentarily stunned by her beauty and appearance. She wore a brooch of colourful design, held by a black silk band around her neck, and her close-fitting dress emphasized the feminine proportions of her body. It was cut low at the back, exposing her tanned skin to the waist, its fit so close that Thorold could see she wore nothing underneath.

“What do you think?” she asked unnecessarily, turning in a circle in front of him.

“I think other women will hate you.”

“Good!” she laughed.

Her driving matched her mood, for she drove fast but with skill out of Shrewsbury to take a circuitous route to the restaurant. Inside, the furnishings were antique, and they were ushered to a table overlooking the extensive private grounds.

“Such a civilized place, don’t you agree?” Lianna said as Thorold sat amazed by the selection of food, and the prices, which were shown on the menu.

The tables were set at a discreet distance from each other, some at different levels. No one else was present – except two waiters and a waitress, discreetly watching them.

“I suppose the prices put people off,” Thorold said as he glanced at the empty chairs.

“We have the place to ourselves tonight.”

Thorold blushed, and stared at the menu.

“Decided what you want yet?” she asked, pleased by his show of innocence.

“Cod, chips, mushy peas and scraps.” He waited for her reaction and when none came, he said, “You decide.”

She did, and a waiter sidled up to her on her signal to take the order. She chose wine, and Thorold had drunk two full glasses of her expensive choice when he said, “all we need is an orchestra.”

“There are speakers secreted among the oak beams to channel background music.”

As if listening to their conversation, the nearby waiter walked gracefully toward their table. “Would Madam like some music?”

“Do you have any Strauss Waltzes?”

“I shall see!”

A few minutes later the music began as the first course of their meal was served. Thorold watched Lianna while they ate and talked of inconsequential things – the long spell of hot weather, the restaurant, his likes and dislikes in music. She did not seem to him to be evil – just exceptionally beautiful, wealthy woman, born to power and used to it. But he could not still his doubts. He heard Sarah’s voice in his head accusing her; remembered Lianna’s lie about having no children; her anger toward Monica. But most of all he remembered Monica’s death and Mallam being borne away by the people of Lianna’s village.

“Why did you never have any children?” he asked to test her.

She smiled. “My husband. Marriage of convenience, really. Did not want him as the father of my children.”

“Did you never want any?”

“Apart from now, you mean?” And her eyes sparkled.

“Years ago. As an heir.”

“Together we shall solve this problem!”

“But seriously – “

“Seriously – not until now. I never found the right man, until now. One has to be so careful.”

Thorold had his answer, and he did not like it. “It is a pity,” he said, guarding his feeling, “that there is not room enough to dance.”

“We could ask them to make room.”

“No – I’d be too embarrassed.”

The evening passed slowly for Thorold. Their conversation returned to the mundane, and he drank an excessive amount of wine to stifle both his feelings and his thoughts. He pretended to fall asleep in her car on their return to her house, awaking at their journeys end to say, “I’m sorry. Drunk too much.”

She smiled indulgently, and did not seem to mind when her kiss, as they stood in his bedroom, was not returned.

“We have the rest of our lives together!” she laughed in reply to his apology for his tiredness.

“I shall be leaving early in the morning. To prepare for our little ceremony. Meet me outside the village mound at ten in the evening. Can you remember that?” she asked playfully.

He slumped onto the bed, playing his role. “Of course.”

“No curiosity?” she asked.

“‘Bout what?” he slurred his words.

“The ceremony?”

“Too tired to be curious. Anyway – trust you.”

She looked directly into his eyes and for an instant he felt she knew about his pretence and the reasons for it. But she kissed him, and the moment was gone, making him sure he had been mistaken, for she touched his face gently with her hand, saying, “sleep well my darling!” to leave him alone in his room.

No sounds reached him and he undressed to sleep naked in the humid night on top of the bed. He was soon asleep. He did not sleep for long. The weather oppressed, making him restless and sweaty, and his mind was troubled by thoughts of Monica, Mallam and Lianna’s lies. Only when dawn came, bringing a slight breeze through his open windows, did renewed rest come, and he did not hear as Lianna quietly opened the door to watch, for almost a minute while he slept. She smiled as she closed the door to leave him to his dreams.

It was late morning when Thorold awoke, tired and thirsty. The house was quiet, and empty, and he wandered to one of the many bathrooms before dressing. He found Lianna’s note on the table in the kitchen. “Yours – to keep,” it simply read. Next to it was a key to the front door of the house.

Half expecting to find Sarah or Imlach, he ventured into the gardens. He found no one, not even in the buildings where Sarah – a long time ago it seemed to him now – had taken him to strip away all her clothes. Now, he felt, he understood: angry with her mother, she had tried to seduce him as an act of revenge.

He spent an hour wandering around the house, occasionally opening a drawer or a cupboard as if by such openings he might find something to incriminate or explain Lianna. Even the library held no clues – only books, many of which he would once have been glad to own or buy for his shop. The door that led to the stone chamber was unlocked, and he walked down the steps aware that he might be transgressing Lianna’s hospitality. But he hardened himself against the feeling, remembering Sarah’s story, Monica’s death and Lianna’s lies. Black candles lit the chamber.

The red light by the statue was still burning, and as he approached, he saw a book lying on the floor. *The Black Book of Satan*’ the spine read.

The book was open at a chapter entitled ‘*A Gift for the Prince*’ and he began to read.

‘In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess, the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess – the bride of our Prince.

‘Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed – or stored, for example, in a crystal sphere) and it draws down dark forces or ‘entities’. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal according to the principles of magick, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the ‘astral shell’ around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive – that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice further the works of Satan...’

He read no more, but carefully replaced the book, leaving the chamber to ascend the stairs to his room. He felt comfortable again in his motorcycle leathers, gloves and boots, and left the house without locking the door.

The roads and lanes he took led him to a narrow, old stone bridge over a narrow stream, and he stopped to sit beside the water under the blue sky while larks sang high above the fields of ripening wheat. The book had given him final confirmation of his suspicions.

## XXII

It was nearing the hour of ten when Thorold arrived in the village, his sealed letter safely in Jake’s house. His friend would open it and know what to do should he fail to return.

Twilight was ending, and as he parked his bike by the mound, removed his helmet and as he listened, hearing only the leaves of the trees moving in the breeze, he found it difficult to believe in magick. The perfume of flowers was strong, reminding him of quiet English villages full of charm. He had not heard or seen the old tractor that was driven across the lane, blocking it, after he had passed to take the last turn into the village, as he did not know the other entrance to the village was similarly obstructed. Neither did he see or hear Lianna approach until she stood beside him and touched him on the shoulder, startling him, again.

“Come”, she said, “they are waiting.”

She carried a wicker basket but he could not see what was in it. He was surprised when she lead him toward and into the church.

Inside, a multitude of candles and lanterns had been lit, and he saw the whole village assembled with Sidnal standing and waiting by the altar. But the altar was covered with fruit, food and what appeared to be casks of beer, and as he looked around he could see that all Christian symbols and artefacts had been removed.

The assembly parted as he and Lianna entered.

“Wait here,” she whispered to him before walking by herself toward the altar. Sidnal bowed slightly as she gave him her basket. It contained envelopes bearing a substantial gift of money, the same amount in each, and Sidnal took the envelopes one at a time, read the name written thereon, and waited for the recipient to come forward.

Each villager received an envelope, and Sidnal gave the empty basket to Lianna. She held it upside down and on this signal a young man and woman came forward. She touched their foreheads with her hands, saying, “I greet the Lord and Lady!”

They turned, as the assembled villagers did, toward where Thorold stood. The door opened, and Imlach entered holding a rope whose ends were tied round Mallam’s hands, binding them.

Lianna addressed the congregation, saying, “You have heard the charges against him. How say you – is he guilty or not guilty?”

“Guilty! Guilty!” The congregation responded.

“Is that the verdict of you all?”

“Yes!” the voices chorused.

“And his sentence?”

“Burn him! Burn him!”

Mallam looked terrified. Lianna led the exit from the church.

“Come,” she said to Thorold, taking his hand. Imlach led Mallam into the darkness followed by Lianna, Thorold, Sidnal and the folk of that village.

Sarah waited by the gate to the mound, holding a burning torch. She led the procession through the village and into the fields where they stopped beside an unlit bonfire. In its centre was a stake.

“No! No!” Mallam pleaded. “Forgive me! I’ll do anything! Anything!”

Imlach had a long-bladed knife, which he gave to Lianna as Sarah came to stand beside Thorold while the villagers gathered in a circle round the stake. Thorold felt Sarah’s hand touching his, then cold metal. He was surprised, but put the revolver in his pocket, and watched as Lianna approached Mallam.

“Are you ready?” Sarah whispered to him.

Thorold did not answer. Nearby, Lianna cut the rope which bound Mallam.

“Run!” she said to him. “Run!”

For some seconds Mallam did not move, and when he did the waiting villagers moved aside to let him through. He ran, bent-over, into the high, shielding wheat. No one followed.

“There is she,” Lianna pointed at Sarah, “who has betrayed us.”

Lianna came forward, took the torch from Sarah’s hand and beckoned to two men. They held Sarah by her arms while Thorold stood with his hand clutching the gun in his pocket. But he did not move, surprised by Mallam’s freedom, as the two men took Sarah away. Lianna lit the bonfire with the torch, and on this signal the villagers began to dance around it, laughing and singing. Two young women came to Thorold, held his arms and ushered

him toward the circle of the dance, and soon he lost sight of Lianna. He danced with them around the fire, several times trying to break away. But another circle of dancers had formed around the one containing him, dancing in the opposite direction, and constraining his movement.

He seemed to dance a long time until he saw Lianna again. She was outside the circle of dancers and came toward him, took his hand and joined in the dance. The heat of the fire had become intense, and the dancers moved away, still holding the circles. Wood crackled, and, among the singing and shouting,

Thorold thought he could hear music accompanying the dance.

“You did not believe her, then?” Lianna asked.

“You knew?”

“Of course!”

“And if I had believed her?” he asked, panting from the exertion of the dance and the heat.

“It would have been a pity to spoil the celebration.”

“And Mallam?”

She smiled. “He has his just reward!”

“Then Sarah is not your daughter?”

“Naturally not! And you have shown the insight I would expect from my future husband.”

Thorold was so surprised he stopped his dancing, and as he did so he could see, by the light of the fire, blood upon Lianna’s hands and dress.

## XXIII

Thorold had no time to think. The dancing stopped, and he was borne along in the crush back through the gate of the field toward the village.

Several times he tried to find Lianna but without success. He was approaching the church when he saw her standing by the door with a young woman. Her hands were clean, her dress a different one.

“Shall we go and see Sarah?” She said, smiling, when he reached her.

Inside the church, the feasting had begun, and Thorold followed Lianna and the young woman, unwilling to form his fears and feelings into words. The light from the windows of the black and white house illuminated the garden, and as they passed through it Thorold could see, through the open door, fresh straw covering the floor of the stone building that had been Mallam’s prison.

Sarah sat, her head resting in her hands, by the table in the kitchen, the two men who had taken her away beside her, with Sidnal standing close by.

“Leave us,” Lianna said, and the two men left. “You have done well,” she said to Sidnal. “I have a gift for you - as your grandmother I know, would have wished.”

Sidnal shuffled his feet and looked down at the floor as Lianna joined his hand with that of the young woman who laughed playfully and dragged an unresisting Sidnal away. As they left the house, Thorold saw Imlach standing by the door.

Sarah looked hopefully at Thorold. “Why didn’t you stop her?”

When Thorold did not answer, she said, “You didn’t believe me, did you?”

“No.”

“But it was true,” she said in desperation. “My father will tell you.”

Imlach turned away.

“Tell him! Damn you, tell him!” she shouted.

Imlach said nothing, and Sarah began to cry. Then, suddenly, she was angry and glowered at Thorold. “You’re pathetic,” she snarled. “I pity you, I really do! You’re totally in her power! She’s corrupted you, beshrewed you, and you don’t see it!”

“I know what has gone on,” Lianna said.

“What do you mean?” Sarah demanded, angry – and afraid.

“Between you and your father.”

“No! It’s lies!”

“I have known for a long time,” Lianna said quietly.

“I hate you!”

“So, that’s why you pretended to be her daughter?” Thorold asked.

“Yes!” Sarah was defiant. She stood up, as if to strike Lianna, and as she did so, Imlach moved toward her. “I knew you loved her!” she said to her father. “That’s why I did what I did – with you!” She laughed, almost hysterically.

Imlach raised his hand to hit her, but Lianna stopped him.

“Now,” Sarah shouted, “you’ll never know your child!”

Swift, she ran out of the house, too quick for her father to catch her. She was in the stone

building, pushing the door shut, by the time they reacted, and when they reached it she had set fire to the straw.

She laughed at them as they stood by the door and flames engulfed her. Thorold tried to reach her, but the flames and heat and smoke were intense and Imlach pulled him back. Sarah screamed, briefly, and then was silent.

“I shall be at the feast,” Imlach said before walking along the garden path to take the lane to the church.

“Come on,” Lianna said to Thorold, “there is nothing you can do here.”

She took his hand to lead him back into the house. She brought wine, and they sat at the table in the kitchen drinking.

“I suppose,” Thorold said, “this is your house as well.”

“Indeed! Shall we live here – rather than in Shrewsbury?”

He ignored the question. “She said that you killed Monica – by cursing her.”

“Do you believe I did?”

For a long time Thorold did not speak. “No,” he finally said. “There was a book I found, in your house, the evening – “

“The Black Book of Satan?”

“Yes. It mentioned sacrifice.”

Lianna smiled, disconcerting Thorold still further. He realized then that he still loved her. It had been love that had overcome the doubts Sarah had given him, not reason.

“Tell me about Mallam,” he asked.

“What do you want to know?”

He wanted to ask about what he had seen – the blood on her hands and dress – but it had been the briefest of glimpses in difficult light, and he could have been mistaken.

“He is free, then?” he asked.

“Yes – at last.”

“And you planned everything?”

“You tell me,” she said enigmatically.

“I think you set him up right from the beginning. Let him make his mistakes. Condemn himself, in fact.”

“Possibly,” she smiled.

“But why?”

“I’m sure you can work it out.”

It was the answer he had expected. “How does the book I found fit into all this?” It was not exactly the question he wanted to ask, but it would, he hoped, lead him toward it.

She smiled, as a schoolmistress might toward an otherwise intelligent pupil. “Satanism, you mean?”

“Yes,” he answered, amazed at her perspicacity.

“It is not the way I follow. My tradition is different – much older.”

“And Mallam?”

“He followed his own dark path.”

“And Monica – surely she did not have to die?”

“No – it was an accident. But he killed her, accidentally or otherwise.”

“The village – how does it fit in?”

“Do you want to marry me – and share all this?” she asked.

Thorold smiled. “I thought I was supposed to ask you?”

”There is an older way.” She paused. “Yes – or no?”

Thorold felt the importance of the moment, heard the beating of his pulse in his ear, saw the enigmatic beauty of the woman seated beside him, and remembered her physical passion, her tears and words of love. “Yes,” he said trembling.

She kissed him. “I never really had much choice, did I?” he asked.

“Oh, yes, you had plenty of times to chose.”

For a moment Thorold had the impression that she had planned everything – including Sarah’s intervention and death – but the impression was transient. He looked at her, and could not believe it. She was smiling, and he suddenly realized that he would not care if she had.

“Imlach – what will happen to him?” He asked to test her.

“He will stay with us – should you so wish it.”

He was pleased with her answer. “And if I don’t wish it?”

I believe that Sidnal will need some help with his land. Now,” she said, and stood up, “let’s go to bed!”

Thorold needed no further encouragement to follow her.

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Tired from the physical passion of the night, Thorold was sleeping soundly when Lianna left the house in the burgeoning light to dawn.

The village was quiet, and she walked past the church and into the fields. The bonfire of the night before was but a smouldering pile of ash, and she walked past it and through the wheat along the path Mallam had taken in his flight. Nothing remained by the edge of the field to mark his passing, except a large patch of discoloured earth, which, she knew, would soon be gone, and she smiled before returning to her house.

It would be another fifty years before the field would be needed again, and her heir would be there to carry on the sacred tradition. She was pleased with her choice for the man who would father her daughter, and, around an oak tree on the mound, she danced a brief dance in the light of the rising sun.

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***[Fini]***

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**Appendix**

**A Brief Note Concerning The Deofel Quartet:**

The books in the Deofel Quartet were designed as esoteric Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, their style is not that of a conventional novel. Thus, detailed descriptions – of people, events, circumstances – are for the most part omitted, with the reader/listener expected to use their own imagination to create such details.

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 addition, each individual book represents particular forms, aspects, and the archetypal energies associated with particular spheres of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, and for example, *The Giving* – dealing with “primal Satanism” - relates to the third and fourth spheres, the two alchemical processes of Coagulation and Putrefaction, and the magickal forms represented by the magickal words Ecstasy and Vision. [For more details, refer to the ONA MS *Introduction to the Deofel Quartet*.]

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# The Greyling Owl

## Order of Nine Angles

First issued: 1986 e.n.

This corrected version (v.1.03) issued 119 Year of Feyen

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### Introductory Note

Unlike the other MSS in *The Deofel Quartet*, the magickal and "Sinister" aspects, themes, and nature, of this work are not overt, nor implicit nor obvious, and thus - exoterically - it does not appear to be a work of Sinister, or even of Occult, fiction.

However, it does describe several works of real (and hidden) magick, in the real world, undertaken by hidden Adepts for specific purposes.

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York, 1976 e.n.

Colin Mickleman stared contentedly out of the window before refilling his large pipe. Three mallards sat on the bank of the artificial lake that formed the aesthetic and geometric centre of the University, and Colin rose to open the window to the warm Spring air before standing

in front of a mirror in his room.

Tall and sturdily built, his enjoyment of life's many pleasures had left him physically unaffected but he had begun to worry about his increasing baldness, and it was some minutes before he completed his now routine inspection of his hair. His thirtieth birthday was now some weeks away and, notwithstanding his youth, he had earned for himself, by reason of his hard work and diligence, a considerable reputation in the academic circle of philosophers. During his tenure at York he had been voted 'The Most Interesting Lecturer of the Year' many times. That this award, by the students, was partly sartorial did not concern him in the least and he derived great satisfaction from it.

His teaching commitments were not very heavy, and he would often spend an idle hour or so drinking tea in the offices of the Philosophy Department in Derwent College, talking to the Secretary and anyone else who chanced along. The topic of conversations on these occasions varied, and while at times he might discourse learnedly to a colleague on philosophical matters, he was as likely to be found – always with a lighted pipe – discussing the fate of the England middle order batting or the latest calamity to befall his beloved Sheffield Wednesday football team. Although born in Sheffield, he had spent only ten years there as a child, and his rather hazy memories of the place did not in any way affect his fierce loyalty to the team that he - with his father - had supported as a boy.

Yet it was not only his loyal support of this team that had earned him the nickname of 'The Owl'.

The owl is, by nature, a nocturnal creature, and although somewhat retiring by day, at night it is a predator. Colin Mickleman's prey were women.

He did not possess any particular preference regarding women, although over the years he had often found himself strongly desiring women whose views were opposed to his own and with a particular type of sensuous lips. In his search for prey, he never ventured from his University territory or the venues of the many and various conferences he attended, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. Every year there was new blood at the University.

Sometimes, his liaisons lasted several months, although the average was around two weeks, and he was careful almost to the point of obsession not to clutter his day with assignations. The day belonged to his work. Occasionally, a liaison would prove troublesome when a woman's emotions became involved, and on these occasions he would bury himself in his work and academic duties, trusting in his emotional indifference, since it was mostly the pleasure of a woman's body he desired and not a personal involvement. Perhaps the pattern of his conquests had been set by the mental effort of his youth and

family situation, but however it had arisen it did not concern him much. As a boy nurtured by the hilly terraced streets of Sheffield between his father's factory and the Corporation Baths, his pursuits and interests had been those of any boy his age and class, and it was not until his family had moved to Leeds by virtue of his mother having to care for elderly relatives that his ardour for learning – as well as his desire to be somewhat different and escape from what he regarded as the drab limitations of his parents' life – was aroused.

The light in his room was growing dimmer as the sun set and he sat down at his desk to collect together the scattered pages of the article he had spent the day writing. His room filled a modest space on the ground floor of Goodricke College, and he had chosen it in preference of the large, but dull, flats normally reserved for members of the academic staff. He liked the view of the lake, the grassy bank with its weeping willow trees, and the three post-Graduate students with whom he shared a corridor and kitchen were quiet and unassuming companions.

The article pleased him, as his style of life did. He was content, teaching, publishing articles, writing his book on philosophy – and adding to his list of female conquests. He kept a list of the names of the women with whom he had had sexual relations, and he took it briefly from a locked drawer in his desk, smiling to himself, before he re-read his article. Soon, he felt, the academic adulation he desired would be his.

The knock on his door annoyed him, disturbing his reverie, and he sighed deeply before opening the door.

Alison, her eyes puffy and red, stood outside in the corridor.

“Yes?” he asked as if he did not know her.

She began to cry and he watched in astonishment as she sat on his bed with her head in her hands. Her wailing annoyed him, and he sat at his desk to refill his pipe. She was a second year Undergraduate of passionate intensity, and as he watched her he began to think of stratagems that might bring their relationship to a satisfying end.

Nevertheless, a part of him resented the stratagems that the cynical Owl proposed, and he rose to sit beside her before regaining control of himself and returning to his desk.

“Do you love me?” she asked suddenly.

When he did not answer, she wiped away her tears with her hands. "I have something to tell you," she whispered.

He looked suspiciously at her as if correctly guessing. She was watching him, and waiting for his reaction and he was glad when someone else knocked on his door. He bounded across the room to open it, and stood staring at the man in the corridor.

Edmund Arrowsmith had known Colin for over ten years, and was not surprised to find a woman in the room of his friend. He had travelled a long way and eased the heavy weight of his large rucksack off his shoulder for a moment.

"I can come back," he said.

"No, it's alright!" Colin replied. "Come in! This," he said, pointing, "is Alison."

She looked at Edmund, but did not return his smile of greeting and he eased his rucksack onto the floor.

"Well then," said Colin amicably to him, "what's your latest hair-brained scheme?"

Edmund looked pained. "Actually, I'm off to join a community."

Colin laughed, turned to Alison and said, "This is he! Ex-student, ex-political agitator, ex-mercenary, now soon to be ex- something else!"

He stood up, stretched and yawned. "I'll make some tea," he said before searching among the books and papers that lay in profusion on his desk. He gave Edmund a copy of his latest published article.

Alison watched Colin leave, but the invitation she hoped for did not come. She saw Edmund study a few sections of the article carefully, glance at the rest and then throw it back upon the desk.

"What are you studying?" he asked her.

“Music,” she said sharply and instantly regretted it.

“Then what instrument do you play?”

His eyes gave the impression of looking straight through her, and she felt there was something sinister about him which his outward appearance belied. His boots were well worn, his dull woollen shirt patched and his trousers well made and old, his face and arms deeply tanned. Only the gauntness of his face and his staring eyes betrayed him.

“Violin,” she said softly, turning to look out of the window.

“Oh, I see.”

Suddenly, she turned toward him. “What’s wrong with the violin?” she demanded aggressively.

Edmund smiled. “I just imagined you’d play something else – the piano.”

“Of course I play the piano!”

“Which do you prefer?”

“It’s not a question of ‘which do I prefer’! It’s a question of what music I choose to play.”

“I’d like to hear you play sometime.”

The question was so unexpected and so sincerely meant that Alison did not know what to say in reply and she was glad that Colin returned at that moment.

“What do you think?” he asked Edmund, pointing to the article and carefully laying two mugs of tea upon the corner of the desk.

“Not bad – style’s a bit turgid.”

Colin squinted at him. “You have to write like that – Editors expect it.”

“Doesn’t say much for Editors does it?”

Alison began to laugh, then thought better of it. “Where’s mine, then?” she asked, indicating the mugs.

“But you don’t like tea,” Colin protested.

“True! But I’d like to be asked.”

They glowered at each other for some moments.

“I need to stretch my legs a bit,” Edmund said as he stood, sensing an intrusion. “See you in, say, half an hour?”

He did not wait for a reply and as he walked down the corridor he could hear Colin and Alison shouting at each other. He caught the words; “I haven’t seen him for over a year!” But in the deserted and otherwise silent corridor it was Alison’s words that he carried out with into the warm, still air of Spring. They were sad words, perhaps even tragic, he thought, given the knowledge of his friend, and he stood outside the building for some minutes, looking across the lake as it scintillated under the now glowing lights of Vanbrugh College. “Don’t you understand,” Alison had shouted, “I’m pregnant!” and Edmund allowed the temporary peace of his academic surroundings to calm him as he walked toward the lake.

II

Edmund had always like the University since he had visited it many years ago. Spread over a two hundred acre site, its centrepiece was the fifteen-acre lake and despite the modernity of its buildings, he felt a harmony had been achieved unlike anything else he had seen in modern academia. This was partly due, he knew, to the planned and the fortuitous bird-life that had gathered around the lake, and partly because of the transplantation of mature trees

around the campus. He particularly liked the tall, broad Chestnut trees. Even the large Central Hall adjacent to the lake and near the fountain that shot water high into the air, did not seem out of place among the Weeping Willows that lined the banks and the Cherry trees that frequented the paths. The Hall was a semi-octagon, its upper stories cantilevered above the water and, planned or otherwise, it dominated the site. The whole effect pleased Edmund, although he felt the multitude of students spoiled it.

He sat for a long time by the lake, watching night fall and students pass. When he did rise, a sense of caution led him to walk slowly, and as he reached the residential block containing Colin's room, he saw Alison in animated conversation with a young man; she was trying to restrain his arm but he pushed her away. Edmund walked across the grass, smiled at Alison, and entered the building.

Colin was in the kitchen, a teapot in his hand, while beside him stood a young man clenching a carving knife.

"You bastard!" he was shouting, "you bloody bastard!"

Edmund went toward him.

"Stay out of this!" the young man growled.

Colin appeared to be mildly amused and swiftly, Edmund kicked the knife from the man's hand. It spun toward the roof, and then fell to clatter harmlessly into the sink. The man rushed toward Edmund who blocked the intended punch and pinned his assailant against the wall in an arm lock.

"He's drunk," Colin said by way of explanation. "Fancy some tea?"

"Please," Alison said as she stood by the door, "let him go."

"Her brother," Colin explained.

Cautiously, Edmund released him, and Alison's brother bent over the sink, vomiting.

“I’m sorry,” Alison said to Edmund as she attended to her brother.

“Is he alright?” Edmund asked her.

“I’ll take him to his room.”

After they had gone, Edmund said, “What are you going to do?”

“Have some tea!”

“About Alison, I meant.”

Colin squinted, as was his habit. “You know then?”

“Yes.”

The smell of vomit was strong, and Edmund flushed it away before turning to his now ashen-faced friend. “Come on, fresh air is what you need.”

They stood on the bridge over the edge of the lake.

“What will you do?” asked Edmund again.

Colin sighed. “She’ll have to have an abortion,” he said without conviction.

“What does she want?”

“She’s done this to try and trap me. She said she’d taken precautions.”

“You don’t feel responsible, then? Edmund asked.

“Of course not. She’s over eighteen.”

“You don’t feel in the slightest bit responsible?”

“No.” He stared down at the water, watching the scattering of light from the profusion of illumination near then and around the whole campus. He felt the transitory bloom of his thought would be crushed by Alison’s weight – the inertial weight of a childbearing body.

“You do care, really, don’t you?” Edmund said after the long silence.

Colin sighed, although it was not the sigh of the cynical Owl, still less that of the academic philosopher who watched life as it unfolded around his chosen dwelling. “I never misled her about my intentions,” he said.

“You don’t like women much, do you?”

“What?” Colin’s face was a carefully contrived combination of wounded pride and annoyance.

“Not as they are – in themselves. For you they are just reflectors of your self image.”

Colin was considering his answer when an obese man in a crumpled suit approached them. He was panting, and sweat dribbled from his forehead. He held a book in his hand from which protruded several sheets of notepaper. The man smiled at Colin, wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, and thrust the papers at him.

“Sorry.” He explained, sucking in his lower lip, “reader’s report against it. Glad I caught you, Colin. Sorry, but I’m late already.”

Colin took the sheaf of papers. “Thanks.”

“Better luck next time, eh?” the man smirked before wobbling away.

“The bastard!” Colin said mutely.

“Friend of yours, then?” Edmund asked.

Colin glanced through his rejected article, and then stuffed it into his pocket. “That was Doctor Richard Storr, Ph.D. (Oxon) – infamous editor of the British Journal of Philosophy and – would you believe it – my Head of Department!”

“He’s the Professor?”

“Thankfully, no. But he’s in charge until one is appointed.”

“I gather you two are not on friendly terms.”

Colin ignored the question. “So how long are you staying this time?”

“A few days – maybe longer.”

For several minutes Colin was silent. Then, taking money from his pockets, he trust it at Edmund saying, “Here, get yourself something to eat. I’ll see you later tonight.”

“Where are you going?”

Colin hunched up his shoulders and wrung his hands. “To forget!”

He left his friend standing on the bridge and walked quickly back to his room to collect his camera. It did not take him long to arrange his assignation, and he waited by the road that intersected the campus beneath the walkway that siphoned students to and from the Library.

“Well,” he said as he climbed into the car, which stopped for him and held out his camera, “have you decided?”

The woman smiled at him. She was several years older than Mickleman, a Lecturer in English, her oval face graced by large blue eyes and framed by straight tawny hair. For months she had resisted his flattery and attentions. Her body showed a slight tendency toward corpulence, and Mickleman had lusted after it. She was polite where he was often gruff; her office tidy whereas his was chaotic. They taught the same Undergraduate student

and it was from this student that he had come to know of Magarita's existence. All her students held her in awe and it was this one fact which led Mickleman to seek her out and begin to plan his seduction. It was over a month ago since he had succeeded, and he had sown the seeds for the next stage of his conquest.

"You'll develop them yourself?" Magarita asked him, still unsure.

"Yes," he lied before putting down his camera and rubbing his hands together gleefully.

### III

Alison was alone again in the quietness of a practice room in the Music Department, and sat down on the piano stool to re-read her diary.

'The corridor was dark - all the rooms were closed and I felt afraid. I could not bear a repeat of my last visit - the angry words, the tears, needs that were not fulfilled, things left unsaid. I remember I said: "It's better if I never see you again" - hoping he would plead with me to stay. He said nothing. I couldn't resist any more: 'What shall I do?' I cried, catching the lapels of his jacket, tears on them, my tears as I clung to him, trying to make a bridge. 'Come on Wednesday' he struggled to say. 'On Wednesday,' I repeated.

Such a dark corridor, outside. Last time I just stood in the kitchen, kicking the door and shouting at it: 'Why do you never understand me!' Yet I was back again - I had no pride left. Was this need really love? What would I say this time? Could I find a way of letting him understand - of getting through? I knocked on his door. 'Come in'. The voice was subdued. He was sitting in his chair I remember as if it was a moment ago. Dispirited. 'What is it?' I wondered if all relationships were like this - so charged with emotion. 'Your letter, your letter,' he struggled to say. 'I've hurt you,' I whispered with awe. Then, sitting on his lap, my head against him, buried. Crying. 'It's alright.' A soft voice, a soft touch on my face.

It did not last. 'Are you pleased to see me?' I asked. 'About as pleased as a Mickleman can be.' Then, the inevitable wandering hand. The moment gone, and never repeated.

Only a month ago, she sighed; before I knew my fate. She put down the diary, thought of tearing it up, but did not. Then she began to play the piano, an Intermezzo by Brahms, transforming her feelings into her performance. And at its end, she sat, quite still, trying to recapture the beauty she had felt.

*'I feel,'* she wrote in her diary, *'only music can lead me to the knowledge I am seeking. I want to be at peace – when I play, I am at peace.'* What then, she thought, of the child now growing within her womb?

She did not know, and rose to walk slowly out of the building. She did not bother to seek Colin's room, but walked aimlessly along the paths, her face downturned.

"Hello!" a cheerful voice said to her.

It was some moments before she recognized the speaker.

"Are you alright?" Edmund asked her.

"Fine." She looked around, but could not see Colin.

"I'm just going to get something to eat. Would you like to join me?"

Eating was repellent to her but in atonement for the guilt she felt she said, "Yes."

She shuffled after Edmund toward the dining hall to join the small queue that babbled past the serving hatch. The dead and steaming flesh behind the glass cages nauseated her, as the gaggles of students at the tables annoyed her, and she followed Edmund's example by selecting a salad. Near her, someone laughed while they walked balancing a tray full of food. "I suppose" his companion said, "nothing matters but the quality." He looked at Alison and smiled.

For some reason Alison wanted to slap the young man's face, but the feeling soon vanished, and she followed Edmund to an empty table where she sat under the bright lights prodding her lifeless food.

“Aren’t you hungry?” Edmund asked her kindly.

“Not for food.” Then she was laughing at herself. “God! I’m beginning to sound like a cheap novel!”

“Surely you mean a character from a cheap novel?”

She stared at him, suddenly angry and defensive. Then she smiled. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright.”

She was surprised at the warmth in his words and in his eyes. “Would you,” she said impetuously, “like me to play some music for you?”

“Yes, I would. Very much indeed.”

“Come on, then!” She grasped his hand to lift him up from the table, then suddenly took it away thinking he might misconstrue her gesture.

She walked with him at a brisk pace back to the practice room. She was impatient to begin without quite understanding why. The Partita she played was followed by Brahms and then more Brahms while Edmund sat on the floor, listening. She seemed to play for a long time, and when she stopped she rested her incandescent face in her hands.

“Beautiful,” Edmund said.

She shrugged her shoulders. “I made a lot of mistakes.”

“I didn’t notice any.”

She smiled at being caught out. “What do you think of Brahms?”

“Nice.”

She was offended. “Nice? Is that all?” she said, a trace of anger in her voice.

“What do you think of his music then?” he countered.

“Sublime!”

“Possibly – sometimes.”

“You’re not serious? He is unsurpassed. Unsurpassable!”

“Everything can be surpassed – its just a question of will and genius.”

“Not today it isn’t – in this decadent culture.”

“Culture is only genuine culture if it smells of blood.”

She stared at him, but he smiled. His statement was so out of place with his benign expression she ignored it.

“What are you going to do?” he suddenly asked her.

She looked at him suspiciously, then turned away. “What do you mean?” she asked softly.

“I overheard – earlier on.”

She blushed, and shuffled her feet. “He’s offered to live with me.”

“And do you want that?”

“I don’t know.” Then, cheerfully: “ I don’t think he does, though!”

“No – I can’t really imagine him living a life of domestic bliss.”

“What do you think of him?”

“I think he is a genius.”

“Really?” she asked in astonishment.

“Intellectually, yes. Perhaps he needs to become a bit more human, though. Anyway, what do you want to do with your life?”

“I’d like to compose something,” she said enthusiastically, “something beautiful and profound.”

“Like Brahms’ Fourth Symphony?”

She looked at him quizzically. “I thought you didn’t like Brahms?”

“I never actually said that.”

She sighed. “We all have impossible dreams.”

He gave his enigmatic smile. “Some of us make them a reality.”

“Oh, yes?” she said.

Edmund turned his face away slightly, and her first thought was that she had offended him until she realized he was listening. She strained to hear what it was, but was surprised when Colin appeared at the door.

“Thought you’d be in here” Colin said to Alison. Then, seeing Edmund, he added “He been having an attack of his verbal diarrhoea?”

“She played some Brahms for me,” Edmund said as he stood up.

“Romantic cretin,” Colin muttered.

“I’m surprised,” Edmund said, “that you in your modernist existence have heard of him – let alone heard him.”

“Goes on a bit, doesn’t he?” Colin said to Alison.

“Had fun, then?” Edmund countered, pointing at the camera Colin held.

Colin ignored the remark. “You eaten, yet?” he asked Alison.

“Yes, thank you,” she said curtly and began to play the piano.

Colin winced.

“I gather,” Edmund said to him, “you don’t like Bach either?”

“Baroque cretin. Well, I’m going to have something to eat. “You coming?” he asked Edmund.

“In a while.”

Disgruntled, Colin left them to walk along the concrete path toward the bridge. He had not gone far when he realized he was being followed. The man was tall, his suit in contrast to his milieu, and Colin waited on the bridge for the man to pass him by. Instead, the man stopped, and waited. Colin walked on, the man followed, keeping his distance. He slowed his pace and the man did likewise. But when he reached the dining hall and turned around again the man had gone.

Alison had ceased her playing shortly after Colin had left the room.

“I suppose,” she said, “we’d better join him – or he’ll sulk all evening.”

“Have you ever thought of performing – professionally?”

“I’m not that good.”

“Yes you are.”

“Anyway,” she said and touched her abdomen with her hand, “it’s out of the question, now.”

“Not necessarily.”

Her look was one of disapproval, and they did not speak as they left the room and the building to walk the brightly lit paths. As they neared the dining hall, a tall man dressed in a suit stepped out from the shadows and come toward them.

“Excuse me,” Edmund said to Alison. “Tell Colin I’ll see him early tomorrow morning.”

She saw Edmund talk briefly with the man before she walked into the hall. Colin sat by himself at a table eating, rather gluttonously she thought, from a plate full of steaming food.

“He said,” she remarked as she sat beside him, “that he’d see you tomorrow.”

“Typical. Always disappearing mysteriously. That’s Edmund.”

“You are really fond of him, aren’t you?” she said, surprised by his obvious disappointment.

“Have you decided what you are going to do yet?”

“Go home – for a while at least.”

“I meant – “

“I know what you meant.”

Colin squinted at her. “What?” Then, annoyed by his own affectation, he said, “I meant what I said.”

“Part of you did, at least.” Colin’s presence – so physically near and yet so emotionally distant – made her feel like crying.

He saw this, and then nervously looked around.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I won’t embarrass you by crying.”

He was about to answer when a young lady, colourfully dressed and possessed of a freckled face and an athletic build, shouted from the doorway of the hall.

“Hi Colin!” she said and sauntered to their table. “I’m so glad I found you!” She sat down. “What a day!” As if becoming aware of Alison, she turned toward her. “Hi! I’m Maren!”

“And I am just leaving,” Alison replied, having seen Colin’s eyes widen in gleeful remembrance as he looked at Maren.

“But – “ he began to say, then faltered, torn between his desire for Maren and his feeling of responsibility toward Alison. In his indecision, he let Alison walk away.

“You know,” Maren said to him, “that exhibition in John’s Gallery today? Well – you should have seen how they displayed my painting! Horrible, absolutely horrible. I objected, of course. And tried to explain to Jenny – she was with me – the ultimate meaning of having it displayed just right. You know what I mean, don’t you? Well, she – Jenny that is – she was so caught up in her own problems, she didn’t understand. And John! How he could devalue the exquisite contents of the painting that way, I’ll never know.

She took a drink from his glass of water. “You know what I dread, Colin? Dread most of all? The inevitable threat of being passé. Shall we have some fun tonight?” She looked around the dining hall. “Shake the cretins up a bit?”

Colin smiled at her and she smiled back.

#### IV

It took several minutes for Colin Mickleman to realize where he was. The curtains were still closed, but enough light penetrated for him to make out the contents of his room.

Normally he placed a glass of water beside his bed before he went to sleep. But this morning it was not there, and he yawned. His yawning occupied him for some minutes while he recovered some of his strength that his debauch of the night before had dissipated. Maren, at his insistence, had left his bed in the early hours of the morning, for he like to sleep alone.

Finally, after much yawning, sighing and stretching of his arms, he rose from his bed to begin his extensive toilet. When he was dressed, groomed and washed to his satisfaction, he sat at his desk for several minutes watching the lake through his window and smoking his pipe. He was thinking what to do about Alison when someone knocked at his door.

Edmund stood in the corridor, smiling in such a way that the ends of his mouth came very close to his ears.

“Lovely day, isn’t it?” Edmund said cheerfully. “Like some breakfast?” He held out a plate containing eggs, bacon and tomatoes.

Colin hunched his shoulders. “I hate people like you in the mornings.” Grumpy, he shuffled away to open the window in his room.

“Breakfast?” Edmund repeated.

“I don’t eat breakfast.”

“I wondered why your growth was stunted. More for me, then. Want some coffee?”

“I haven’t got any coffee – or any food for that matter.”

“Never mind.” He went to the kitchen to eat.

Colin joined him, but only to obtain a drink of water.

“Any plans for today?” Edmund asked.

“Lectures – then a meeting. I’ll meet you in the ‘Well’ in Derwent at twelve.”

“Sure you won’t have something to eat?” He held out a piece of bacon on the end of his fork.

Colin muttered something incomprehensible before returning to his room. Outside, in the bright sun, students seethed along the paths and he joined them as he made his way to his lecture. He disliked the lecture room with its high windows and bright, impersonal lights, but was glad to find all his first year students present and waiting. Of the women, Kate had been conquered already, but she ignored his smile as he remembered his photographs of her, locked in the drawer of his desk in the privacy of his room. His favourite among them was of her standing on a chair by his door, lifting her skirt to reveal her nakedness, the ginger tufts of pubic hair. She had held her head to one side, as if wearily obeying his desire to make her look ridiculous, her brown eyes staring at the camera and her mass of ginger curls slightly in disarray around her shoulders.

Of the others present, only Fenton did not turn his eyes away from Colin’s gaze. Instead, he stared directly at the Owl, as if understanding. He wore a long scarf and un-fashionable clothes, and the badge of his lapel proclaimed him as a supporter of the ‘Gay Liberation Front’. Not for the first time, Colin felt uneasy looking at him and turned his gaze elsewhere.

“Right,” Colin said, rubbing his hands together as was his habit. “I can see you’re all keen for me to begin.” He checked the pocket of his jacket to make sure his pipe was there. It was. “Now, in many ways, modern philosophy is considered to have begun with Descartes...”

He kept the attention of his students for the allotted span, and watched with satisfaction as they all, with the exception of Fenton, closed their notebooks with what seemed to be reluctance as he sidled into the corridor outside. Fiona Pound was ahead of him, her thin

cotton dress swaying as she walked. Underneath it, he sensed she was naked.

Unusually, the door of his room in the Department was open, but everything seemed in its familiar place – the stuffed owl on the bookcase, the picture of Sheffield Wednesday football team on the wall, the chaos of books upon floor and desk – and he sat down to fill his pipe, pleased with the newly acquired copy of Laclos' "Les Liaisons Dangereuses", bound in black leather. The fact that he did not speak French did not diminish his enjoyment in the least.

With his academic aims always in mind, Colin was scrupulous almost to the point of obsession about being on time for meetings and lectures, and it came as an unwelcome surprise to find himself late for the Departmental meeting. Fiona smiled at him as he entered the room; Whiting and Hill ignored him while Storr, as usual, seemed anxious and nervous. Horton sat in his usual corner by the window, dressed in the inevitable tweeds, ignoring everybody including Mrs. Cornish with whom, for the past fifteen years, he had been conducting an illicit affair.

"Sorry I'm late," said Colin as he sat next to Fiona.

Storr grunted and then expectorated loudly. "We were discussing," he said, "Mrs. Pound's new course in Philosophy of Society."

Colin nodded his head like a coot and proceeded to ignore what Storr was saying. The staff sat on both sides of a long table with Storr at their head. Beside the table and its chairs, the room contained some bookcases and magazine racks while the walls were covered with charts. Storr loved charts and spent a great deal of time creating them. Among his latest ventures were: 'The Frequency Of Post-Graduate Research Topics', Undergraduate Performance in Relation to School Achievement' and (Colin's favorite) 'Continuity in Staff/Student Relations'. Colin's own chart, showing the rise to fame of Sheffield Wednesday, had not lasted very long on the wall.

Mrs. Cornish, a middle-aged lady of somewhat stern countenance was smoking one of her small cigars, while Horton continued solving his crossword puzzle. He was the most senior member of the staff, and coveted the Professorship, his disdain of Departmental meetings being matched by his own dislike of Storr whom he called a 'smelly twerp'.

Storr's confederates, Whiting and Hall, seemed to be avidly devouring the words of their Master, and Colin concentrated on Fiona whose perfume pleased him. She was leaning forward, apparently listening to Storr, and resting her elbows on the table in such a way that several inches of her bronzed flesh were visible in the neckline region of her dress. Her

face, like the rest of her body, was tanned, and Colin thought her green eyes offset beautifully the red hair that advancing age had left untouched. Twice married, and divorced, Mickleman had pursued her avidly during his first year in the Department but her skill was equal to if not surpassed his own, and she had kept her distance. But her challenge and enigma remained for him, breeding a dark desire.

Mrs. Cornish was watching him ogle Fiona, and he winked at her. She pretended not to notice. Her hair was flaxen, gathered awkwardly on her head, and it had occurred to Colin many times that he would like to see her stand on a chair in his room, naked. With the photographs he would take, her power and authority – at least for him - would be broken.

“Er,” Storr was saying, his diatribe apparently over, “I think we should all, er, congratulate Mrs. Pound on the success of this new venture of hers. Don’t you all agree?”

“Yes!” Chimed Hill with bovine expression, “good show!”

He showed his large white teeth to everyone.

“Thank you,” smiled Fiona. “As you know,” she continued in her precise, accentless way, “this subject is very dear to me and I would just like to say – “

“What, again?” growled Horton.

“Er, did you have a point to make, Mr. Horton?” asked Storr meekly.

“Can’t we get on? Heard it all before and it’s all drivel. What next on the agenda, Storr?”

“I say!” protested Hill. Fiona and Storr, like himself, were Oxford graduates. Horton was a Cambridge man.

“If I could say a word – “ began Whiting in his slow way. He had studied at Keele, and everybody except Colin ignored him.

“You’ve said six already,” growled Horton.

Whiting's thick, droopy, moustache began to twitch.

"Yes, Richard," Mrs. Cornish said with a smile to Storr, "what is next? We really ought to press on."

"Well, er," Storr said, getting the notes in front of him into a terrible mess. "I think it's a memorandum from the Vice-Chancellor. It's here somewhere." He fumbled among his notes and papers before smiling and wiping his forehead with his brightly coloured silk handkerchief. About selection policy."

Colin watched Storr with amusement.

"I don't seem to be able to find it at the moment," Storr said.

"Typical!" Horton scowled, and continued with his crossword puzzle.

Storr ignored him, "But I do, er, remember most of its contents. We are to take a more favourable attitude to ethnic minorities – be flexible in accepting those without, ah, formal qualifications."

This was too much for Horton. He flung down his newspaper. "You mean lower our already disastrously low entrance standards to let more of them in!"

"Mr. Horton, please!" chided Fiona.

"Ruddy stupid idea!" Horton said.

"The Government," continued Storr, "has asked – "

"Might have known," Horton grunted, "it was those bunch of damn fools!" He rustled his newspaper loudly.

"The Vice-Chancellor says – and I must admit I agree with him – " Storr said, " – that they should be encouraged. And in view of our policy toward, er, mature candidates, he

considers we, that is this Department, should make a determined start in this direction.”

“We are a University,” Horton said gruffly, “not an unemployment training scheme!”

“I believe we have, er, a valuable role to play in ensuring equality of opportunity.”

“Why don’t you ruddy well say what you mean instead of waffling like a twerp!”

“Sorry?”

“Gentlemen, please,” Fiona said, smiling at Horton.

Whiting’s moustache twitched again. “You,” he said to Horton, “sound like a racist.”

“I’m sure,” Mrs. Cornish smiled, “Lawrence did not mean to imply anything of that sort. Did you Lawrence?”

Lawrence Horton glowered at her, then turned toward Whiting. “You, sir, are an oaf!”

“Er,” stuttered Storr, “I assume, Mr. Horton, that you’re opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s suggestion?”

“As a racist,” protested Whiting, “he would be.”

“Racism,” Horton said calmly, neatly folding up his newspaper, “is an abstract idea invested by sociologists which they project, most incorrectly, onto the real world to make it accord with their prejudices. It has about as much reality as an intelligent Vice-Chancellor: both are impossible according to the Laws of Nature.” He stood up. “And now I have to wring from the minds of my students all the pretentious sociological nonsense you insist on indoctrinating them with.” His newspaper under his arm, he strode out of the room.

“Er, I believe,” Storr said after Horton had slammed the door, “that we can record Mr. Horton as opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s rather splendid idea. Wouldn’t you all agree?”

“I do so hope,” Hill said, “that he doesn’t become the Professor. A reactionary like that?”

Storr smiled. It was not a pleasing sight. “I don’t think, speaking confidentially of course, that there is much possibility of his assuming that particular responsibility.”

“Thank goodness,” Whiting said.

“You are misconstruing his objection,” Mrs. Cornish interjected.

“He’d set us back fifty years,” continued Whiting. “We must progress with the times. Philosophy is a social science, after all.”

“Er, Mickleman,” Storr asked, “what is your opinion?”

“Yes, Colin,” Fiona smiled at him, “I’m sure we would all like to know where you are on this particular matter.”

“Well,” he said as he withdrew his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to light it, “I would have to give this matter some thought. It’s not an area that I am familiar with.”

“But surely,” Fiona persisted, “you have an opinion?”

“As a matter of fact, I try to avoid opinions – about things I have not thought through or deeply about or studied in detail.”

“Quite,” Storr said curtly. “Shall we get on?”

Fiona ignored him. “And in this particular instance?” she said to Colin.

“If necessary I would pursue the matter and then form a judgement – not an opinion – a judgement on the basis of careful thought.”

“I see,” Fiona smiled at him.

So did Mrs. Cornish, while both Whiting and Storr scowled, in their different ways. Hill studied his fingernails.

“Well, er,” Storr said shuffling his notes, “Mrs. Pound’s course, because of its success may be extended to second year students, as a major option. There is to be a staff seminar on the subject – next month. I think. Er, yes,” he glanced at a crumpled sheet of paper among his notes, “next month. Is there anything else anyone wants to add?” He looked around. “Well, then, we have all earned our coffee, I believe!” He began to shuffle the notes.

Colin left him, Whiting, Hill and Fiona discussing the relevance of Philosophy to society. Mrs. Cornish followed him into the corridor.

“I was impressed,” she said to him, “by what you said.”

“Won’t make any difference, though. They have made their minds up already.”

“True.” She withdrew the pocket watch she always carried and checked the time. “You’ve had another paper published I understand?”

Surprised, since he had only been informed himself a few days ago, he said, “Yes – how did you know?”

“One hears things. I also understand Richard has rejected another of yours.”

“Yes.”

“A pity. It was an insightful piece.”

“You read it?”

“Why yes. Do you have a copy?”

“Of course.”

“Then I shall send it to the ‘Bulletin’. With a covering letter, of course.”

“Thank you,” Colin said sincerely.

“Richard can be jealous, sometimes,” she said abstractly. “He envies you your success at so young an age.” Her smile seemed motherly. “May I offer you some advice?”

“Yes,” Colin said, hesitantly.

Her eyes seemed to Mickleman to shine almost wickedly. “Certain preoccupations are inadvisable for someone who aspires to high office.” Her eyes resumed their normal appearance. “Certain things – are just not done. They will make you enemies. I do so hope you understand me. Now, I really must be going.”

She turned abruptly and walked away from him.

“You bastard!” Colin heard someone behind him say.

He looked around and was punched in the face.

## V

As Colin Mickleman struggled up from the floor it occurred to him in a slow way that Edmund would probably have been able to block the blow.

Blood from his nose slithered down his face, and he stared at Alison’s brother in astonishment. Bryn’s kick was well aimed, and although it knocked him over Colin did not at first realize it had struck him because he could feel no pain from the impact. He seemed to fall slowly, and as he did so he noticed the floor tile was chipped. There was a stain on the tile, the pattern of which he found quite interesting, and his detachment was enhanced by his inability to hear. He lay on the floor watching Fenton restrain Bryn and push him up

against the wall. Then he saw Horton, rushing out of Mrs. Cornish's room, and students crowding the corridor and the top of the steps. In the same moment his hearing returned, and he heard Horton shouting.

“What is the meaning of this?” he said to Bryn while Fenton held Colin's assailant aggressively by the throat.

Horton gestured toward Fenton and he released him.

“Well, boy! Horton demanded.

“That bastard – “ Bryn began to say, pointing at Colin who slowly got to his feet.

“Mind your language, boy!” Horton shouted at Bryn.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked Colin and gave him a handkerchief.

“Fine,” he said, stopping the blood with the gift.

“What's your name?” Horton demanded of Bryn.

“What's it to do with you?” Bryn said defiantly.

“Listen to me, you runt!” Horton straightened his back. Despite his advancing years, he seemed a formidable adversary to Bryn who nervously turned his head as Horton clenched his fists. “This is a serious matter!”

Fenton was turning to walk away down the stairs and Colin walked toward him.

“Thanks,” he said.

Fenton smiled, and then shrugged his shoulder before disappearing down the stairs. Mrs. Cornish was in her room, and as Colin walked past her open door, he saw her using the telephone.

“It’s alright, Lawrence,” Colin said to Horton as he returned to the scene of the fight, “I know him.”

“I see.”

“Yes.” He noticed Kate looking at him down the corridor but she, like the others, turned away. The drama was over, and the corridor was clearing.

“Can he go?” Colin asked Horton.

“This is a disciplinary matter. You are a student, I presume?” Horton asked Bryn.

“Yes,” Bryn replied nervously.

“Yes, he is,” confirmed Colin. “Second year, Politics.”

“Politics?” repeated Horton. “Oh well, that explains it!”

Mrs. Cornish joined them. “Perhaps, Lawrence,” she said, “it might be better to leave the matter here.”

“Well – “ Then to Colin, he said, “Personal, is it?”

“Yes.” He watched Horton’s face carefully, as if his fate was being decided. When Horton smiled, he felt relieved.

“Maybe it’s for the best.” He faced Bryn. “If I hear so much as one whisper about you from this day on, I’ll make sure you’re sent down. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Bryn said and meant it.

“Now go, before I change my mind.”

Bryn scuttled away just as Storr emerged from his own room around the corner.

“Er, been some trouble?” he muttered.

Horton glowered at him, and then walked away.

“Just a little altercation, Richard,” Mrs. Cornish said. “Nothing to worry about. It’s all over now.”

“Er, if you’re sure.”

“Perfectly sure, Richard. Lawrence dealt with the matter admirably.”

“The I needn’t make a report out?”

“Certainly not.”

“Well, if you’re sure, Elizabeth.”

“Quite sure,” she replied primly.

“Well, that’s good then. If you could, Elizabeth, spare me a moment of your time. You see, I — “

“Not now. Perhaps later.”

“Yes. Yes, I quite understand. Later, then.”

“Come with me, Colin, and I’ll get you something instead of that.” She looked disdainfully at the now bloodied handkerchief he was holding to his nose.

He followed her into her room. As befitted a Senior Lecturer it was larger than his, with a splendid view of the lake. It was also very tidy. She closed the door firmly.

She briefly inspected his nose. "Nothing serious. Here," she gave him a sheaf of tissues. "If it bleeds again, hold your head back. Now, sit down."

He did as she commanded.

"Really, you must learn discretion, Colin." She lit one of her cigars. "Not a good start. You're very ambitious, are you not?"

"Well – " perhaps Bryn's blow had affected him more than he thought, for he felt momentary embarrassment.

She blew smoke directly into his face. "Would you be happy with Richard as Professor?"

"Well – "

"Hmm. I thought not. Not many would, actually."

"But surely Lawrence stands a better chance?"

"It is possible, of course. But Richard himself is not without influence. Besides, there are other considerations. The Vice-Chancellor and Lawrence are not the best of friends."

"I see."

"I hope you do, Colin. Is the manuscript of your book complete?"

He looked at her questioningly. "Almost."

"Good." She blew smoke directly into his face again. "Do you have a publisher yet?"

“No. not really.”

“Applicants for Professorships are viewed more favourably if they have published a major work,” she said almost casually.

Colin stared at her. Was it a joke?

“Ours is an expanding Department,” she said. “We hope soon to appoint two more lecturers.”

Colin knew the rivalry between Storr and Horton was intense. Of the nine members of the Department, only Fiona, Whiting and Hill favored Storr. The rest, including himself, were favourably disposed toward Horton. Of those four, Lee and Holland – whom Colin noticed with regret were not present at the morning’s meeting and thus had missed Horton insulting Storr – might be enticed away. If Storr was appointed, his Readership would become vacant, and Fiona seemed certain to benefit.

“However,” Mrs. Cornish continued, “if Richard is appointed, it will be seen in some influential quarters as a victory for the radical element and we are thus unlikely to be allocated the resources required to appoint more lecturers.”

“I see,” Colin said again. “But surely, an outside appointment is possible.”

“Of course,” she said smiling, “the Professorial Board is quite independent, and they could conceivably take such a course of action. If no suitable candidate – from here naturally – was found. Were you to apply, I would of course forward your application with my recommendation. Lawrence would of course support your application as well.”

“What?” he said in amazement.

“It is your decision – but consider what I have said. Now, I really must get on.” She held the door open for him.

He stumbled to his feet.

“Please learn to be discrete in certain matters,” she said.

“Yes,” he mumbled, and staggered down the corridor like a drunken man.

## VI

Mickleman spent the rest of his morning drafting and redrafting his application. When, to his satisfaction, it was complete, he appended a list of his publications to date. He was proud of his published articles, and derived immense satisfaction from re-reading his list, and it was well past noon when he presented his application to Elizabeth Cornish.

She was in her office, smoking a cigar, looked up briefly from her work to acknowledge his presence, said a curt ‘Thank You’ and dismissed him. He was not offended. On the contrary, he was excited, and stood for several minutes in the corridor watching the lake in an effort to calm himself.

He was not deceived, however, by his prospects in the matter of Professorship, and was satisfied merely to have applied. When the offer of a Professorship did come – and he was certain it would, one day – he would be ready, with all his allies.

Several students passed him as he stood looking out from the window, and he heard them whisper conspiratorially. But he was not concerned, for he seemed to be one step nearer his goal.

‘The Well’ was the central concourse of the Derwent building, and was essentially an open Common Room with low tables and even lower chairs. It contained a small cafeteria, a gallery - which sprouted various artefacts of modern Art - and was seldom empty of students.

At first, among the human profusion, Colin did not see Edmund, and when he did, he was surprised. He was talking to Fiona. Edmund saw him approaching, said something to Fiona and without turning she walked away to disappear into the throng of students crowding the entrance to the Bar.

“Alison’s brother been at you again?” Edmund asked as Colin reached him.

Fiona had completely disappeared from sight. “Do you know her, then?” he quizzically asked Edmund.

“Who?”

“Fiona.”

“What?”

“That woman you were just talking to.” He looked at his friend suspiciously.

“Oh, her! She just wanted to borrow a match.” He saw Colin peering around the room. “Why – do you know her?”

“She’s in my Department.”

“Oh, yes? Edmund gave a sly smile. “What number is she on your list of conquests?”

“She’s not,” Colin said, and screwed up his face into a morbid expression.

“What’s this? ‘The Owl’ has met his match?” Edmund said gleefully.

Still chagrined by his past failure, he changed the subject. “Have you seen Alison?”

“Yes, actually. I had an interesting talk with her this morning.”

“Oh, yes?” He said almost in disbelief.

“She’s very gifted. A brilliantly intuitive mind.”

“Did she say anything about – “

“About your child?”

Embarrassed, Colin looked around.

“She still,” Edmund said, “hasn’t decided anything. I suggest she go and stay with those friends of mine – you know, Magnus and his wife. They run that small farm. The change would do her good. She ought to get away from this place – it’s very incestuous.”

“I’ve just handed in my application for the Professorship,” Colin said proudly.

“Why don’t you spend a few days on Magnus’ farm? Some manual labour would do you good.”

Colin looked at him as if he had said something offensive.

“What chance,” Edmund continued, “do you think you’ve got?” For the Professorship, I mean.”

“Not much, really. But it’s a start.”

“When will you know?”

“Not sure. Perhaps next month.”

“Who recommended you?”

“Elizabeth. Mrs. Cornish.”

“Isn’t she the one you wanted to get into bed?”

Colin winced.

“You told me about her – last year,” Edmund explained. “Don’t you remember?”

“If you say so.”

“Smokes cigars?”

“Yes.”

“You described her attributes in a rather fulsome way, if I remember correctly.”

Colin rubbed his hands together, again. “Nice body! Wouldn’t mind getting my hands around it!” His fantasy of having Elizabeth standing naked on a chair in his room returned. He would get her to wear a studded collar to make the humiliation complete.

Edmund sighed. “The Superior Philosopher is for the belly, not the eye.”

“Eh?”

“Lao Tzu.”

“Oh, that antiquated Chinese cretin.”

“Shall we eat? I’m hungry.”

“What?” His fantasy was still intruding upon reality. Nearby, a young woman sat talking to her friends, her blouse emphasizing her breasts. Colin stared at her. “You have something,” he said to Edmund. “I’ll catch you later.”

His sexual passion aroused, he strode off toward Alison’s room.

Alison was sitting on her bed, listening to music and cuddling a very large toy lion whom she

called Aslan. The sunlit gardens behind Heslington Hall were visible from her window, and she did not look away when a familiar knock sounded on her door.

“Come in,” she said wearily.

Colin, as was his habit, wrestled the lion away from her and with undisguised glee proceeded to stuff it through the open window. She let him enjoy his childish fun. Her room was on the ground floor, and Aslan could easily be retrieved.

His ritual greeting over, he rubbed his hands and shuffled toward her. Alison was annoyed at the lust so evident on his face.

“Why don’t you grow up?” she shouted at him.

Momentarily perplexed, he retrieved Aslan.

“After your oats, then?” she said seethingly.

“I am after expanding my being through the experience of the ultimate,” he said in the prose of *The Philosopher*.

“Why can’t you stop being so false?”

“Ah! ‘Tis true, falsehood is my matchless probity!” He sat beside her on the bed and began to caress her earlobe with his fingers.

He could sense her beginning to succumb, and this pleased him. He wanted to lay people bare to affirm his superiority, control them by his words and his body, and he was surprised when Alison pushed him away.

“I’m going away for a few days,” she said, moving to sit on the floor and cuddle Aslan.

He was about to summon forth a clever riposte when someone knocked on the door of the room.

Eagerly, Alison rose to answer. Fiona stood in the corridor, her dress unbuttoned so that very little of her breasts were not exposed.

“Sorry to intrude,” she said with a smile which pleased Colin, “but could I speak to Mr. Mickleman for a moment?”

“Yes, come in.”

Fiona stayed outside. “It’s about your application,” she said to Colin. “Can you come to the Department?”

Colin looked at Alison who shrugged her shoulders.

“Won’t be long,” he said to Alison.

He walked with Fiona down the corridor and out into the sunlight.

“Shall we go to your room?” Fiona said. “It is quite near.”

“It would be more private,” smiled Colin.

“Elizabeth told me about your application.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes.”

They reached his room without further conversation.

“Not what I expected,” she said as she glanced around. Clothes lay in an untidy heap upon the floor and it smelled of pipe smoke.

“Welcome to my lair!” Colin said, posing.

“What exactly are your intentions?” she asked him.

“Total experiential liberation!”

She ignored the remark. “About your application.”

“And I thought – “

“I was after your body?” she completed.

“The thought had suggested itself.”

She sat down on his bed, crossing her legs to expose most of her thigh. “Are you serious?” she said, smiling.

“Do you want me to be?”

“That depends.”

“Oh, yes?” He guessed her purpose.

“To some, you might seem the ideal candidate.”

As he looked at her, the conviction grew in him that the Professorship was really within his grasp. Fiona was courting him; Elizabeth and Horton would endorse his application with their references. He could deftly and with cunning play Storr off against Horton. Professor Colin Mickleman. It sounded right. The more he looked at Fiona, the more his lust gave way to scheming. She would be a valuable ally.

“Why don’t you come and sit beside me?” she said.

He did, and leaned over toward her to kiss her lips but she moved away, laughing.

“Do you like Early Music?” she asked.

“Not particularly.” He was wondering whether to touch her thigh when she spoke.

“There’s a concert tonight. The Early Music Group is playing in the Lyons Hall. Music by Landini and Machaut. The Vice-Chancellor will be there. Good form for you to be seen – with the right person, of course.

“Of course. You have tickets, then?”

“Naturally. Shall we meet at half past seven?”

“Fine by me.”

She stood up. “Excellent! And afterwards,” she ran her finger down his face, “you can explain just what your intentions are.”

She left him wondering who had been manipulating whom. He searched his pockets for his pipe, and as he did so he remembered last having it when he was attacked by Bryn.

“Damn!” he said, frustrated by its loss and the lack of sexual gratification that the last half hour had brought. “Damn!”

“Well,” Edmund said as he stood in the doorway, “if you’re going to be like that, I might as well go away again.”

“Eh?”

“She didn’t stay long,” quipped Edmund.

“I’m meeting her tonight.” He searched in his desk and found his spare pipe which he

proceeded to fill and light. “Not a good day,” he sighed. Then, remembering his application, he smiled.

“Came for my rucksack,” Edmund said.

Colin was surprised. “Leaving already?”

“Afraid so.” He opened the wardrobe and extracted his rucksack.

“Can’t you stay a little longer?” He was visibly disappointed.

“Not really. Have some unfinished business.”

“Such as?”

“Oh, various things.” He shouldered his heavy burden.

“You going now?”

“Yes.”

“When shall we meet again?”

“Who can say – who cannot say?”

They smiled at each other.

Colin squinted, then held out his hand which Edmund shook strongly, causing Colin to grimace, only half mockingly.

Edmund turned, waved and then walked out of the room and away from his friend.

## VII

Colin was only a little late for his afternoon tutorial, but Andrea was already waiting in his room in the Department. She was dressed in a fashionable padded jacket of colourful design and her scarf seemed inappropriate considering the weather, its whiteness in contrast to the patterned blue of her dress. Her dark hair, although well brushed, looked untidy, and she smiled, a little, as Colin entered the room, before her boyish face resumed its startled look.

“So,” Colin said gleefully before assuming the correct intonation and accent, “relentlessly pursued over aerial house top and vice-versa, I have thwarted the malevolent machinations of our most scurrilous enemies. In short, I am arrived.”

Andrea did not know whether to be embarrassed by the W.C Fields impersonation.

Colin cast his lustful gaze upon her. Her gestures were awkward as she fumbled in her bag for her essay.

“Sorry, it’s a bit late,” she said holding the pages out for him.

The Owl watched, and the Philosopher set the trap. “Relationships are difficult things – sometimes.” He took her essay and sat behind his desk. “Perhaps’, he said, pausing for effect, “I shouldn’t say this – and stop me if I say anything untoward – but sometimes with some people I get feelings; impressions. Call it empathy, if you like. One of the great things about life is that we can talk about things – bring problems out of ourselves. Remember Descartes?”

“Yes,” she said shyly.

He sprang his trap. His face bore a kindly smile, but inside his minds was full of scheming. “If you would like to talk about things, I’m a good listener. Share the sadness I sense about you.” He smiled his smile again. “I’ll be in the Bar here in Derwent tomorrow after seven. Now, your essay.”

He lit his pipe and settled back in his chair to read her offering. His criticisms were minor, and he talked for only a quarter of an hour about the essay's content while she sat across from him, wringing her hands together and occasionally meeting his glance.

He gave her back her essay. "Tomorrow – if you want," he said, before picking up the receiver of his telephone. It was a sign of his dismissal of her and she did not fail him.

"Goodbye, then," she said and briefly smiled.

He dialled a few numbers before she closed his door. Then he replaced the receiver. But his pleasure did not last for long.

"Ah!" Storr said as he opened the door without first knocking upon it. "Colin! I, er, just wanted to say how pleased I am about your application. Yes, most pleased."

"Oh yes?"

"Er, yes indeed my dear boy!"

"Did you want something?"

"What?" Storr looked around. "How are your tutorials going?" Well, I hope."

Before Colin could reply, Elizabeth pushed Storr aside.

"Have you a match?" she said as she reached Colin's desk. "My lighter is U/S."

Colin fumbled in his pockets until he found his box of matches. He held them out for her but she ignored his gesture and leaned toward him with one of her small cigars between her fingers.

After he had lit it, she blew the smoke into his face. "Mind if I keep the box?" she asked.

"No, of course not."

Both he and Storr watched her leave.

“Well, I must get on! Storr said to him. “Nice talking to you, Colin.” Nodding his head, he walked into the corridor.

Colin was soon at work. He needed one chapter to complete his book, and he worked eagerly but steadily during the hours of the afternoon, filling pages of paper with his writing. Occasionally he would stop to read what he had written, sometimes making corrections, and occasionally he would stop to refill and relight his pipe. Only once did he leave the room. But the Secretary’s Office was deserted and he made his own cup of coffee before returning to his desk.

It was becoming dark outside when his task was completed, and he collected together all the pages of the chapter. Satisfied with his effort, he wrote a note. “Could you type this out for me? Rather urgent!” it read. He thought of adding a rude suggestion, but desisted, and left it attached to his chapter on the Secretary’s desk.

Pleased with himself, he wandered out into the fresh air of evening, but it did not take him long to forget about his book and concentrate on his evening with Fiona. His wardrobe in his room in the Hall of Residence contained many black clothes, and he was deciding on a fitting combination when he heard a noise behind him.

He turned to see the door open. But it was not Fiona as he hoped, nor Alison as he half expected. Instead, it was the tall man he had seen the day before, following him. The man walked toward him and knocked him unconscious with one powerful blow.

He awoke to find himself lying on a carpet that smelled of urine, and turned to see his attacker standing by a window whose panes were broken. Near him, a bald man stood smoking a cigarette. He was much smaller in stature than the other man, and his face reminded Colin of a toad. The glare from the bright light hurt Colin’s eyes and he shook his head.

“He’s awake,” he heard a voice say. Then he was hauled to his feet.

Dramatically, the toad-faced man put on black leather gloves.

“Someone,” he sneered as Colin was pushed toward him, “wants to teach you a lesson.”

“You what?” Colin said, feeling his mouth go dry and stomach churn.

The man grinned, flexed his hands menacingly and moved closer. “I am going to enjoy this!” he said.

Outside, there was a sudden sound of breaking glass, and a drunken shout.

“Ger up!” the drunken man helped his companion to his feet. Then he peered into the window at Mickleman. “What you doin’?” he asked, smiling insanely, his bushy beard wet from beer. He drank from the bottle in his hand.

“We’ll deal with you later,” the toad-faced man said to Colin.

Colin was pushed to the ground as his would be assailants ran away. When he stood up, the two drunken men had gone as well, and cautiously and nervously, he walked into the darkness outside.

The house stood on a decaying Estate and appeared to be newly wrecked, but Mickleman wasted no time and was soon walking briskly toward the city centre. No one followed him, and he stopped awhile beside a busy road, pleased to find his pipe and tobacco in the pocket of his jacket. The ritual calmed him and he walked on into the centre of the city to find a bus to take him back toward the comfort of the University.

It was nearing nine o’clock when he returned to his room, and he sat at his desk, smoking his pipe, trying to understand his abduction. All he could think of was Bryn. Somehow, he had hired them. This conclusion did not please him, and he was shaking as he left his own room to find Bryn’s. But Alison’s brother was not in his Hall of Residence, and Colin resisted the temptation he felt to break down Bryn’s door.

He was sauntering back to his own room when he remembered his assignation with Fiona, and as he stood waiting outside the Lyons Hall for the concert to end, it occurred to him that Storr might be responsible for his abduction. But the thought was ludicrous, and he forgot about it. Instead, he spent his waiting trying to find epithets to describe Magarita’s body, particularly her large breasts. He wanted his epithets to be as crude as possible, and the more clichéd the better, since this naming was for him an affirmation of his superiority. But

he had not progressed very far when the audience began to leave the Hall.

Fiona was not among them, and he stood among the shadows for some minutes after the last person had departed before returning to his room. But he was not happy, sitting alone at his desk. Magartia seemed glad of his telephone call, and he lurked by the road in black clothes, clutching his camera, to await her arrival.

He did not see Edmund watching him from the walkway above the road.

## VIII

It was approaching the twilight hours when Alison left the University in the company of Edmund's friend. She had been glad of the invitation, and readily accepted Edmund's second offer.

She sat beside Magnus in the Land Rover, her small suitcase in the back, watching the scenery as it passed. Occasionally, Magnus would turn and smile at her and she would return his friendly gesture. Magnus was a big man with a full beard, and Alison found something reassuring in his size and his cheerful eyes. Magnus' farm was small, and although its position among the Hambleton Hills at the southern end of the North Yorkshire moors was not ideal, it was sufficiently isolated to afford the privacy Magnus and his wife deemed essential.

The Land Rover climbed the steep hill to Bank Top easily and, in the dim light, Alison found the scene enchanting. It seemed magical to her to be rising above the plain north of the city of York and to have the moors ahead, in the spreading darkness. A car passed them, descending the hill carefully, and Magnus drove off the main road to travel through a plantation of trees. The narrow road he had taken gradually levelled out, and Alison could see to her left and below, the headlights of a vehicle as it was driven along beside the boundary of the moors.

It was dark when they reached their destination. Inside the stone farmhouse was warm.

"Welcome! My name is Ruth," a woman with a shawl around her shoulders said in greeting as Magnus led Alison toward the log fire.

Alison smiled. In the dim light cast by the fire she found it easy to believe Ruth, and the house itself, belonged to an earlier age.

“It’ll be a cold night,” Magnus said as he warmed his gnarled hands by the fire.

“Alison, is it?” Ruth asked her.

“Yes.” Alison replied.

“Well, sit you down! Food won’t be long.”

They left her alone as she sat bathed in the warmth and the restful light of the fire, and Alison felt an urge to write a letter to Colin. But the house worked its magick upon her, and she soon fell asleep. Ruth awoke her, and she made her way to where the table was spread full with food.

“Sorry about the candles,” Magnus said.

“I think it’s lovely!” Alison said with sincerity.

“Haven’t got round to electricity – yet.”

She sat on the bench beside Ruth, but they did not say grace before their meal as she had expected. The conversation during the meal was minimal, and she was glad when Ruth showed her to her room. It was sparsely furnished, like the house itself, but warm from the small coal fire, and she set the lighted candles by her bed before taking her small cassette player and headphones from her case.

It was some time before she began to write.

“My dear Colin,

Darkness has already fallen as I listen to Bach’s Matthew Passion – crying at the

beauty and haunting sadness of some of the music. Aware also, as I listen, of a loneliness because there is no one here with me to share these moments. All I can do is dare to write to you, keeping the memory of these moments to perhaps mould them at some future time into words spoken when we are together again. Or, perhaps, I might this once let them become the genesis of some music of my own.

Now I sit with the light of a candle to guide my pen, unaware of my future – the darkness beyond my closed window seems mysterious: a mystery, which once and not long ago would have held the numinosity of myths and legends.

The darkness, outside, may have gone – changed by technology, by artificial light, but perhaps (or so it seems at this moment to me) it has returned to within us. There seems nothing to fear outside that the lights of technology and the reason of scientific explanation cannot dispel. Yet so few seem to see the blackness within – which even two thousand years of a powerful allegory has not changed. I mean, of course, the story of the “Passion” - of a kind of innocence betrayed. The actors, their names, changes every year... I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

It seems to me that all great Art uplifts and offers us the possibilities of existence. That ecstasy of experience where we are a unity of passion and reason – where life is constantly renewed and made vital. Bach reminds me of this insight – as a hot summer day can when no cloud obscures the beautiful blue of the sky and we become again, for just that day, children again. Once, it seems a long time ago now, I believed that love between two individuals should and could bring us this awareness, this understanding where answers to all our problems are found: not because we ignore them, but because our love conquers all. ‘A shameless romantic’ I hear you say.

But now experience seems to have dimmed this vision of mine. Through music and other things (music particularly) I have been transported to other planes of existence, and this has made my personal relationships difficult because I have tried to capture the bliss of those other places in moments with others. This has made me intense – and perhaps difficult because I could often not express in words what it was that I wished: in a relationship, in life.

I would like to believe that you offer me, through love, a beginning. But I know that this can never be. Maybe in music, in performance and creation, I will find my answer. No doubt you will continue to be you, safe within your own frame of reference. As to me, I expect the future to be full of discovery: a discovery of both joy and sadness.

With love,

Alison”

She felt happier, having written the letter and re-read it several times, glad that she had been able to express in words the feelings that had haunted her for so long. But she knew she might lack the courage to post the letter. She turned off her music and lay on the bed, listening to the silence. Nothing stirred, not even outside and as she lay, hearing the beating of her own pulse within her ears, she began to realize that it would be better for her if she did not see Colin again. He was her past. So thinking, she rose to delete some words from her letter, making ‘when we are together again’ illegible.

The candle was nearly spent, and she blew it out to fall asleep in the silent darkness.

It was late next morning she awoke. The house was deserted, but she found food awaiting her on the table. No one came to greet her and she ate slowly before walking into the gardens. The morning mist had almost completely dispersed, revealing a bright sun, which had begun to spread its warmth.

There were few flowers to colour the scene, for the gardens were productive ones given over to vegetables, soft fruit and an orchard. Alison found a bench abutting the brick wall that screened the garden from the yard and the clustered farm buildings behind the house, and she sat awhile, letting the sun warm and relax her. She was nearly asleep when a sheepdog came and lay down near her feet.

Magnus’ voice startled her. “He don’t take to many people,” he said.

Alison patted the dog’s head. “Is there any work I do to help?” she asked.

“There is no shortage of work, here,”

“I’d like to do something.”

“Thought you had come for a holiday.”

“Just a break from things. I’d like to help out.”

“Well, if you’re sure.”

“Yes.”

“The onions need weeding and thinning.”

The day passed quickly for her, although by late afternoon her enthusiasm for the back straining work had disappeared. Their lunch had been frugal – soup with plentiful bread – and she was beginning to feel both hungry and tired.

“You ready to eat?” Magnus said as he came toward her.

“Yes, indeed!”

“Didn’t expect you to do all this,” Magnus said as he surveyed her work.

Alison smiled, and scraped dirt from her hands.

“You go in, I’ll tidy up,” Magnus said. “Got some friends coming over,” he added as she began to walk away.

To her surprise she found the kitchen full of people, and children.

“This here is Alison,” Ruth said by way of introduction, “she’s staying for a while.”

“Hello!” Alison said, and blushed.

“That’s Tom,” Ruth said indicating a small unshaven man in worn clothes who smiled in reply, showing his broken teeth. “And Mary.” Mary, a large lady with a young and cheerful face deeply weathered, came and embraced Alison, much to Alison’s embarrassment. “And John.” John, sallow faced and stocky, raised his battered hat in greeting. “And Wendy.”

Wendy, a tall thin woman with long straight hair, smiled at her briefly before admonishing her children. "Leave that alone!" she shouted to her small son who was trying to remove the lid from the metal milk pail on the floor. "And Lucy – stop that!" She dragged her daughter away to stop her kicking her brother.

"There is plenty of hot water," Ruth said to Alison, pointing to the sink.

Alison was washing her hands when Magnus entered the room. He took the now crying Lucy into his arms, scooped up her brother and carried with him before setting them down near the fire. They were staring at him expectantly, and Alison came to sit near them, enchanted by the sudden change in their demeanour and glad to be away from the others.

Magnus began his story. He told how Thrym the Giant stole Thor's hammer Mjollnir as a ransom in order to make Freyja his wife; of how Loki, the Sly One, persuaded mighty Thor to dress as a woman in order to deceive Thrym.

"And so mighty Thor disguised himself as a woman, pretending to be Freyja who Thrym wanted as a bride. Thrym the Giant sat waiting in his draughty Hall. 'They are coming! They are coming' his giant servants shouted as the guests from Asgard arrived.

"Thus Thor entered the Hall which Thrym and his servants had lain with food and drink, for the wedding feast. It had been a long journey from Asgard and Thor was both hungry and thirsty. So he ate and drank. He ate a whole pig and then six whole salmon. He drank a gallon of mead.

"Thrym the Giant was amazed. 'What appetites,' he shouted. 'What a woman! Let us hope,' he said to one of his giant servants, 'her other appetites are as good!' And Thrym the Giant laughed, a laugh so loud it rocked the whole Hall and loosened some of the planks of the wall.

"So Thrym was eager to begin the ceremony of marriage and commanded Mjollnir, Thor's magical hammer which he had stolen, be brought forth. 'I shall,' he shouted, 'swear my oath on Mjollnir as my bride shall.'

"So saying, the hammer was brought forth. And seeing it, Thor rushed forward and

grasped it, tearing off his veil as he did so. His eyes were as red as his beard. There was no escape for his foe, for one by one he split open their skulls with his hammer, starting with Thrym the Giant until the whole floor of the Hall was littered with the dead bodies of the giants who had dared to defy the gods of Asgard!"

There was a moment of silence, and then Lucy's voice. "Another, tell us another!" the little girl said eagerly.

Alison left them to change her clothes, a little disturbed by the tale she had heard. She was in her room, listening to Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony through her headphones when she realized what had disturbed her. She thought the children too young for such a tale of violence with its suggestion of sexuality. But the music gradually transported her to another plane of existence, and she sat on the bed, listening. The sombre starkness of the Epilogue made her cry and she rose to stand by the window and watch the rising moon. She became aware of the coldness and isolation of Space – of the great distance which separated her from the moon; of the even greater distances to the stars. She began to imagine worlds circling the stars – worlds full of life, of people, alive with their own dreams, desires, thoughts and problems. The very vastness of the Cosmos seemed suddenly real to her, and she experienced an almost overwhelming feeling of greatness: of the Cosmos itself, and of her own life. It was as though she glimpsed a secret. The stars seemed awesome and yet thaumaturgic, and she felt a painful desire to travel among them, to explore the new worlds that awaited. There would be so many new experiences, so many things to see, to learn, to listen to. There was almost something holy waiting out there.

There grew within her then a desire to compose some music, something unique, which would capture at least in some way the feelings she had experienced, and she in a frenzy tore open her case to find pen and paper. Music filled her mind, a strange polyphony of sound, and she wove it into reality through the written notes of her pen.

Then the inspiration died, and she found herself sitting on the bed in the dim light staring down at the music she had written. She sighed then, for she understood what she had to do about Colin and her own unborn baby.

As if to counterpoint her thought, a distant bell began to toll, echoing between the valleys and the hills. Its sound was clear, and then distant, then clear again before it faded. It was a medieval sound, and as she listened she remembered the remains of Rievaulx but five miles distant and shrouded in a wooded valley. But the bell was real and not a dream, and she stood by the window, listening.

There was a monastery, she recalled, somewhere in the valleys below. A modern monastery replete with a Public School. A link between the past and the present. This thought pleased her and she smiled. She was not to know that a young novice – full of a youthful desire to return to ancient tradition – had, and against the Prior's wishes, set in motion the mechanism which would swing the six ton bell of Ampleforth Abbey, high in its squat church tower, sending its hallowed sound miles out in remembrance of the monk who had died that same hour. The novice wanted the whole monastery, and the School, to cease, if only for an instant, their tasks and pray for the departing soul.

Had she known this, she would have approved, for the sound of the bell suddenly ceased, leaving her disappointed.

## IX

The air of early morning was warm, and Mickleman sat contently at his desk in his room, a notebook beside him.

He sat for some time, watching the lake and vaguely thinking about his life until he began to remember the years that had passed since his youth. He became a little sad, as he often did when he reviewed the passing of the years by remembering the events of the same day one year, then two, then three years ago until he had reached the years of his schooling. 'What have I done since then?' he would ask himself, and be displeased with the answer.

His self pity and melancholia lasted for several hours until he began to lay upon his desk his secret collection of photographs. The photographs pleased him, and as he looked through them his happiness returned.

It was nearing mid-day when he gathered up his notebook and pipe before returning his photographs to the drawer of his desk. Perhaps his preoccupation with Fiona's body or Andrea's shyness made him forgetful, but he did not lock his drawer, and wandered, pleased with himself, out into the bright sun of the day.

Two young male students came toward him on creaking bicycles as he stepped onto the path outside the Hall of Residence, their eager faces smiling. One of them carried a haversack on which was painted: *'Newton Calculates. Watts works. But Coles' word is Law.'* Coles was the Professor of Physics. Mickleman smiled ruefully, and followed a small huddle

of students as they walked toward and over the bridge.

He was early for the Departmental meeting, and sat contentedly in the room smoking his pipe until he could no longer resist the temptation to defile Storr's charts. He added a few extra dots to one, extended the line of another and flicked ink in an inconvenient spot on a third. He was admiring his work when Lee entered the room.

Lee was not a tall man, his jerky movements seemed not quite coordinated, and he looked older than his thirty-five years. His suit was not conspicuous, as he himself was not, and he reminded Colin of a studious monk misplaced in a world which seemed to startle him.

Lee smiled nervously and then crept toward a chair, laying his voluminous notes and files upon the table. His tutorial was only just over and, as he always did, Lee wrote an account of it in order to assess his own performance. 'A moderate success, for once,' he wrote in his notebook in his neat handwriting, 'except regarding the questions about Heidegger. I must do more background reading...'

He was still writing when Horton bustled in and took his usual seat by the window. From his pocket he produced a copy of Iliad, in Greek, and was soon absorbed in his reading.

Soon, the room was full, Storr, squirming and smiling as he sat at the head of the table; Whiting and Hill, near their master, Mrs. Cornish, next to Lee and smoking her small cigars. And last of all, Fiona, who sat next to Colin, graciously smiling as if he had not missed their assignation.

"Well, eh," Storr said, looking around with evident satisfaction. "I'm sorry I had to rearrange this meeting at such short notice. But as you are all aware, I am away next week and rather than postpone next week's meeting I decided to bring it forward. I was hoping to sound to you all out about –"

The door opened, and they all turned to look.

"Ah, Timothy!" Storr said. "Glad you could join us."

Timothy was the most junior member of the Department and Colin was not surprised by his lateness or his manner of dress. He wore a mauve shirt, green trousers and shoes, and had tied a mauve scarf around his neck.

“Sorry I’m late!” he smiled, showing his two gold-capped teeth.

“Just in time! Said Storr. “Jonathon – “ he smiled at Lee, “was about to talk about the audio-visual equipment he had just, eh, taken charge of. A very valuable edition to our Department. Yes indeed. Very valuable.

“Is that all?” Horton turned and glared at Storr.

“Sorry?” Storr said.

“You brought all of us here,” Horton continued, anger evident in his voice, “to waffle on about audio-visual equipment!”

“Well, er, it is rather an important addition to our facilities if I may say so.”

“You have the audacity to – “ Horton began.

“Gentlemen, please!” Mrs. Cornish said in an attempt at mediation.

“There was something else on the agenda, Richard?” Fiona asked.

“Actually, no.”

“I see,” Mrs. Cornish said, disgusted.

“But I was going to mention finances – “ Storr muttered weakly.

Horton stood up. “You could not bear the thought of someone, namely myself, chairing the meeting in your unmissed absence, I assume?”

Storr himself stood up. “You will withdraw that remark, of course.”

It was the nearest Colin has seen Storr to anger.

“May I suggest,” Colin said, “that those wishing to hear Jonathon stay, while those who wish to leave do so. If there are any vital points which emerge, I am sure one of those who stays would be willing to tell – “

“What a waste of time all of these perfidious meeting are!” Horton said and strode out of the room.

To Colin’s surprise, Timothy followed him. Then Mrs. Cornish. Fiona smiled briefly at him and then also left.

“Well, if you all will excuse me,” he himself said, and departed.

Fiona was waiting, as he expected, in the corridor.

“You were otherwise engaged, I imagine,” she said.

He thought of telling her the truth. But it was so unlikely she was bound to think it was a lie, so he lied instead, not really believing she would believe it. “I was not feeling well and fell asleep.”

He was watching her, waiting for her reactions, when he realized how much he desired her. Her face showed no emotion, and it was this almost lofty indifference of hers that aroused his ardour keenly.

“Perhaps the Owl’s nocturnal activities are too tiring?” she said, her face expressionless.

“I waited outside the Lyons Hall at the end of the concert”, he said, trying to salvage something. “I’m sorry, I really am.”

“Cheetah’s One, Owls Nil,” she said and smiled.

She left him standing perplexed and a little shaken, and he walked slowly to his room in the

Department. He sat at his desk, vaguely wondering about Fiona and how he might best approach her. Gradually, there grew within him the feeling that he was no longer the master of his own Destiny, and this discomfited him, as his thoughts about Fiona did. He began to doubt his own self-appointed role about revealing individuals to themselves and the world while he, the puppet master, pulled their strings. But his self-doubt did not last. He remembered Andrea, who would be waiting for him later in the day – another victim whose soul he could lay bare; he remembered the Professorship, his philosophical work, his spreading fame – and his child, growing within Alison’s womb.

He was smiling at these, his achievements, when someone knocked on the door of his room. Without waiting for his response Elizabeth Cornish strode in.

“Ah! Glad I caught you!” she said. “The Professorial Board meets next week. The interview, I believe, will be next Tuesday. There is an outside candidate.”

“So soon?” Colin said, surprised.

She smiled. “It was felt a swift decision was needed.”

“Do you know how many candidates there are?”

“Four, including yourself.”

“And the outsider?”

“Chap from Oxford. You have a tie, I presume?” she asked in her matronly voice.

“Yes.”

“Good form for you to be presentable.”

“Of course.”

Her smile was curt, and she retreated from his room briskly, the leather soles of her plain shoes clacking against the floor.

For several minutes he sat at his desk before sidling into the corridor. In several of the rooms lectures were in progress, and he stood listening to the muted words, which seeped out to him. There was, he felt, an aura about them, for here, in his chosen Department, the High Priestess and High Priest were at work, teaching their followers. The deities were Truth, Reason, Feeling and Understanding, and each deity, according to the gospel of Mickleman, was a goddess – or at least a woman. And he wanted to possess and master them all.

These thoughts pleased him, and he spent the remainder of the daylight hours writing steadily at his desk. His completed article also pleased him and he laid it aside to walk in the twilight toward the Refectory. But a memory of Fiona drew him away.

He felt his desire for her keenly as he walked toward her house but a short distance from the University. The village of Heslington was joined to the campus by a road, which had sprouted red brick houses. Fiona's dwelling was a small unprepossessing house along a lane which led off from the road. The gardens, lawns and fences were all well tended, and he was about to push open the gate when the front door was opened. Light from inside gave him a view of Storr's face, and he walked past, momentarily perplexed. But it was not long before he turned to see Storr shambling away.

No sooner had Colin knocked on Fiona's door that it was opened.

"Just passing?" she said and smiled.

She wore a thin dress, which left very little to the imagination.

"Not really."

"Been watching long?"

"Sorry?"

She did not pursue the matter. "Come in," she said.

She opened the door further for him and he stepped over her threshold, smiling as she

closed and locked the door. The house smelled of expensive perfume, as Fiona herself did, and he breathed the scent in.

She stepped past him, but he did not move aside and she allowed her body to brush against his. For a few moments he stared at her, and as he did so he thought her face bore a striking resemblance to one of the women in Bruegel's

'Allegory of Lust'. But the impression was fleeting. He thought her beautiful and sexually alluring and moved forward to kiss her lips.

"Not here!" she laughed, and walked slowly up the stairs to her bedroom.

He followed, fascinated by his desire.

The bedroom was all black and crimson and seemed luxurious to Colin.

"Take your clothes off." She said as she sat on the edge of the large bed.

"What?"

"Your clothes – take them off."

Then he saw it. In the corner of the room, a camera stood on a tripod, and in her hand Fiona held the remote control release.

"I want to watch you," she said, still smiling. She rummaged in a drawer by the bed. "And then I want you to put these on." She held out a pair of handcuffs.

Colin smiled, but she soon destroyed his fantasy. "On you," she said, and laughed.

Her laughter, and this reversal of roles, confused Colin, and he stood, in the bright light, by her bed unable to speak.

"Come on, don't be shy," she smiled. "What are you waiting for?" She dangled the

handcuffs in front of him.

When he still did not speak, she added: "Just a few photographs of you - in various poses."

She rose to stand before him and, somewhat abashed, Colin retreated from the room. She did not follow him, and he could hear her laughter as he opened the door of the house to the dark and cooling air.

## X

The food did not interest him, but Colin sat at a table in the crowded Refectory eating nevertheless while he listened to the chatter and clatter of the students around him.

He left his meal half-eaten to saunter toward the Bar in Derwent college, and he was soon drinking himself into a stupor. The beer made his melancholia even worse and he sat vaguely detesting the people who gradually filled the room with their noise.

"Hello!" Andrea said cheerfully. She was dressed all in black, an affectation which surprised him, and he glowered at her because he thought it was his own copyright.

"Join me?" he said, holding up his glass but making no effort to rise from his seat.

When she returned he sat silently watching her sip her drink.

"A bit crowded, isn't it?" she said, embarrassed by his silence.

He watched her lustfully. "I know what you need," he said without any subtlety.

"Oh, yes?" She appeared to him to be only half-insulted.

"Someone to talk to." He smiled as he savoured his first little victory. "It is never easy, is it?"

“What?”

“Sharing moments. Just when you think you understand someone – they surprise you.” The alcohol was beginning to affect his thought, and he struggled to not let this show. “They surprise you,” he repeated. “Usually with other people, betraying.”

Andrea thought of her own just broken relationship and began to be amazed at what she saw as Colin’s insight.

“You thought you understood him,” he continued.

How could he know? She thought. Is it so evident on my face?

“Are you happy here?” he asked, then seeing her questioning face added, “here, at University.”

“Sometimes.”

“What will you do? His pause was deliberate. “When you graduate?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe teach.”

She smiled a defensive smile which Colin divined and he forgot about trying to lay her soul bare with the scalpel of his words, and leaned across the small table that held his many empty glasses to grasp her hand in his own. She did not move away.

“Mind if I join you?” a voice asked above the babble around them.

Andrea jerked her hand away. On the lapel of his tweed jacket Fenton, their interloper, wore a badge saying *‘Being Weird Isn’t Enough’*.

Without being asked, he sat down. “Is this a philosophical discussion – or can anyone join in?”

Colin looked at Andrea who looked at him. Fenton looked at them both and then said, "That's exactly my point! The academic study of morals is no guarantee that those who so study are moral themselves. Won't you agree, Dr. Mickleman?" Fenton gave an inane smile.

The Doctor of Philosophy took a long drink of his beer and then burped loudly.

"Ah!" Fenton exclaimed. "The existential viewpoint! I could not have put it better myself." He gestured toward Andrea. "And you, Mademoiselle? How would you, as a student of the illustrious Dr. Mickleman, express your own desire for understanding?"

She looked at him angrily, then rose and left. Colin watched her push her way through the crowded room and was about to follow when Fenton laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"I am in dread," Fenton said, "that from all this silence something ill shall burst forth."

Eh?"

"Sophocles." He removed his hand.

"That antiquated Greek cretin!"

For some seconds they looked at each other, but Colin turned away before rising to follow Andrea. He soon caught up with her as she walked along the path that took them turning and down toward the light-shimmering lake. They did not speak but she limply held his hand as it sought hers while they walked toward his room. His understanding had impressed her, his eyes seemed to radiate a warmth, and she was lonely.

In his dimly lit room, the smell of pipe smoke and sweaty feet pervaded, and he was soon kissing her and fondling her body. Only partly undressed, they lay on his bed, but his body refused to obey his desire. This alcohol induced failure made him angry. As a remedy to try and arouse his erection he began to beat her bare buttocks with his discarded shoe.

"Please, don't!" she pleaded and began to cry.

Her utter helplessness appealed to him and, as his remedy began to take effect, he forced

himself upon her. But his desire did not last long and, satiated, he turned over to fall into an alcoholic sleep.

She dressed while he slept. Her feelings in turmoil, she sat down at his desk. She would write him a note, she thought, although she did not know what to write and in her search for a clean sheet of paper and pen, she opened the drawer of his desk.

Among the photographs, she recognized Kate, and Magarita, and she carefully replaced them in the drawer. Without feeling anything she silently stole out and away from the room. Dawn was many hours away, as midnight itself was, and she wandered around the lake, keeping to the shadows and avoiding the gaggles of students who passed in the still but seldom silent night air.

Their laughter and their words were devoid of meaning for her. There was no one and nothing she could trust. No boyfriend, parents, friends or tutor; no God. 'I would have been just one more sordid photograph,' she thought as she walked slowly back to her own room, wishing to cry but too full of discordant emotion to succeed.

## XI

Alison frowned, but otherwise bore herself stoically as one who, having thought deeply about a particular matter, had made a decision. She had surprised Colin by arriving to see him early in the morning.

Bewildered, he sat hunched on his bed while Alison stood beside the window.

"Well?" he asked, chagrined at both being disturbed from his slumber so early and not finding Andrea in his room.

"I've made a decision," Alison announced.

"Oh yes?"

“I’m going to have an abortion,” she said without any preamble.

“What?” He remark awakened him.

“You heard.”

“But you can’t – “

“I thought I’d tell you now rather than later.”

“But I would help. Money, that sort of thing. You know that’s not what I want.”

“Who said anything about what you want?”

“But I’ll get you a Flat. Everything.”

“Too late,” she said.

He smiled at her then. But she divined his purpose. “And nothing,” she added, “you say or do can make me change my mind. You’ll not wheedle you way into my affections again.” Her hardness was only in part a pose. “Well, goodbye then. I doubt we shall meet again.”

She turned around and left him sitting on the bed. He sat still for a while and then suddenly leapt up to find his clothes and dress himself. A faint mist shrouded the University and he was half across the bridge outside his residence, straining to see ahead, when he realized he had run in the wrong direction. He turned, and collided with a student carrying an armful of books. He did not want to help but shouted a “Sorry!” to the fallen young man and sprinted away along the path toward the car park behind the large Physics building. There was a Land Rover leaving and he ran toward it shouting Alison’s name, but it steadily pulled away and he was left to bend breathless and alone by the side of the running track. No one saw him as he in anger kicked a post. He hurt his foot, and limped slowly back to his room.

Clarity of thought and release from the pain in his foot came slowly as he sat at his desk smoking his pipe. The idea of a child, unwanted though it was at its conception, had pleased him, but there would, he felt sure, be other opportunities, some woman to bear his children

and whom he might marry if she accepted his need for other purely physical liaisons. Magarita, perhaps? She knew of his other liaisons and did not seem to care. But that, he felt certain, would come in its own species of time. His concern now was the Professorship and although Alison's decision and departure saddened him, he was also a little relieved to be free of what he had felt to be her cloying emotions. Thus was he satisfied with himself and his world again. He made himself a strong brew of tea before departing for his office in his Department.

A pile of mail awaited him in the Secretary's Office, and he spent nearly an hour with her, idling chatting and making rude suggestions. The Secretary, a youngish lady with a tender face and richly coiffured dark blond hair given to slightly audacious and in some circles fashionable clothes, did not mind, for she was recently and happily married. Colin's seduction of her was over a year away and for both it was part of their past. And when he did finally peruse his mail in his own room, he was pleased to find a letter asking him for an article from an academic journal he never read.

So he sat and wrote and read a little while the hours of the morning passed. Fenton was late for his tutorial, and Colin calmly waited. Half an hour; an hour. But in his relaxed way he did not care, and was even a little pleased, for last night Fenton had disturbed him. The meaning of his words had not escaped Colin, inebriated though he was, and he began to surmise that Fenton was too embarrassed to attend the tutorial as he began to believe that Fenton, the avowed homosexual, was attracted to him. He felt this explained all of Fenton's behaviour, and was even a little pleased. Perhaps, after all, he had found the key to unravel Fenton's character. Still thinking these thoughts, he was surprised by Fiona who entered his room without knocking.

He watched her carefully as she came to sit on the side of his desk. As was her habit, her dress seemed to reveal rather than hide her body.

"Dinner, tonight?" she asked.

"Well – "

"Are you afraid of me?" she asked directly.

"What do you mean?"

"Of my strength."

“I didn’t realize that you took steroids,” he said in an attempt to be clever.

It did not work. “I have some outfits which I think you would look very good in.”

“Oh yes?”

“Yes. Are you afraid to experiment then? And after all I’ve heard!”

“Such as?”

“Oh various things.”

The phrase startled him, for some reason he could not remember. But he did remember feeling almost as startled by something Fenton had said to him, last night. He could not remember what that was either. Fiona was staring at him while her lips were drawn into a smile, and this perplexed him as well.

“Try it,” she said, “tonight. You might surprise yourself and have a good time..” She pursed her lips. “I think we’d make a good combination – in bed.”

She smiled at him and then walked toward the door. “I’ll expect you about seven.”

Her perfume and presence lingered a long time, and he found himself unable to concentrate on his work. His mind began to fill with erotic images and visions, and all of them involved him and Fiona. It was these which persuaded him: he would go and meet her, confident that he would be equal to any situation, and, in his anticipation and delight, he forgot about both Andrea and Fenton.

Fenton had been with a party of his friends when he had seen Andrea pass in the night. He caught sight of her face as she slowly walked under a lamp near the door to her residence.

“Come on,” a friend had urged him as he stood wondering whether to call out her name – and he had gone with them to their rooms where music played and cups were filled with

wine. Soon the voices were raised to try to right all the political wrongs in the world.

“Worker’s Councils – that is what we need! It would show the bosses!” an enthusiastic student said.

“But surely, democratic reforms,” another countered, “are the only viable means.”

“Bull! Revolution has been and still is the only answer.”

But Fenton remembered, as he listened, Andrea’s face. It had spoken to him, one soul to another, one outcast to another. There was real suffering there which he felt no political discussion would change, and he rose unobserved to take his leave.

“Go away!” a voice shouted in answer to his knuckle raps upon Andrea’s door.

“Leave me alone!” the voice said as he tried again.

“It’s me!” he said.

“Look!” an angry face said as Andrea opened the door, “I want to be left alone.”

Then there was not more anger in her face as she staggered back inside to collapse upon the floor.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked as he knelt beside her. Her room was brightly lit, very tidy and very warm.

“Get your hands off me, you poof!” she said, slurring her words.

An empty bottle of whiskey lay on the floor, and he was about to leave when he saw a bottle of barbiturate tablets. It was almost empty.

She peered at the container as he held it up. “Have you taken any?” he asked.

“Leave me alone. Want to sleep,” she said through half- closed eyes. She tried to speak again but drifted into unconsciousness.

“Andrea! Wake up!” Gently, he held her head in his hands. “Have you taken any of these tablets?”

She did not respond and he lifted her to lay her down on the bed. On the bedside table was a letter, propped up against the lamp. ‘Dr. Colin Mickleman’ the writing on the envelope read.

‘Will you regret not having a photograph of me? I doubt it.’

Fenton read the note three times before placing it in his pocket and lifting Andrea into his arms. He carried her along the corridor and down the stairs, oblivious to the two female students who drunkenly laughed as he passed them by.

“You Tarzan, she Jane!” one of them said, and laughed again.

His car was small and some distance away, but he ran with his burden to lay her softly on the back seat. His driving was fast as he raced toward the city. He nearly crashed once, as he slewed the car into a corner, and once he had to stop to try to remember his way before reversing to take another turning.

No one came to greet him or relieve him of his burden as he kicked open the doors to the Casualty department of the Hospital.

“Please,” he pleaded to the woman behind the desk, “she’s taken an overdose!”

The waiting patients stared while, somewhere, a baby cried.

Then, there was a sudden rushing of white coats, blue uniforms and anxious faces.

“Wait here, will you?” a young woman said. And then a Nurse was asking: “Do you know what she has taken?”

“Some tablet – and alcohol.”

“How long ago?”

“Not sure. Half an hour, perhaps. Will she be alright?”

No answer, only another person asking questions. The questioning nurse had a kindly face and ushered him to a chair in the corridor. He gave her Andrea’s name and address, as well as his own.

‘You are students at the University then?’ she asked. But her kindly smile did not change.

“Yes. Will she be alright?”

“I should think so, yes. They’ll pump her stomach out. She’ll be drowsy for a while and sleep.

“Can I see her?” He saw the look on the young girl’s face and was about to correct her natural assumption when he said instead, “I’m sorry for all the trouble.”

“That’s what we are here for.”

“Can I see her?” he asked again.

“In a while, probably.”

She left him, and he was suddenly aware of his surroundings, of voices, near and distant, of people walking past. A telephone ringing. He sat for a long time.

“Mr. Fenton?” a Doctor asked. The pockets of his white coat bulged with pens, a stethoscope, a small compendium about drugs.

“Yes.” He stood up.

“You can see her now.” They walked together toward a cubicle.

“Is she alright?”

“Yes, fine. We’ll keep her in overnight. Just for observation. I should think she will sleep most of tomorrow.” He nodded curtly, then walked away to disappear behind a curtain.

Andrea lay on her side, covered by a sheet and an thin blanket, an intravenous infusion supplying fluid through a needle in the back of her hand. She did not stir as he did not try to wake her, and he stood beside her for what seemed a long time.

“She’ll be alright.” The Nurse who questioned him said as she passed. “We’ll be moving her onto the ward soon. I’m sure they wouldn’t mind if you wanted to call and see her in the morning.”

He returned her smile, and left to wander back into the night, and it took him several minutes to realize his car had been stolen. In his haste, he had left the door open and the keys in the ignition.

## XII

It was a long walk back to the University, but Fenton did not mind. He had reported the theft before setting out into the cold, sodium-lit darkness. But he was soon warm, despite being without a jacket, and by the time he reached his room he had decide on his plan of campaign.

His sleep was brief, if sound, and he ate a small breakfast in the refectory before boarding a bus for the city. The Ward Sister was helpful and kind, and let him briefly sit by Andrea’s bed while, around him in the busy ward, Student Nurses made beds while they chatted.

“Thank you,” Andrea said, and weakly held his hand as she tried to keep awake.

“I haven’t told anyone yet,” he said, embarrassed by her gesture.

“There was a letter.”

“I have it, it’s alright.” He withdrew his hand and made to search his pockets, but it was just an excuse to remove his hand from her. “I must have left it in my room.”

“You know, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Such a stupid thing to do!” She tried to smile. “I was so fed up. You won’t tell him, will you?”

“No,” he lied and turned his face away.

“You’re very kind.” She held his hand again.

In embarrassment, he stood up. “I’ll call again this afternoon. Is there anything you want?”

“They discharge me today. The Doctor is coming to see me later this morning.”

“I’ll telephone the Ward to ask. Do you want me to come and meet you if you are discharged?”

“That would be very kind.”

“Not at all.”

“You’re a strange man,” she said gently.

He smiled in response and walked back down along the long line of beds.

His visit to the Police Station to confirm the theft of his vehicle was brief, but he lingered in the centre of the city, watching people, drinking tea at a café and browsing in a bookshop. It was past midday when he returned to the University.

Colin was in his room, in the Department, smoking a pipe and scribbling.

“Come in!” he said cheerfully. Then, seeing Fenton, he added, “bit late, aren’t we?”

Calmly, Fenton sat down opposite him.

“Black seems an appropriate colour,” Fenton said, alluding to Colin’s manner of dress.

“Shall I,” Colin responded, quoting, “entrust myself to entangled shadows?”

“Perhaps,” Fenton retorted, unsmiling, “I shall do violence to your person.”

Colin gaped, then squinted, trying to find a clever response. But Fenton calmly handed him Andrea’s envelope and note.

“From Andrea,” Fenton said. “She tried to kill herself – last night.”

This was something beyond the Owl’s comprehension, but he strove to understand it, and the strain showed on his face.

“Is she – “ he began.

“Don’t worry – she’ll be alright.”

“How?” The strain was lessening, but anxiety had begun.

“Overdose. Luckily, I found her in time.”

“You?”

“No one else knows. Yet.”

Colin came to several conclusions, almost at the same time.

Fenton let him suffer. "Of course," he said with apparent indifference, "a scandal at this time would do your chances of obtaining the Professorship no good."

For a few seconds, the Owl gaped in horror at one of his own conclusions. Then he shivered in revulsion. Was he about to be blackmailed into a homosexual encounter?

Fenton sighed, as he saw the perplexity and horror evident on Colin's face. "Don't judge everybody by your own standards," he said. "Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I've no moral standards."

"Sorry?"

"I know what you were thinking. And you were wrong. I have no intention of telling anyone anything – unless Andrea wishes it. She and she alone will decide. And shall I tell you something else?"

Colin was not sure whether he wanted to know. But he said nothing.

"There was a time when I fancied you," Fenton continued. "You had an aura of genius about you. But so cold – so little real humanity. I know you dislike me. Not because I'm gay – but because I see through your pose. What is beyond that pose? Is there anything?"

He took the note and envelope, which Colin had left on his desk and walked over toward the door. Outside, in the quiet corridor, he stood shaking for several minutes. He disliked the anger he had felt toward Colin and walked quickly down the stairs and out in the freshness outside. Ragged cumulus clouds sped swiftly below the blue of the sky, carried on the rising wind, and Fenton tore Andrea's note in small pieces as he walked, casting them into the lake from a bridge. He watched them as they sank, bopped or floated away. Around him, the University pulsed with life.

He did not have long to wait in the corridor of the Ward. Several of the beds were screened by their curtains and he was idly wondering why when Andrea, dressed in her clothes of the night before, came slowly toward him. She smiled on seeing him leaning against the wall,

and then broke into a run to hug him strongly. He held her body feebly by one hand while she clung to him, and then edged away.

“I’ve got a taxi waiting,” he said while a passing Nurse smiled at them.

“You are kind,” Andrea said and held his hand briefly. “Sorry I embarrassed you,” she whispered.

They did not speak again as they walked the short distance to the entrance to enter their waiting carriage and be conveyed along the traffic filled roads to the campus. But every few minutes Andrea would turn and glance at his face as if trying to measure his feelings. But his face betrayed no emotion.

He walked with her to her room, and stood outside as she opened the door.

“Please,” she said almost pleading, “I’d like you to come in.”

She lay on her bed while he sat, awkwardly, on the chair by the small study desk.

“I feel like I could sleep for a week, she said, and yawned.

Instead, she rested her head on her elbow as she looked at him. “Have you still got the note?” she asked.

“I threw it away.”

“Good.” Then she sighed. “You know, I’m not depressed any more. When I woke up this morning and saw the sunlight streaming through the window I was happy. There was this woman in the bed next to mine – did you see her? – who’d had most of her bowel cut out. They were very kind to her, the Nurses, but

you could see she was dying. I felt so ashamed, being there. Do you mind if I talk?”

”Of course not.”

“What will happen?” she asked softly. “About last night, I mean?”

“Nothing, I imagine. Unless you want to tell anyone.”

“No, of course not. Not even – “

“I’ve told him.”

She was not certain whether she was pleased or upset. “And?” she said, hesitantly.

“He’ll keep quiet, I imagine.”

“I’ll have to leave the University,” she said sadly.

“Do you really want to?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

“I can’t face him.”

“I’ll be with you in lectures.”

She smiled at him. “You’re very sweet. But he is my personal tutor.”

“Change to someone else. It happens.”

“What could I say? What reason could I give?”

It was Fenton’s turn to smile. “With his reputation, you don’t need a reason.”

She thought for a while, and then said, “I just couldn’t bear it, seeing him.”

“Imagine what he would feel like, seeing you.”

Andrea laughed. “I can’t believe I was so stupid, last night.”

“In the midst of many, it is easy to be alone.”

“You know, I always thought you were so reserved. Aloof. Even a bit arrogant. But you’re not, are you? You’re really kind.”

“You’ll have me blushing in a moment.”

“You’re not like other men.” Then realizing what she had said, added, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean – “

“It’s alright. I don’t keep it a secret. Anymore.”

“I mean you’re – for a man – oh, I’m not saying this right!” she finally said in exasperation. “I mean I can actually talk to you. You understand.”

“And I am no threat,” he smiled in self-mockery.

She began to feel that she would not have minded if he were. She would feel safe, in his arms, with the world shut out. But she said nothing and even tried to hide her feelings so that they would not show in her face and eyes. She wanted to be strong and self-reliant, not depending on men for her emotional security, but she did not know how to begin. She remembered the father she saw only twice a year, her sisters leaving school early to work while she studied, always alone in her life. Her always-disastrous relations with men. Her need for love seemed to drive them away.

“There’s a strength in you,” she finally said. “An inner strength. I feel better just being with you. Can we be friends?”

He gave a crooked smile. “I thought we already were.”

She jumped up to kiss him, then decided against it. The sudden movement made her feel dizzy and she lay down on her bed again.

“You ought to get some rest,” he said with concern.

“Yes, I suppose so.” She smiled at him as she sat up. “I’ll get into bed, if you don’t mind.”

“Er, no. I was just going,” he said as he nervously stood because she had begun to remove her clothes.

“Please,” she said, half-pleading and half-seductively, “stay and talk to me for a while.” Naked except for her panties, she got into bed.

“Well, actually –“ he began.

“Please, just for a few minutes.”

He sat down again.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” she asked.

“Depends on the question!”

“Have you ever been with a woman?” she asked impulsively, surprised at her own audacity.

“I really ought to go,” he said as he stood up again.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you.” She suddenly realized that she did not want to be alone. “Look, I’ll be honest with you, Carl. I need to be with somebody at the moment.”

“But I can’t – “

“Just hold me, please.” There was no longer any tone of seduction in her voice or manner, just a pleading, a helplessness, and she began to cry, slowly and almost in silence.

He went to sit beside her on the bed, and she clung to him, her tears wetting his shoulder and drawing forth from within her some of the sadness and misery she felt. Her tears were the rain from the clouds which had come to pass over the sun of her joy, and it was minutes before the dark clouds retreated. She curled up, then, in the warmth of her bed, and closed her eyes to sleep. He brushed her cheek dry and briefly kissed it before leaving her to the silence of her room.

### XIII

There were no meetings, lectures or tutorials to fill Colin’s afternoon, but he could not settle down to his writing. He spent an hour wandering around the University library, but neither the books nor some research he needed to do interested him, and he wandered the campus in search of Magarita.

But she was not in her office, and he returned to his room in the Hall of Residence. But he soon became listless and bored. Fiona troubled him, as Andrea and Fenton did, and as he wandered for the third time around the campus, he began to realize he was alone. There was no one with whom he could share his secrets; no one with whom he could talk without assuming the mask of his role. He thought of Edmund, and it took him over an hour of diligent and then frenzied searching in the piles of old letters, manuscripts and papers that littered parts of his room before he found an address.

There was a grimy public telephone kiosk in a gloomy corner of Derwent college between the lavatories and the Porter’s prison of glass, and he was approaching it when a crowd of students came toward him, babbling. One of them, a brightly dressed young lady with frizzy hair, waved at him, and he waved back. She smiled, and then was sucked away within the crowd. He had no idea who she was, and shrugged his shoulders. Inside the soundproof booth, graffiti declared: *‘Jesus Saves, Moses Invests, But Buckby spends it all.’* Buckby was the Treasurer of the University.

His efforts were to no avail. There was no telephone number under that name, the discordant voice emanating from the receiver had said. Disgruntled, he wandered back to

his bedroom. It was then he realized the drawer that contained his photographs was unlocked. Had Andrea seen them? Was that the meaning of her cryptic message?

Suddenly, it seemed his world was in chaos. There would be no Professorship, only rumours about his photographs, about Andrea's attempted suicide. For a few moments he panicked. But calmness eventually came, although the pains he felt in his stomach remained. The ritual of cleaning and filling and lighting his pipe aided his thinking, and by the time he had smoked his fill he was certain neither Andrea or Fenton would compromise him. Yet a slight uncertainty remained, seeping down into his unconscious. Secure again in the confines of his world, he lay on his bed reading academic books.

It was nearing five o'clock in the evening when he left his room, no longer able to resist the temptation of visiting Andrea. He needed to know how she felt - what she would do. The hours of his reading had brought light rain to the outside world, and sheen of wetness pervaded the buildings and the paths which were entwined around them. It was only a short walk to the building which housed Andrea's room, which pleased him, since he so disliked rain.

It was Fenton who opened Andrea's door.

"She doesn't want to see you," Fenton said.

"Who is it?" a faint voice said.

"The esteemed Dr. Mickleman."

"I'll get dressed. Tell him to come back in a few minutes."

Fenton smiled ruefully at Colin and then shut the door. Colin waited outside for the allotted span, and then knocked on the door again.

Fenton, adopting the pose of a deferential butler, bowed slightly and in a disdainful accent said, "Madam will see you now, sir." He moved aside while Colin entered, then closed the door.

"How are you?" Colin asked Andrea as she sat on her bed. She was demurely dressed, but Fenton's presence, the disordered bedclothes, the discarded female underclothes on the

floor, perplexed him.

Before Andrea could answer, Fenton said, "As well as might be expected under the circumstances, sir."

Colin ignored him. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked her.

"With all due respect, sir," Fenton said, continuing with his accent and his role, "I believe you have done quite enough already. May I therefore respectfully suggest you return to your lucubrations? Shall I show the gentleman out, Madam?"

Andrea giggled.

"Very well Madam if that is what you wish." For Colin's benefit he gestured toward the door. "This way, sir, if you please. Terrible weather, isn't it? For the time of year."

Colin was beginning to become annoyed. "Can I talk with you alone?" he asked Andrea.

Andrea affected her own accent and role. "Be so good," she said to Fenton, "as to leave us."

Fenton bowed. "As you wish. If Madam is quite sure."

"Quite sure."

"I shall be directly outside, should you at any time require my assistance." He flicked imaginary dust from his imaginary livery.

Colin waited until he and Andrea were alone. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What will you do?"

"About what?"

“Does anyone else know?”

“Don’t worry,” she smiled. “I shall not make a fuss.”

“I didn’t mean – “

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Pardon?”

“At the lecture. On Kant’s aesthetics isn’t it?”

“Er, yes.” He did not know what else to say and stood immobile with his arms hanging limply by his side.

Andrea rose to open the door, and as it was opened Fenton sprang into the room. But he quickly resumed his role.

“The gentleman,” Andrea said, acting again, “is just leaving.”

“Very good, Madam. This way, sir.” Fenton gestured toward the corridor. Colin was at the top of the stairs when Fenton, as Fenton, said, “If I were you, I’d leaver her alone from now on.”

Andrea was sitting on her bed when he returned to her room.

“I was shaking and trembling,” she admitted, “seeing him again. I’m glad that’s over. I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t been here.”

Reverting to his role, he said, “Your servant, Madam.”

She threw her pillow playfully at him, and then looked at her discarded underclothes on the

floor. “Do you think he thought – “ she began.

“Probably!”

They both laughed. She wanted to embrace him, but all she did was rest her head in her hands and sigh.

“Some friends of mine,” Fenton said in an effort to comfort her, “are having a party tonight. Would you like to come?”

“Not really. I’m not in the mood.”

“Well, when I say ‘party’ it’s not exactly the right word. Just a quiet get together.”

“Thanks, but no.”

“It’s sort of an informal gathering of the GaySoc.”

“Sorry?”

The Gay Society.”

“Sounds like the title of a thirties musical.”

“Maybe it was. Anyway, they’ll be some women there. It’s not all men. There’s someone there I’d particularly like you to meet.”

She thought for a while, then said, “I don’t really think it would be my scene.”

“We are not all weirdoes you know.”

“I didn’t say you were. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“Do I look offended?”

“No.”

“It would be good for you to get out – meet people.”

“I’m not really a gregarious person.”

“Look, I’ll tell you what. I have to go – for some silly reason I let myself be talked into running the thing this year. But afterwards we can go out for a meal, just you and I.”

“You don’t have to take pity on me, you know.”

“Is that what you think?”

“I don’t know what to think anymore.”

“I’m asking you as a friend.”

“I know. I’m sorry. Alright, then – but I’m not sure I feel like eating much.”

“Doesn’t matter. Now you ought to get some more rest. Will you be alright?”

“I won’t do anything silly, if that’s what you mean.”

“No it was not what I meant. I meant I’ll stay and talk to you if you like.”

“I’ll be fine. I do still feel tired. You’ve done more than enough.”

“I’ll be back about six then.”

“Fine.”

He had opened the door to leave when she said, “You are very kind.”

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. “What are friends for?”



Fenton was over half hour late.

“Sorry!” he said as an anxious Andrea opened her door. “I fell asleep.”

Andrea wore a tight jumper and close-fitting trousers and even Fenton noticed that she was wearing no bra, for her nipples stood out quite prominently. Fenton was dressed as he almost always was in tweed jacket and trousers. Only the colour of his shirts and his badges varied. His small but brightly coloured badge declared: *Laugh Now, But One Day We'll Be In Charge.*

“Are you ready,” he asked unnecessarily.

“Lead on!”

The gathering was held in the first floor room of one of the colleges. The chairs were low and comfortable, the décor modern but subdued. The blinds were drawn to cover the window and one table was spread with glasses, bottles of wine and cans of beer. Of the nine students, three were women. They did not turn to stare as Andrea and Fenton entered, and Andrea was surprised to find that all of those gathered in the room looked and dressed like ordinary students.

Fenton saw her surprise. “What did you expect?”

“I don't know,” she whispered. “They all look so normal.”

He adopted an effeminate pose. “Well to tell you the truth dear, we are. It’s the others who aren’t!”

She cuffed him playfully on the ear with her hand.

“Come on,” he said, “I’ll introduce you.” He walked toward a tall woman with startling blue eyes and very short black hair. “Julie,” he said to her, “this is Andrea.”

“Hi,” Julie said, and held out her bony hand.

Andrea blushed, held the proffered hand briefly, and said, “Hello!”

“What are you studying?” Julie asked her.

“Philosophy. And you?”

“Physics. Can I get you a drink?”

“Orange juice – if there is one.”

“We’ll see!” As she passed Fenton, Julie whispered in his ear. “Pretty, isn’t she?”

She was not away long, and Andrea clutched her glass nervously while she and Julie stood on the edge of the conclave. Fenton moved away to talk to the others.

“What made you choose York?” Julie asked her.

“The course, mainly.”

“Do you like music?”

“It’s alright.”

“I just love Classical, myself. Now Carl – well! His taste runs to that horrendous noise he calls ‘Progressive’. Personally, I would say ‘regressive’ – back to the primitive.”

She laughed at her own joke. “But enough of me – tell me about yourself.”

Andrea sipped her orange juice, and looked at Carl. He was obviously at ease, among friends, and his laugh made her feel a little sad. “Are you in your first year?” she asked Julie.

“Heavens no! Only wish I were. Finals time! What made you chose philosophy?”

“Seemed a good idea at the time.”

“Are you liking it?”

“Yes and no.”

“We had a few lectures from a chap in your Department. On the philosophy of Science. Can’t remember his name. Fancied himself, though. Tall chap – often wore black. Some sort of gesture, I suppose. Typical arty-farty type. Do you know him?”

“Not really,” Andrea lied. She wanted to get away, to talk to Carl to leave the room. Julie was smiling intently at her. “Have you any plans after your Degree?” she asked to hide her embarrassment.

“Year off. Cycling across America, then Scandinavia.”

“You do a lot of cycling then?”

“Sure! I love it. You?”

“No. I am not very sporting.”

“You should try it! There’s a marvellous, simply marvellous, feeling about riding a bike –

such freedom. Just you, and your surroundings. You're really in tune with your environment. I love it – touring and racing, cycling at speed. You and the machine, a perfect harmony. All your own effort and skill. Beautiful! I've a race – well, Time Trial actually – on Sunday. Would you like to come?"

"Well, I was thinking of - " she returned her gaze from Carl to Julie. There was something about Julie's earnest, youthful enthusiasm, which pleased her, and she smiled, envying her vivacity.

"I'm afraid," Julie was saying, "it starts rather early. Six in the morning actually. I'm off number three – they always start the slowest riders first!" She laughed, again, rocking slightly backwards on her feet and as she did so she lightly touched Andrea's arm with her hand. "It's only twenty five though."

"Sorry?"

"Twenty five miles. Fast course, though. I hope to do a One-Six." Then seeing Andrea's obvious incomprehension, she added, "one hour, six minutes."

"You mean," Andrea said, astounded, "you cycle twenty five miles in just one hour and six minutes?"

"More or less. I'm not as fast as some of the ladies, though."

"That's nearly – what?" she thought for a moment. "Twenty three miles an hour."

Julie shrugged her shoulders. "Lots of ladies get under the hour."

"You must be very fit."

"Well, I do lots of training! It's lovely to be out on the bike after hours of lectures or lab work. Really relaxing. There's only you, the bike and the road – everything else ceases to exist. Marvellous for stress!"

"I doubt I could make it into the town on a bike."

“Fancy a ride tomorrow? I’ve got an spare bike?”

“I’d only slow you down.”

“Nonsense! I like touring speeds as well.” She looked at Andrea’s body, letting her gaze linger on her breasts. “You look fit enough. I’ve got a Flat in town. If you want to come round about ten in the morning, say. I’ll give you the address.”

“Really, I –“

“No bother! Just a minute, I’ll borrow some paper and a pen.”

She returned with Carl, and scribbled her address on a crumpled sheet of paper. “I’ll look forward,” she said as she gave it to Andrea, “to seeing you.” She turned toward Carl. “Got to dash!” To Andrea’s surprise, Julie kissed Carl on the cheek, tousled his hair with her hand and said, “You take care. Probably see you next week.” She waved at Andrea, smiled warmly, and was gone from the room in a burst on energy. For a few seconds, Andrea regretted her departure.

Then she was annoyed with herself. ‘I’m so fickle and immature,’ she thought.

“Come and meet the others.” Carl said to her.

“Can we go? I really not in the mood to be around people.”

“Of course. I’ll just say my farewells.”

He returned smiling and holding out some car keys. “Julian's lent me his car,” he beamed.

The car turned out to be an old Volkswagen laden with rust whose interior was sorely in need of repair. But it conveyed them, albeit slowly, into the city centre. The restaurant Carl had chosen was not expensive but the food was reasonable even if the service was slow and the somewhat garish décor faded. But in the dim light it was easy to ignore.

Andrea settled for the soup while Carl ate, what seemed to her, a gargantuan meal.

“So you’ve arranged to see Julie again?” he asked.

“I let myself be talked into it.”

“She’s a bit like that,” he smiled.

“Is she -?”

“What do you think?”

“Silly question. God, I’m stupid! Why else would she be there!”

“I don’t think you are stupid,” he said gently.

“I must be! Shall I tell you something? No, on second thoughts, I won’t.”

“You can trust me, you know.”

She briefly held his hand. “I know.”

“You liked her, didn’t you?”

Andrea sighed. “Yes, I suppose so. But only because she showed an interest in me – seemed to like me. I sometimes think I’m just a reflection of other people’s interest.”

“We all need to be liked.”

“But I seem to need others in a different way. Without them I sometimes feel I don’t exist at all.”

“You just need someone to love you,” he said softly.

She cried then, not loudly or very much. “I know,” she said, almost as a whisper. “And I wish it could be you.”

For some time he looked at her, not knowing what to say or do, and when he did speak, his own emotion was evident in his measured words. “I’m sorry. But you will find someone. I know you will. I do love you, as a friend.”

She turned away, then, to stare out of the window, her silent tears returning. Outside, in the resurgent rain, people hurried along the pavement in the city-lit darkness, burdened with the burdens of their worlds.

#### XIV

Such was Colin’s perplexity that, on leaving Andrea’s room, he did not notice the rain. It was light, a mere drizzle to dampen clothes only with prolonged exposure, and he walked through it along the campus paths to the streets beyond and thence to Fiona’s house.

He was early for his assignation, but she was not there and, disgruntled, he trudged back to the University. No one disturbed him as he sat, alone in the Philosophy Department, in his room, vaguely looking out from the window.

Tomorrow, he knew, he would see Andrea and Fenton at his lecture and this both pleased and disturbed him, bringing discomfort to his stomach and pain to his head. He was pleased because he wanted to show he was not concerned about their presence and secret knowledge, and because he would then know what, if anything, they would do. Yet he was agitated because that knowledge was another day away. He began, however, to prepare himself. If necessity demanded it, he would say she was infatuated with him, and he spent nearly an hour creating in his mind answers to any questions he might face.

Pleased with himself again, he issued forth from his office to walk briskly to Fiona’s house. He was only a few minutes early and waited, leaning on her gate smoking his pipe. ‘I think we’d make a good combination’ he remembered she had said, ‘in bed.’

He waited half an hour; then an hour, leaning against her fence, a nearby lamppost and her door. He banged his fist against the door, stole a look through windows front and back, but no one was seen or came, and it was another half and hour before, in disappointment, he walked away. From his office he telephoned Magarita. But his recent experiences had done nothing to change his habits, and in the bedroom of her almost city-centre and quite artistically furnished flat, he resumed his manipulative role.

It was sad for Magarita that she loved him. She stood before him naked, her tawny hair held neatly by a band behind her head and already he had remarked about her tendency to plumpness. He held his camera ready.

“Go on!” he said, “just one of you sitting on the toilet.”

“No.”

“What are you afraid of?”

“I just don’t want to, alright?” She had begun to frown, and made to grab her clothes..

“Come here,” he said, almost softly.

Reluctantly, she did. Then he was kissing her and steering her toward the bed. She resisted, a little, but did not want to be alone and let him win again. Her ecstasy came slowly and when it was over and she wished to lie warm and languid beside him resting her head on his chest, he spoke to her again.

“Humour me,” he said and kissed her.

“Alright, then. But only one.”

He left shortly thereafter, clutching his undeveloped prize.

Sleep came easily to him on his own bed and he slept deeply until a disturbing dream awoke him. He dreamed he was in Fiona’s bed, waiting for her to join him. She was a long

time, and he fell asleep. Then warm hands were caressing his body and genitals, arousing him and he turned over to find not Fiona but Fenton, naked, beside him. Then Fenton was guiding his hand, downward.... He awoke sweating and kicking his bedclothes onto the floor.

He did sleep again, but in spasms of half-conscious tiredness and deep perplexing dreams, and when the hard, strident ringing on his clock alarm finally aroused him, he lay, tired and yawning and disturbed. But the passing minutes faded his memory of the dream, until it gradually slipped away from his conscious recollection. Outside, the sun glowed warmly, and he rose to select from his untidy collection a recording of loud modern music.

Soon, he was ready for his day. He forsook the black clothes of his pose, choosing instead a conventional ensemble replete with a silk bow tie. The effect pleased him and he smiled at himself in the mirror.

He was not surprised to find Andrea and Fenton seated next to each other in the room apportioned for his lecture. They did not smile or stare at him, but sat idly talking to those around them, their notebooks and pens ready on the table before them, and he began to wonder if it had all been some dream, for they appeared relaxed, at ease. But the feeling passed. It had been real, and he himself began to tremble and sweat.

Then his own emotions faded, as he remembered the plan of his lecture. For he was, after all, the master, they the disciples.

“Finally,” he said at his lecture’s end, “and in conclusion, you can say that Kant wished to prove that aesthetic experience improves our lives: it makes or can make us moral beings. In essence, that it its reason for existing. Any questions?”

“Yes,” Fenton said immediately. “So what you’re saying is that Kant’s aesthetics show the value of things like Art resides in the moral realm?”

“Not exactly! I believe Kant hints – and I repeat only hints – that aesthetic experience humanizes us. For example, in his ‘*Solution to the Antinomy of Taste*’ he – “

“Yes, but going on from there, what about the life of the artist – or indeed the philosopher. Does their life have to be moral, in the conventional sense, for their works to be perceived as sublime and thus contributing to an aesthetic experience?” Colin wanted to interject, but Fenton continued. “If you, for example, study the lives of most of the great artists – and some philosophers – you will find a certain turmoil, even moral turpitude. Then – “

“It is an interesting point,” he said, trying to smile. “But one not directly relevant to our study of Kant.

“I think it is very relevant to aesthetics. Central to the life of the philosopher, in fact.”

“Perhaps you would like to study the matter further.”

“I would have thought you would have developed Kant’s – what did you call it? Hints? – further.”

Colin looked around the room. “Any other points?” he asked.

Fenton said aloud, and to no one in particular, “it would make a good thesis – the lives of philosophers in relation to their ideas. Is there a correlation between the humanity of their teachings and the morality of their lives?”

“Perhaps,” Colin said with an elegant smile, “you should write a thesis about it – assuming you pass your finals.”

“No,” Fenton said, screwing up his face into a gargoyle-like expression, “it’s a boring subject. Much more important things to do.”

Gradually the students left. In the corridor, Colin heard talk and laughter. Was it about him, he wondered? But no one stared at him as he walked to his office. He was inside, smoking his pipe and glancing at Kant’s *‘Observations on the Feeling of the Beautiful and the Sublime’* when a possible solution to what he saw as a potential problem occurred to him. He had no diary or timetable to consult, for he despised dependence on such items, but he knew from memory that no engagements, lectures, tutorials or assignments would hinder him, and he used his telephone to summon a taxi to convey him to his destination.

In his intense satisfaction, he rubbed his hands together and smiled.

Andrea had made her excuses in a brief telephone conversation and it was with some reluctance that she arrived at Julie's Flat in the afternoon at the re-arranged time. The Flat was part of an elegant Georgian building some distance from the centre of the city where a road fed an incessant stream of traffic and a little piece of parkland opened wide. But inside, there was only a perfumed silence, a clutter of books, furniture and bikes.

"The weather is just right! Julie said. "Do you want something to drink or shall we make a start?"

"I'm fine."

"Good! Here you are." She pointed to a bike in the small corridor. "I've adjusted the saddle height for you."

"Thanks."

Julie laughed. "Don't look so worried! Right, if you want to lug that down, I'll get changed and be right with you."

The cycle was lighter than Andrea expected, and she waited outside the front door of the apartment feeling slightly conspicuous. Julie duly arrived wearing skin-tight cycling shorts and jumper and carrying her gleaming bike. The shorts were black but the jumper was bright and banded. 'York Road Club' was flocked in large letters on the back.

Soon, Andrea was regretting her acceptance. The roads they took led them after a few miles beyond the limits of the city and, as houses gave way to hedges and fields, Andrea was tired and sweating profusely. She judged their pace fast; although for Julie it was only a slow dawdle.

"You alright?" Julie kept saying as she dropped back to ride beside her.

Andrea would nod, and smile, and turn the pedals faster in an effort to convince. But after a few more miles even her pride could not make her continue. She dismounted to lean the cycle against a field gate and sit herself on the ground. Julie returned to sit beside her.

“Here,” Julie said, giving her a handkerchief from a pocket of her jumper.

“Thanks.” She wiped the sweat on her forehead away.

“You look done in.”

“I am!”

“The sun is warm, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you take your cardigan off? You must be hot.”

Andrea looked at her suspiciously, but Julie laughed and said, “don’t worry! I’m not after your body – nice though it is!”

“I didn’t think you were,” Andrea said quietly and without conviction.

“I just want to be your friend. You seem to need one.”

“Is that what Carl said?”

“He said nothing. I like you, that’s all. Alright, so I’m gay. Big deal.”

Andrea felt like a fool and, although she did not want to because she did not feel particularly warm sitting in the breeze, she removed her cardigan.

“You thirsty?”

“Yes.”

“There’s a little tea shop just up the road.”

“Ah! Just what I need!” Then she added: “What do you mean by ‘just up the road?’”

“About five or six miles.”

“Six miles?” Are you serious?”

“Well, it was about six last time I looked on a map.”

“I didn’t mean that!”

“Think you can make it?”

“I don’t think so. But even if I could, we’ve got to ride back. How far is it back, anyway – from here?”

“Six or seven miles – no more.” She stood up and held out her hand. “Come on then! Home.”

Andrea let Julie help her up. She did not want to jerk her hand away as they stood facing each other for fear that Julie would misunderstand, so they stood looking at each other and holding hands for almost a minute. It was Julie who broke the contact, turning away abruptly. Then she was smiling again.

“I was going to say,” she laughed, “race you back!”

“Only if you give me an hours start!” She wrapped the arms of her cardigan around her waist.

A few cars passed them on their way into the city, and high cloud came to haze the sun. But it was a pleasant ride, for Andrea, and even the city streets, often dense with traffic, did not unduly disturb her. Yet she was glad when it ended. Her arms and legs ached, a little, her crotch a lot, and she felt bathed in her own sweat. The Flat felt warm and she let Julie carry

both bicycles, one after the other, up the stairs and into the spare room where they rested with others.

“What do you want first,” Julie asked her as they sat on the sofa, “Tea or a bath?”

Andrea blushed, and turned her face away. “Tea, I think.”

“Any preference?”

“Sorry?”

“What sort of tea would you like? Darjeeling? Assam? Formosa Oolong? Gunpowder?”

“I really don’t mind.”

“Look around. I won’t be long.”

In the kitchen, Julie began to sing. Andrea did not know what it was except that it sounded like opera. There were piles of books nearly enclosing the sofa, and Andrea picked the first book off one of them. ‘Lectures on Physics’ the bright red cover read. But the mathematical questions, the diagrams and even most of the words were meaningless to her, and she selected another. ‘Duino Elegies’. She was flicking through the pages when a handwritten piece of paper fell to the floor. The handwriting was vaguely familiar and she began to read. It was set out in stanzas and bore the title: ‘Fragment 31’.

Equal of the gods, it appears to me,

The man who sits beside you

And, being so near, listens

While you softly speak

And laugh your beautiful laugh

That in honesty makes my heart to tremble.

When I unprepared meet you

I am tongue-tied, words dry in my mouth

Flames dance under my skin

And I am blinded,

Hearing only the beating of my pulse.

My body, bathed in sweat, sways

And I am paler than sun burnt grass

And nearer to death...

She read the poem three times, and began to cry because it was so simple and yet so well expressed the feelings of love. How many times in the past few years of her life had she felt tongue-tied and trembled when she had met a beloved? Carefully, she wiped away the tears and replaced the paper within the book. She turned around and saw Julie watching from the doorway to the kitchen.

Julie did not speak but came to sit beside her and gently touch her face with her hand.

“I think your kettle is boiling,” Andrea finally said. But she was momentarily sad when the gentle touching stopped.

“What were you reading?” Julia asked almost nonchalantly, as they sat with their mugs of tea.

Nervous and embarrassed, Andrea gave her the book.

“Ah! The Sappho. Carl translated it for me. Lovely, isn't it?”

“Carl?” she asked. She had heard of Sappho, vaguely, but only now made the connection with the love between two women. She blushed, for suddenly that love seemed quite real and not strange. It was not that she identified with it but rather she intuitively understood in that moment that the love between two women was in no way different from the love

between a woman and a man. In that instant, all the conditioned responses, foisted upon her by her upbringing and society, of Sapphic love as unnatural and unhealthy, vanished.

“Carl?” she heard herself repeating, like an echo in a dream.

“Yes. He quite talented, you know. Could have been a classical scholar. Well anyway,” she laughed her vivacious laugh, “that’s what he tells me!”

Andrea smiled in response, and for the first time let her liking of Julie show in her face.

“You really like him, don’t you?” Andrea said.

“Of course!” She put her mug on the floor. “I know how you feel about him,” she said quietly.

“What do you mean?” Then: “Sorry, I didn’t mean it that way.”

“It’s alright. I saw.” Julie said, and held Andrea’s hand, “how you looked at him last night.”

“It’s not like that,” Andrea retorted and withdrew her hand. “He helped me through a very difficult time, that’s all.”

Julie simply smiled. “You don’t have to explain.”

“You make me want to.” She felt a desire to explain about her attempted suicide, but the desire did not last. “This race of yours on Sunday. What time did you say it started?”

“Six. You coming, then?” she asked enthusiastically.

“Yes, I’d like to.” She felt a fool about almost loving Carl.

Julie held up the book of Rilke’s poetry. “Have you read any?” she asked.

“No. I was never one for poetry at school.”

“I’m not surprised – considering the drivel they teach!” Shall I read you some?” Then, before Andrea could answer she said, “You don’t speak German do you?”

“No, sorry.”

“Ah well. But this translation is superb. Best ever done.” She opened the book and began to read.

After she had read the first elegy, they sat in silence for what seemed a very long time until Julie rose to play a record on her high-fidelity system. So they listened, and talked and read aloud to each other while the hours of the afternoon passed, the sun clouded over and twilight came to the world outside. And when the time of leaving came, as she knew it must, Andrea stood, re-assured in friendship, to embrace her new friend.

“I’ll see you on Sunday, then,” Andrea said before beginning her descent of the stairs.

“I’ll look forward to it.”

And so will I, Andrea thought as she walked toward the door.

## XVI

The taxi conveyed Colin to the gate of Magnus’ farm leaving him free to walk the track under the warm sun with trees and singing birds around him. The breeze refreshed him, and he slowed his pace.

No one came to greet him as he walked to the farmhouse, or answer his knock, and he stood looking round the farmyard where the odour of muck pervaded.

“Yes?” said a strong voice, startled him.

He turned to face Magnus. Tall though he himself was, Colin had to look up. Magnus’ sheepdog growled at him.

“Hi! I’m Colin. Edmund’s friend.” Wary, he moved away from the dog.

“He’s not here,” Magnus said gruffly.

“Well, it’s really Alison I came to see.”

“Is that so? And what would you be wanting with her?”

“I’d just like to talk to her.”

“Colin, you say?” Magnus asked, inspecting him.

“Yes. Colin Mickleman.”

“We don’t get many strangers, here.”

“She is here, isn’t she?”

“Could be. You any good with pigs?”

“You what?”

Magnus gave Colin the large shovel leaning against the wall. “I’ll get some boots. That lot,”

he indicated the pigpens, “needs shifting.”

Colin was still gaping in amazement when Magnus returned.

“But Alison,” Colin protested as Magnus handed him the boots.

“She’ll be along. Shouldn’t take you long to shift that lot.” The dog followed him as he walked away.

At first, Colin stood beside the smelly, stone-built sties whose occupants grunted loudly. Then, tired of waiting, he climbed over one of the low walls. To his surprise, the pigs did not attack him and he began the imposed task. Soon he was removing his jacket and rolling up the sleeves of his shirt. The work was half done – or seemed to him to be half done – when a woman’s laugh made him straighten his already aching back and turn around.

“You’ve found your true vocation, I see,” Alison said. She was dressed in obviously well used working denim clothes.

“Very funny.” He put down his shovel.

“They seem to like you,” she said, indicating the pigs. “Recognize their kin I suppose.” She laughed again.

Colin stepped back over the wall.

“You haven’t finished.” She said, disapprovingly.

“I came to see you, not muck out a pig sty!”

“A bit of practice – perhaps you’ll start with your room next!”

He ignored the insult and wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. “Is he always like that?”

“Who?”

“That big chap.”

“You mean Magnus? He's affable enough. Quite sweet, really.”

“You could have fooled me.”

“He obviously did!”

He winced, trying to ignore her laughter. “Is there anywhere I can wash?” he asked.

“There's a tap over there.” She pointed to the wall of one of the buildings.

“Thanks,” he said, obviously displeased. He returned to change back into his shoes and jacket. “Can we go somewhere and talk?”

“What's wrong with here? Fresh air, the smell of the country.”

“Well – it is not the perfect setting.” The pigs were grunting again.

“I suppose we could sit in the garden.”

He followed her. “Well?” she asked as they sat on the bench.

“This is not exactly easy.”

“What isn't?”

He sighed deeply, and then looked around. No one was watching, or even about, and he heard only the distant noise of the pigs, the songs of birds and the breeze in the trees.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

For some reason Alison was so surprised she could not speak and when she did her voice was a single loud exclamation. “What!”

He shuffled his feet. “Will you marry me?” he repeated.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

To fill the embarrassed silence, he said, “I know I have my faults, but I can try to change.”

She felt an instant love for him and remembered with intensity her former needs and desires. “Thanks,” she said briefly squeezing his hand with her own, “I do appreciate it.”

“Does that mean ‘no’ then?”

“It wouldn’t work.”

“It could.”

She watched his face become pale. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I really am, but I don’t love you. Not anymore, anyway.”

He was more sad that he could have imagined. “Perhaps it is for the best.” He stood up. “I was serious, you know.”

“I know.” She stood up and kissed him briefly.

“I’d better go.”

“How will you get back?”

”I have a taxi waiting.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I was going to ask you to come back with me. We’d look for a Flat or house somewhere. I’ve got some savings.”

Alison looked up at the sky. “Looks like it might rain.”

In that moment, as he stood beside her, his arms hanging limply beside him, he looked to her like a lost child. She embraced him warmly. “I’ll visit you,” she said before running toward the house. She had almost reached the door when she ran back.

“I haven’t changed my mind,” she said, “about the termination. I just wanted you to know. In case you thought – “ She was watching his face when she spoke, and even as the words were issuing forth from her mouth – an expression of her feeling and sudden confusion – she regretted saying them. “It wouldn’t have worked,” she added.

He shrugged his shoulders. “No, maybe not. Silly idea, really.”

“No it wasn’t! It was the real you. I only wish you’d shown that more often in the past.”

“I’d better get back. Can’t keep the taxi waiting for ever.”

“Will you be alright?” she said, almost as an afterthought as he began to walk away.

He turned, and she could see the face of his posing.

“I have weathered the storm,” he said, “I have beaten out my exile.” He bowed, smiled, and then turned away to lope along the winding driveway to the distant gate.

He had lied about the waiting taxi, and it was a long walk to the nearest village. There were no shops in the village, not even an Inn, and he was surprised when the elderly lady, bent by arthritis, who answered his knocking upon her cottage door, let him use her telephone.

The taxi was a long time coming, and he sat in her heated parlour drinking the tea she offered. She chatted amiably until his city transport came. He had been pleased, embarrassed and arrogantly cynical about her unaffected hospitality to a stranger, and it occurred to him as he sat in the car whose driver drove it along the, at first, twisty lanes and then the major roads to York, that his divergent feelings summoned up his attitudes to life. But this self-analysis made him even more depressed, and he arrived back at the University exhausted.

Darkness found him sitting smoking his pipe in the untidy clutter of his bedroom. He had begun to read several books, discarding one after the other after only a few lines were read, as he had several times begun to write an academic article promised weeks ago to the editor of a prestigious journal. But he was in no mood for work, his stomach pains had returned, and he sought relief by sauntering toward Andrea's room. He did not know what to do when he got there.

"Hello," he said as she, only recently returned, opened the door.

For a few seconds she felt pleased to see him, but the feeling vanished. Perhaps Carl's and Julie's friendship had given her some of the strength she needed, for she said, although not in a harsh voice, "I don't think we've got anything to say to each other."

"I just came to apologize," he said. Only half of him was sincere – for the Owl inside him was hoping to avoid any future problems.

"I'll be changing tutors," she said, attempting a smile. Now, she was wishing he would go away.

"Fine. I'll arrange it for you if you like."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I'd better get back to my work. I really am sorry."

"So am I." She closed the door upon him.

He had returned to his office and was sitting at his desk, smoking his pipe and wondering how to fill the long hours of the evening, when he heard footsteps outside. But it was only

Storr, shuffling to his own room carrying a bundle of books. He was disappointed, and telephoned Fiona's house. There was no reply.

"Enter!" Storr said as Colin knocked at his door.

"You don't happen to know where Fiona is, do you?" she asked as he entered.

Storr gave his quirky and toady smile. "Didn't you know? She's, er, gone away for some days."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Er, Monday. Yes, Monday. Anything I can help you with?"

"No."

"You ready for Tuesday?" he slobbered.

"Just about. I don't rate my chance, though."

"Come, come! Er, you underestimate yourself. Yes indeed."

He lifted one of the books off the stack on his desk. "My latest book," he smirked. "You, er, won't have seen it yet, of course."

"Well, I'll have to get back to work."

"You're welcome to a copy, of course." He held on out.

He humoured him, for Storr might next week become the Professor, "Thanks." He walked toward the desk and took the book.

"That will be ten pounds."

“You what?” said a surprised Colin.

“Ten pounds. Er, that includes the discount.”

Colin was annoyed. He put the book back on the desk. “I’ll read the Library copy. I’m sure you will be donating one. Or six.”

“Possibly, possibly.” Storr seemed oblivious to the comment. He looked lovingly at a copy of his book and spread his clammy hand over the spine. “So important for, er, a Professor to have an established reputation, don’t you think?”

“Depends on the reputation.”

“Quite, quite! My feeling exactly. Well, I’m glad we’ve had this little chat – cleared the air, so to speak. I do so, er, wish fortune favours you on Tuesday. Yes, indeed!” He glanced at his watch. “My word! I must be off. Er, nice to talk to you Colin.”

“I can’t say it’s been a pleasure,” he mumbled almost inaudibly in reply and left to seek the Union Bar with the intention of drinking himself into an alcoholic stupor.

Among the milling, sitting and standing crowd in the smoke infested room, he thought he saw Edmund. But when he pushed his way through the students, the individual had gone, leaving him to sit alone and self-pitying while an excess of alcohol dulled the processes of his brain.

## XVII

Sunday. Six o’clock in the morning, and Andrea yawned. It was quite cold, and she shivered as she stood on the verge of the road watching Julie pedal seemingly effortlessly away from the lay-by. A few other cyclists, all in racing clothing, ambled along, waiting for the start.

Then the first rider, his bicycle held steady by a helper, bent his head as the Timekeeper

counted down the seconds of his start.

“Five-Four-Three-Two-One. Go!

He was away, sprinting toward the rising sun where the road swung gently between hedges and fields and trees, to disappear from sight. No traffic came past to spoil the scene, and Andrea saw Julie join the small queue of riders that had formed.

“Good luck!” she said as she came to stand beside her.

“Thanks!” Julie’s smile was short. “This is the worst bit – waiting.”

She had covered her legs in strong smelling embrocation and Andrea found the smell faintly pleasing. It seemed somehow to complement the scene: the gleaming cycles, the strain of nervous anticipation upon the faces of those waiting.

Then Julie herself was gone, and Andrea walked slowly back to where Julie had left the car. It was the same one that Carl had borrowed with the addition of a rather grease-covered sheet to cover the rear seat whereon Julie’s cycle, with the wheels removed, had rested. Andrea sat inside, and waited, watching riders cycle by, a few cars arrive to disgorge their drivers and their cycles. Then, tired of sitting, she stood by the side of the road.

“You’re Julie’s friend, aren’t you?” a young man asked her as he brought his cycle to a stop beside her.

His ginger hair was short but curled, and on the back of his cycling jumper she saw the words ‘York Road Club’.

“Yes,” she said. His body was lean rather than muscular and his face was broadly smiling.

“There is no wind,” he said looking around, “should be fast times, today.”

“What time do you hope to do?” she asked, trying to appear knowledgeable.

“Not too bothered, really. Early in the season yet. Still, I’ll be satisfied with a fifty-five.”

“What number do you start?” It was pleasant, she felt, chatting, while the sun gradually warmed the earth and the friendly cyclists gathered in groups around her, talking in their sometimes strange jargon: *‘There I was, honking up the hill on fixed when the rear tub blew...’*

The young man smiled at her. “I’m off at last. You not riding?”

“No. Well, actually Julie is trying to convert me.”

“Got promise, she has,” he said, seemingly to no one in particular. “What do you do?” he asked her directly.

“I’m at University.”

“Well, nobody’s perfect!”

His broad smile stopped her being offended.

He looked at his watch. “Better get warmed up. Hope I’ll see you later.”

“Maybe.”

He had started to cycle away when he shouted back. “See you at the result board, then.”

Nearly an hour had elapsed since Julie’s departure and she was sauntering to where another Timekeeper stood beside a checkered board when Julie swept past, her eyes fixed intently on the road ahead of her, her speed fast. There were a few cheers from the small crowd as she went by to only gradually slow her speed while a single car, its occupants staring at the strange spectacle, noisily motored past.

It seemed to Andrea a long time before Julie returned, sweating, her face flushed but pleased. Carefully, she leant her cycle against the car before briefly embracing Andrea. Then she was covering herself in extra clothing.

“You alright?” Andrea asked.

“Great! First time under the hour!” She checked the stopwatch strapped to the handlebars of her cycle for the third time.

They were soon standing among the crowd around the results board where Julie revelled in the congratulations from members of her own and other clubs. Slowly, the board became full of times set against the listed names, and Andrea, feeling somewhat bored, was watching a man write '55-23' against the name of the last rider to start when the young man came and stood beside her.

“I see Julie broke the hour,” he said, and wiped his brow of sweat. A dark tracksuit swathed his body.

“Yes,” and she returned his smile. “Looks like you won easily.”

He shrugged his shoulders. “It was a good day. No real opposition. Fast men are riding Boro' course today.

“Hey!” Julie said as she joined them. “Congratulations!”

“And to you!” He accepted her sisterly kiss, but blushed.

“Well,” Julie said to Andrea, briefly touching her arm with her hand, “you deserve congratulating as well!”

“Sorry?”

Julie laughed. “You've got to talk to him after a race! Usually he just goes off by himself.”

Andrea watched the young man blush again.

“Ah!” Julie turned, and waved at someone in the crowd still gathered around the board, “there's Jill. I'll see you in a minute.”

They both watched her go. For almost a minute there was an embarrassed silence between them. Andrea broke it by asking, "What does the J stand for?" She pointed toward his name on the board.

"James."

"I'm Andrea. Is this your fastest time?"

"No. I've done a short fifty-four. You don't race, then?"

"Fraid not. Didn't know such things existed until I met Julie."

"That used to be the point. Anyway, I'd better be off, doesn't do to stand around too long."

"I suppose not."

He looked around, then said somewhat shyly, "There's a club 'ten' on Wednesday evening if you'd like to come."

"Yes. Yes, I would."

"I'll see you there, then."

She saw him walk toward an older man, give him the tracksuit and collect his cycle. Soon he was out of sight as he pedalled down the road. He seemed to her to make his riding seem effortless.

"James gone, then?" Julie asked her.

"Yes. Is there a club something-or-other on Wednesday?"

"A ten mile time trial, yes. Why?"

“James mentioned it. You going?”

“Usually do. You certainly made an impression on him.”

“What do you mean?”

“He hardly talks to anybody. Quiet type of chap. Mind you,” she said in a quieter voice, “can’t blame him. I quite fancy you myself. As if you didn’t know.”

Andrea smiled weakly.

But Julie said, “Don’t worry! I do understand.” She kissed her briefly, then walked quickly away. The tears she felt were soon suppressed, and she needed only a barely perceptible movement of her hand to wipe her eye dry. “Marvellous time James did, wasn’t it?” she said to a club member among the crowd as, out of the corner of her eye, she watched Andrea watching the road. She knew her friend was hoping for James to return.

Nearby, two blackbirds vied in song.

## XVIII

Colin Mickleman felt uneasy. The late afternoon sun was warm as he walked toward Derwent and the inevitable congratulations.

The interview had astounded him. The Vice-Chancellor was exceedingly affable, and the whole exercise seemed a formality, as if they were, in the favoured tradition of elderly academics, being polite and excusing him for his temerity in applying. ‘Too young’, he thought they would mutter among themselves while he sat with the other candidates awaiting their judgement; ‘no substantial work published’ they would smile.

Now, in the busy soft lateness, he was walking toward his Department. No one stopped him, as he half-expected them to, saying: ‘Good afternoon, Professor!’ No one – student, staff or

friend – ran to him saying: ‘Well done! And so young!’

Instead, the quiet steady sameness of concrete, path, students and sun remained as they had remained for years, and he waited uneasily, fearing it was all a mistake.

‘We’re so sorry, Doctor Mickleman. We’ve made the most dreadful mistake....’ It was unbelievable because it had been so easy.

They were waiting, as he expected them to be – crowded into the secretarial office. Some bottles of wine had been procured and, in turn, they all offered their sincerest congratulations. Fiona – voluptuous, delectable Fiona; Mrs. Cornish – almost prim, except she had exchanged her small cigars for a pipe; Horton, squeezing his hand painfully: ‘Excellent choice! They have seen sense at last!’ Even Whiting. They were all present, shaking his hand, opening their mouths with thanks and praise. Except Storr, who looked on sourly, and soon slunk away.

Soon the insincere statements began. “I was hoping they would appoint you,” said Hill.

Timothy, in an azure ensemble and wearing a strong perfume, clasped Colin’s hand weakly. “You don’t look very happy,” he said quietly.

“Just surprised.” He looked around, desperate to be rescued.

“I’m sure you’d like to be alone.”

“What?” Then, seeing that Timothy was sincere, he added, “Yes. Yes I would.”

“You’ll need time to adjust.”

Colin smiled, and escaped to his office. Its chaos seemed out of keeping with his Professorship, and in a frenzy of activity he began to try to tidy it. It was some minutes later when he realized his efforts would be in vain since he would be given new offices as befitted his new status, and he sat down at his still cluttered desk to smoke his pipe. But he soon became filled with a nervous excitement.

His walk took him down to the lake and he wandered along the grassy bank between trees of willow, pleased with himself and his world. He was approaching the wooded bridge of Spring Lane, shadowed by trees, when he saw Fiona. She was leaning against the lattice of the bridge in an animated conversation with the Vice-Chancellor, and it seemed to Colin from his posture and her smile that there existed intimacy between them. He could not hear the words that passed between them and was about to walk away when Fiona turned and saw him. She waved and then spoke briefly to the Vice-Chancellor who staidly walked away, as befitted his position and traditional manner of dress.

Colin was still standing by the side of the lake, his mind befuddled, when she approached him

“I think,” she said softly, and smiled, “you owe me a favour.”

“Is that so?” He had tried to make his voice sound strong, but his words emerged as a feeble croak.

“I shall have my camera ready. Tonight.” She laughed, and left him standing trembling and alone.

It was several minutes before he resumed his walk. The Physics building, Goodricke, Wentworth, Biology, Vanbrugh, Langwith... he passed them all to finally stop by a narrow wooden bridge whose trees sang with the songs of birds. He stood and listened, watching the water below him swell gently.

But his surroundings did nothing to ease the turmoil of his mind, and he walked back toward his office with stomach pains grieving him.

At the top of the stairs he met Timothy. “Visited your new office yet?” he asked in a friendly manner.

“No,” came the curt Mickleman reply.

But Timothy was not offended. “If there is anything I can do to help –“

“No thank you!” His stomach pains seemed worse.

“But even you need someone to talk to.”

Timothy’s eyes were evidential of understanding, and Colin’s impending, and clever, insult was negated by his sudden and momentary empathy with him. For a quintessential moment of time he perceived the human person behind the mask of the individual before him: someone who lived, and who probably suffered; who experienced sadness and joy, pleasure and pain.

But the moment was only a moment: his own patterns of thought and feeling flowed on past this one insight to create another moment when he was not a unity with all things. Yet an almost ineffable memory remained.

“Thanks,” he said kindly.

Timothy smiled. “It is better to live unhappily than not to live at all.”

Then he was gone, down the stairs. But it was not long before a shadow fell between Colin’s moment of understanding and his past.

Magarita was in her own small office in the quiet confines of her Department, and he sat on the edge of her desk while she continued to type her letter. The room was obsessively tidy with a profusion of plants scattered around.

“Look, I am very busy,” she said. “I must get this done.”

“You haven’t heard, then?”

“Heard what?” She did not look up from her work.

“Nothing important,” he sulked.

She continued with her typing for a while as he began to rearrange the furnishings on her desk.

Exasperated, she shouted: “Stop it!”

He was still for only a short time, and began to noisily remove, and then replace, books from her bookcases.

“Aren’t you going to ask?” he said.

“Whatever it is, I’m not interested! Damn! Now look what you’ve made me do!” She tried to correct her typing mistake.

“I was appointed Professor today,” he said with apparent indifference.

“Bully for you!”

“Is that all you can say?”

She made another mistake and, in anger, tore the paper from the typewriter, screwed it up into a ball and threw it at him.

He smiled. “I stood still,” he said, quoting his favourite poet of the year, “and was a tree amid the wood, knowing the truth of things unseen before.” He smiled again. “To wit. I surmise you period is coming.”

She was struggling to insert another sheet of paper into her typewriter as he said this, but crumpled it. She yanked it out. It also became a projectile but missed its target. “Just leave me alone!” she shouted.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s go and celebrate. You’ll feel better.”

His assumptions infuriated her, and she threw a book at him.

“Temper! Temper! Her breasts had wobbled as she threw the book, and he came to her and tried to touch them, his lust aroused.

She pushed him away, but he persisted. Then she slapped his face.

“Leave me alone!” She shouted.

For a few seconds he stood staring at her, and then turned to walk out of her room. He waited outside, in the corridor, for many minutes, expecting her to follow, and when she did not he walked into the cloud-weakened sunlight. Behind him, he could hear her typewriter clacking. He had not gone far when his stomach pains returned, fiercer than before. He was soon back at her room.

“What do you want?” she asked querulously as he opened the door.

He held his hand against his stomach. “I’ve got those pains again.”

“Go to the Doctor, then,” she said without sympathy. “It’s getting late and I must finish this and get it into the post.”

Her indifference perplexed him. She began to type again, but stopped after a few seconds.

“Look,” she said, sighing, “I’ve been doing some thinking today and I think it would be better if we didn’t see each other again.”

“What?”

“You heard. It’s over.”

Sudden, outright rejection was a new experience for him and he stared at her. His pain became worse. “Alright, then if that’s what you want.” His indifference was affected.

“Yes it is. We are just not compatible.”

“I thought we got on rather well.”

“There is more to a relationship than sex. Anyway, I must finish this letter.”

“Fine.” He shrugged his shoulders and began to wonder who might be next on his list of conquests.

He was at the door when she said, “And by the way. Congratulations, Professor Mickleman.”

He did not see her begin to cry.

By the time he reached Fiona’s house both his body and his spirit had recovered, and he leaned against her doorframe, smiling as he knocked.

A bath towel hung loosely around Fiona’s body. “Come in!”

“Your invitation – “ he said as she closed and locked the door firmly behind him.

“Shall we go up?” She pointed toward the stairs.

“Not for what you have in mind.”

“Really?” She smiled, and seemed unconcerned by his tone.

“OK So I’d like to go to bed with you.”

“You do surprise me,” she said mockingly.

“But as for your little games – no way!”

“Such a shame. Are you so afraid of me?”

“I’m not afraid of you at all!” he countered.

“Really?” She smiled at him again. “You do surprise me. You do, however, owe me a favour.”

“So what? There is nothing you can do – now.”

“Are you sure?”

He was not certain, but did not let any of his doubt show. “Let’s go upstairs,” he said quietly.

Slowly, she removed her towel to stand naked before him then turn and walk up the stairs. On her bed, the camera and handcuffs lay ready. He saw them, as he entered the room.

“Take your clothes off!” She commanded him, and held the camera ready.

“No!” He moved toward her, and knocked the camera out of her hand but before he could push her down to the bed as he had intended, she kicked him in the groin. He fell to the ground, helplessly clutching his genitals, and by the time he had recovered sufficiently to look up, she was dressed in a bathrobe.

“Get out!” She said sternly, and he slowly obeyed.

She pushed him through the front door of her house.

“You’ll pay for this, you bastard!” she shouted as he half-hobbled down her garden path toward the street.

Slowly, it began to rain.

## XIX

The silence of the mountain was disturbed only by the wind, and Colin stood contentedly observing the view. From Glyder Fawr he could see the smoothed outline of Snowdon in the distance and then, in the east, the jagged rocks of the Castle of the Winds, only a short walk

from the slate-strewn plateau where he stood. There was no sun, only mist edging its way toward him and gradually obscuring his view. Then there were faces around him – a coven of laughing faces enclosing him in their circle. Fiona was there, laughing. And Andrea. Fenton and Alison – all laughing while he stumbled toward the edge, trying to escape.

“You’ll pay for this!” Fiona’s voice said.

There was no father to rescue him, as there had been in his youth when, together, they climbed the Idwal slabs below. He felt himself falling – only to awake in the dim light of a hospital ward at night. In a bed nearby someone coughed loudly.

Three nurses were sitting together at a table in the middle of the ward, a low lamp spreading a pool of light around them, and Colin began to wonder what Fiona had done to him. ‘You’ll pay for this, you bastard!’ he remembered.

But his attempt to sit up and get out of his bed brought a return of his stomach pain, and he lay back, sweating and remembering the events of the evening. The pains had become excruciating as he, like a drunken man, had staggered away from Fiona’s house. There was a brief telephone call he had made from somewhere to his Doctor. A brief visit by the Doctor to his bedroom, and then the Ambulance and another medical examination. “We’ll keep you in overnight. For observation,” the youthful hospital Doctor said.

Sleep proved difficult for Colin. The ward was stuffy, with a subdued but persistent background of noise – coughing, the movements of patients in their beds, the wandering of the watchful Nurses, someone snoring – and his pain was not a sedative.

Dawn found him restive and anxious. There was a trolley laden with an urn of tea, but his pleading was in vain, for the smiling but elderly Auxiliary Nurse pointed to the red sign that hung in adornment from the top of his bed: ‘Nil By Mouth’ it read.

“But why?” he asked.

“Doctor’s orders. They’ll see you in the morning, dear.”

“But it is morning.”

“Later. When they do the rounds.”

When this ‘later’ came – after much activity among both the patients and staff including a trolley bearing an assortment of sometimes richly smelly breakfasts – the assembled huddle of white coats with dangling stethoscopes and attendant blue-clad, stern faced Sister simply passed him by, except for a curt: ‘He can go home’ issuing forth from a wizened face.

A lowly young Nurse came bearing these tidings some minutes later.

“You can get dressed now,” she said as she began to rummage in his bedside locker for his clothes.

“So God has spoken, then?”

The Nurse suppressed a laugh, and kicked the locker door shut with her foot.

“This is intolerable!” the now almost distant voice of God said as he stood with his acolytes around a bed. “Sister, if you cannot control your Nurses – “

The Nurse by Colin’s bed turned away from the Consultant’s stare.

“This summation gallop is difficult to hear – “ the Consultant said in a very audible mutter.

“I’ll put the curtains round,” the Nurse whispered to Colin.

She began this not altogether noisy task when the Sister came to stop her. “Not now,” she said. “Side-ward!”

The Nurse went to join the other staff skulking out of harm’s way.

It seemed to Colin a long time before she returned.

“Hope I didn’t get you in trouble,” he said, and smiled his Owlsh smile.

“Nah!”

“Is he always like that?”

“Huh! Today was a good day! Get him on a bad day and – “ She began to giggle. “Oops!”

He sensed the reason for her sudden embarrassment and said, “It’s alright, I won’t tell anyone.”

“Trust me! Always being bleedin’ unprofessional!”

“You been a Nurse long?”

She finished laying his clothes out on the bed. “Nah! A few months.”

“You training, then?”

“Yep! First ward, this.”

“Really? You seem very competent.”

“You must be joking!”

“Think you’ll stick at it?”

“Who knows? Me mam says I never stick at anything. There you go.” She drew the curtains around the bed. “Be a Doctor’s letter for ya, in the office.”

“What time do you finish?”

She gave a quizzical look. “You askin’?”

“Got any plans for tonight?”

“Not really, You’re a right one, aren’t you?”

“You in the Nurses Home, then?”

“I’ll have to go. Don’t forget your letter!”

Then she was gone, and he was left to dress himself in solitude, straighten his bedclothes and walk smiling to the Ward office.

The Ward Sister was using the telephone, looked up briefly to acknowledge his presence and pushed a brown envelope toward him across the cluttered desk. “Give it to your own Doctor,” she said to him.

“The new patient’s here, Sister,” another Nurse interjected as she pushed past Colin.

“Just a minute,” the Sister said into the telephone. On her desk, the other telephone rang. “He’s a CVA,” she said to the Nurse. “Second bed on the right. I’ve bleeped Doctor Stone.”

Colin took the envelope and slipped away. The corridor that gave access to the Wards was full of unused beds and trolleys of varying descriptions, and from the Public Telephone kiosk he dialled Magarita’s number.

“What do you want?” her voice said in reply.

“I’m in hospital,” he said. “Admitted last night.”

“Are you serious?”

“Would I joke about it? Listen – “ He held the receiver out into the noisy corridor: people passing, a porter whistling, the sounds of trolleys being wheeled, a gaggle of voices.

“Are you alright?” she said in a softer voice.

“Yes, I think so. I went to the Doctor like you said. They kept me in overnight. But they are letting me home now.”

“Shall I come and collect you?”

He could hear the guilt creeping into her voice.

“That would be kind! I’ll be waiting outside the main entrance.”

“I’ll be a quick as I can. Bye!”

It was a smiling Colin who stood in the bright and warming sunlight to wait for his lover’s arrival. And when she did come, voicing her concern, he let his expression change as though he still felt some pain.

“What did they say?” she asked as she drove him back toward his University home.

“Not a lot. Thought it might be an ulcer acting up. Eat less fatty foods – that sort of thing.”

“I always said your diet was disgusting!”

“I’m sorry about yesterday.”

“It’s me that should apologize.”

“You free this evening?”

“Yes.”

He caressed her leg with his hand. “I’ll look forward to it.”



“Is Fiona in?” he asked the Departmental Secretary as he opened the door to her office.

“Good morning, Professor!” she laughed. “You alright? We heard the news. About hospital, I mean.”

“Fine. Just a bit of stomach trouble. Is Mrs. Pound about.”

“No. She’s taking some time off. Didn’t say when she’d be back. Least ways, no one’s told me! Been to your new office, yet?”

“Just now, yes. How’s Albert?” he asked, alluding to her husband.

“Moaning – about work. Too much at the moment. Still, it’ll pay for the holiday.”

“Going anywhere in particular?”

“Florida.”

“You should get a nice tan.”

“Hope so!”

“You’ll have to let me see you when you get back.”

“Maybe I will, at that!”

“Keeping you satisfied, is he?” he asked, smiling lasciviously.

“Yeah! I’ll say!”

“Pity. Thought my luck was in.”

“Get off with you!” she laughed. “Want your mail?” She handed him a bundle.

“Thanks. Well, I’d better go and inspect my domain.”

His new office was spacious and bright with a particularly good vista of the lake, and as he sat at his desk, surrounded by empty bookcases, he felt intense pleasure. It was not that he had forgotten Fiona’s meeting with the Vice-Chancellor but rather that it felt irrelevant. His work should be his justification: with his teaching, his own research and his mastery of the Department there could never be a threat to his position. He was happy, and felt eager to begin his tasks. There was his afternoon lecture, the first in his new role, his evening assignation with Magarita, his first Departmental meeting of tomorrow. There would be, in that morning, many hours of peace for him to write – his continued contributions, diligently researched, presented and prepared, to the wealth of philosophical knowledge.

No more would he seek out female students, for he knew they could be a snare to entrap him, and the knowledge of this dismayed him – but only for a while. He began to think of stratagems to circumvent the dangers: of how he might choose more wisely, and this pleased him, as his recollection of other possibilities did. He would forego them – for a while at least. He thought of the Nurse who had attended him, and began to contrive a new and owlsh campaign. She would look good, in her uniform, standing on the chair in his room while he photographed her.

Smiling happily to himself, he left his office to begin the tasks of his new Professorial day. Over the University, a few ragged cumulus cloud came to briefly cover the sun.

## XX

The Temple was quiet and Edmund sat, quite still in the semi-darkness amid the lightly swirling incense, facing the stone altar. The Temple was large, the walls lined with oak panelling, and Edmund sat for a long time, his eyes vaguely fixed upon the stone statue near the altar. It showed, in a realistic way, a seated naked woman one of whose hands held the severed head of a man.

Then, his task fulfilled, he stretched himself before standing, allowing his bare feet to caress the luxurious carpet. As if on cue, the heavy Temple door opened, throwing a shaft of bright light into the Temple and onto the statue.

“I wondered if you would come down to me here,” he said to the woman who entered the room.

“Did I have a choice?” Fiona said, and smiled.

She wore an amber necklace and was dressed in a purple silk robe.

“There is one person I still have to see,” he said.

“Surely she can wait.”

He smiled at her understanding. “We have plenty of time.”

“I shall wait for you here, then.”

He smiled in reply and walked out of her Temple up the stairs to the ground floor of her house. It was only a short walk to the University and Alison’s room. She was there, as he knew she would be, and she embraced him while he stood in the doorway.

“You’ve decided to complete your studies, then?” he said as she broke away from their embrace.

She watched him for a while, but his smiling face seemed to answer her unasked question.

“Of course!” she said.

“And then?”

“I don’t know. Teach. Compose, perhaps.”

“I’m glad.”

For almost a minute she watched him in silence. Then she said, “Even now I don’t understand you.”

“There shall be time enough for understanding when you are old and the inner fire burns less bright. Maybe through your music you’ll find a way.”

She laughed, a little nervously, for it was as if in that moment she sensed something powerful: something illuminating yet dark. A transient feeling to inspire her Art perhaps. Something that perchance he in some way had given her? Was it his eyes, his look? She did not know, but the moment passed, to leave her with a memory, disturbing only in part.

“Will you be seeing Professor Mickleman?” he asked.

“No. He is part of my past.”

“Perhaps that’s wise. I really have to go now.”

“You’ll keep in touch?”

“Of course. People like you are rare.”

She smiled, half-defensively. “Take care, won’t you?”

“Naturally,” He gave his enigmatic smile, turned and left her staring after him. Suddenly, new music grew in almost swirling profusion inside her head.

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Fiona was lying on the floor of her Temple, as if asleep, when Edmund returned. In his absence she had lit two purple candles and placed them on the altar where they spread their esoteric light to enhance her beauty. For a few moments, he watched her breasts rising and falling with the motion of her breathing before laying down beside her to caress her body through the silk of her robe. She did not move, except to slightly part her lips, as his caressing began.

Slowly, his touching continued. Then she was kissing him, lips to lips and lips to flesh, her

hands clawing at his clothes, and it was not long before they were writhing about on the carpet of the Temple, naked and joined in carnal bliss. Her cries of ecstasy were not loud, as his final cry was not, and they lay, sweating from their exertion and pleasures, for some time.

She broke their silence. "Have you achieved what you wished – with him?"

"Who can say – who cannot say?"

"Sometimes you can be quite infuriating!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes!"

As he stood up, she said: "And Alison?"

"Ah! Forces shall be earthed, presenced, in her music."

She looked at him then, and he guessed her meaning. "You don't have to ask," he said, to re-assure her.

"All this," she gestured around her Temple with her hand, "can be yours."

"I have retired."

"So you said." She retrieved her robe and he began to dress himself.

"I have other things to do," he said.

"And me?"

"You are useful here."

“Part of the grand design?” she mocked.

“You know exactly what I mean.”

“Perhaps. Tell me, why did you wait?”

“For this, you mean?” he asked, smiling.

“From the moment you revealed yourself I was willing. Well, before then as well,” she laughed.

“It was necessary to wait.”

“There are lots of things I would like to ask you. We’ve hardly spent any time together.”

”Delicacies are best contemplated and then savoured slowly.”

“Tell me, how did you know?”

”About your past, your secret?”

”Yes.”

“A Master shall always know his Mistresses of Earth even though they have never met. And your own group? What of them?”

“I tired of them – long ago.”

“Forsaking the external for the internal?”

“Something like that.” She smiled at him. “But you interest me.”

When he did not reply, she said: “He will never realize, will he?”

Attuned to her, he said: “Naturally not. His ego would never allow even an entertainment of the thought. An interesting experiment – with perhaps an excellent result and future sinister promise. We shall see. Now, I really must be going.”

“Must you?” She removed her robe and walked toward him in the now flickering light of the candles.

“Well, perhaps not just yet.”

Above them, and nearby, new inner nexions were opening.

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*Fini*

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# Breaking The Silence Down

## Order of Nine Angles

First issued 1985 e.n.

This corrected version (v.1.03) issued 119 Year of Feyen

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## Introduction

The following MS extends and amplifies the esoteric matters dealt with in *'The Deofel Quartet'*, and the esoteric insight it deals with is appropriate to an aspirant Internal Adept.

Unlike the MSS in *The Deofel Quartet*, the magickal and "Satanic" aspects, themes and nature of this work are not overt, nor implicit nor obvious, and thus - exoterically - it does not appear to be a work of Sinister, or even of Occult, fiction.

However, the MS can – like the works of the Quartet – be read without trying to unravel its esoteric meaning. Like those other works, it might through its reading promote a degree of self-insight and supra-personal understanding within the reader. Unlike the works of the Quartet (which in the main are concerned on the polarity of male/female vis-à-vis personal development/understanding) this

present work centres, for the most part, around the alternative, or gay (in this case, Sapphic), view.

An understanding of this view is necessary for a complete integration of all divergent aspects of the individual psyche – an integration which the Rite of Internal Adept creates.

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*Wash your throats with wine  
For Sirius returns  
And we women are warm and wanton!*

*Before I WAS, you were sightless:  
You looked, but could not see;  
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:  
You heard sounds, but could not listen.  
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,  
But did not enjoy.  
I CAME, opened my body and  
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!  
My breasts pleased you  
And brought forth darkness and joy...*

(Synecy: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

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**Prologue**

*Shropshire, Late 1970's (e.n.)*

Summer had come early to the Shropshire town of Greenock, perched as it was on the lofty bank that overlooked the Severn valley and the undulating land southeast of Shrewsbury, and Leonie Symonds set her face against the dry wind that swirled dust past the half-timbered Guildhall. Down the narrow street she could see a woman struggle with her hat in the wind

that rattled the iron sign beside the ancient Raven Inn.

A farmer in his dirty jeep wished her good day but the wind snatched at his words and he was left to spit on the pavement as he turned his vehicle toward his distant farm. Thunder was brewing, but the lightning was still many miles to the east.

Inside, the Raven Inn was cool and Richard Apthone, with an unaccustomed mug of ale, settled nervously in a corner, folding his town-styled jacket neatly beside him. The silence which had greeted his entrance filled slowly, and soon the conversation had resumed its leisurely pace.

“I canna’ think w’eer ‘es gwun,” he heard a voice say. The room was shadowed darkly, stained by almost a century of smoke, soot from the open fire and the centuries old oak timbers, and Apthone felt uneasy.

Dominoes rattled against a dark oak table. “Whad’n you bin doin’ at my house?” a voice asked.

“Him bin doin’ summat!”

In the sky, the thunder had begun, relieving some of Apthone’s tension, and he settled down to slowly drink his mug of teak-coloured ale.

No rain came, and Leonie waited for half an hour outside the Inn under a darkening sky before walking away. She possessed no courage to follow Apthone further. He was a Probationary teacher, his spotty face fresh from University, while she was thirty-two and divorced. He had left her, and his mocking laugh still pained.

Slowly, Leonie ambled along the narrow street to the ruins of the Priory. Greenock owed its existence to the Cluniac foundation, and the town had continued its quiet, if at times prosperous, existence after the Reformation in the sixteenth century, a huddle of half-timbered and limestone buildings, until modern development had ruined its charm. The old town, clustered on four narrow streets to the west and south of the Priory and nurtured by the medieval prosperity of the monks and the local trade in corn and wool, had been conquered by new red-brick estates whose occupiers and owners owed little, if anything, to the long and rich heritage of the town or the land around. The old, cloistered community, bred through centuries of local toil, tied to the land or the local trades of such a small market town, was dying out. But a few remained, unchanged in speech or gesture, and sometimes a few of the surviving men

would gather to talk in their strange dialect in the dark of the Raven Inn. From a small town famed for its stonemasons, Greenock had grown haphazardly to hold over a thousand souls.

The sky above the Priory ruins darkened again, and Leonie sat on the dry grass by the high remains of the south transept, listening to the distant rumble of articulated lorries that skimmed against the west of the town along the main road that joined somewhere to somewhere else.

Her childhood had been strict and Catholic and she found a form of comfort among the ruins. Its destruction seemed to lessen her own feelings of rejection and for several minutes she felt saddened as if the stones were giving up to her, after all the intervening centuries, all the intervening prayers and plainsong that had seeped into them, year-by-year, day-by-day and DivineOffice-by-DivineOffice. Once, as a child, she had felt the call of her God, the holy promise of a religious vocation, but the years drew away the calling as she fulfilled the ambitions of her parents at University and through marriage. Perhaps she had been wrong, and she touched the rough stone of the transept by way of expiation. Perhaps her God was punishing her for her desertion of His cause. For years a vague need had suffused her, a longing whose fulfillment would somehow imbue her life with meaning and perhaps even joy. Her marriage had failed, her affair with Richard seemed over and she began to realize that it was human affection she craved. For an instant she longed to rest in the divine love of her God's human and crucified Son, but her faith was broken, chipped away by intellectual doubts and the desires of the flesh.

She sat for nearly half an hour amid the petriochor of storm, trying to desire nothing. She was unsuccessful, and found her thoughts drifting between the selfishness of Apthone and the kindness of Diane. She had dreamt of Diane many times but after each dream was ashamed and as if to punish herself for this betrayed, she clung to Apthone. She despised herself for her dependence and there had been days when she appeared cold and cynical towards him until her generosity of spirit triumphed. Diane Dietz was her most intimate friend – a colleague in whom she had confided after her divorce – but the friendship had become both her blessing and her curse. The more she confided, the more she wanted to confide simply to preserve the special moments when they seemed to share the same understanding, feel the same feelings and perhaps nurture the same desire.

But the stones were no longer singing for her and she walked away from the Priory, her sadness and her dreams.

Leonie was late again. She did her best to appear unhurried and failed. Hume 4, her first class of the day, were all present among the desks and overturned chairs and she fumbled with her books while waiting for the tumult to subside.

“Cor, Miss!” shouted one of her girls whose leg warmers were singularly inappropriate considering the weather, “I like your dress.”

Leonie smiled. The early morning Sun of summer cast shadows over the nearby fields and for an instant she forgot Aphone’s harsh words, the spot on her chin and her recent divorce.

The class soon settled to their work and she enjoyed watching them while they toiled with their essay. Somewhere, along the road that joined the large Comprehensive school to the small town of Greenock, a noisy mower trimmed drought-burned grass.

Soon, too soon for Leonie, the lesson was over and she watched while the children fled at the sound of the bell to add more noise to the corridor outside. The cloudless sky over the fields near Windmill Hill made her happy and she wandered contently along the corridors to the Staff Room. Aphone stood by the door. She smiled and went toward him but he was embarrassed by the attention and walked away haughtily down the stairs. ‘Look,’ she remembered he had said, ‘I enjoy sleeping with you – but as for anything else, forget it.’

Suddenly, her happiness disappeared like sun behind thick cloud.

“Are you alright, Leonie?” a gentle voice asked her. There seemed such warmth of understanding there, in her eyes, that Leonie blushed and in her confusion allowed Diane to guide her, like a lost child, into the Staff Room and onto a chair. She was brought a cup of coffee, and biscuits, and when Diane moved away to collect some books from a chair by the window, Leonie followed her every movement. Diane was a sylph, and Leonie envied her. She felt herself unattractive – her hips were too large, her breasts were different sizes and too big for her stature and she had wrinkles around her eyes. Diane’s skin was fair, unblemished and soft and she experienced a sudden desire to touch it.

By the time Diane returned, she had composed herself sufficiently to ask, “How is your husband?”

“Off on one of his jaunts again. He’s training to cycle from Land’s End to John O’Groats in

three days. Silly bugger!” As she laughed her small breasts wobbled, just a little.

Leonie lit a cigarette and nervously blew the smoke away.

“Is it Richard?” Diane asked softly.

“Yes.” It was only half a lie. Diane’s physical nearness was making her tremble and she felt ashamed. Part of her wanted to touch Diane’s long hair. It was soft and flaxen and swayed slightly in the breeze from the window.

There was anguish on Leonie’s face and Diane said, “Would you like me to have a word with Richard?”

“No, please!” She placed a restraining hand on Diane’s arm but almost as soon took it away. She felt disgusted that Diane might be disgusted with her desire. She forced herself to think about other things.

“Are you going to Morgan’s party tonight?” Diane asked, intruding upon Leonie’s morbid thoughts.

“No – I don’t think so.”

“That’s a pity,” Diane said sincerely. “I wanted you to go.”

Perplexed but pleased, an innocent Leonie said, “why?”

“Because I like being with you. It won’t be the same without you there.” She touched Leonie’s face very gently with her hand.

Diane’s touch astonished her and her emotions were too contradictory for her to do anything but mumble incoherently as Diane excused herself and strode purposefully through the huddle of men around the door.

The lean figure of Emlyn Thomas, the Headmaster, whom the children perhaps unkindly called Crater Face, ambled toward Leonie but his progress was interrupted by Thumper Watts. Watts' nickname had its genesis in his first few years at the school when, discipline still being of the Wass Hill grind sort when errant pupils were forced to run up the 1 in 5 hill that joined the northern edge of Greenock to the medieval hamlet of Wass, he was fond of clipping unruly boys around their ears.

“Mr. Thomas,” said Thumper sarcastically, “I’m sending Howell to you – again!”

“Oh? What has the poor lad done now?”

“Only tried to set fire to Reynolds’ hair.”

Thomas wrung his hands like an elderly cleric. “I’ll give the lad a good talking to, mark my words, I will.”

“He wants his balls cut off if you ask me,” mumbled Watts.

“What?”

“I was just saying, a talk is what he needs.”

“Yes, my feeling exactly!” Satisfied, he sidled away, completely forgetting about his intention to talk to Leonie.

Watts sat next to her instead. “Stupid idiot!” he said in frustration, and winked at Leonie.

Leonie shivered. It was not that she disliked Watts – on the contrary, he was one of the few male members of the teaching staff whom she respected. But his physical presence she found intimidating, as if his sheer size overawed. Sometimes she found it hard to believe he was Head of Physics Department for his build seemed more suitable to a more athletic profession and it was easy for her to imagine him shot putting or tossing the cabre in some isolated glen.

Morgan came toward them, dramatically shaking her head so her frizzled red hair moulded itself decoratively around her shoulders.

“Gosh! It’s hot!” she said.

Leonie smiled at her, but the gesture was ignored as Morgan sat next to Watts. Leonie did not mind – the sun was searing what remained of the green from the grass of the school playing fields and she stood by the window, watching sheep graze on Windmill Hill. It would have been a peaceful scene – the fields of pasture, the scattered sheep, the twisting lane enclosed by untrimmed hedge – except for the noise of the children. Sometimes the din from the school could be heard in the centre of Greenock, almost a mile to the south.

Leonie rested her head in her hands, her face alternatively possessed of sorrow and joy. She watched a kestrel as it hovered briefly above the lane before swooping down to snatch its prey. Around her, the staff room slowly filled with noise, and she did not see Diane looking at her from the sun shadow by the door.

Diane watched Leonie intently for some time. Leonie’s feelings seemed a part of her, as if they were related closely by reason of birth, and she felt sad because of the selfish desire which captivated men like Apthone and which drove them to use a woman’s body while abusing the warmth and sensitivity that a woman possessed. For an instant there existed in Diane a strong desire to protect Leonie, to interfere dramatically in her life and free her from Apthone. But more than that, Diane Dietz, a teacher of seven years standing and hitherto contented, was jealous of Apthone. She wanted Leonie all to herself and in a mood of jealous rage that might have made her hit Apthone or driven her to reveal her secret hopes to Leonie, she ran crying from the room, down the stairs and out into the bare and unrelenting sun.

## II

Richard Apthone was ignoring her again. He stood in the corner of Morgan’s garishly furnished room talking jovially to the scantily clad hostess while conservatively dressed Leonie skulked in the one empty corner. The loud music displeased her, as did the wine-soaked and incestuous throng of teachers, and she regretted she had come. Watts was staring at her while pretending to listen to Diane whose thin dress hid very little. Leonie blushed.

Morgan left Apthone and Leonie took advantage of the anonymity of the close-pressed crowd to approach him.

“I must speak with you,” she said.

Apthone sighed, then swayed like a drunken clown. “You are.”

“Alone, please.”

“Can’t it wait? I’m enjoying myself.”

“No, it can’t wait.” She was almost crying.

“Can I stay tonight?” he whispered, attempting to affect concern. His face, however, did not mould itself as his calculating mind intended, and he leered. Apthone was lanky in build with a face like a frost-broken gargoyle.

“I’m pregnant,” Leonie said softly.

Apthone stared blankly at the wall, then looked nervously around. No one else seemed to have heard. “But,” he stuttered, “you said you took precautions.”

“I’m sorry, but – “

“My god!” he rasped, “are you sure it’s mine?”

The insult made her cry. “Look,” he said for Watts was staring at them, “it’s not my problem. For god’s sake woman, stop crying!”

She did not, and he walked away to gawk at Diane but she rudely pushed past him. Leonie’s

crying was making him nervous and he smiled drunkenly at Watts.

“Come outside a moment, will you?” said Watts.

Apthone blinked, but followed him.

“You alright, Leonie?” Diane asked.

“Yes, I’m fine,” she lied.

Instinctively, Diane embraced her, but their contact was brief, broken by Leonie.

Diane smiled. “We’d both be better off without men.”

“What do you mean?” asked Leonie sharply and instantly regretted it.

Diane shrugged. “They cause more problems than they solve.”

For nearly a minute they stood facing each other, both expectant, nervous and unsure and both wishing for some gesture or word that might somehow make tangible their feelings. Diane made to speak but Leonie, confused by her own suddenly conflicting feelings, smiled nervously and withdrew to her corner.

Diane, full of rage at herself for her own timidity, muttered a long stream of obscene curses which the loud music drowned, and by the time her courage had returned, Watts was talking to Leonie. She drank two glasses of wine in quick succession and barged between them.

“Apthone gone then?” she asked pre-emptively.

Watts smiled mischievously. “He’s outside. Having a little sleep. Too much to drink if you ask me.” He drank from his can of beer, then burped. “Well, I’m off. Can I give either of you a lift?”

“No thanks,” an embarrassed Leonie asked.

“Diane?”

“Leonie has invited me back for coffee. Thanks, anyway.”

Watts affected another burp and loped away, stooping to go through the door.

Before Leonie could speak, Diane said, “I’m going to take you home, make you a hot drink and get you to tell me all about what’s upset you so much.”

“But –“

“Forget Richard. He’s probably so drunk he won’t even know you’ve gone.” Briefly, she held Leonie’s hand. “I really care for you and hate seeing you unhappy.”

“You are kind,” said Leonie softly.

Leonie’s house bore some resemblance to her life, slightly disorganized but planned with the best of intentions. It was a large house, bounded by gardens which were beginning to grow wild, and carried its mantle of children well. Toys were neatly stored in the playroom and the expensive furnishings had escaped largely untouched by melting ice cream, spilled, sticky drinks, small dirty hands and impetuous ravaging feet. Its size and luxury had, at one time, been of some solace to Leonie, but it had become empty and a constant reminder of what she thought of as her marital incompetence. Her children were asleep when she and Diane arrived and the young girl who had minded her children during her absence was soon gone, leaving the two women alone. Diane made coffee and they sat, almost touching, on the leather sofa in the sitting room.

“You seem very unhappy,” Diane said as a small circle of subdued light enclosed them among the humid darkness of the room.

“I feel so peaceful with you.”

“I’m glad.”

Very quietly, she said, “I’m so confused.”

Diane’s face was gentle and serene and Leonie smiled awkwardly before saying, “I’m going to have Richard’s baby.”

”Oh my darling!” Their embrace was natural but brief and Diane gently wiped away Leonie’s tears.

“I don’t know what to do. It is such a mess. No one cares.”

“I do,” said Diane. “I care very much.”

“But – “ She turned her head away.

“Leonie,” Diane began in a whisper afraid that the beauty of the moment might be lost and afraid of herself, “I find you very attractive.”

“Diane – I ....”

“Don’t say anything, please.” She stroked Leonie’s face with her hand, and then kissed her, very gently. Leonie made no move to stop her and Diane kissed her again.

Leonie was not afraid, only pleased because Diane possessed the courage to express with words and deeds what she herself had felt but would never have dared to express in any way.

“I need you, Leonie,” she heard Diane whisper.

The simple words ceased to be simple: they were a magickal invocation, a chant of power and possessed for Leonie, in that instant of her troubled life, an almost sacred, childhood quality. Nothing was real for her except Diane – her warm breath, her perfume, the softness of her touch and the enfolding pressure of her body. She felt she wanted to be enveloped by Diane’s

warmth.

“I love your beauty,” Diane was saying. Diane’s touch was gentle, as gentle as Leonie had imagined, once, that it might be and she did not tense nor speak words of discouragement when Diane caressed her breasts.

There was gentleness in Diane’s kisses and touch that Leonie had never experienced before – a kind of empathy as if Diane was not taking but sharing. She clung to Diane, fearing the moments might end. But the moments did not end as she feared but changed instead into physical passion.

“Diane”, she said slowly and precisely, “please stay with me tonight.”

Slowly, hand in hand, they walked the stairs to bed.

^^^

Light mist obscured the river Severn and the surrounding fields, and Leonie stared at the tops of the trees. Soon, the warmth of the summer sun would disperse the mist and the mystery it seemed to bring, returning the harsh contours, bleak colours, and breaking the silence down. Leonie smiled. She liked her bedroom with its view of the Severn, the trees full of birds and fields and found it easy to forget she lived on the edge of a town.

Diane was still asleep in her bed and there was an innocent joy in Leonie as she watched her lover. Everything she could see seemed more beautiful because of Diane, as if her very presence added a precious quality to the day. She wanted to lie down beside her, feel the warmth and softness of her body.

Diane stretched, sleepy, and Leonie accepted the refuge of her arms.

“How do you feel?” Diane asked.

“A little guilty, I suppose. But happy!”

“You are lovely!”

“Can I ask you something?”

”Of course.”

“Is this your...what I – “

Diane smiled. “You mean is this the first time I have made love with a woman?”

Shyly, Leonie said, “Yes.”

She smiled. “I was very nervous last night – I almost didn’t do anything.”

“I’m glad you did.”

”If I had been wrong – “ Diane shrugged.

“What made you try?”

”You mean,” said Diane playfully, “apart from your beautiful body?”

”Seriously, though.”

”Something about the way you looked at me, I suppose.”

”I used to dream about you a lot. Very naughty dreams.”

“And now your dreams have come true.”

”I feel really funny.”

“Well, you make me laugh!” Diane kissed her, and then said, “you mean you can’t really believe it’s happened?”

“In a way, yes. But I also feel I’m not the same person I was yesterday. I can’t explain.”

Diane smiled and rested her head on Leonie’s breasts. “A woman’s breasts are the softest pillow in the world.”

“You make me happy,” Leonie said as she stroked Diane’s hair. “I never thought I could be happy again.”

The sound of Leonie’s children near the bedroom door surprised them, and Diane dressed quickly, kissed her lover saying, “You make me happy as well!” and left.

Leonie ran down the stairs to wave goodbye, but the car had gone and she was left to return slowly to the perfumed emptiness of her room.

Apthone did not seem important to her anymore. The half-resented need, which had bound her to him, had been broken by Diane and as she dressed she found reasons for hating him. Even the growing child in her womb held no terror; she would have an abortion and then Apthone would be removed from her life. She would be free at last, and could give her life to Diane whose gentle words of love during the long humid night had brought her tears of joy. There was a quality about Diane’s love and passion that she had never experienced before, and it pleased her.

The mist over the river was dispersing and she watched it disappear with a mixture of happiness and loss. It would always remind her of her first night with Diane – yet it would be good to feel the hot sun on her body, warming it.

Languid, she lay on her bed until a sudden guilt made her jump up to attend to the tasks of her day, suppressing the thought she would be murdering her unborn child for the sake for the pleasures of her body and the love of a woman. Defiantly, she took the crucifix from the wall of her room and threw it under the bed.

Diane had closed the kitchen door of their bungalow in the tourist town of Church Stretton when her husband appeared wobbling like a drunken duck on his cleated cycling shoes. He was lean, burnt from the repeated exposure to the sun, wind and rain, with cropped hair as befitted a racing cyclist – even an amateur one.

“Well?” he asked, feigning annoyance.

“Well what?” She stared at him holding her head to one side.

“Have a good time?”

“As a matter of fact – yes!” Immediately, she became defensive. “You off out to play, then?”

He looked pained – and not a little funny in his tight fitting cycling jumper and shorts. The long, very close fitting shorts were superbly comfortable on a bicycle, but off it, they made a grown man look ridiculous and a little obscene.

“Don’t tell me – ‘your training schedule’ demands it.”

”As a matter of fact, yes.”

”You think more of your rotten bikes than you do of me!”

“That’s a ridiculous and inaccurate thing to say.”

”But true.”

“No, it is not.”

”Aren’t you jealous?” she demanded.

“About what?” he looked at his watch.

“I’m having an affair,” she announced.

“That’s nice,” he replied without feeling.

“Don’t you care?”

“I know you are joking,” he smiled.

“Oh, we are the superior man, aren’t we?” she mocked.

Suddenly she was angry and he took advantage of her preoccupation with her emotion to slip out the door. She saw him take his expensive cycle from the garage, resisted the temptation to rush out and kick it, and watched him pedal down the road. The mask of calm, which she used in her role of teacher returned slowly, helped by the morning stillness and the gathering mist, and sat down in her bedroom to write her diary.

Her desire for her own children had long ago been vanquished by the natural facts of her genetics and the need which bound her to women, and her innate love for children found its poignant expression through the medium of her profession. She loved the mostly gentle unfolding of a child from the often shy and awkward first-year into a young adult, aware of themselves and mostly possessed of a youthful zeal, and she made no distinction between those who were intellectually inclined and those who were naturally gifted with their hands. To her, each child was unique, and she cared for them all – not out of sentiment or because she believed it was morally right, but because it was in her nature to do so.

Yet she sought some satisfaction in life beyond the undoubted rewards of her profession and the undeniable lesser rewards of being married to a cycling fanatic whose idea of a good day was to thrash himself to exhaustion in a fifty mile trial – preferable over hilly terrain – talk about it for hours afterwards and fall asleep in the evening reading a cycling magazine or a technical report on the strength of the latest titanium axle. Their sitting room cabinet was full of medal he had won, but after five years it was all predictably boring.

She had had no affairs with men, for she found them either too shallow in the head or too uncaring. Their tenderness, she knew, was a ploy to obtain a woman’s body and for the most part they had no interest in her as a person.

Three years ago, her experiences in adolescence, her hopeful expectations and secret desires, had caused her to deliberately seek out the company of women. Her liaisons had been brief, and unsatisfying, but they produced a stronger longing for what could be – a relationship based on mutual desire for love and affection and a mutual, instinctive understanding of the kind she felt was impossible with men.

Her thoughts carried her pen. “Maybe,” she wrote in her diary as a schoolgirl might, “I have found my answer at last. There seems to be something special between us.”

Said laid the book aside to watch from her window the mist swirl slowly over the hills that breasted the road to her school fifteen miles to the east. The sun cast a beautiful light between the ground mist and the higher fog that obscured the hilltops, and she regretted her lack of artistic talent. To paint such a light would be divine – but all she had ever done was compose a few pieces of schoolgirl music. The diary was some solace, and she hid it, as she had done for years among the clothes in her drawer, before writing a letter to Leonie. The act of writing inspired her, as the misty light had done, and her letter became one of love.

She folded the letter neatly, sealing it within a perfumed envelope and placed it carefully if nervously in her handbag. Its existence pleased her, and she sang happily while preparing her breakfast. The breakfast was soon over and, showered and changed, she departed early for school. The mist thinned and dispersed as her car carried her over Hazler Hill and along under the blue sky on the country road that joined Stretton and its glacial, moor covered Mynd, to the ancient settlement of Greenock.

Apthone’s rusty vehicle was already in the empty car park. The thought of meeting the adolescent with the gait of Quasimodo and the meanness of Genghis Khan did not please her, but even Apthone with his spotty face and fetid breath could not diminish the joy she still felt. Soon, she would be with Leonie again.

The staff room was empty – except for Apthone. His face was bruised and he bore a black eye. He also limped and his expression been less venomous, she might have laughed.

“Walked into a wall, then?” she asked.

He sneered, and the expression suited him. It also caused his face some pain. “I fell of my motorcycle,” he lied.

“I didn’t know you had one.”

“Oh, yes! It’s an old....”

She left him grimacing to mark a few of her pupil’s exercise books. After a while, the marking bored her and laying her handbag on top of the pile of books as she nearly always did, she left to make herself a cup of coffee. A few children dawdled by the front door below. Apthone was grinning maliciously, as well as his face would allow, when she returned.

He sat next to her. “Your little secret is safe with me,” he drooled.

Diane looked at him coldly. “What do you mean?”

He produced her precious letter. “That’s mine!” She made to snatch it but was too slow. “You bastard! You’ve no right to go into my handbag!” She attempted to slap his face but he gripped her arm.

“We wouldn’t like this to become general knowledge now, would we?”

“You bastard!”

“Listen,” he lisped, “I’ll keep quiet about this on one condition.”

“Go to hell!”

“I’m sure Mr. Thomas would be most interested in this. Or the School Governors. Like to be dismissed would you? For being a lesbian.” He said the word with relish, and let her arm go. “You do me a favor – I do you a favor. Can’t say fairer than that can I now?”

“Could I have my letter back please?” She demanded.

“Of course!” he smiled. “After you sleep with me.” He stood up dramatically, placing the letter in his jacket pocket.

Angry, Diane stood in front of him. “I don’t care what you tell others!”

“Is that so?” he smirked.

“No one will believe you!”

“Willing to find out, are we? If that’s what you want.”

She moved toward him, but he pushed her away. “Think about it!” he said before turning and almost running out the door.

Diane was too angry to cry. She also hated herself for being too physically weak to take her letter by force and give Apthone what he so richly deserved. She thought of telephoning her husband but he would still be pedaling furiously around the roads and she would be incapable of explaining why she had written the letter in the first place.

Several members of staff arrived simultaneously and she bade them all good morning in her customary cheerful manner. Apthone reappeared but ignored her. Morgan arrived to greet all the men – she fussed a little over Apthone’s wounds, and Apthone’s laugh made Diane feel sick. At the door she collided with Watts. Despite his size and often oafish manner, he held her gently..

“Can’t stand it any longer, then?” he asked jovially.

She saw Apthone look at Watts and turn immediately away, his face pale and intuitively she understood.

“I’ve left something in my car,” she said by way of explanation.

Watts winked at her and she escaped through the door, down the stairs and into the warm air of morning.

Upstairs, Apthone would be polluting the room with his stench.

## IV

The heat of the sun surprised her, and Diane moved her chair into the shadow. Her class was restless, for no speck of white appeared in the sky.

“Miss,” Rachael the raven-haired asked while Bryan behind her pulled monster faces for attention and the rest sulked in the heat, “How did you derive the solution?” She pointed to the mathematical scrawl on the blackboard.

Diane frowned. It was not easy teaching lower sixth form mathematics on a humid day toward the end of the summer term. Good natured Bryan, his cropped hair belying the astute brain beneath, had started moaning to add sound to his impression when Rachael turned and rapped his knuckles with her ruler.

“Grow up will you?” she mumbled. The sixth form was exempt from school uniform and as she turned, framed from the side by a shaft of sun, Diane could see her breasts through the dress. The fleeting sight brought a physical sensation of which she felt ashamed, but she smiled calmly at Rachael until their eyes met. For a second, perhaps more, each understood each other. Diane saw Rachael smile, then blush.

Bryan stuck out his tongue, but the beautiful Rachael with the mature body ignored him. Through the glass in the door he caught sight of Apthone shuffling along the corridor.

“The bells! The bells!” he intoned, hunching himself.

Inspired, Diane went up to him, patted his gently on the head and said, “There, there. You’ll feel better in a minute.”

Bryan did not mind the laughter. “Ah! Esmeralda!” he chuckled as Diane returned to the blackboard. His lurch was curtailed by the toneless buzzer in the corridor.

Rachael pretended to write in her exercise book until she and Diane were alone. “Miss,” she asked, “can you help me with this?”

“I hope so Rachael!”

She was leaning over Rachael’s shoulder studying the neatly written equations. Rachael made no move away and Diane could smell slight perfume. Part of her moved to kiss Rachael’s cheek, but another pulled away. It was a battle her respectable half nearly lost.

“There,” she pointed, moving her face away, “you’ve written ‘y’ instead of ‘x’. No wonder you cannot solve the equation.”

“Oh, how silly of me!” chided Rachael as Diane smiled and escaped through the door.

Leonie was waiting, shyly, by the stairs to the Staff Room, uncertain how to respond. Around them, the childish mayhem continued.

“You stink!” one small freckled face said to another.

“Don’t.”

“Do! So there!”

“You smell more than me!”

“Don’t you ever wash, pongy?”

Impulsively, Diane held out her hand for Leonie, then withdrew it. “Can I see you tonight?” she whispered as they climbed the stairs.

“I would like that Diane,” she smiled briefly. Then she quickened her pace to become enclosed

in the relative peace of the childfree Staff Room.

A gaggle of young and mostly female teachers surrounded the repulsive Aphone who was heroically recounting the story of his accident, and Diane sneered at them before sitting beside Watts.

“I think,” she said, “you’ve made him look better.”

He smiled at her understanding. “Dry bones can hurt no one.”

“Unless they are moved by evil intent.”

“And are they?”

“Who knows?” said Diane embarrassed. Suddenly, she smiled. “You’ve never liked him have you?”

Gruffly, he said, “Met this sort before. He shouldn’t be a teacher. He’ll get some girl in trouble, believe you me.”

“Didn’t you once teach Judo?”

”No, lass, Karate. Was competitive, once. Black belt, Third Dan, and all that. It’s quite easy to kill someone, you know, without leaving a mark.”

“Could you teach me?”

“To kill someone?”

“No, of course not!” she laughed, nervously. “Just a few basic things. How long would it take?”

“To learn anything useful – maybe a few weeks. Why?”

Diane shrugged. “Just an idea. These are troubled times.” To lessen his suspicion, she said, “what don’t you start classes here – self defense for women? I would certainly attend.”

“Maybe. Doubt if old doubting Thomas would agree, though.”

“You could always try.”

“I’ll think about it.”

The expression on Watts’ face – full of warmth and love – surprised and shocked Diane and she excused herself hurriedly to rush down the stairs and thread her way through the throng of children in the corridor to a room when she could be alone.

After the noise of the school, the room seemed possessed of the quietness of a church and she sat for a long time by the window trying to recapture the lost innocence of the warm Autumn days of years ago during her first weeks at the school. The promise of those days, the spontaneous joys, seemed to have been sucked away by the drab reality of adults and their narrow-minded schemes.

## V

Diane’s husband was engrossed in lubricating the chain of one of his bikes in the kitchen when she arrived, late, from work.

“I was attacked on the way home,” she said airily.

“That’s nice.” He did not look up.

“And I’m being blackmailed.”

“Hmmm.”

“Don’t you care about me?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing.” She looked at the well-polished racing cycle. “Is your bike more important?”

He stood up. “Are you feeling alright?”

“No I’m not! Not that you care!” She went to kick his cycle but he moved it in time.

“Careful!” he admonished. “That’s a 753 frame!”

“So what?”

Exasperated, he leaned the cycle gently against the wall. “Do you want to talk then?”

“Heaven forbid! What’s the point?”

“Personally, I cannot see any. When you are in an emotional mood like this.”

Diane stared at him. She felt resentful. For years they had lived uncomplicated almost separate lives: hers dedicated to teaching; his to cycling. His employment was a means to the end of cycle racing whereas hers had become the most important part of her life. They had quarreled sometimes, but had existed quite happily without the intimacy of emotions she craved. Several times in the years of their marriage when the emotional bareness of their relationship had become unbearable, she had sought the soft scented comfort of a woman. But the affairs had been brief and had filled her with guilt and a little self-loathing. She had enjoyed, more than she at times liked to admit to herself, the physical part of her relationships, but she had never found a woman to compliment her – one with whom she could share intimate personal details, one with whom she could relax and be herself. Someone to share the pleasures of companionship and someone with whom she could make love because such love making would be an extension of their friendship – the ultimate tribute of a relationship. Yet despite all the guilt, the doubts, the self-loathing and the fear of discovery, her desire for female intimacy remained, promising so much that was unfulfilled.

She had existed in a sort of twilight zone between her wishes and the reality of her marriage, accepting her married life because she had grown used to it and because there had always been times when her husband would allow himself to become emotionally involved – when he showed by words and deeds that he loved and needed her. But increasingly, he had become, it seemed, absorbed in his racing as she had become absorbed in her secret desires and the joy of teaching and the two passions never met. Once she had watched him at a time trial – fifty miles on a cold and very early summer morning – but she had found it so boring, watching rider speed after another at one minute intervals then stand around drinking tea for several hours until all had completed the course and the winner was declared. She never went again. The cycle he had bought her lay in the shed, ridden once and forgotten, and her loneliness bred desire.

An obsession seemed to drive her husband. He had no time for fine ideas, thoughts or emotions. He simply loved life – and hated to be bothered by thinking or feeling guilty about it. He was almost satiric in the enjoyment he derived from his existence. He had no worries – except about his bicycles – and would begin each day as though no other existed. Every problem – every one of her problems – would be met with a smile (sometimes a laugh) and the promise that everything would be all right. At first, she had loved his energy and enthusiasm. Nothing daunted him; he was cheerful and full of vitality and even the knowledge that she could not bear his children did not daunt. “Oh well,” he had said, “there is no use worrying about a fact of Nature. Looks like a beautiful evening – we could go for a walk ...”

Slowly, very slowly, she had begun to poison herself with resentment, but it was only her love for Leonie that made her realize it.

She stood staring at her husband. She wanted him to come and embrace her; to tell her that he loved and needed her, to offer to stay at home with her for a few hours instead of riding off into the warm, humid evening. But all he did was look at his watch and check the pressure in his tubular tires.

He was smiling and, as she nearly always did, she allowed her good nature to triumph over her own desires.

“Go on!” she smiled and kissed him. “I don’t want to keep you.”

Soon, she was alone again in the silence of their house. The prospect of the evening excited

her and she was shaking when she picked up the telephone. Aphone was in his lodgings, as she knew he might be, and she smiled satanically when she said: "Richard? Diane. Can you meet me tonight?" She heard the glee in his voice.

"If you bring the letter – you can have what you want." She could almost hear him drooling. "Meet me a half past nine by the Devil's Mouth on the Burway."

The hours passed slowly, much to her consternation, until the sun of late evening cast long shadows of the Stretton hills. The town was quiet as she drove toward the Burway. Several tourists, distinguished by the cameras, idled along the streets and by the crossroads that divided the Burway road from the tree-lined Sandford Avenue, a group of youths in leather jackets lingered, shouting at cars as they passed.

A van heading for the town passed her as she steered the car slowly over the cattle grid boundary between town and National Trust land, and she drove in low gear along the steep sheep-strewn hill. The road dropped precipitously to her right into the tourist trap of Cardingmill Valley, but she had little desire to dwell on the scene, poignant though it was in the soft light of beginning dusk. The road wound sharply, following the old droving route. Fifty years ago, few people had walked the moors. But with the laying of the road and the spread of the tourist-idea, swarms wore away, inch by inch, the thin soil among the bracken and heather and fern. Many were the summer days when Diane had seen long lines of cars ascending the road, spreading their contents and noise. She loved the Long Mynd and found something almost mystical and sacred in walking along its top while wild wind scattered her hair and drove snow into her face. From its varying steep sides, worn by glacier, water and frost, she could see high Caer Caradoc with its hill-fort, the limestone escarpment of Wenlock Edge, the plain around Shrewsbury with the volcanic mound of the Wrekin to the east, and to the south the mottled contours of Nordy Bank. On a clear day, to the west, legend said Snowdon could be seen.

The road climbed steadily until she passed by the long conical spur of Devil's Mouth. A large gravel and scree patch, shadowed by early morning sun, had been set aside for cars and straddled the brief but level plateau below the spur. To the south, the hill fell steeply to Townbrook before rising to the heights of Yearlet Hill. To the north, the land dropped steadily for several hundred yards, blotched by sheep, heather, fern and grass, then steeply fell to Carding Mill valley, cut by fast flowing water, before rising to Haddon Hill.

No cars were parked by the road and no one stood on the shale top of Devil's Mouth to gaze upon the Shropshire view. Diane left her car and waited. A few sheep, their necks blotched with blue dye, tore the vegetation nearby and a slight wind stirred while no white cloud broke

the blue above. Quite unexpectedly, Diane felt sick. She began to shake, her mouth went dry and she felt very cold. But quickly the fear and panic subsided.

She heard Apthone before she saw him. His motorcycle was loud amid the windy silence of the hills and she watched him swagger toward her car, his helmet in his hand. He lounged against her car, affecting boredom in his dirty jacket and jeans.

“Have you the letter?” she asked.

A pale and skinny hand grasped her letter and he smiled.

“Right,” she said coldly, “I think over there in the heather would be fine.” She pointed, as he turned to look she withdrew the knife she had hidden in her sleeve.

It was not courage, but anger, which made her swiftly press it to his neck. Before Apthone could react, she snatched the letter.

“Bother me again you little runt,” she said coldly suppressing her anger, “and I will use this. Understand?”

Apthone tried to smile, and she pressed the tip of the knife into the skin of his neck. He flinched.

“Understand?” she repeated and he nodded. “Now go and stand over there,” she demanded.

Apthone obeyed and she calmly walked toward his motorcycle and plunged the knife into the tire. He made no move toward her and she smiled at him before returning to her car. Soon, the figure of Apthone disappeared from the rearview mirror of her car.

Less than a quarter of an hour later, her reaction came. In the kitchen of her house she began to laugh. Apthone was no threat to her – and her hours of worry, anger, fear and frustration seemed pointless. He was a spoiled child with the body of a man.

Pleased with herself, she was making herself a special brew of tea in celebration when she heard a car stop outside. By the light of dusk she could see Watts slowly ease his bulk from the enclosing steel of the car.

“Just came to see if you were alright,” he said as she opened the door.

“Why shouldn’t I be?”

He shrugged. “Just a feeling. Didn’t want to intrude.”

Feeling guilty about her rudeness, she said, “Would you like some tea?”

“Yes, fine.”

Watts was inspecting the shelves of books in the sitting room when she returned with the tray.

“I didn’t know that you were interested in musical composition,” he said.

“Only a little.”

He returned the book, evidently satisfied. “There is a lot about each other we don’t know.”

“Isn’t that true of everyone?”

“Your husband not here?”

“He’s riding most of the night – preparation for a 24 hour time trial or something.”

“You must get lonely.”

“No.”

“Does a lot of cycling, your husband?”

“Quite a lot, yes.” She was beginning to feel annoyed by his presence and personal questions.

“Seen anything of Leonie?”

”I don’t mean to be rude – “

“But you’d like me to go on. Can I see you tomorrow night?”

“I’m going out.”

“With Leonie?”

“How did – “ She watched him, but he continued to smile. “Yes.”

“How about the day after?”

“I don’t know.”

He had stood up to leave when she said, “Are you in love with Leonie?”

“Why look at me with eyes askance, Shropshire filly, and cruelly flee, thinking me bereft of sense? A bridle I could place around your neck.”

“You’re an intriguing man.” She laughed.

“Why? Because I mis-quote Greek poetry or because – “

He looked at her but she turned away. He was blushing and the unexpected appearance of this expression of his feeling perplexed Diane. He walked toward her and touched her face, very

gently, with his large, calloused hand before lifting her to her feet.

“I have always loved you.” He said.

She smiled nervously. “I never guessed until today.”

He kissed her forehead, but she moved away. “Please, don’t.”

“Diane – “

“Please, I want you to go.”

”I’m sorry if I have offended you.” He was not angry.

“No. Not really. It’s just that I’m a little confused. I don’t know what to think.”

He smiled, and then kissed her on the cheek. “I can wait.”

“Oh why did you have to tell me now!”

“Things just happen in their own time.”

She did not resist his kiss, but it was not what she wanted and she began to feel angry.

“Don’t, please!” she said, pulling away.

He let her go. “All that matters is that I love you.”

“And Leonie!” she taunted.

“Maybe. I thought you would understand.” He touched her face with his hand but she was torn between apathy and anger and knocked it away.

“I would like you to go now,” she said, staring at the floor.

He shrugged. “If that’s what you want.”

“Yes.”

“Shall I see you tomorrow? Just a thought. Maybe we could – “

“I don’t think so.”

“Well, I’d best be off then.” He did not move.

“Yes.”

He started to move toward her, then stopped, bowed fairly gracefully considering his build, and winked. Before she could respond, he had closed the door behind him and for several seconds she stood staring. No physical desire had possessed her, and all she could think of was Leonie.

Outside, darkness stirred lazily, as it does on warm summer days treading past mid-summer. In the shadows of a tree across the road, a freshly dress Apthone lurked, smiling to himself as he watched Watt depart. Slowly, in his rusty car, he drove away to post his poisoned letter.

## VI

The church bell, its chimes carried in the breeze, had tolled eleven when Diane’s doorbell rang. The breeze did little to alter the humidity or Diane’s mood and languidly in her nightdress she opened the door, half-expecting Watts. It was Apthone who leered at her.

“Push off!” she shouted.

His face crumpled and his breath smelled of beer. “I came to apologize Diane.”

“Go away or I’ll scream.”

“Now that wouldn’t,” he said staring at her breasts, “be nice, would it?”

“Don’t touch me!”

He laughed, and touched her breast. She screamed briefly, for he hit her in the stomach with his fist before throwing her to the floor. In the struggle, her nightdress tore, exposing her breasts. The sight increased Apthone’s drunken lust and he began to tear at her thin covering while pinning her to the ground with his body and covering her mouth with his other hand.

She struggled, but his drunken strength was strong while he fumbled with his trousers. Desperate and determined, she freed herself sufficiently to grasp his shoe, which had come loose during the struggle. Her blows to his head were hard and insistent and he made to grasp her arm, the action sufficient for Diane to free herself from the weight of his body. Apthone was trying to stand when, with the fury of her anger fed by her desire to not be humiliated, she kicked his face. She did not feel the blow, but it knocked Apthone over and she swiped the heel of the shoe three times into his face.

“You bastard! You bastard!” she screamed as another of her blows broke his nose. Apthone struggled to his feet, his face covered in blood. He lurched toward her and she threw the shoe at him before running into the kitchen. He followed, staggering.

The carving knife she wielded was long, with a blade of surgical steel and she hissed like a woman possessed.

“Get out or I’ll kill you!”

Apthone, trying to stop his bleeding nose with his hand, stepped back.

Diane's eyes glowed. "I'd enjoy killing you, you pathetic bastard!"

She was intoxicated with the primal power of her Viking ancestors and no longer felt unsure. Her education, her upbringing, all the finer feelings of her life, even her love of the innocence of children, were banished in that moment and she perceived with a terrible clarity the passionate realness of life. Its color was red, its expression blood.

"Come on!" she taunted him, her knife-holding knuckles white. "Come and get me you ugly little bastard!"

But Apthone the coward retreated to the door to flee toward the dark and Diane had closed and locked the door before she dropped the knife in horror at herself.

Blood spattered her wall; Apthone's shoe was by the door that for five years she had closed on her way to work. She began to shiver and had moved to the kitchen to retch into the sink when the realization of her will became a fact in her consciousness. She knew with an irrefutable arrogance born from the moments of fear and anger, that she and she alone was responsible for herself and her feelings. She possessed not only the consciousness to decide but also the will to make the decision possible. Everything was clear to her: there were no more questions; no more doubts that undermined and made her weak.

The insight of understanding made her laugh; then cry. Apthone was gone but there would be other Apthone's somewhere imposing themselves and polluting with their warped will and desire. The thought made her angry and she began to understand as she made herself some tea in the neon brightness of her freshly painted and appliance strewn kitchen, that she need never again allow herself to be weak or dominated. The civilization to which she belonged had nurtured her, softly shielding her and she had been playing a doomed society's role. Apthone's attempted rape, her own anger, the fear and humiliation that had possessed her, had broken through this appearance to the real essence of the woman beyond. She was a unique individual and did not have to conform to someone else's set of rules or ideas.

Calmly, she collected a dressing gown before drinking her tea. She thought, momentarily, about telephoning the Police – but that would merely confirm and reinforce the role. Apthone had condemned himself by his act and she wanted personal revenge. If her understanding signified anything it was this – Apthone was her problem to solve. And she, Diane Dietz, lately a weak, emotional woman tied to feelings of insecurity and guilt as she had been tied to the idea of marriage, could do anything because she had begun to discover the liberation of

self.

Among the clothes that lay in her drawer lay the revolver. It was a .38 Service issue revolver and had lain in its box since her birthday over fifteen years ago. She had fired it once, she remembered, as a young girl...

Sun dappled the front lawn through the summer clouds as her father held her steady. On the rear lawn, her mother played tennis while the sun dried the large Georgian house of rain.

“Gently now,” he advised, “squeeze the trigger.”

The retort was not as loud as she had imagined and she closed her eyes as she squeezed.

“My dear Diane,” remonstrated her father, twirling his mustache, “it is rather bad form to close one’s eyes.”

She squinted at the target nailed to a tree and fired twice in rapid succession. After a brief inspection her father, hobbling on his stick, returned to slap her on the back.

“Well done, I must say! One bull, other just a touch to the left.”

Next month, she had received the gun, in a presentation box, as a birthday gift. It had been one of her father’s few mementoes from the war.

She inspected it carefully, as her father had shown her all those years ago. Oil clung to it and she wiped some away, lightly, with the small cloth before loading the chambers. It was lighter that she remembered.

In the dark outside, the church bell struck the quarter hour.

## VII

No lights showed in Morgan's house and Diane drove slowly past. The gun felt heavy in her jacket pocket but she ignored it, watching the street of terraced houses carefully. No one stirred, among the houses or parked cars and no vehicle passed her.

Her visit to Apthone's lodgings had been brief and had she been a few minutes earlier she might have cornered her prey. The landlady was apologetic – Apthone had rushed in, and hastily departed on his repaired motorcycle. Diane had smiled nicely at the old woman and left.

A few of the terraced houses showed lights and she parked near one, walking the few yards to Morgan's garishly painted door. Nearby two cats wailed in the clear humid night.

The response to her knocking was slow; a stair light, then footsteps to creak the stairs. Morgan, wrapped in a coat, held the door on a chain.

“Yes?” she asked brusquely.

“Is Richard here?”

“No.”

“I must speak to him.”

Morgan's voice was sympathetic. “He's not here.”

Diane peered around the door and what she saw shocked her. “May I come in?”

“Look,” Morgan said with a sigh, “I'm very tired. I really want to go back to sleep. I don't mean to be rude but – “

“You'd rather I went?”

“Yes.”

“Fine. I can see why.” She turned and walked briskly to her car. Inside, she held the gun, momentarily, then returned it wearily to her pocket. Her quest for vengeance had been eclipsed by what she had seen and, slowly at first, she began to cry. Propped against Morgan’s stairs had been her husband’s expensive bicycle.

It was the betrayal of trust that hurt the most, and she was alternatively angry, sad and a little overjoyed. She did not mind the physical fact of her husband’s adultery as much as she minded the deceit: there was obviously nothing, no emotional ties of a sensitive kind, no moral obligation, that bound her to her husband, and the thought of revealing to him the dreadful shame of Apthone’s attack made her sadder still. It would be impossible to reveal it, now, because she was free and had only to rely on herself to experience a new strength. Nothing bound her and she drove slowly toward Leonie’s house.

She sat in the car outside the house for some time, listening to a Vivaldi cassette. The music calmed her and she found the trees, weird Celtic deities by the strange sodium lights, quite beautiful. Behind the widely spaced houses, the river Severn flowed in darkness and drought.

The single headlight was blinding and Diane shielded her eyes. The screeching tires and crash startled her, just a little, and she walked without much feeling toward the scene. A motorcyclist had collided with the front of a stationary van and the impact had tossed the rider into the air to collide with a concrete lamppost.

The rider, his helmet missing, was groaning and as Diane approached she recognized Apthone. She did not smile but withdrew the gun from the pocket of her jacket while Apthone, with his bloody face and twisted limbs, stared incomprehendingly.

“Diane” he whispered, coughing blood, “help me.”

She aimed the gun, easing the hammer back with her thumb. Apthone, horrified, shook his head in desperation while Diane aimed the weapon at his head. He tried to wriggle away, but his broken body refused to obey his commands of thought and Diane gently eased the hammer back. There was no owl to haunt with its screech as she turned toward her lover’s house – only the sound of people running, a car braking to halt in the road.

“Quick!” someone shouted as she stood by Leonie’s door. “Call an ambulance!” A large garden hid her from the road.

Leonie was quick to answer the chimes. “Diane!” She hugged her friend. Come in. I hoped you’d come.” She looked around. “I thought I heard a noise.”

“Yes,” smiled Diane. “There’s been some sort of accident.”

“Hadn’t we better go and see if we can help?”

“I don’t think so. There seems to be enough people there already. We would probably only get in the way.”

Leonie strained to see, but the road was thirty yards away. “You’re probably right.” She led Diane into the brightness. “You look awful!”

“Thanks!” said Diane.

“No, honestly, I didn’t mean – “

“It’s alright,” smiled Diane, holding Leonie’s hand. The touch pleased both, if for slightly different reasons. “Any chance of some coffee?”

“Actually, there’s some on. Just in case you called.”

The kitchen was all stainless steel and pine, but the subdued light and Leonie’s presence made Diane feel welcome and warmly disposed toward the world. She could forget Aphone the twisted, the deceiving adultery of her husband and the problem diversion of Watts.

“Can I stay the night?” she asked.

“Oh Diane, you don’t have to ask!” Shyly she handed Diane some coffee from the percolator. “I feel this is as much your home now as mine.”

The words, the manner of their delivery and the gentle vulnerability of their speaker brought euphoria to Diane. She forgot all her problems and embraced and kissed Leonie. Her love felt like a physical pain.

“Do you mind if I tell you something?”

“Nothing would make me happier.”

In the sitting room, Diane lay on the sofa, her head in Leonie’s lap while Leonie stroked her hair.

“I’m leaving my husband.”

”Not because of me?” asked Leonie, her voice trembling.

“Partly. But partly because he is having an affair with Morgan.”

”I’m sorry,” said Leonie sincerely. “I thought your marriage was fine.”

“These things happen.”

”Are you sure it’s not my fault?”

“If anyone is to blame it is probably Morgan the man-eater.”

”I’m sorry,” repeated Leonie.

“It’s for the best. It was inevitable anyway, as things were developing.”

“What will you do?”

Diane sighed. She felt content, lying in Leonie's lap while her lover with sensuous breasts stroked her hair. Aphone was irrelevant, Watts was not important. Even her husband, warm and sweaty in Morgan's scented bed, no longer held any power to mould her emotions. Tonight, she could sleep with Leonie and in the morning she would watch the mist over the river while sun warmed the green richness of earth. Then, with Leonie, to school where her treasured pupils would be waiting and where she would try and infuse into them some of the special meanings which were entwined through life. The day of work done, she could come home with Leonie to their house, play awhile with the children before the dark of night brought the peace of contented and blissful post-Sapphic sleep.

"Leonie," she whispered.

"Yes?" there was expectation in her voice.

"I hope you don't think I'm imposing myself on you."

"Even if you were, I would be glad."

"I do love you."

"And I –" Leonie closed her eyes, but the reluctance remained. "Diane," she said by way of expiation, "please take me to bed."

## VIII

The morning was beautiful as the night had been and Diane stared out of the window. The post dawn mist eddied slowly around the trees that clung to the grassy banks of the Severn, and along the path a hundred yards below the house that followed the river for many a winding mile, a solitary man in shorts ran, his stride like a gazelle. He vaulted the style of the fence that separated the two small and shrub-strewn fields of cows, and Diane watched him run bare-chested and lithe until he disappeared into the mist. No cars spoiled the quiet of dawn.

Naked Leonie joined her at the window and for several minutes both stood, arm in arm, watching their minute part of the world change as low sun bore down to disperse the mists of late night. It was one of those intense and rare magical moments that lovers share when no words are needed and where the two halves seem united in empathy and expectation. A spell

bound them through both the gentle scented lusciousness of their bodies and the fusion of their wordless thought. Both felt and understood the natural extension of the maturing relationship that their lovemaking made; they were equal and reversed the roles as they and their other half required. Giving and receiving, in turn as their feelings and desires changed with the passing of the hours. For them, in the two passionate nights shared, there had been no distinction between submission and dominance – between recipient and receiver – as there had been no guilt of submission or defeat. Instead, a mutual response to unspoken desire. A sensitivity of not only touch but mood that had hitherto been lacking in all their relations with men; a feminine giving tempered by a very natural and gentle feminine mastery. But above all, a genuine sharing.

For Diane the long night had been both a liberation and a release; Leonie was the woman whom for many years she had sought, and with her all problems were resolved. She neither needed nor desired anything else.

“I need no one but you, Leonie,” she said.

Leonie’s kiss was soft. “Where will you stay after today?”

“Would you mind? – “

“If you stayed here?”

“If you have no objection.”

“Diane, I was hoping you would.” She stared out of the window and the blush covered her face and spread to her neck. “But I would prefer it if you lived here with me.” She hesitated. “If you wanted to.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

”You are lovely.”

Embarrassed, Leonie retreated to the bed. “It may sound stupid but I feel safe with you. Secure. I don’t have to pretend anymore. I can be myself.”

"I know what you mean," she said softly. She liked being near Leonie and experienced a pleasure when she looked at Leonie's body. "Of course I want to live with you silly!"

The bare-chested runner had returned from his peregrinations and Diane watched him jump the style before she joined Leonie in bed.

"I have a spare room," Leonie said. She blushed, and then added, "what is mean is – your things."

"You don't have to explain," smiled Diane.

Into the room rushed Leonie's little boy. His hair was tossed and his pajamas askew. He stopped and stared at Diane.

"What are you doing in my mummy's bed?" he asked cheekily.

"I had a nightmare," Diane said immediately.

He pointed at himself. "Me too!" and he rushed into his mother's arms.

The little head disappeared for a while, but every few seconds would sneak a look at Diane and then bury himself again.

Diane laughed and began to tickle the boy who giggled and fell off the bed. The child, the morning and all its facets but particularly Leonie, reminded Diane of the happiness and ecstasy that were possible within human existence and she felt a sudden, overwhelming and unexpected desire to be alone.

"Do you mind if I go for a little walk?" she asked.

"Diane," replied Leonie obviously moved by the question, "you don't have to ask."

Hurriedly, though without shame, Diane dressed, careful not to let the revolver fall from her

pocket. It's steel brought a reminder of the blood of the night and she quickly slipped through Leonie's rear garden, down the steep slope that separated the house fence from the pasture and scrub toward the river.

No one came to disturb her peace and she wandered along the well-worn path by the river in the burgeoning warmth of the early sun. Unaccountably, she found herself recalling almost note for note the beauty of Tammasso Vitali's Chaconne in G Minor and for an instant of infinite time she had to stop as she experienced in one incredible moment the ecstasy and the sacred beauty of life.

The mystic vision made everything around her seem holy and possessed of a stupendous beauty. But most of all everything – from the grass, the bushes, sky and trees – was as it should be, a part of a whole. There existed in the surroundings – in the soil she trod as much as in the sun which had cracked it dry – something of the numinosity that she had felt in the convent years of youth when in church, the choir singing Allegri, she had smelled the vague incense that seemed to suffuse the stone and nun's stalls, had seen the beauty of the sun as if shafted the gloom of the church and felt the centuries heavy in reverence and adoration.

Now, as it almost had then, the moment overwhelmed so that she was forced to steady herself by a fence and cry. Cry from an ecstasy that was almost incomprehensible and which no words could explain.

She saw and felt as if it was her own pain, all the bitter sadness and waste just as she realized and felt the beauty inherent in the world. She understood the possibility of what she – of what everyone – could be. She had been blind, but could finally see. Before she had heard noises, but did not listen and she finally understood the passion and demonic obsession that drove composers like Beethoven. Music was a commitment, a means to discover and express life. It could be holy, and might express the divine. She saw as if for the first time the rich blue of the sky, the sumptuous green and browns of the trees, the miracle of life that was the mallard and the indescribable beauty of people gifted with the wonder of thought and which yet might make them divine.

The moment overwhelmed, then passed, etched upon her mind and she sat in the cow-torn, broken and dewy grass. Nothing, she felt, surpassed this insight and she wanted desperately as she had never wanted before, to find a means to preserve the moment, to capture it for herself and others. The thought stirred her and she realized in her joy and vitality the essence of her freedom: she was free and had only to grasp a possibility to make that possibility real.

The spiritual poverty and impoverishment of her own life became clear. She taught, a little, but so many contradictions had pulled her she was largely ineffective. There was conflict because others sought to keep their own image and desires alive. Lies, deceit, blackmail, the bitterness and the hate, all destroyed vitality and vision. Only in and because of Leonie had she experienced hitherto a glimpse of what lay beyond – but it had been a vague longing partially fulfilled. Yet it was all so simple she now understood. So absolutely simple that there was no problem which a time under sun could not solve.

Carefully, she resumed her walk trying through the slowness of her motion to retain the precious moment and its mystic glow. As she walked, music grew in her and she began to feel the need to compose, to capture through such a form part of the essence she had touched. The thought brought renewed joy and a sharp intimation of destiny so that she ran along the path laughing playfully at herself. Tonight, when her thoughts and feelings had settled, she would share with Leonie this moment of hers.

Like a Mistress of Earth, no cares assailed her. Each tree was a deity she blessed and over the slow water under a mottled sun, Diane the witch, cast her spell.

## IX

It was a different Diane who strode before the fateful hour of nine into a staff room quieted by news of Apthone. The failed rapist lay in a coma, balanced between life and death, and Diane smiled when the worried Fisher with the balding head and nervous jerks of a coot, told her.

“It’s awful, really, isn’t it?” the sociology master said, before scratching his overgrown ear.

Watts and Morgan entered together and Diane smiled oddly at them.

“Can I speak with you Morgan?” she asked. Watts touched her shoulder, lightly, and sauntered off.

“Diane,” began Morgan, “before you say anything – I am sorry.”

“Why? You’re only doing what comes naturally. How long has it been going on?”

Morgan looked pained. “Diane – “

“As far as I am concerned you can have him. And good luck. I hope you like bicycles.”

Despite her affected anger, Diane could not help noticing how beautiful Morgan looked. Her dress, gathered by a belt at the waist, was the perfect compliment to her figure, the halter neck showing sun-browned shoulders that seemed to highlight the green eyes and red hair, and for a few seconds Diane envied her husband. Fortunately perhaps, she disliked Morgan’s personality.

“Diane, it is all over believe me.”

“Only because I found out.” She smiled warmly, disconcerting Morgan who did not know how to react. “Really, I don’t care. You’re both consenting adults. I just hope he makes you happy.” She kissed Morgan lightly on the cheek and Morgan could only stare in amazement.

The gesture was only half kindly meant, for although the remembrance of her morning ecstasy was vivid with its visions, sufficient of Diane’s anger remain to confuse her motives and she was about to explain her behavior to Leonie who was sitting morosely and alone by the sun-filled window, when Thomas the headmaster accosted her.

“Diane!” he said, placing his hand on her arm, a habit, which had hitherto irritated her. “Bad news about Richard, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” She lied. Aphone was one person she never intended to forgive.

“Can I see you in my office for a few minutes before the bell?”

“Now?”

“If you have no objections, that is.”

Lost Leonie was watching so she said, “Yes, of course, Mr. Thomas, I won't be a moment.”

”No rush,” he muttered in his abstract way.

Leonie appeared close to tears. “Are you alright, darling?” Diane whispered, holding Leonie's hand between the two chairs so that others would not see.

“Richard – he ...Last night when – “

“I know.”

“And to think this morning I had been so happy.”

It was true, Diane knew, for at breakfast a youthful Leonie had laughed, played with her children and afterwards allowed Diane the pleasure of helping her dress.

“It must have been him – his accident – that we heard,” Leonie said morosely.

“Seems so.”

“So close and we did not know. We could have helped. I feel so responsible.”

“He was drunk.”

”Really?”

“So the Police said. Stupid of him to drive when you're like that.”

”But still – “

“It was his own fault, apparently.”

”I suppose so. But if only I'd been there. I feel dreadful.”

”The boss wants to see me.”

“I heard.” Suddenly Leonie’s face glowed. “Hey – it might be your promotion!”

Diane laughed and stood up. “I doubt it.” No one was near so she said, “I’ll bring a few things around this evening if you don’t mind.”

“That would be nice.”

Leonie’s face with its gentleness appeared to Diane to express an ineffable need for affection, and she had to turn hurriedly away because she wanted to hold Leonie in her arms, stroke her hair and tell her of her love. Each step she took toward the door seemed a physical effort, separating her from the one person whom she loved with a deep and passionate intensity. The aura which they had formed and shared during and since the late hours of night when in the warmth and dark they made love and talked of their hopes and desires and needs, was stretching, dividing, and only a conscious effort of will walked her body along the noisy, child-littered corridors to the office of the Headmaster.

The large room was uncluttered and too tidy. Books sat undusted and unused behind the cabinet glass and the large desk contained only a few writing materials and a telephone. On the wall, two well-made notice boards hung, neatly filled, and the steel gray of the filing cabinet complimented the bureaucratic gray of the chairs.

“Ah! Diane. Nice of you to come. I shan’t keep you long, believe me. Sit down! Sit down! Sit down!”

He rose in a gentlemanly way before settling his half-rimmed spectacles upon his nose.

“I have had a rather strange letter.” He held the write envelope for her to see.  
”Delivered by hand last night it was.”

“And it’s about me?”

“Yes. Not only that. Oh no – but enclosed was a photocopy of a private letter.” He handed her the copy. “You recognize it may I ask?”

It was a copy of her letter to Leonie, and its existence and possession by Thomas shocked her. “Yes,” she said in a whisper.

Thomas peered over his spectacles like a judge. “What you do is no concern of mine, you know. Nor, ideally of course, should it be of this establishment. As long as it does not interfere with or affect your teaching – as I am sure it never will.” He removed his spectacles, slowly and laid them on the desk. “I have a notion who sent this, and as far as I am concerned that is the end of the matter.”

Diane was astounded. Her understanding of Thomas had been totally and utterly incorrect. The man of staff room jokes and unkind remarks was a lie, a figment of the imagination. There he sat, in his worn tweed jacket whose buttons were loose, his graying hair catching a little of the little sun that edged to his window, his lean and wrinkled hands fumbling with his spectacles, there he sat – smiling slightly, exuding a kindness that Diane could feel and understood. For a brief moment, Emlyn Thomas worn by the battles of his school and nearing retirement, seemed to Diana to be only very weakly attached to life, to the world of school, village and earth. If she blew, he might drift away to another world.

“Mr. Thomas – I don’t know what to say.”

He gave her a clean and starched handkerchief to wipe her eyes.

“I thought a lot, last night,” he said stuffing the now damp white cloth into his trouser pocket, “about not telling you. But decided it was for the best. So you knew where I stood, so to speak. Neatly, he folded the anonymous letter, photocopy and envelope together. “I’ll burn this and we will say no more about it. Now – “

Diane was standing, as if on cue.

“ – Before you go I would just like to say this.” He smiled at her. “If you have problems, anytime, I am always here. You are too good a teacher to lose.”

Diane’s feeling of relief was strong and she had begun to walk toward him before stopping herself. She wanted to say he was a kind man, but she lacked the simple courage to directly express her feelings, and she was at the door before another intimation of his frailty assailed her.

She kissed his cheek. The gesture delighted him and he chuckled, “Perhaps I should get more such letters!” before she rushed from his room.

The knowledge that one more person knew her secret soon dismayed Diane, and as she walked along the corridors of the school to the room of her first lesson of the day, she felt oppressed. The room was on the ground floor, shadowed by the angled assembly hall from the morning sun. The blackboard still held her mathematical equations, her desk a few tatty books. Soon the desks would be occupied. The trauma of Aphone’s attack had been destroyed by her mystic ecstasy of the early morning, but the memory of the letter was fading in its reality and Diane sat at her desk, watching starlings pick worms from the playing field grass. No supra-personal love overwhelmed and she began to feel as if her vocation was drifting away – there would be suspicion and doubt, the keen sidelong look, the unspoken thought. Of course, she could deny it all – “I ought to say, Mr. Thomas, that I am not a lesbian....” But even the possibility of denial was repulsive to her. She was who she was, too self-willed to deny the accusations.

It was true, and she thought, briefly, of announcing to the world (well, at least the school staff) the truth of her nature. There were organizations, somewhere, she had heard, who would defend her rights. Yet her feelings and desires were deeply personal and she could not think of being labelled thus; somehow, it might debase her relationship with Leonie. No longer would she be Diane Dietz, the mathematics teacher – she would be Diane the lesbian, marked by the label which would colour what people said to her or thought of her. She knew it should not matter to others – but it would. The thought of Morgan – pretty red-haired Morgan – saying “and her a lesbian! Well, really, I always thought she was, well, a little odd!” was not a prospect at all pleasing and she would be forced to play a role. Worse, she was bound to lose her job. “I’m very sorry,” they would say, “but you must understand we have a duty to the children. Imagine what the parents of little girls would think – a lesbian teaching their child.”

“Miss,” a young voice beside her said.

“What?” she smiled at Rachael. “I’m sorry, I was day-dreaming.”

“Are you alright?” asked Rachael nervously.

“Fine. Just thinking.”

“Terrible about Mr. Apthone, isn’t it Miss?”

“I suppose so.” She tried to disguise her feelings.

“Miss?” Rachael shuffled her feet while smoothing her thin cotton dress. “Can I ask you something?”

“Yes, of course, Rachael.”

“My parents are giving a small party on Saturday and I was wondering, well, if you’d like to come. You could stay the night if you didn’t want to travel back late to Stretton.”

“Rachael – I ...”

Bryan chose the right moment to open the door, stare around like a lunatic and tumble twice across the room with the control and agility of a gymnast. As he took his bow, Diane said, “Your wealth of talent continues to surprise me, Bryan.”

The calculated stupidity and innocent vitality of her pupil preserved Diane’s objectivity as well as reinforced her dwindling love of teaching. Rachael was sulking because of the interruption and aware of the delicate situation, Diane smiled at her.

“Yes, I love to come, Rachael.”

“Oh,” said Rachael a little dismissively, “if you like.”

Dianne was not offended, for the classroom soon contained all of her sixth form set and, amid the dry heat of the cloudless summer’s day in the restful Shropshire town, she soon forgot the pressures of her past.

In a hospital, fifteen miles to the northwest, Apthone opened his eyes while monitors pulsed with life. Briefly, Diane shivered, but Bryan was pulling his funny faces, Rachael was smiling at her and a slight breeze caught her face.

“Miss?” asked Bryan seriously.

“Yes?”

“Why do cowboys ride their horses into town?”

Diane frowned.

“Because,” smirked Bryan, “they’re too heavy to carry!”

Diane’s laugh erased Apthone from her thoughts.

X

A cooling breeze flowed through Leonie’s sitting room while her children played in the garden. It was nearly six o’clock and Leonie was becoming increasingly morose.

“Diane,” she said as she blew smoke from her cigarette away, “I feel I ought to go and see him.”

Diane placed her pile of mathematics exercise books aside. “You don’t owe him anything.”

“But I am going to have his baby.”

“You don’t love him, do you?”

“No. But I feel responsible for him in a way.”

”You ought to forget him.”

“I can’t. He needs someone, now more than ever.”

“Are you surprised that he hasn’t got any friends? Look at the way he treated you.”

”He’s going to be paralyzed for life, the doctors said.”

”it was his own fault.”

”You can be heartless at times>”

“Leonie please don’t go.”

”Why are you so insistent? You’re not jealous are you?”

“No, of course not! It’s just that –“

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“I think I’ll go.”

”Don’t please.”

”I have to see him.”

”He’s not worth it.” Diane felt that Aphone was taunting her – exercising control over Leonie even from his hospital bed. Suddenly, she wished she had killed him.

“Will you come?” Leonie asked.

The thought horrified Diane. “Never!”

“Why do you dislike him so much?”

”It doesn’t matter.” She watched Leonie – soft, gentle Leonie – for some time before saying, “I wish you could just trust me. Accept I have a good reason why I don’t want you to see him.”

She sat down beside Leonie and held her hand. “Please, Leonie, don’t let him come between us.

“You are all that I have left.”

”I do care for you Diane.” She stroked her stomach. “But for my own peace of mind, I really must go.”

Tenderly, Diane said, “If you must, you must; I’ll stay here with the children.”

“Would you? Really? That would be kind.”

Leonie was happy and ran from the room to tell her children. She returned hastily, to shout, “Won’t be lone. Promise!” before the front door slammed and Diane was alone with her thoughts.

Leonie was shaking a little as the nurse led her to Apthone’s room. It was brighter and much cleaner than she had expected, a corridor away from the main ward in the new glass and concrete Shrewsbury hospital. A monitor blipped in rhythm with Apthone’s heart while a drip-fed some form of life into his arm. Near the solitary bed, a mechanical respirator stood ready.

Apthone lay on his back, unable to move, staring at the ceiling, his face puffy and bruised. A naso-gastric tube taped to his nose did little to offset the clinical nature of the room.

“How are you?” she asked.

Apthone gurgled. His voice was a thin reedy whine. “Tired.”

“You’ll be alright.” His physical helplessness appalled Leonie and she held his lifeless hand.

“Leonie,” he breathed with effort, “I love you.” He closed his eyes.

“He’s heavily sedated,” said the nurse in explanation.

“Richard –“

“It’s too late now,” she said.

“Richard,” Leonie whispered in his ear, “remember our child.”

His eyes opened and he tried to smile. “Yes.”

The nurse was gesturing at Leonie and said. “I’ve got to go now, but I’ll be back later.”

But Apthone was asleep and Leonie was crying as the nurse guided her to the corridor.

“Would you like some tea?” the kindly nurse asked.

An ambulance drove slowly away from the entrance while Leonie walked to her car trying to untangle the emotions which knotted her stomach and made her feel sick. People came, cars passed, a single-decker bus, bright red and flashing sun as its air-brakes panted in the heat, disgorged a few passengers under the cirrus flecked blue of the sky.

Leonie dreaded seeing Diane. Yet she wanted to rest her head on Diane’s shoulder, stroke her beautiful flaxen hair and talk quietly of her feelings and pain. The conflict made her dizzy, and she had to steady herself by the car.

Ignoring the stuffy heat, she sat still in the car for nearly half an hour, disgusted with herself. The years of conditioning were telling her, insistently, that she was a pervert. All the expectations of her parents, all the pressure of her role as a respected teacher, made her think her desire for Diane’s love was unhealthy. She began to worry about her children and to feel it would be wrong for them if she stayed with Diane. They would need a father, a stable and proper family – all the things her upbringing had conditioned her to believe were right and necessary. Shame touched her, and she wondered if her feelings for Diane were simply an excuse, nothing special and their affair a trivial episode that signified nothing except a very temporary need.

These thoughts relieved her, and she forced herself to think about Apthone, vaguely aware that

she might not, after all, be different from other women, some sort of freak. Apthone would need help, and the more she thought about his helplessness the more she began to feel that she might atone for her own weakness, inferiority and perversion by helping him. It was a noble sentiment, if wrongly conceived, for it did not occur to Leonie as it might have occurred to a woman who had not her confidence undermined for years by a neurotic and scheming husband and whose strict religious upbringing precluded self-expression, that she was neither inferior nor perverted. But her parents, her husband and the pressure of her role as wife and mother had done their work well, insidiously well, until she had almost become in herself what others expected her to be, a reflection of their image of her. There seemed to Leonie to nothing inside herself, nothing of her own, nothing lovable – her husband had often said as much – nothing that mattered in any way special. Even as a teacher, the one area she felt gifted, she had soon her prospects of promotion fade with the advancing years, confirming her self-loathing and doubt. Unbidden, a remembered phrase broke the passage of her thought: *‘Look up now, thou weak wretch, and see what thou art. Be loathe to think of aught but Himself..’*

The phrase brought recollection and a remembrance of the childhood dread of sin, the smell of churches and an image of Apthone, crippled. Leonie tried very hard, while the hot sun beat down dryly upon her car, to pretend her feelings for Diane were not real. Diane did not love her – she was just being kind. Diane could not love her because there was nothing to love and she had just fooled herself again, as she had done about her husband’s love. Morbidly, she believed she was in some sinister, occult way, responsible for Apthone’s plight – she had wanted to abort their child, and she was culpable, before God, she was culpable.

No cloud came to ease the burden of heat, and she sat, quite still, while around her cars passed and were parked, people talked or laughed. A memory of happier days at university, free from self-torment and expectation and love, was soon gone, and she began to cry, very quietly, needing Diane yet terrified that such need was shameful and perverse. Desperate, she pushed all her thoughts, longings and desires aside, determined to shut out the world completely, to lock herself away, to be safe inside again.

She drove away from the hospital slowly and stopped only when she reached the driveway of her house. Shrewsbury town had seemed cheerful, if sultry, caught in the burden of summer’s heat, and she wished it would rain, as if the rain would wash away her feelings of traumatic guilt. Instead of driving to her house, she stopped alongside the main road outside. No sign of Apthone’s accident was evident, but she wandered beside the pavement imagining the terror. She had been inside while a crippled Apthone shed his blood on the road – inside, enjoying the pleasures of her senses.

The contrast appalled her, bringing remorse for her own sensual desires and the desire to

somehow protect the child growing in her womb – to give it life, or at least a chance of life. Two young girls in flowery dresses came skipping along the pavement, oblivious to the tragedy, and Leonie smiled at them but they did not notice and continued on their way, small bundles of vitality whose innocence made Leonie want to cry.

Diane, her small suitcase beside her was in the garden when Leonie entered the house. Her children were watching the one-eyed god, unaware of her return and she sneaked like a broken thief into the garden. Below and beyond the boundary of fench, several young boys walked shirtless along the river path, strangely silent under the downing sun as insects swirled in profusion and a Redstart called.

Diane did not look up as Leonie approached. “Did you see him?” she asked.

“Yes.” Leonie sat on the springy grass, restraining her desire to stroke Diane’s smooth, tanned and beautifully lithe legs. If Diane touched her, she would be certain of her love.

The touch, and affirmation, she yearned for did not come and she clung in desperation to her guilt. “He said he loved me,” she sighed, softly, like snow sighs softly against glass. For an instant she felt cold, as cold as a winter blizzard wind.

When Diane did not speak, she said. “I really ought to go back and stay with him.”

“If that is what you want to do.”

”It’s what I feel I should do.”

“Why?”

“Diane, please. We’ve been through all this before.”

For an instant Diane regretted her insistence – but Aphone was so detestable and the thought of him using his self-induced helplessness to ensnare Leonie angered her as she had been angered by Leonie’s desire to see him. She felt it was a betrayal, and she was jealous. She thought of her revolver, but the idea of murder displeased her because she understood, through her love of Leonie, that Leonie was free to make her own choices. She could not force

Leonie's love. She wanted, with an almost satanic desire, to protect Leonie and the love they had shared; wanted, jealously, to share her with no one and she waited for some word or gesture from Leonie that would confirm their love. None came, and her desire nurtured the wish to tell Leonie about Aphone – but the assault was still too humiliating and degrading for her and its terrible memory broke the wish the way lightning breaks the air with sound.

“You must,” she said clearly, “do what you think is best.”

”What do you think I should do?” Leonie asked unexpectedly.

“Do you love him?” She watched the inner struggle evident on Leonie's face and was relieved when Leonie spoke.

“I don't know. Sometimes, yes. Other times – I don't know.”

“But you want to look after him?”

“Yes. But I want us – you and I to still be friends. “To... But I bear his child. I can't escape that. He will live again in his child.”

Leonie's faith, trust and innocence brought tears to Diane's eyes, but she hid them and when she spoke she was smiling. “I thought I'd spend the weekend at home. Get a few things sorted out.”

Leonie's voice was a whisper. “If you want to.”

“Well, if you are going to spend time visiting him, it would be best.”

“I suppose so.”

“Alex has offered to help me wind up a few things. Dispose of furniture: that sort of thing.”

“Oh.”

“I promised I’d see him tonight. He offered to move my husband’s belongings,” she said jovially, trying to make the lie convincing.

“Will you be alright by yourself tonight, Leonie?”

“Yes, Diane, of course.”

”I could stay – if you wished.”

“No, honestly. I’ll be fine. The children are more than enough!” she said mournfully at the bedroom window where, in the early morning, she and Diane had stood. “Will you come and see me tomorrow, in the morning?”

“I would like to, yes.” She held Leonie’s hand. Leonie’s grip was tight as if she did not want to let go but Diane stood up and the brief contact that brought a score of memories to Leonie was broken.

In the sky, a single cloud spread the sun in haze.

## XI

The Long Mynd, the growing bracken bright green against the drought worn heather, was cool as it stood in the Welsh breeze. A few cars lined the narrow pot-holed road that rose steeply up Burway Hill, meandered along the flattened top and then dropped precipitously beyond the Gliding Station to the scattered hamlets in the Onny valley. Shropshire west of the Long Mynd lived in a different time, for no main roads addled the small, steep hills; there was nothing special about it and after four thousand years of habitation the land wore its human mantle discreetly. Generations of families grew together and died, in small cottages, farms and even shacks. Few outsiders settled; fewer still bought holiday cottages and after two hundred years of industrialization and four decades of agri-business that had reduced Shropshire to just another English county, its settlements were mostly unchanged. Few small farms had been mangled to form the huge concerns often run from a city or a town; fewer hedges had been despoiled, and the native oak still grew wide and tall in the small fields, beside the twisty lanes

or in scattered clumps that overflowed the Welsh border. It was as if a little piece of old Shropshire had been saved by its poorness and lack of tourist charm. True, Land Rovers and cars passed along the lanes, but even these seemed unwilling concessions and the only speeding vehicles belong to tourist outlanders. They seldom stayed long.

To these rushing denizens from the many conurbations and towns to the east and south for whom change and speed were more often than not solutions to the problem of boredom, the whole area seemed desolate and unkempt: farm fences would be patched with old bedsteads, old barns with odd pieces of sack or fence, and rusty, antiquated farm machinery would lay beside or on rutted lanes. But the land had its pride, a very local and individual pride which few outlanders could understand since the area was suited only to rough grazing or patchy spreads of arable crops. Yet, along many a lane among the mamelons, hedges were laid with a care born of generations of skill.

The whole area abounded in dark legends and strange names. Squilver, Grigg, Crudhall, Sorrowful, Murmurers. To the north lay the boundary crags of the Stiperstones where comely witches, raven and red-haired, were wont to meet in more enlightened times to practice fertility rites and the pagan ecstasies of the Old Religion which many a local myth said still survived, darkly and sometimes in the young. On the Stiperstones – Hell Gutter and Devil's Chair where Wild Edric lost his way and beneath which he lies imprisoned with his beautiful wife to haunt the mists of night.

Diane parked her car on the road by the square of trees that marked the boundary of Pole Cottage. No cottage remained, and it might never have been. Only the trees and a few ruts remained in the soil to mark its glory around the turn of the century when trains of pack horses and droving sheep wore steadily and slowly at the Portway track, marked across the Mynd by Neolithic man. Even the trees, spindly and twisted by wind and which solely relieved the heathered, mossy plateau, were dying, their seedlings destroyed every year by the roaming sheep.

Diane followed a downward westerly path among the heather, passed several tumps, to stand and gaze at the land below. Around, Meadow pipits flitted while the wind moved her hair and still warm sun cast her broken shadow. Nearby, a curlew called.

The sound of the curlew saddened her, but it did not take long for the Long Mynd to work its magic. The land below, stretching to the Welsh border, intrigued her with its hill-valleys and sun-shrouded calm. She felt a desire to live here with such a view, among the moors where she could sense, and feel in a way that calmed, the fructifying goodness of Earth, the sometimes dangerous and illusive serenity and the companionship of wind. She would never be lonely,

and it was as if, in that moment and the others like it, all that she most needed or wanted from life existed on the Mynd. Often, as she walked, following in preference sheep tracks which few, if any, human feet had ever trod, in winter, autumn, spring or summer dawn, she had talked like a child to the land, naming every nuance of a valley or spirit of a stream. It was difficult, sometimes, for her to leave and when she did, after a long walk of many hours, she resented the scurrying world below. But, always, the numinosity vanished slowly and she had come to realize over many years that she needed people, and her life below, as much as she needed the long walks alone. But always, always, the lure of the Mynd drew her back.

She had thought many times of a cottage on the Mynd. But most of the land she loved could not be bought and the prospect of tourist trooping summerly displeased her, a little, with the passing of each year. At time, there existed within her no distinction between her as a person and the Mynd. She knew this must be an illusion, but the thought did not trouble her, as she did not care if others thought she was mad. It was a very private sharing which she doubted she could even share with a living soul as part of her wanted to share it – not because she cared what others thought, but because to talk about it to someone who could not or would not understand and who lacked the empathy she felt she herself possessed, would she know destroy some of the sacred quality. Her feeling would be cheapened.

Yet there were cottages, scattered along the edge of the Mynd as it dropped steeply to the valleys and plains below. She might buy one, someday. She understood it was paradoxical that teaching inspired her like the Mynd. Her teaching was bright, an innocent joy that brought a remembrance of childhood dreams, while her Mynd was earth-bound and dark, a woman, a sorceress, perhaps, she had seen in her dreams.

She removed her shoes and stockings and, as she had done many times, walked barefoot on the moor. She loved the feel of the earth, stone and turf warmed by sun – even the brittle scratchy heather. A young man with a bright orange rucksack bore heavily alone the road, but he did not see her and she was left to complete her widdershin circumambulation in defiance of all cars.

Hunger and the dying sun drew her to her car, and she sat in the twilight trying to think of Leonie. The earth, wind and sky, her Mynd, had given her a calm, receptive power that enhanced in an indefinable way her sexuality and she experienced a desire for Leonie. Here among the heather, under the darkening sky they might together find peace. It was an impossible fantasy – because of Apthone the deranged. But the sad reality made Diane aware that, for the first time in her adult life, she possessed no desire, however small, for men. They were a world away and would not be touched.

The air, her thoughts and walk in bare feet, but most powerfully her empathy with the Mynd, all combined to alter her and although she did not know it, she radiated a beautiful and bewitching aura that would have captivated any man and made her mistress over them all.

Her house felt empty even before she opened the door to its darkness. The stain of Apthone's blood had faded and on the pine kitchen table she found her husband's note.

"I'm sorry," it read, "but we both knew our marriage never worked. Have gone to stay with Morgan. You see, we're in love."

He had not signed it and she took it to her bedroom. "It was kind of you to write," she wrote sincerely, "I wish you happiness and hope you achieve all you are meant to. Thank you for giving me some of the best times of my life. I will never forget how happy I have been and hope we can still be friends. Diane."

Her kindness came easily, since she had ceased to struggle, possessed no desire for men, and still felt the power of the Mynd and the memory of her morning ecstasy. She felt sad at losing part of her life, but it was deeper inner sadness that, in a strange way, calmed her – like a slow movement from the Vivaldi concerto. Somehow, the demise of her marriage seemed to compliment her new feelings and she felt free from the often-insidious pressures that a relationship with a man – any man – involved. However kindly they talked, however interested they seemed in her as a person, there existed the tension of their sexual desire and, often, a wish to dominate. She had scorned this at University and school not only because she instinctively distrusted men. The shallow personalities of her men friends had not attracted her, and she buried herself in her work. She had been courted, often, for her sylph-like beauty and intellectual mind seemed to attract, but she disliked the male façade of pretence, their insensitivity, and it was only a year before her marriage that she set out with a single-minded determination to seduce a man.

It had not been as exciting as she had anticipated and it, and her one brief subsequent encounter, did little to assuage her intimate feeling toward women. But, insidiously, there seemed to grow within her a desire for children. Little that she did or thought seemed to lessen it and the guilt she felt about herself, and when on one winter's morning with a sprinkling of snow she had passed in her car an athletic young man clad in short sleeve jumper and shorts, a hitherto unknown desire possessed her. He was changing his punctured tubular tire and smiled as she passed, warm within her car, his well-muscled legs almost obscene, and his face and whole body suffused with health. For several days afterwards she thought of his eyes, and passed the same spot at the same time. He was always around, pedalling easily and fast along the snowy road joining her lodging and school. A week later she passed him, fully in thinly

dressed, on a street in Stretton, and their friendship had been born.

But it was all over and in the sad serenity of her loneliness she prepared herself a meal. Leonie, she felt, would be thinking about Apthone the half-dead, and tomorrow at Rachael's party, she, as befitted a natural Mistress of Earth, would wear black. Her sympathetic witchcraft might even work.

## XII

Rachael stood in the bright light by her parents piano, laughing at Bryan's joke while, around her, her parent's guests gabbled or drank or smoked to mute a mostly-unintelligible background of Mozart. Rachael's use of cosmetics had been light, the result perfectly suited to her gentle features, but it was the manner of her dress that attracted Diane as a scruffy Fisher tried to engage her, on her arrival, in conversation and she tried to forget Leonie's telephone call. "He has asked me to marry him," the distant Leonie had said.

"Really, Diane," Fisher was saying, "even your subject can be taught in a more, shall we say, relevant way." He moved his mouth like a fish and his few strands of spiky hair swayed.

"What?" said Diane. Rachael had clothed herself in a black dress that exposed an ample amount of her large breasts and she wore a necklace of real amber. Her shoes and stockings were black to match her hair.

"Mathematics," droned Fisher, "can be taught –"

"Excuse me!" she said, pushing him aside.

"Hello Miss."

"I see we chose the same colour."

"Yes."

“It might suggest something. Your necklace is beautiful.”

”It was my Grandmother’s. An hereditary gift.”

“It suits your green eyes.”

Rachael smiled, and Bryan the astute, left them.

Diane touched the piano, gently. “Will you play?”

“I couldn’t.”

“For me?”

“I – “

“I will turn the pages of your music.”

Rachael smiled and from the pile in the piano-seat selected a large bound book. She smiled, nervously, but Diane lightly touched her shoulder and she began to play the Arietta for Beethoven’s Opus 111. Across the room, scattered with the guests, Bryan turned the Mozart off.

Soon, only the Beethoven could be heard, and had Diane been alone she would have cried. The music, the beautiful Rachael, her concentration, even the movement of her fingers, enthralled, bringing both memory and desire and purging her of the past. Aphone, the blood, Leonie, her walk by the river. But, beyond all, it was Rachael who captivated her. Rachael’s perfume and music had bewitched.

Then, too soon, the perfect music was over. For ten seconds, silence.

“I did not know you could play like that!” said Rachael’s astonished mother.

Rachael smiled at Diane before saying, “neither did I!”

It was Bryan who began the applause, and Rachael’s mother who ended it by saying, “Really, it seems we have had a musical genius in our midst all this time!”

“Yes, Rosalind,” grinned Fisher as he leered at her, “it certainly does.”

Rosalind smiled endearingly at him, pleased with his attention, before ushering her guests into dinner. The dining room was about half the size of Diane’s bungalow, the large oak table was formally spread and Diane began to regret her acceptance. She would have to make polite, boring and feminine conversation. Only Rachael’s presence would redeem the ordeal. Bryan, the only other pupil, had been seated next to Rachael and was about to offer Diane his seat when Rachael’s mother intervened.

“There Bryan,” she said, patting his arm, a gesture he clearly disliked, “you sit next to our talented Rachael. I am sure you will have a lot to talk about, won’t you?”

Bryan shrugged and sat down. Diane was seated between a benign old gentleman with white hair and a nervous man in an ill-fitting suit with a face of a starveling owl.

“Mr. Karlowicz,” said Rosalind helpfully as she patted him on the arm, “is a painter.”

”You the teacher?” asked the old man beside Diane.

“Yes.”

“Oh,” he replied puzzled. “I thought you were the teacher.”

”What do you paint?” she asked Karlowicz.

“Canvas!” he chuckled, the resumed his nervous frown.

“Do start!” chided Rosalind.

Rachael was leaning forward over her melon and Karlowicz stared at her. But Rachael's smile was for Diane, and she ate her melon slowly while Karlowicz sweated in the heat.

"If you are not the teacher," the old man asked Diane, "are you the painter chap?"

"No, I'm the lesbian," she almost said, but manfully resisted. Instead, she said, "actually, I am the teacher."

"Funny, you don't look like the painter."

The agony was relieved only by Rachael, and she smiled at her across the table before immersing herself in the delicate task of social eating. The thought of Leonie, sitting beside the cripple Apthone's bed angered, momentarily, and she remembered Leonie's nervous voice over the telephone. "Diane – he, that is Richard, asked me to marry him." A silence without circuits crackled. "And will you?" she had asked. "I really don't know... but I have to consider the baby." And the guilt, Diane knew, always the guilt and insecurity oppressing. Apthone was poisoning Leonie: but there was not even a momentary desire in Diane, as there had been yesterday, to kill him and free Leonie. Her lover had chosen and in the sadness Diane remembered some lines of Sappho:

Because you love me

Stand with me face to face  
And unveil the softness in your eyes...

Diane sat in silence for the rest of the meal while Fisher monopolized the conversation with a lecture on the relevance and significance of sociology. She smiled kindly at him, once, but he was too engrossed in the torrent of his own words to notice while everyone except Rachael, Bryan and herself (and the old man, who had fallen asleep) nodded sagely their assent. Toward the end of the interminable meal she could see Bryan fighting a desperate battle with himself and was a little disappointed when he did not leap up and cartwheel over the table as part of him so obviously wanted.

"You see!" said Fisher, his eyes glazed while Rachael's mother served coffee, "the community of similar interests which underlies this restricted code obviates the requirement for subjective intent to be verbally elaborated and made fundamentally explicit."

Fisher smiled. “It’s quite simple, Bryan. The codes determine the area of discretion – “

Diane could restrain herself no more. She stood up. “If you’ll excuse Rachael and me. She has promised to play a little more music.”

“Yes,” agreed Rosalind, “that would be very nice. We could listen in here.”

Rachael did not disappoint and followed Diane out.

“You don’t have to play,” Diane said as Rachael sat at the piano. “It was just an excuse.”

“I know. But I’d like to play, Diane.” She breathed the name softly and Diane was aware of the intimacy.

Scorning the Beethoven, Rachael played from memory part of Scriabin’s Ninth Sonata. Half of her youthful face was shadowed, and as she bent over the piano, her eyes closed, her fingers seemingly possessed of a life all their own, she seemed to Diane to embodiment of enchantment and it occurred to her, very slowly, that she was seducing Rachael. As the last notes faded, undampened by the pedal, Rachael’s mother shouted from the dining room.

“That is awful! Play something better.”

Angry, Rachael played a few bars of a nursery rhyme before slamming the lid in disgust. The tempestuousness, the vitality and Rachael’s youthful health, vibrated a memory in Diane and she was torn between a desire to become close with Rachael and her faithfulness toward the insecure Leonie. For an instant, an incredible instant, it seemed to her as if Rachael was the wildness of the Mynd come alive.

“Is Mr. Apthone any better?” Rachael asked, intruding upon her thought.

“Not really.”

”I never liked him,” Rachael said directly. “He gave me the creeps.”

The juxtaposition of Rachael's mature sensibilities with the speaking of uncritical youthful thought confused Diane momentarily because she had forgotten Rachael was her pupil. Rachael herself was embarrassed by the change and bit her lip.

“Shall I play some more for you?”

They were clearly forgotten, for laughter drifted from the dining room, following the cigar smoke and the aroma of ground coffee.

“Yes, Rachael, I would love you to. You never said you were so talented.”

“I only play when I am inspired.” She laid the book out at the beginning of Opus 111. “You inspire me,” she said and immediately began to play.

Her playing and Rachael herself were magickal. She was possessed, hardly seemed human and Diane found it difficult to believe her age because her playing was so full of mature emotion. Rachael did not need the music and Diane stood beside her, fearing to breath, and when it was over she was crying, softly. Never before in her life had she been so moved by a piece of music: she had attended better performances, perhaps, listened to greater music, but never had it been so personal. Never had she been involved as she was when Rachael played. It was not Beethoven – it was Rachael and she, a joining of mutual souls. The music joined them together in an indefinable numinous way.

“Why,” Diane said, trying to hold the moment through silence as she touched Rachael's shoulder, “are you studying maths?”

“I'm not that good,” replied Rachael softly.

“Oh but Rachael, you are!”

Rachael shrugged. “I don't know. I feel different tonight. It was like I didn't have to try. I can't explain really. Once I'd begun, everything happened naturally. I've never felt like that before.” She stared at the floor. “I've never been able to play the whole Sonata before – but I wanted to play well – for you.”

“You could become a professional pianist.”

“Would you be proud of me if I was?”

The question hit Diane like a slap in the face. Carefully, she said, “you are lovely as you are!”

Rachael’s reply was never uttered as the guests, led by Rachael’s mother entered the room.

“Mr. Karlowicz,” announced Rosalind, gripping Karlowicz’s arm, has agree to paint Rachael’s portrait, haven’t you?

The painter smiled awkwardly and nodded while Fisher grinned and said, “In the nude, eh?”

”I do not know,” replied Karlowicz. “I cannot say.”

“Until you have seen the goods, eh?” laughed Fisher while Rachael’s mother smiled.

“Have you ever thought,” Diane asked Rachael’s mother in a loud voice, “that Rachael might be a pianist?”

“Heavens no!” She wants to be a mathematician, like my father. He was a Professor, you know.”

“No, I didn’t.” Bryan had rescued Rachael from the clutches of Karlowicz and Fisher and in a gentle voice Diane added, “she has a talent for the piano. A great gift. She could obtain a scholarship easily. It would be a pity to waste such talent.”

“Nonsense! She is more gifted at mathematics. Like my father was.”

Diane remained silent while Rachael’s mother smiled gracefully and left to attend to her guests. Fisher was moving toward Diane, but she brushed past him. After the shared passion of Beethoven everything and everyone except Rachael seemed bland.

“Rachael,” she said while Bryan winked at her and left to talk with Fisher. “I’m afraid I’d like to go.”

Rachael’s face crumpled and she looked as if she might cry, but Diane said “it’s all right. Your piano playing has made everything – “

Rachael smiled. “Nowhere, Geliebte, can world exist but within. Life passes in transformation.”

Unnecessarily, she added, “I do understand, Diane.”

“We must meet for a talk sometime.”

“I would like that very much. Can it be soon?”

“I hope so.” She moved to hold Rachael’s hand but stopped herself. She felt responsible – for Rachael was barely seventeen and her pupil. She could pretend she did not care and become formal, delineating through her authority as Rachael’s teacher, their respective roles and had she not stood and listened and shared with Rachael the Beethoven and had she not felt instinctively that her own feelings were reciprocated, she might have done so. She had no experience to guide her and felt confused.

“Can you convey my apologies to your parents?” was all she said.

“Yes – they won’t mind. Probably won’t even notice you’re gone.”

“I’ll telephone you tomorrow,” Diane said without thinking.

Rachael blushed. “I’ll look forward to that.”

They stared at each other, both unsure what to do. It was Diane who said, “Well, goodbye.” Without looking back she walked out into the hazy sunlight of middle evening.

The drive along the deserted Greenock to Stretton road brought some calm to Diane and she was able to forget, for a while, Rachael and her music. It was a beautiful evening, humid with a slight breeze and it did not seem to matter that the haze was caused by industrial pollution in Europe being carried in the lofty winds of the high-pressure area. Twice a day, five times a week during term, for nearly six years, she had been along the road and knew every grassy bank, the shape of every hedge through every season, even the position of each pothole. The road wound its undulating way, straddling the coppiced, oak-filled ridge that rose above the cultivated plain to the north-east of the Stretton fault, before dropping into the scattered farmsteads and villages of Ape Dale, and turning west over the Stretton hills and down into the valley, a funnel for trunk road traffic.

Everything here changed slowly. No new houses had been built during her time of tenure and over the years the villages through which she passed remained the same: the squat cottages with their small gardens of rose and bright flowers; the farms, often with the pungent smell of manure. She felt part of the land, secure because of her familiarity. Two-thirds of the distance out from Greenock lay a garage, skirting the few houses and bungalows of the village of Wall through which the road turned sharply west. The garage, well-worn and fraying brick, had been closed twice, re-sold often and now its small grimy windows showed the familiar sign: ‘Under New Management.’

Diane slowed, but a large ‘Closed’ sign was battened to the patched door and she drove on while Beethoven played in her head. Stretton was quiet. Only a few cars were parked beside the Limes of the main wide street of Victorian shop facades. The cinema has long ago been replaced by a red-brick supermarket and the cottages which had once graced the top corner of the street down which the water flooded after storm, had been removed, replaced by Banks as the railway brought prosperity and popularity to the town.

The High Street, leading south past the mock columned Banks, was a jumble of periods from half-timbered Georgian through mock wattle and daub to a handful of Victorian facades, and the breeze stirred the pavement litter. It had been a good day, for tourists.

The narrow road widened past new housing estates clawed out from farming land, past the disused and quaintly small gas-works to the beginning of World’s End and the foot of Ashlet Hill where Diane’s bungalow lay, shaded from all evening sun. She sat in her car in the driveway for several minutes, thinking about Rachael and Leonie until someone rapped on the roof.

It was Watts. "I've been waiting for you."

"Lucky for you I was early then. I suppose you'd better come in."

The sitting room smelled, vaguely, and she opened all the windows wide.

"Well?" she asked while Watts leaned against the frame of the door.

"Have you seen Leonie?"

"No."

"They are getting married."

She betrayed to surprise. "I thought they might."

"You know why?"

"I've got a good idea."

"She feels guilty as well, I presume."

"It's typical of Apthone."

"You don't mind?"

"She had her own life to lead."

"And Apthone?"

“I try not to think about him.” She shivered involuntarily. “Would you like some coffee?”

“Yes.” He did not stand aside and she had to brush past him on her way to the kitchen.

“Please don’t.” She moved away.

“But Diane – “

“I’m sorry. I’ve gone off men since – “

“What?”

“Nothing. It doesn’t matter.”

Watts held her by the shoulder, but she did not look at his face. “Diane, I love you.”

”Don’t say that!” She wriggled free.

“Why not? It’s true!” She stood with her back to him and he said, “What’s wrong? What has Apthone done now?”

“What make you think it has anything to do with him?”

“Instinct,” said Watts sharply.

She turned around suddenly. “Look Alex, I’m very fond of you but at the moment I don’t want any sort of relationship. With anyone.”

He smiled, lopsidedly. “We’d all be better off with Apthone dead.”

“He’s crucified himself.”

“And now he’s crucifying Leonie. And you.” He watched her very carefully. “You’ve gone off Leonie, haven’t you?” When she did not answer he said, “Because she is still bound to Apthone, isn’t it? She prefers Apthone to you.”

“You don’t know what you are talking about!”

He smiled. “I think I do.”

“I’m very tired,” she said coldly. “I’m sorry but would you mind if we forgot about the coffee?”

“You want me to go?”

“Yes.”

“I guess I can wait a little longer,” he shrugged then squinted at her. “Did Apthone come here the other night after I left?”

“What makes you say that?”

“Nothing. Just a guess. Well, I suppose I’d better be going then.”

“If you wouldn’t mind.”

She walked with him to the door. “All problems can be solved,” he said mordantly. He moved to kiss her but she stepped back and shut the door before he could speak.

She was tired and sat in her sitting room while a refreshing breeze caught her face and ruffled, slightly, her hair. Among her records she found a performance of Beethoven’s Opus 111 but it was Rachael’s music and she could not listen to someone else playing it.

Instead, she contented herself with watching a television program. The play seemed realistic

with the characters screaming at each other in broad Glaswegian and she watched it to its conclusion before switching the set off. The real world was in her head, full of conflicting dreams and desires, and after she had carefully closed all windows and locked and bolted the doors, she undressed for bed.

Sleep did not come easily and in the humid darkness she was restless for many hours before the pleasant relief of sleeping dreams overcame her troubled mind and allowed her naked, sweaty body to relax. The dreamed she was by the sea under a beautiful blue sky but the sea was full of rubbish and untreated sewage. Rachael was walking nearby, laughing and smiling while she talked to several young men. She walked toward her and, as a stranger invited the beautiful girl for a drink. Access to the bar of the hotel was through a small door through which they had to crawl and she had ordered drinks for them both while Watts the bartender sneered. She felt guilty and tried to escape through the door, but the opening was now only a small hole and she could not squeeze through. Instead, she returned to Rachael secretly pleased that she could not escape.

She was awoken in the early morning hours of darkness by the ringing of the doorbell. A brief terror suffused her, but she calmly dressed, gathered her revolver from the drawer and walked purposefully into the stinging brightness of the hall.

It was Rachael, leaning on her cycle and Diane hid the revolver behind her back.

“I had an argument with my mother,” she said.

“And you’ve cycled all the way here?”

”Yes.”

“You’d better come in.”

Rachael wheeled her bicycle into the hall while Diane hid the gun in a pocket of a coat by the door. In the sitting room, they sat together on the sofa.

“What was the argument about?”

“Nothing.”

“It was about me wasn’t it?”

“Yes.” She stared glumly at the carpet. “She said I was too old to have crushes on women teachers.”

“I see.”

“She doesn’t understand.” Nervously, she bit a nail. “I’m not wrong, am I?”

Looking at Rachael’s face, Diane could not lie. “No, Rachael, you are not wrong.”

“What shall we do?”

“I don’t know. I am in a very difficult position.”

“Because you are my teacher?”

“I’m afraid so.”

”I wouldn’t want to do anything to harm you.”

“I know. Are you sure – “

“That it is not just a crush? Oh yes, I’m sure.”

“Do your parents know you are here?”

“No.”

“Hadn’t we better tell them? They will be worried.”

”I’m over sixteen. Anyway, they don’t care about me – only about themselves.”

“Shall we telephone them?”

“I’d rather you didn’t. I left a note. They’ll find it in the morning. It was really awful after you left.” She looked around.

“Is your husband here?”

“No.”

“Oh. I presumed – “

“Actually, we’re getting divorced.”

”Really?”

“Yes.”

“Can I stay with you – for a while?”

“It might not be wise.”

”But no one will know – about us, I mean.”

”There is nothing for anyone to know.”

“But the could be, couldn’t there, Diane?”

“You might be mistaken about yourself.”

Rachael smiled. “I don’t think so. Not after tonight. When I played the Beethoven for you, I knew. I have felt like this for you for a long time, but never dared say anything.”

“If the weather is fine tomorrow, shall we have a picnic on the Long Mynd?”

“That would be marvellous!”

“Now you must get some sleep. I’ll show you to the spare room.” She smiled. “I don’t suppose you brought any clothes?”

”No.”

”Don’t worry. You can borrow one of my nightdresses. It might just fit!”

“It doesn’t matter really. It’s too hot anyway.”

Diane showed her to the small room, somewhat cluttered with space bicycle wheels and punctured tubular tires.

“Diane, it’s very kind of you.”

Embarrassed, she said, “Sleep well.”

”And you.”

Her own bed felt damp with the sweat that the sultry night had drawn and she lay naked on the sheet in the airless room. She heard the church clock strike the half-hour and she counted the three tolls. The bedroom door opened, showing a chink or light from the hall and she lay motionless while Rachael sneaked into her bed.

“I couldn’t sleep,” the girl said as she lay beside Diane covering herself with part of the duvet. For several minutes they both lay still, without speaking, until almost at the same time they moved toward each other. They embraced, strongly, naked body to naked body, before relaxing in each other’s arms, and it was like that that they fell asleep to dream in the humid heat of the night.

Diane's awakening was gentle and she opened her eyes in response to Rachael's hand to find Rachael dressed and holding a tray.

"I thought you'd like some breakfast."

"What time is it?" she asked grogged.

"Half past ten."

"Really? I have overslept!"

Holding the duvet to cover her breasts, she sat up and took the tray. "What's the weather like?"

"Beautiful!" Rachael opened the curtains and window. "I didn't know how you liked your eggs, so I guessed. Hope they are all right. There's more coffee if you want it."

"Do you know, this is the first time that I have ever had breakfast in bed?"

"You deserve it! I'll finish cleaning the sitting room."

Before Diane could respond, Rachael left. Soon, she heard a vacuum cleaner being used and she had finished her breakfast and set the tray aside before Rachael had returned.

"Shall we take sandwiches?" an exuberant Rachael asked.

"Sorry?"

"For the Long Mynd. You know, the picnic."

"I hadn't really thought about it. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes. But I always get up around six."

“Good heavens! Why?”

“I run.” Shyly, she added, “not far, only a couple of miles.”

”Rather you than me.”

“Your ought to try it.”

”No thanks, I’m happy being as I am – fat and flabby.”

Rachael laughed, gathered the tray and said, “I’ll see to this while you get dressed.”

Rachael was not an intrusion into her privacy, and Diane found it natural that she should be around. A little diffidence remained, but it was if they had been friends for years. She emerged dressed to find the whole house, with the exception of her bedroom, tidied and cleaned.

“Well,” explained Rachael a little embarrassed, “I woke up at six out of habit and had to do something.”

“Do you want to telephone your parents?”

“Not really.”

”It would be best.”

”Well, if you think so.”

”You could say you were staying here for a few days – that is, if you want to.”

Rachael was ecstatic. “Can I telephone them now, then?”

“Yes, of course”

She returned dejected. “My mother wasn’t too happy. She wants me to go home.”

“And do you want to?”

”Not any more.”

”Shall we go for a walk?”

”I suppose so.”

”Rachael,” Diane said softly. “I don’t mean to interfere. You are an adult – you can make your own decisions. You are free to do what you want. Nobody owns you – not any more anyway. If you wanted to leave school for that matter, no one could prevent you. But if you want to stay, do so for the right reasons, not because you are being emotionally blackmailed.”

“By my mother you mean?”

“Maybe. I don’t know, and it’s not really for me to say. You must make your own decisions.”

“I don’t want to go back home. There’s nothing for me there.

“Except a grand piano!”

Rachael laughed, “except the piano!”

Together they walked from the bungalow in the warm air of mid-Sunday morning along the road to the Little Stretton and wooded track to Ashes Hollow, a stream filled batch between the steeply rising hills of Grindle Hills and Yearlet. The summer’s morning was alive with promise and the early mist had been dispersed by the sun, leaving dewy grass. The water in the stream was low, and Rachael removed her shoes to walk barefoot. No one came along the isolated valley to disturb them.

“Cor!” Rachael shouted, “this water’s cold!”

Under the blue sky with a wind to cool the rising heat of the sun surrounded by the nature-filled peace of the valley, it was not long before Diane had removed her own shoes and began walking tentatively among the stines and boulders of the stream.

It was the splash of water that Rachael threw over her that freed her and, like two friends of the same age, they played in and with the water, chasing each other in turn, until they were both exhausted and soaked. On the grassy bank they stretched themselves to dry.

“Do you want to do mathematics at University?” Diane asked.

There was a long pause, while Rachael ran her hand through the short, sheep-cropped grass and a Dipper bobbed around the stream. “Not particularly. I don’t know what I want to do.”

“You could make a career as a pianist.”

Rachael laughed, but it was not a dismissive laugh. “I don’t know as if I want to, though.”

”You have ample time to decide.”

”Probably. Now I’m leaving home.”

”What would you like to do this afternoon?”

“I could stay here all day.”

”If I stay here much longer I will fall asleep.”

Rachael sat up. “I suppose we’d better go and change.”

”Hmmm.” Diane closed her eyes and Rachael crept to the stream to fill her shoe with water. Slowly, she poured it over Diane’s head. Diane shrieked, and chased Rachael along the path. A middle-aged man with a wizened face stood by the footbridge at the end of the path where it grew rocks, staring with a puzzled look at the two women. They saw him and stopped their chasing and playful yells.

“Good morning!” said Rachael loudly as they passed him.

He looked at them both quizzically, snorted and strode purposefully down the path while Rachael and Diane laughed.

“Race you home.” Rachael said.

“It wouldn’t be a race! Perhaps if you gave me fifteen minutes start!”

“You’d be home by then.”

“Exactly!”

Barefooted they followed the track to the road and the warm pavement to Diane’s home. In front of the driveway stood a car.

“Oh dear,” said Rachael, nodding her head toward it, “trouble!”

“Your parents?”

”My mother.”

“Rachael!” shouted her mother as they drew near, “what have you been doing?”

”Just a walk mother.”

Her mother was speedily out of the car. “Just look at you! And Miss Dietz, I’m surprised at you!”

“Would you like to come in for some coffee?” Diane asked with a smile.

“No thank you. I came to fetch Rachael. And by the looks of things I arrived just in time.”

”Oh mother, don’t fuss!”

“Are you sure you won’t come in?” Diane asked.

“Rachael,” shouted her mother, “put your shoes on and come with me!”

Rachael held her head to one side. “No.”

Her mother looked for a moment. “What did you say?”

“I said no. I’m staying here with Diane.”

”I see! So it’s Diane now, is it? Just wait until your father hears of this!”

“I’m staying with Diane. I’m leaving home.”

”That is impossible!”

“No, it is not. I’m over sixteen.”

”You are just a child!”

Rachael turned away as her mother held her arm. “Rachael, you are coming home with me this instant!”

“No I’m not.”

”How dare you speak to me like that! Do you forget who I am, who you are?”

But Rachael shook herself free from her mother and turned toward Diane. “I can see you have had a hand in all this Miss Dietz.”

”Its Mrs. Dietz, actually,” corrected Rachael.

“I see!” shouted her mother embarrassed and angry. “Well, Mrs. Dietz, I am holding you responsible for all this. Dividing our family. Rachael are you coming?”

”No! I’m not!”

“Well Miss Dietz, just wait until Mr. Thomas hears of your interference. A fine teacher you are telling a young girl to disobey her parents!”

“Mother, that’s not fair! It was my own decision.”

”I would not at all be surprised, Miss Dietz, if you weren’t forced to resign over this. Encouraging young girls in their lewd and sordid fantasies indeed! You should be ashamed of yourself, corrupting a young innocent girl. You are not fit to be a teacher! “

Diane smile only served to make her more angry. She got into her car a slammed the door.

“Rachael! For the last time are you coming home?”

”No.”

”Just wait, Miss Dietz! I am not without influence with the School Governors, you know!”

Then: “You .....!” She was too angry to speak, and drove away.

“I’m very sorry,” Rachael said when she and Diane were safely in the house.

“Don’t worry,” smiled Diane. “It will be all right, I’m sure. Come on, we’ll get changed.”

”But she said you’d get the sack.”

”I’d resign first.”

“But you can’t. You haven’t done anything!”

“That’s not what other people will think.”

”I don’t really care what they think. You can’t resign. I won’t let you. I’d go back home first.”

”It probably won’t come to anything. Just a little storm in a big teacup.”

”You don’t know my mother! She won’t give up. It’s not fair!”

“Would you like a shower or a bath?”

“If I wasn’t your pupil there is nothing anyone could do, it there?”

“But you are and there is.”

”But if I left school...”

“But you can’t.”

”Why not? You yourself said I could. Anyway, I can and I’m going to!”

“But Rachael – “

“I’ll get a scholarship to the Royal College of Music!”

“I couldn’t let you do that.”

“Unless I wanted to.”

”Rachael – “

Very quietly, Rachael said, “I don’t want to leave you. You must realize I love you.”

The Beethoven, the playfulness by the stream, Rachael’s mother, Rachael’s offer and her pleasing words, were too much for Diane and she turned away.

“I – “ began Rachael. “I’m sorry if I’ve – if I have offended you. I thought – “

Diane did not look at her. “You haven’t.”

Rachael’s voice was tearful. “I assumed we –“ nervously she smiled. “Perhaps I ought to go home.”

The battle was hopelessly lost, for Diane could not bear to inflict upon Rachael more agony. She turned to see Rachael’s face contorted between anticipation and terror of rejection, and her embrace of Rachael relieved her of suppressed emotion as much as it made Rachael happy.

For several minutes they stood in each other’s arms, swaying slightly while sun leaked to them from the window in the hall.

“I don’t want you to go: I don’t want you to go.” Diane said. Then: “I really think we should get changed.”

They parted, but held hands. “What shall I wear?” Rachael asked, looking at her sodden dress.

“I have a few clothes which might fit. You’re a bit larger than me, though.”

Rachael looked down at her breasts and giggled. “I meant what I said you know. About leaving school.”

”It probably won’t be necessary.”

”But if it is – I will do it.”

“You don’t have to.”

“Yes I do. I want to. Because I want to stay with you, Diane. Always.”

Diane held Rachael’s hand tighter. She felt a great love inside her and the sadness of losing Leonie had been immeasurable reduced. But she was afraid.

“You can stay here as long as you wish,” she said, “whatever happens.”

Several strands of Rachael’s dark hair were stuck by sweat to her forehead and Diane brushed them tenderly aside before Rachael kissed her fingers.

“I shall buy you a piano!” she said, blushing and embarrassed.

“And I shall play for you in the evening when we are alone.”

”When will you collect your belongings?”

Rachael shrugged. “Today, tomorrow, I don’t care.”

”Fine. Now will you change your clothes?” she said jovially.

“I’m just going, Miss” replied Rachael sarcastically. “Please don’t beat me!” She laughed and

ran into the bathroom.

She was sitting among the perfumed foam when Diane entered bearing clothes.

“Diane,” she began with an enchanting smile that belied her age. “Will you bath me?”

Diane was trembling, but she laid the clothes aside long enough to kneel beside the bath and kiss Rachael lightly on the cheek. On the roof of the house, several jackdaws fought.

#### XIV

The invitation, or rather command, had not been long in coming upon Diane’s arrival at school, and she sat in Thomas’s office while he studied some notes on his desk. Outside children played beneath a branding sun.

“Now, Diane,” he smiled, neatly folding his spectacles before wiping his brow of sweat. “Mrs. Paulding, as you may know, has, er, been in contact with me regarding her daughter, Rachael.”

”I thought she might.”

”It seems, from what she had told me, that Rachael is staying with you against her parent’s wishes. Is that so?”

”Yes.”

”Diane – I will be honest with you. I am in a difficult, not to mention delicate situation, as I am sure you appreciate. On one side, there is Mrs. Paulding; on the other, you. Mrs. Paulding has, shall we say, made some serious allegations.”

”About me and Rachael, I presume.”

”I’m afraid so. And since Rachael is a pupil – “

”She isn’t.”

”Pardon?”

”She isn’t a pupil anymore. She had decided to leave school.”

”Do her parents know of this?”

”She telephoned them this morning.”

”I see.” He fumbled with some notes on his desk. “Is that Rachael’s own decision?”

”Yes. Nothing I could do to dissuade her.”

”But is she, er, staying with you?”

Without rancor, Diane said, “I know what you are implying. But it is not like that at all. She is simply staying with me because she has left home and has nowhere else to go – at the moment.”

”I would like to believe – “

”But you know that I am a lesbian.”

”No! No! Good heavens! I didn’t mean to imply – “

”That I am corrupting Rachael?”

”Diane,” he smiled kindly at her. “I know you well enough after – what is it? Six years? – to know that you are a very professional teacher.”

”I’m prepared to resign,” she said slowly and mutely.

“Come now! I won’t hear of it!”

“But – “

”We can sort this out, between the two of us.”

”But the Board of School Governors – “

Thomas smiled – a strange smile, mixing benevolence with occult knowledge. “I am sure I can come to some arrangement. With Mrs. Paulding. No need to involve anyone else. Would it be possible for me to speak with Rachael?”

“Of course. Do you want her to come here?”

Thomas pondered. “No. It would perhaps be best away from school.”

”Mr. Thomas?” asked Diane shyly.

“Hmm?”

”Can I ask you a personal question?”

”You mean why am I, as Headmaster of a vast and sometimes incomprehensible Comprehensive school, going to such trouble for you?”

”Well, yes.”

”It is simple really.” He smiled his strange smile. “You are a good teacher. But perhaps most of all – the pupils like you. Strange that, are rare, believe me. But – “

“But?”

”I realize that you are undergoing a difficult period in your life – what with you marriage and everything – but you should perhaps be more, shall we say, discreet?”

“And not become involved with pupils?”

“Precisely.”

”I never have before and never intend to again.”

”Good. I can help this time. There will not be another, believe me. The last thing we as a school need is another scandal,” he said abstractly. One was enough.

A year ago, one of the male teachers had had an affair with a female student. When it became known, he had left in haste, leaving the girl and her baby, to find employment in a large city in America, a suitable place many agreed.

“No,” said Thomas, shaking his head, “Not another scandal.” He thought for a moment. “It may be necessary for Rachael to leave. Would she have obtained her ‘A’ levels?”

”Definitely! Good grades, probably.”

”I will talk with her tonight – “ His telephone rang.

“Mr. Thomas speaking... Hello Rosalind! I’ve just heard.” He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said to Diane, “I’ll call after school.”

”Fine!” She smiled at him to find Watts lurking outside the door.

“I’ve heard,” he said perfunctorily.

“How?” Diane was surprised.

Watts tapped his nose with his forefinger. “Shall I just say a middle aged witch told me.”

Diane watched him suspiciously. “What have you been up to now?”

“Come to dinner tonight and I’ll explain everything.”

”I can’t. Mr. Thomas is coming to see Rachael.”

”Lunch then?”

Diane was intrigued and said, “Yes.”

The morning passed painfully slow for Diane. She expected her classes to be interrupted by Mr. Thomas who would ask for an urgent meeting. Or Mrs. Paulding would rush in, pointing the accusing finger and shout, “you lesbian! Corrupting my daughter!”

Yet, because she was an accomplished teacher, and she actually cared for the children she taught more than she cared about the teaching staff or what they thought or said, she was able to teach as if nothing had happened, as if it was another Monday morning like any other – except the last week of term and exceptionally hot. Only one blemish marked her morning.

As she walked to meet Watts by the double glass doors that fronted the school and overlooked the car park and Windmill Hill and near where school buses thronged at the beginning and ending of the day, Bryan accosted her.

“Miss,” he asked, “is it true that Rachael has left?”

She looked at him, amazed. “News travels fast, I see.”

“Her parents told me.”

”When?”

”I saw them at break.”

”Here?”

”Sure! Going into the Crater – I mean Mr. Thomas’ room.”

”Oh, I see. She might be leaving. I really don’t know yet.”

”Probably the best thing that could happen.”

”What?”

”Her leaving. I mean, like getting a scholarship in music.”

”Bryan – “

”Sorry Miss,” he smirked, “got to dash!” He ran to join the throng of children bound for the refectory.

Watts was waiting by his new car and she allowed him to close the door as he seated himself.

“And where,” he asked, touching his forelock, “would Madam like to be driven today?”

She waved her hand imperiously, “That way, my man.”

”Very good, Madam!” he saluted.

He took them through the town, along a few twisty lanes all neatly hedged, to an isolated country Inn. A few cars were beside the lofty Oak outside and in the cool if dim and modernized interior they sat with their drinks.

“Well?” she asked before drinking most of her cider.

“Eh?” groaned Watts obtusely.

“Any idea why Leonie did not come in this morning?”

“No.” He drank his pint of ale in a few gulps, burped and said, “It’s me charm which get ‘em! You any idea?”

”About Leonie? No, she wasn’t in when I telephoned this morning.”

“With the bastard Apthone, no doubt.”

”Probably.” She finished her cider.

“Like another?”

”Not for me. I can’t teach well if I have too much to drink.”

”Huh! I can’t teach without too much!” He loped to the bar taking almost half of its width, and returned with a mug of dark brew and plate of sandwiches.

Diane snatched most of the sandwiches from the plate. “You were going to tell me about Mr. Thomas.”

”Was I now? Did you see Morgan this fine morning?”

“No. She kept out of my way.”

”Not surprising really,”

”Mr. Thomas?”

”Nay, lass, me name be Watts. ‘Thumper’ for them as ‘have a care.’”

She clutched his mug. “Are you going to tell me or do I shampoo your hair?”

Watts chuckled, rather loudly. “Not the dreaded beer over the hair ploy! All right, I give in, I’ll tell you.” He squinted at her. “There was gossip a few years back about him and Rachael’s mother.”

Diane was astonished. “Really? I never heard about it.”

”Yep. ‘cause,” he smiled, “it might not be true.”

”And?”

”You know me! I went to him and said, nudge, nudge, wink, wink – “

“You’re showing your age now.”

He ignored the remark. “I said to him, straight like, ‘Create quite a scandal, a story like that. And you a Headmaster.’ And he said, “well I’ll know whom to thank’ and gave me a straight look.” He waited for the accolade. There was no response, so he said, “I think he got the message.”

He finished his beer. “You’ll be all right.”

Diane understood only too well. Outside, the sun shone bright and hot while a lark sang above a field. On the road a car passed while sunlight glinted upon glass.

Diane sighed. “You really shouldn’t have.”

Watts shrugged. “What the hell? I did it because you’re a friend, not because of what you are thinking.”

”Was there any truth in the rumour?”

“About the boss and Rosalind?”

”Yes.”

He smirked again. “Who can say?”

”You can I am sure.”

”Just between you and me and the rest of the staff, of course, there was a lot of truth in it.”

”How do you know?”

”Shall we get back?”

”If you like.”

”I’ve something to give you when we get back to school.”

”What?”

”Wait and see.”

They returned through the Shropshire landscape in silence. Watts occupied, as well he might be, with his maniacal driving, Diane with her sombre thoughts. Two children were fighting by the main door when they returned but when Diane instinctively went toward them Watts held her back. He handed her a small neatly wrapped package.

“Open it when I’m gone,” he said and strode off to lift the two boys with bloody noses straight into the air and carry them bodily into the foyer.

Inside the package, wrapped in a small, embroidered silk purse, was a sapphire engagement ring.

## XV

Diane had spent the afternoon trying to avoid Watts, and she was glad when school finished. Unusually, she felt no desire to retire to the relative peace of the staff room, as was her habit, to drink coffee, talk a little or mark some of the children’s exercise books from the inevitable pile that had collected during the day. Instead, she hurried in the tropical humidity toward her car while school buses siphoned the children away.

The sameness of her journey make it uneventful, but she stopped by the side of the road near the rocky outcrop of Hope Bowdler Hill before the Greenock road cut its way down to the Stretton valley. Clouds gathered to obscure a little of the Stretton valley and she could smell ozone among the wind-borne smells of summer.

Slowly, she began to realize that little that was real or natural bound her to the land on which she lived, still less to the surroundings of her school. She and her fellow teachers formed a cabal – a sort of sub-community within the boundaries of Greenock, Shrewsbury and Stretton. Most of her own friends were teachers from the school, and almost all of her social life involved them, the parents or school events. She, and the others like her, had little contact with the community from which the children came. She did not live among her pupils, and indeed the school was too large for her to know all of them personally, as she wished. The school day ended, and she was gone, shut up in her house or with her friends while her children carried on their lives, in a little sub-society all their own. Children came to her eleven years old and she taught them, watched them, and worried about them for five, six, and soon seven years. And then they left. Sometimes a little card, or a meeting by chance. But they were gone; lost to her world of village, town and school. The thought made her sad, but she knew no solutions and, under the gathering gloom, drove slowly home.

Rachael was waiting, her hair plaited, her body clothed in a bright cotton dress, and as soon as Diane opened the door, Rachael embraced her.

“Mr. Thomas is coming,” Diane said.

“I know. My mother telephoned.” She took Diane’s handbag. “Come and sit down. I’ve made some coffee.”

”That’s kind of you. Have you changed your mind?”

”About what?”

“School, of course.”

”No.” She brought coffee and demurely offered Diane a piece of cake. “Hope you like it.”

Diane held the cake suspiciously, then thought better about making the joke. “Hmm,” she said truthfully, “it is delicious! You are lovely!”

“I suppose,” said Rachael sullenly, holding her head in her hands as she sat next to Diane on the sofa, “Mr. Thomas will try and persuade me.”

”Probably.”

”My mother wasn’t angry, you know.”

”Oh?”

”Yes. Quite calm about it all. Strange, really.”

”I suppose she’s realized that you are a young woman, not her little girl.”

”Your husband called this afternoon. Seemed surprised to find me here.”

Diane smiled. “Good!”

“He left his door keys.”

”Did he say what he wanted?”

”Just some wheels – for his bicycle I think.”

“That fits! Did he say anything else?”

”Don’t think so. Oh yes, he left you a note.”

With supine agility that Diane admired, Rachael leapt from the sofa and extracted the letter from the mantelpiece.

‘Diane,’ it read. ‘I will call tomorrow to collect the rest of my belongings. Sorry things did not work out and thanks for your kind letter.’

Diane screwed the letter up and threw it toward the empty fireplace. She missed and Rachael had moved to retrieve it when the doorbell rang.

“I’ll go!” said Rachael excitedly.

“Rachael!” Diane heard Thomas say, “how nice to see you!”

“It’s Mr. Thomas,” said Rachael unnecessarily, as she let him into the room.

“Well now, Rachael,” he said as he sat down. “You know why I have come to see you?”

“Yes.”

”And you are still of the opinion that you want to leave?”

“Yes.”

Diane stood up. “Would you like some coffee?”

”I’ll be in the kitchen,” Diane said.

“Diane,” said Thomas, “there is no need for you to leave, I assure you.”

”Mr. Thomas,” Rachael said.

“Yes Rachael?”

“I’m not going back.”

”But why? You have your ‘A’ levels next year.”

”I don’t want to.” She looked at Diane. “Besides, I can’t live with Diane – Mrs. Dietz - if I’m at school, can I?”

”Well,” muttered Thomas, “it would be highly unusual.”

”I’m not ashamed to say that being here is more important to me than going to school or taking examinations.”

”I see.” He looked owlshly at Diane before smiling at Rachael. “And what will you do? For a career, I mean?”

”I haven’t decided yet. I may not need one. But I could try for an RCM scholarship. In the meantime, I thought I would study privately, and still take my exams.”

”I see.” He smiled benevolently. “You seem to have thought everything out.”

”Yes, I have.”

”Well, you could not have a better tutor!”

“Has my mother spoken to you?”

”Naturally.” He stared at the carpet and shuffled his feet. “She realizes that you are old enough to make you own decisions about your future. She would still like you to go home, of course.”

“There’s no chance of that.”

“No, that’s what I thought. Well, I’d best be on my way.” He stood up and shook Rachael’s hand. “I wish you well for the future. You are in good hands.”

Rachael blushed. “Thanks.”

“I’ll show you out,” said Diane.

At the door, Thomas said, “I’m well satisfied. I do not anticipate any problems – with the school, at least. Diane,” he whispered, “it may not be any of my business, but she is very young.”

”Does she look happy to you?”

”Well, yes. Very much so, in fact.”

”You have answered your own unasked question then.”

Thomas appeared a little embarrassed. “Well, goodbye then. See you tomorrow, as usual!” he said cheerfully.

“Yes.” She watched him walk to his car before closing the door.

“I’m glad that’s over!” said Rachael.

“So am I!”

“I was trembling all over.”

”Honestly? I thought you were very self-possessed.”

Rachael laughed. “I feel really free! And happy!” She danced around the room shouting “I’m happy! I’m free!”

“Fancy a walk?”

Rachael stopped, stared out of the window and scowled. “It’s going to pour!”

“I’m game if you are. I am not afraid of the rain, even if you are,” said Diane playfully.

“Where do you want to go then?”

”Top of the Mynd?”

”Suits me. It will be nice and windy up there!”

They decided against the car and walked into the town along the High Street to take the road to the Burway. By the cattle grid that stopped the spread of detached houses and signified the beginning of the moorland, they left along a track to follow the path by the stream in Townbrook valley. The hills rose steeply on either side, fledged in green and sheep while the sky above grew darker and distant thunder rolled.

The thunder alarmed Rachael a little, and she threaded her fingers into Diane’s as they passed almost four hundred feet below Devil’s Mouth, its scree and frost broken boulders scattering the hill. The upward path of cracked, bare and brown earth led them past the growing ferns toward the greenish-gray siltstones of the Long Synalds heights.

It was an isolated spot, well known to Diane, and overlooked the small, spreading valleys that fed the stream in Ashes Hollow. Behind them, the hill rose steadily until it became the levelled plateau of Mynd top.

Thunder violet threatened them above as lightning forked, striking higher ground. Almost instantaneously the clap of thundering air, which shook them as they huddled close to the ground. The Mynd seemed to vibrate in response as Rachael screamed amid the large drops of rain. Another flash, nearer, as rain and thunder battered them and ozone seared the sky. The

darkness of rain and closing cloud was ominous.

But Diane was a dark goddess; imbued with the storm's power and she laughed and beat her fists into the soaking earth. The storm was her storm and would not – could not – harm them. Its power was hers, but she let it break itself over the town and hills beyond. Then, both she and Rachael were laughing – a strange laugh, redolent of Dionysus, perhaps, or an ancient witches' meet. Rain soaked them, but they did not care. They alone were alive in a world of the dead.

Slowly, their demonic life-enhancing ecstasy ebbed with the passing of the storm, and they were left to find their way down the hill while their bodies tingled and their sense of reality returned.

“You realize,” Rachael said as they trod the street into the town, “we are bound together now. Beyond even our own death.”

It was not a strange thing to say, and it did not sound strange to Diane. Somewhere, alone their walk into the storm they had crossed into another world.

“I know,” she replied. The bonds that had bound her to Leonie were broken and her own fear of becoming deeply involved with Rachael had vanished, as the lightning had vanished, sending only a distant thunder while they walked.

They were both removing their sodden clothes when Diane's doorbell rang. It was Leonie, and Diane, in her dressing gown, stared at her with a mixture of welcome and annoyance.

“Leonie,” she finally said, “come in.”

Hurriedly, Rachael wrapped a towel around her body.

Leonie stared at Diane for a second, and then said, “I can't stay long. The children are in the car. Hello Rachael.”

“Hello Miss,” said Rachael shyly and locked herself in the bathroom.

“I just came to tell you,” said Leonie sadly, “that Richard asked me to marry him – and I said I might. Only – “

”Only?”

”I thought we – “ she hesitated, then added, “but I see I was wrong.”

Diane held her arm. “Leonie. You know I didn’t want you to become involved with Apthone again.”

“He needs me,” she said gently.

“For God’s sake! No he doesn’t! Not in the way you believe. He’s just using you – again!”

“That’s unkind of you.” She shook Diane’s hand off her arm.

“No it’s not.”

”You have never liked him, have you?”

”No!”

“I thought we understood one another.”

”We can’t – with Apthone in the way.”

”I will probably marry him. He’s very kind and gentle.”

Suddenly Diane was angry. “Look!” she pointed to the wall of her hall. “See those stains? Do you know whose blood it is? Well, I’ll tell you! It’s your bloody, beloved Apthone! You know the night of his accident?” she was re-living the terror and the words would not be silenced. “He came here, your precious and gentle Richard, and tried to rape me!”

Leonie stepped backwards, holding her hands to her face. “It’s not true!” she said weakly. “I don’t believe you.”

Diane shook her head. The anger and terror and repressed guilt had gone and softly she said, “I

really don't care if you believe me or not.”

“You only said it because you hate him,” pleaded Leonie, half to herself.

“Leonie – I didn't ...”

Leonie was crying. “I don't want to talk to you,” she said and ran out of the room.

Diane was about to follow when she heard Rachael behind her.

“Diane, I couldn't help overhearing.”

Leonie had driving away and Diane closed the door.

“It was true, wasn't it?” asked Rachael, “what you said.”

Diane nodded and began to cry. “I shouldn't have told her I know. But I was so angry.”

Rachael came to her and held her hand. “I hope I didn't embarrass you.”

Diane stopped crying. “Embarrass me?”

”By being here – with no clothes on.”

Diane was moved by Rachael's gentle innocence and embraced her. “Rachael, my darling, nothing you could do, would embarrass me.”

”I can think of something,” she said with a modest smile before loosening Diane's dressing gown and bending down to kiss her breast. Diane was trembling, and slowly Rachael let the gown fall to the floor before she led Diane toward the bed.

Exceptionally, Diane did not wish to leave for school. For a long time she lay in bed, Rachael curled up asleep beside her. She wanted to stay with Rachael, spend the day with her, for school seemed charmless, a charade full of children in adult bodies playing indoor games.

Rachael seemed to make everything clear; there was no guile in her, only a trusting innocence that Diane loved and wanted to cherish and protect. Last night after Rachael had broken the barrier which Diane herself had feared to break, it had seemed, many times, that she and Rachael were not different people. There was no question of identity, no barriers of any kind at all and they did not have to speak to understand each other's needs. A look, a vague smile... And she found it difficult to believe, in the hazy light of morning, that Rachael was so young. An instinct seem to guide Rachael and her body so that she gave to Diane a divine and physical ecstasy such as she had never before experienced.

With Rachael, all her own insights and experiences – the path by the Severn, the Long Mynd, the storm, even her planned revenge on Apthone – seemed to possess her again with a force all their own, as if Rachael, just by loving so selflessly, transformed those insights into reality and suddenly it occurred to Diane that she had never been in love before. Always, with her husband, with Leonie, a part of her had been detached and critical just as a part had not surrendered for fear of being hurt. But with Rachael, everything was easy and natural and she wanted to find some form, some suitable expression, with which to represent her love. She wanted to hold Rachael in her arms, cry and laugh at the same time and tell her that she loved her as she had never loved anyone before.

Through and because of Rachael, she possessed everything she had even dreamt about, and beside this young and beautiful woman, men seemed a pale, distorted flicker. Rachael fulfilled the deepest longings Diane had ever nurtured.

She kissed her, softly, before stretching and leaving the room to dress. On the kitchen table, laid and made ready by Rachael the night before without Diane's knowledge, she found, propped up on a vase containing a single white rose, a note. 'Diane' it said simply in Rachael's italic hand, 'I love you.' Diane was overwhelmed, and crept back to the bedroom to steal a look at her sleeping lover.

It was nearing eight o'clock when she was prepared. Rachael, unusually, still slept, and, closing the kitchen door, she used the extension to make her telephone call. Calculated deceit was alien to her and she was shaking when she dialled Fisher's number.

“Hello? Diane here. Sorry to bother you, but just rang to say I won’t be in until after ten this morning. Can you get someone to look in on my lower sixth group? Good.... Sorry about the short notice but – “ she hurriedly thought of some excuse, “ – I have a dental appointment. I’d forgotten about it!” she laughed to give credence to her lie.

Diane was still trembling when she closed the door and walked to her car. No mist blighted the sky as no regret blighted Diane.

Shrewsbury was busy with commuter traffic and she followed the road over English Bridge, round the Town Walls, and Quarry, along the river until she drove past the stone memorial to Hotsper to park on a side street. For over half an hour she sat on the grass where the tall spire of St. Margaret’s church shadowed squat buildings while the road channelled traffic down toward Wyle Cop Hill. She enjoyed quietly watching the people rush along the pavements, buses stop to empty and fill, cars to pass, and was almost sad when the time came for her to leave.

She waited outside the shop on Dogpole, while heavy lorries beat upon the narrow road, until its myopic, stooped owner opened, reluctantly, it seemed, his door.

“Can I help you Madam?” he smiled.

“I hope so!” Diane said confidently. “I want to buy the best piano you have in stock.”

The man’s eyes brightened, and he wrung his hands. “Certainly Madam! But we do not carry a large stock.” He sighed. “All we have at the moment is this Baby Grand.” He patted it gently. “Would you like to try it? It has lovely tone. Actually, I’m very fond of it myself, but get so little time to practice, these days.”

“I’ll take it.”

The man raised his eyebrows. “I could play a little, if you wish.”

”No, really, it looks perfect. When can you deliver?”

He scratched his nose. “Toward the end of the week?”

”How about today? I don’t care what it costs.”

”Of course, Madam. If you are sure.”

Quickly, she wrote out the cheque and handed it to the man.

“But Madam – “ he protested when he looked.

“I’ll leave you to fill out the amount. You can send the bill. You’ll want the address, of course.”

”Yes, Madam.”

She wrote it on the back of her cheque. The man stared at the check, then at her. “A present!” she said.”

“Yes, of course, Madam. We do provide free tuning for a year. I myself – “

“Splendid! What time will you deliver?”

”What time would be most convenient?”

”Four this afternoon.”

”I am sure that can be arranged.”

”Splendid...and,” she added, “I assure you the cheque will not bounce. You can telephone my bank, if you wish. Or I can go to the bank now and withdraw the amount in cash, if you prefer.”

“There is no need for that Madam, I assure you.” He scratched his nose. “If you could provide me with a telephone number where you can be reached during the day. Only if an unforeseen problem arises, I assure you.”

”Yes, of course.” She wrote the telephone number of the school on her cheque. “Well, goodbye.”

“But Madam,” he protested as she made for the door, “don’t you want to know how much it will cost?”

”Not really,” she smiled and left.

She was trembling as she walked toward the High Street. Soon, she had arranged the transfer of all her savings. Wistfully she knew it might not be enough, but did not care. It was irrelevant compared to Rachael's happiness and she smiled as she tramped along the streets to her car, singing softly to herself.

On her return to school she found Watts and Morgan in the staff room alone. But they could not spoil her bliss and she walked toward Morgan while Watts eyed her hopefully from his corner.

"Well," she said jovially to Morgan, "I hope you take care of him."

"I was a bit worried – "

"About me? Don't be! As long as you are both happy, what's the problem?"

"I thought – "

"Do you love him?"

Morgan gave a little smile. "I think so."

"Has he mentioned marriage?"

"Yes. But I'm not sure. It's too soon."

Diane touched her on the arm. "Take your time and learn to be happy. Are you interested in cycling?"

"Only a little."

"Well, there's hope then."

"Diane, why are you being so – so nice?"

Diane laughed. "Simple! Because it makes people happy. It is really easy to be happy."

Morgan shook her head. "I don't understand you."

"Nothing to understand, really," Diane quipped before turning towards Watts.

He grinned at her. “Did you like it?”

She sat down beside him. “Yes. But look, Alex, I don’t want to hurt you – “

”But you are going to anyway.”

She shrugged. Morgan was making some exercise books, but Diane still whispered. “You know what I am.”

”Part of you perhaps.”

”No, Alex. All of me. I care for you, very much, but I could never become involved as you wish.”

“I’ve loved you for years. Since the first day I met you.”

”Please,” she sighed, “I’m living with Rachael.”

”Temporarily, I assumed.”

”No, permanently. You might not understand, but we love each other.”

”What! You and Rachael? She is only a child!”

“I don’t want to talk about it any more.”

”I won’t give up,” he insisted.

She removed his ring from her handbag. When she held it out, he pushed her hand away.

“You keep it.”

”I can’t.”

”Yes you can. Why do you think I have never married?”

”Please,” she pleaded. Then: “But I thought you loved Leonie?”

He shrugged. “Maybe. But only because she reminded me of you.”

”Why don’t you fight for her?”

“Maybe.” He stood up. “You keep the ring.” Then without rancour, but with his lopsided smile, he said, “give it to Rachael.”

Before she could reply he had walked away and out of the room. Morgan was smiling at her, but she could not have been more wrong.

## XVII

The bulbous red sun was still hidden behind the height of Caer Caradoc when Diane and Rachael began their journey. No traffic blighted the road and in the cool respite of an early dawn the world seemed quiet and quite dead.

Diane could not afford the holiday, but she did not care. The piano had been delivered, as promised, and Diane remembered how Rachael had laughed, then cried and enfolded her in kisses when she had returned, a little weary, from school. All evening she played, creating through her music a magic spell that bound Diane and made her a prisoner of love and desire. Then, at last, an exhausted Rachael, her body and dress drenched in sweat, had held her hand and said, “Now I want to give you something special.” Her body still ached, a little, from the passion of Rachael’s love.

The hours brought the heat and the traffic and both were relieved to leave the car when they arrived at the Yorkshire hamlet of Gilling. To the north, less than a mile distant, were the North Yorkshire moors while to the south, the plain of York whose fertile land had been farmed for millennia. There was nothing unique or even interesting about the village – a few stone build houses gather around a dip in the road from Helmsley to York – but for Diane it was special. Not simply because a mile away to the northwest lay the imposing while stone buildings of Ampleforth Abbey with its community of Benedictine monks, but also because of the surrounding lakes and forest, once part of the wealthy Fairfax estate and now managed by the monastery. For her, discovered by chance while at University, it was a place where she could relax, untroubled by crowds of people, and where, after a walk in the forest, she could sit in the monastic choir with its carved oak stalls, and listen to the beauty of Gregorian chant. But perhaps the most fitting of all, she could swim privately in the icy coldness of the lakes.

The cottage guesthouse was Spartan, but clean, and they unpacked hastily in their shared room before briskly walking along the narrow track to the lakes. On one side, the forest, on the other, grazing fields, the monastery and its enclosing large Public School.

“It seems very peaceful,” Rachael said, stroking her amber necklace.

“Is it – even during term time when the boys are here.”

”A shame about the trees.”

”Sorry?”

”The trees.” Behind the roadside deciduous fringe, a conifer plantation grew. “Shame it is so dead within.”

”By the lake – “

“It is different!” said Rachael confidently.

“Yes.”

”I bet it has a dark history.”

”I wouldn’t know.”

”Up there, on the hill, where the broken tree grows.”

They walked in silence to the lake. It was a small lake, girdled with trees and reed and a rotten jetty pointed like a broken finger toward its heart. But there was silence and a pale blue sky while water rippled, slowly.

They undressed and swam naked, racing each other to and from the jetty to where a small rusty buoy was anchored, until tired with the effort and by the cold of the water, their laughter and the long journey, they lay on the mossy bank to dry beneath the summer sun.

“If we hurry,” Diane said as Rachael stretched herself like a cat, “we might be in time for Vespers.”

Dressed, but not dry, they walked the mile or so to the monastery through the large expanse of rugby fields until, in the slanting shadows, they stood below the church while crows flocked noisily above the stone.

“Come on!” chided Diane as she climbed the steps to the church.

Rachael shook her head. “I’d rather not go in.”

”Why ever not?”

”I’m afraid places like this give me the creeps – always have done.” She shivered.

“You should have said! I’d never have dragged you all this way.”

“I didn’t want to disappoint you.”

”Anyway,” smiled Diane, “it doesn’t matter and I’m hungry.”

Arm-in-arm, they returned to their lodging.

The next day began the pattern which they were to follow for the remainder of their stay. They would rise late from their bed and after a large breakfast walk among the forest and hills, often silent, but sometimes sharing through their words their private thoughts and dreams, fascinated as new lovers are by each other. They talked, played, walked or sat, touching, sharing every experience: the damp feel of rotting wood, the dew of the grass, the joy of watching a deer, the naming of wild flowers. Their afternoon was spent swimming and lying in the tessellated lakeside sun while the earth moved imperceptibly toward dark. It was sufficient for them to be together, close enough to touch, and it did not occur to either that such exclusive closeness might restrict. In the evening, they would lock their bedroom door and exhaust themselves with love. Not once did they visit the Abbey, and the days with their sameness soon passed, bringing to both security and great joy. Rachael, with her sometimes sombre thoughts, bound herself physically, emotionally and mentally to Diane. Diane was everything to her: lover, sister, husband and wife. The labels, and the roles of the world, which they hid, were meaningless for them, and it never occurred to either of them that there was anything unnatural about their relationship. No barriers, reminded and no guilt bound them just as no thought restricted.

They would dress to please each other, perfume their bodies richly, and sometimes, soak into the pores of their body the heady scent of forest or lakeside earth. The earth, with its canopy of trees spread full for summer, the reedy depths of the lake, the sun and scarce breeze, even the moon of morning, served them, offering gifts, nurturing the divine. No music sufficed for their feelings, no words could represent their joy.

Once, when the sun made long shadows by the road and dust dried their mouths, they had left in their car for an Inn. It was an old Inn, gabled and small, and they sat in the corner, cleanly dressed but scented of earth, their faces blushed and burned by both sun and lake water, while tourist men fresh from tourist cars stared and local men surmised.

They had allowed themselves to be brought drinks, a meal they did not need, while the two vultures in perfumed shirts that had sought them out preened and fed their minds with glee at the promise of the night. Under the table, Diane caressed Rachael's leg with her foot.

“Well,” she said finally, “we'd better go.”

A vulture grinned. “Shall we drive you home? I have my Mercedes outside..”

Rachael, Diane knew, understood, and wickedly she said, “Well, we are staying at the Grange – The Abbey guest house.” She told the lie well.

“Yes,” a leering face said, its moustache twitching, “I know it.”

”If,” whispered Diane, “you want to see us, come after eleven tonight. We'll leave the doors open. I'm in number 17, second floor.”

“And I,” smiled Rachael, “am in 19.”

Outside, in the privacy of their car, Rachael said, “That was very naughty of you!”

“Awful wasn't it?”

”But I enjoyed it.”

”So did I!”

“Did you see their faces when you gave them your room number?”

“Yes! I thought they were going to wet themselves.”

They laughed, and waved at the two men dallying between the Inn and a Mercedes car before driving away, pleased and satisfied with their ploy.

It had been the happiest week of both their lives, and both were sombre when the morning of their departure arrived. “We must never part!” Rachael had said and clung to Diane before the long and tedious journey that returned them to their home. It was significant, both felt, that on their return cloud came, bringing a steady drizzle of rain.

On the floor of their hall, scattered by the letterbox, three handwritten notes lay, but Diane had time only to retrieve one of them before the telephone rang.

“Hello,” Rachael said. Then, sadly, “It’s Leonie - for you.”

“Hello, Leonie, Diane.” She held Rachael’s hand while she talked. “Yes, we’re back. What? When? ... I see. Yes, of course, I’ll come.”

Rachael was looking at her expectantly. “It’s Apthone,” Diane said, “he’s dead.”

In the dim light of late evening, Diane was certain she saw Rachael smile.

## XVIII

“I would like you to come,” said Diane. “Very much.”

”I – I don’t know,” replied Rachael shyly. “I might be in the way.”

”You,” Diane said kissing her, “could never be in the way as far as I am concerned.”

Rachael smiled. “I was a little jealous when she telephoned.”

”No one is more important to me than you.”

"I know really. I just like to hear you say it, that's all."

They departed immediately and it was dark and still raining when they arrived to find Leonie and her house in a state of confusion.

"Children are in bed," she said her face drawn. Nervously, she bit her nails, "Diane, I am so glad you came!"

Leonie moved forward, but Diane stepped back. "I brought Rachael with me – I hope you don't mind."

"No. I wondered if you would." Her voice trembled. "Come in, both of you."

Diane sat on the edge of the sofa while Rachael stood in a shadowed corner of the room fingering her amber necklace.

"When did he die?" Diane asked.

"The day before yesterday. It was awful!" She sobbed a little, then smiled.

"Has no one been to see you since?"

"Yes." She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke away. "Alex. He was with me just before Richard...."

"Has anyone seen to the funeral arrangements?"

"I don't know." Leonie tried to control her shaking hands, and partially succeeded. "Alex mentioned something."

"Is there anything I can do?"

Leonie smiles. "It is nice you just being here."

"Perhaps it was all for the best."

"Don't say that Diane!" Leonie started crying.

The memory of their love returned to Diane, but she ignored her feelings and, in atonement,

handed Leonie her handkerchief.

“Thanks.” Then, to Rachael, “You must think me silly.”

Rachael came forward and to Diane’s astonishment kissed Leonie on the cheek.

“No, I don’t” she said. She astonished Diane even more when she said, “Do you want us to stay here – for the night, I mean?”

“No,” smiled Leonie, holding Rachael’s hand. “That’s very kind, but I’ll be all right. Alex – Mr. Watts – said he’s calling round later to see how I am.” She returned the handkerchief before saying, “Would you like something to drink?”

Rachael and Diane looked at each other. Diane said, “No, not for me.”

”Rachael?”

“No, thanks. We had something on the way down.

“Of course,” said Leonie, “You’ve just got back, haven’t you?”

”Yes.” It was Diane who answered but Rachael who yawned.

The ringing chimes of the doorbell startled Leonie. “I’ll go!” offered Rachael.

Watts blocked the doorframe and smiled broadly. “Rachael!” he said loudly, “You look more beautiful every time I see you.”

Rachael curled her lip, but he did not wait for her reply.

“Well!” he boomed, rubbing his hands together and shaking rain from his hair, “I see we’re all gathered for the wake!”

Diane stood up and smiled politely at Watts. “We are just going.”

“Had a good holiday, then?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Diane, staring at him, “very good.”

“Splendid!” He turned to Rachael who was standing by the door. With her raven hair slightly wet from the rain, her black dress and amber necklace, she might have been a wise woman of the Old Religion.

“I see,” Watts said to her, “you’re not wearing the ring Diane bought for you.”

Rachael looked at Diane quizzically. “It was a surprise!” she said quickly, “and now the oaf’s spoiled it!”

“Sorry,” he said without conviction.

“We’d best be going,” Diane said.

“I hope both of you sleep well,” Watts said sarcastically.

Diane ignored him. “I’ll telephone,” she said to Leonie. “In the morning to see how you are.”

“That would be kind.” Leonie smiled weakly and went with them to the door. “It was good of you to come. I only wish you’d been here before.”

”Take care, won’t you?” Diane said.

“I’ll try.”

They stared at each other for a moment until Diane turned and walked into the rain.

“I hope,” she said to Rachael as they walked to the car, “he didn’t offend you by his remarks.”

"No," laughed Rachael as Leonie closed the door, "he didn't. I don't care what he or anyone else says. He can call me names as far as I care."

Diane held the car door for her. "We might get more of the same in the future."

"So what?" When Diane had started the engine, she added, "I love you. That's all that matters to me. If the whole world was against us, I wouldn't care."

"Rachael, you continue to amaze me!"

"Why, because I am so mature?"

"Well, yes."

"I had to grow up quickly when I was younger. My mother – " she began. "But it doesn't matter." Then she began to quote some verse:

*"We don't love like flowers, with only a single*

*Season behind us; immemorial sap*

*Mounts in our arms when we love.'*

She smiled innocently. "There's a lot more, but I won't bore you with it."

"It was beautiful," said Diane sincerely.

"It was Rilke."

"Really? I see I'll have to read him."

"He's one of my favourite poets."

"You must read me some."

"I'd love to."

"I suppose you can read it in the original German as well?"

"Of course!" smiled Rachael.

Blissful, they returned to their home. The rain ceased with their arrival and in the subdued light in the now cramped sitting room of their bungalow, Rachael sat at her piano to transform herself and the night. Diane listened and watched, entranced. Rachael's playing created a new world and a new woman, and Diane watched this strange woman of dark secrets create from the instrument of wood, steel and tone a universe of beauty, ecstasy and light. Bach, Beethoven – it made no difference what or for how long she played. But, as it always had since that night, Beethoven's Opus 111 fascinated her with feelings, visions, and stupendous, world-creating thought. It imbued her with insight, and a love that wanted to envelope Rachael and consume her. It was pleasure and pain to watch Rachael transform herself through the act of her playing into a goddess she would die for. No reason touched her while she listened. There was, she knew, no greater life than this, no greater feeling and she wanted to immolate herself with Rachael's ecstasy, immolate world upon world with this glory and passion which no male god described.

Then the silence, while clamoured notes faded and dimmed light framed. There were no more tears Diane could cry and she waited while Rachael slowly rose and offered her hand. She – the goddess within – was smiling and Diane allowed herself to be led.

The music in her head, the memories and secret dreams of youth: all were before her, embodied in flesh and she had only to kiss the slightly scented lips or see the secret wisdom hidden in the eyes to reach the summit of her life, slowly, in the dim corners of the bedroom's reflected dark.

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IXX

The journey was lonely and more terrifying than she had thought or imagined it would be, and for a moment the memory of her children's faces held her. But her ineffable sadness remained and Leonie Symonds in the burgeoning dawn drove the steep road to the Mynd.

Cloud fractured the sun, spreading luteous colours of stupendous beauty while light mist lingered in the Stretton valley below. Nothing in sound challenged the engine of her car and

with shaking hands she attached her chosen instrument of death. Soon the fumes filled the chilling air as a memory of Diane filled her heart and creeping death her lungs.

Consciousness flickered, briefly, and was gone as her mind tried to tell the body of a new desire to live. Too late the desire and very slowly Leonie Symonds, not quite thirty-three, slipped toward death.

The dream startled Diane and she awoke sweating while Rachael turned in her sleep. But the light did little to ease the sense of foreboding and with trembling fingers she dialled Leonie's number. It was some time before the answer.

"Leonie?" her trembling voice asked.

"Eh?" said a gruff voice. A cough, then "Who is this?"

"Diane."

"Oh, Alex here."

"Where is Leonie?"

"She got up early. Said something about going for a walk. I just went back to sleep. Hang on." It seemed minutes before he returned. "She gone! There's a note...My god! I'll ring you back."

No call came, and, dazed, she dressed to sit by the piano with a fresh mug of coffee. But she could not be still and woke Rachael.

"I'm just off for a walk," she said. "Won't be long."

"Shall I come?" Rachael asked, sleepy.

"No, you need your rest."

Rachael smiled and went back to sleep.

The dawn was chilly and she wandered sadly among the spreading light, cheered a little by the

changing red around the sun. No one passed her, and she walked steadily through the town to briefly sit upon the Burway bench overlooking Cardingmill valley and its stream. The silent beauty of the morning calmed her, dispelling the fear and dread of her dream and she trod happily the steep of the hill while sheep wandered to find the warmth of the sun.

At first recognition escaped her, then the reality of the car held her immobile. She ran, shouting Leonie's name. But she was too late with her love. The door opened to the grip of her hand and she stood staring in shocked agony as the warm body tumbled out.

“No! No!” she screamed as, behind her, tyres slowed on gravel and scree.

Watts looked briefly at the body, turned off the engine of Leonie's car and gently led Diane away.

## XX

The light of dusk blurred the contours in Diane's room and Rachael watched through the window the hills and trees soften in outline and fade with the slow silent passing of time. Diane did not move, content to stare at her hands as she sat hunched in a chair, weakened by guilt. She smiled, a little and briefly, when Rachael rose to gently stroke her hair, but this interlude of life was soon gone. Outside, a few birds sang to call the moon from sleep.

Rachael began, haltingly at first, to play upon her piano but it was not long before the music consumed her, obliterating the external world. Beethoven's Opus 111 became again for her the embodiment of her feelings and she played faultlessly, draining away the morose days since Leonie's death, forgetting Diane's withdrawn self-absorption and her own tiredness.

She did not notice Diane standing beside her as she did not hear her lover crying in the burgeoning dark of the room. The music was transforming Diane, each note breaking slowly the barriers she had created within her as if the music explained all the grief and elevated her inner suffering to a supra-personal joy. Before the music ended, the catharsis was complete, but she waited, silently crying and when it was over she knelt down to place her head in Rachael's lap.

“I’m sorry,” Diane said as Rachael gently brushed the tears away, “I must have hurt you a lot in the past few days.”

Rachael smiled. “I’m glad we are together again.”

“I will never be apart from you again.”

Tomorrow, Diane felt, she would sit at the piano and try through the medium of music to express in composition all she had experienced: Leonie’s tragic death, her own ecstasy and visions, the moments of dark magick when she felt herself attuned to the powers of the Earth, the innocent joy she found in teaching. But most of all, she wanted to try and capture in some lasting form her love for Rachael, and began to feel as Rachael began to play music by Bach, that her life possessed meaning. She might, through her music, and way of living help in some way others to achieve the insight that she knew Rachael had made possible for her. Even now, she did not understand how this had happened. Was it simply because of love?

Outside her house darkness was stirring, but inside she felt herself renewed through the brightness of personal experience and she began to feel a presentiment of meaning of individual existence that she knew only music, for her, might explain. She rose slowly – while Rachael seemed to measure with music the cadence of those feelings – to watch the stars shimmer in the dark sky above.

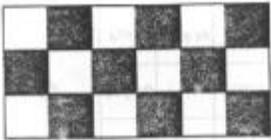
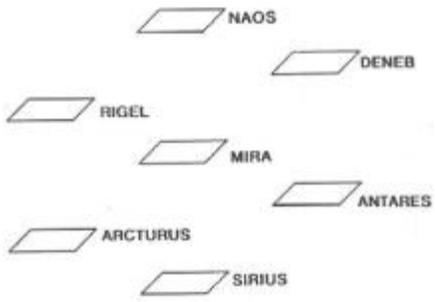
But clouds, rushed by wind, soon came to cover the sky while, less than fifteen miles away, Watts stood by Leonie’s grave wondering if his killing of Apthone had, after all, been in vain.

He had the impression that Rachael, the dark hereditary sorceress, was watching him. But he knew better than to look around. Her skill was growing, as her beshrewing of Diane by music had proved, and Diane was now forever lost to him, unable to provide the heir which he, like Rachael herself, required. Would her heir, then, he wondered, be a Initiate and not her granddaughter as tradition decreed? And would, could, Diane's music presence something of Rachael's ancestral gods in the land, the places, they both loved? He did not know – but would say nothing, as Rachael herself would say nothing, for there was nothing to be said which words might describe. ‘It is not right,’ an Ancient Greek had written, ‘to give names to some deeds.’

Somewhere, in the darkness nearby, a dog howled.



## The Boards



$\alpha(\beta)_\phi$		$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	
$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\gamma)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$
$\alpha(\alpha)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\lambda$	
$\alpha(\alpha)_\lambda$		$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$

Figure 1

$\phi$  = black pieces

$\lambda$  = white pieces

$\alpha(\beta)_\phi$		$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\gamma$	
$\alpha(\alpha)_\gamma$		$\alpha(\beta)_\gamma$

Figure 2

$\alpha(\beta)_\gamma$		$\alpha(\alpha)_\gamma$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\gamma$	
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	
$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$		$\alpha(\beta)_\phi$

Figure 3

## Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction

Anton Long & ONA 1994 CE

### *I - Causal and Acausal*

An aeon is the term used to describe a stage or a type of evolution. Evolution itself is taken to result from a certain specific process - and this process can be described, or explained [or 're-presented'] via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes over or through or because of, 'time' - this 'time' having two components. These two components are the causal and the acausal.

More exactly, the cosmos itself can be described or explained or re-presented by acausal and causal space-time. Causal space-time is 4-dimensional: there are 3 spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and 1 time dimension, this time dimension being linear and unidirectional. That is, causal time 'flows' in one direction only from past to present to future. Causal time is defined by this one-way flow and by the moments which are used to mark the changes in this flow. [ In effect, causal space-time is the 'everyday' physical world we live in and can perceive by our physical senses. It is the world described by the laws of Physics.] Acausal space-time has  $n$  spatial dimensions [where  $n$  is at present undefined but is greater than 3 and less than infinity] and acausal time dimensions. The spatial dimensions of acausal space are not at right angles to each other. Further, acausal time is not unidirectional - it can flow in any direction - and it is not linear: that is, it has more than one component. In effect, acausal time (unlike causal time) has more than one time-dimension.

The acausal and the causal can be considered as two different 'universes'. The causal universe contains physical matter - that is, varying types of physical energy. We are familiar with the various forms of this physical matter - stars, planets, the rocks and elements forming the planets. The acausal universe likewise contains matter - acausal matter or energy. This acausal energy and its changes in acausal space-time can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and a representation of acausal time. At present, we are mostly unfamiliar with the types of acausal energy. However, the acausal universe intersects or manifests in the causal universe at specific places - that is, a particular type of acausal energy is present in the causal universe at these places. These places are life-forms or living organisms. That is, a living organism is a region of the cosmos where the fabric of causal space-time and the fabric of acausal space-time meet or 'intersect'. The more evolved, the more complex, the life-form or organism, the greater this intersection.

Thus, living organisms result from a specific type of acausal energy 'flowing' into the causal universe - in effect, this acausal energy changes the structure of causal space-time. The greater the acausal energy, the more evolved, the more complex the organism. The physical death of an organism is when this energy flow ceases - the organism then becomes just inert, physical matter. Death means that the connection between the causal and the acausal is severed at the localized place of intersection.

Our own sentient life - the most advanced and complex living organism we know at present - is therefore the largest intersection of these two universes. We access more of this specific acausal energy than any other organism we know. In effect, each individual is a nexion - that is, a connection or nexus between the two universes. Our consciousness means that we possess the latent ability to directly access the acausal.

### *Aeons, Civilizations and Archetypes:*

An aeon is a manifestation, in the causal, of a particular type of acausal energy. This energy re-orders, or changes, the causal. These changes have certain limits - in both causal space and causal time. That is, they have a specific beginning and a specific end. A civilization (or rather, a higher or aeonic-

civilization ) is how this energy becomes ordered or manifests itself in the causal: how this energy is revealed. A civilization represents the practical changes which this energy causes in the causal - in terms of the effect such energy has on individuals and this planet. A civilization is tied to, is born from, a particular aeon. By the nature of this energy, a civilization is an evolution of life - a move toward a more complex, and thus more conscious, existence. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree - in this case, the surface of the soil is the boundary between the causal (above the soil) and the acausal (below or in the soil). The roots of the tree are thus in the acausal [ and here represent acausal energy] and the trunk and branches are in the causal. The civilization is the trunk of the tree, and the aeon is represented by the roots - they 'drive' or make the growth and thus determine the shape and health of the tree. The societies that make up a particular civilization are the branches of the tree, and the individuals who make up the societies are the small twigs and the leaves of the tree.

Aeons, civilizations and individuals are examples of organisms. They are all created, or are born; they all grow and change; and they all at some time die. They all occupy a finite space over a finite span of time. They all undergo metamorphosis or change. They all possess an organic structure of change. This structure - for aeons, civilizations and individuals - is of a similar type, and it can be studied and thus understood. That is, various 'models' can be developed to describe this structure and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is the practical manifestation of a particular aeon, and an individual is an aspect, or part of, a particular civilization or a particular culture. A culture represents the various stages below that of a civilization - cultures are also an evolutionary development, a coming-together of individuals which enables more of the acausal to be 'accessed' and which thus produces changes for those individuals. A civilization, however, represents a much higher stage of development - a conscious awareness. Here we are only concerned with civilizations and the individuals associated with civilizations - for the simple reason that compared to civilizations, cultures and the peoples associated with them, are relatively insignificant in evolutionary terms: cultures are the evolutionary forms which pre-date civilization. The reality is that civilization, and thus aeons, are the first significant manifestations of individual consciousness and thus creativity.

All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship' ]- are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization. Archetypes (in the Jungian sense) are one aspect of the psyche - that is, archetypes are expressions of the acausal energy which a particular civilization represents.

This acausal energy determines and/or influences the actions and behaviour of the individuals of the civilization. That is, for the majority of individuals, their Destiny is that of the civilization itself - they do not possess a unique Destiny of their own. Only those individuals who have achieved the stage of evolutionary development which individuation/Adeptship represents have a unique Destiny, because only these individuals have freed themselves from the mostly unconscious influences and constraints which the psyche imposes. In terms of the inexact oak tree analogy, an individual with a unique Destiny is a seed or acorn which breaks free of the tree and can begin a new life as a sapling - if it survives.

The energies which a particular aeon and civilization represent are unique to that aeon and its associated civilization. That is, each civilization and aeon has its own unique, separate identity: its own ethos. Each civilization represents a stage of evolution, a step forward in the process of evolution itself. This means that each civilization has unique archetypes and that these archetypes are born with that civilization, grow with that civilization and die with that civilization - they possess no life beyond the confines of that civilization or aeon.

An aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time - a civilization lasts around 1,500 years. That is, it takes several centuries for the energies of a particular aeon, already presencing or 'flowing' to Earth from the acausal, to produce practical, visible and significant changes: to re-order the causal in a specific geographical region. An aeon is linked to a specific geographical area - and there is a place, or centre or 'nexion' where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because of how the type of acausal energy which creates a civilization works. Fundamentally, an aeon is an actual physical presencing, on Earth, of a particular type of acausal energy. Generally, this centre acquires a religious or cult significance in the centuries before and the centuries following the emergence of the civilization associated with the

particular aeon whose energies are most manifest at that centre. In general, in the early stages of a civilization, the acausal energy is apprehended in a particular archetypal or mythological way which is unique to that civilization.

The list in *Table I* describes the energy associated with a particular civilization - although it should be understood that such descriptions, in terms of 'ethos' and such things, are merely inaccurate guides to the type of energy. Such things as 'ethos' are how the individuals within a particular civilization apprehend such energy. This apprehension is both causal and acausal - in inexact terms, both rational and intuitive. This ethos, like a civilization, grows and changes; i.e. it evolves, while retaining the same inner essence.

The four civilizations listed in *Table I* are the higher or aeonic civilizations - i.e. those which have changed/shaped our conscious evolution. Four other civilizations have existed [the Egyptian; the Indic; the Sinic and the Japanese] but they (a) have not contributed significantly to such evolution (i.e. they lack large-scale creativity) and (b) they are related to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an aeonic civilization are: (1) it possesses a distinctive ethos [note: an ethos is not a 'religion' - rather, it is a particular and original "outlook on the world" and a particular way of living]; (2) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from a social challenge such as the disintegration of another nearby civilization]; and (3) it is creative and noble on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the insights of both Toynbee and Spengler are interesting - forming the basis for further analysis and extension. Basically, Spengler expressed the organic nature of a civilization (although he did not fully and accurately define what a civilization is) while Toynbee provided an historical formulation for the formative changes a civilization undergoes (such things as a 'Time of Troubles' and a Universal State or Imperium) and a useful definition of civilization (in terms of being a response to a physical or social challenge). Cliology, although based on these insights, does not depend on the minute details inherent in their work; rather, what is essential is extracted and used as a foundation to build another more far-reaching model.

The mechanisms by which civilizations have hitherto affected evolution is that of 'creative/heroic' individuals. Most of these individuals are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act or to express that ethos by their living. Hitherto, few individuals in any civilization have reached the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence (mostly unconscious) of the civilization's ethos or *wyrd*. Of course, there are many who now believe they have done this - as there have been some individuals who believed this in the past; but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is one of the primary aims of genuine esoteric arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious evolution and thus personal development, where they become free of such influence - i.e. for individuals to achieve a uniqueness of identity, a personal *wyrd*. This development requires the cultivation of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason - and for this cultivation to be achieved it is necessary for individuals to know and understand how and why things like civilizations and aeons are as they are. What I have called 'cliology' is an expression of such understanding, and as such a study and understanding of cliology [the science of aeons and the study of the acausal] aids conscious development, thus making Adeptship/individuation possible and enabling aeonic magick.

The pattern which each and every civilization follows can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for both an aeon and an individual. This symbolism enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification - a rational insight into and thus understanding of the patterns and processes themselves. Secondly, it significantly develops an already existing mental faculty and creates a new one - the ability to reason in abstract symbols, and the ability to reason in numinous symbols.

The ability to reason in abstract symbols basically describes mathematics (and thus the laws of Physics which are best expressed in mathematical form). Cliology extends the intellectual faculty which mathematics encourages and develops by creating an abstract symbolism which represents the acausal and some of the effects of this acausal in the causal. [For a brief outline of this abstract symbolism see the MSS: Cliology - A Basic Introduction] Further, cliology creates and encourages the development of an entirely new faculty of consciousness - the ability to think in numinous symbols.

This difference between purely abstract symbols and numinous symbols is important. Basically, a numinous symbol is a symbol which possesses acausal energy - it captures the essence of something which is acausal, and in doing this the symbol has the power to provoke or cause causal changes. In the simple sense [which is rather inexact] one might say a numinous symbol possesses or has 'life' - it is a

living entity in itself, although it lives in the psyche. A rudimentary and mostly unconscious numinous symbol is an archetype; another is a myth/mythos. The numinous symbols of cliology (of which the Star Game is an excellent example) are conscious. By 'conscious' here is meant - rational, understood. An unconscious symbol such as an archetype is in reality a proto-numinous symbol - it is seldom consciously understood, being felt and/or experienced rather than rationally apprehended. Further, a conscious numinous symbol can be used by an individual to bring about controlled aeonic changes because such symbols, being understood, can be precisely controlled and directed. An unconscious symbol produces imprecise internal change and imprecise external change: that is, it is not by its nature particularly amenable to manipulation. A numinous symbol thus makes Aeonic magick feasible for really the first time.

### *Aeons and Civilizations*

*Table I*

<b>Aeon</b>	<b>Symbol</b>	<b>Associated Civilization</b>	<b>Dates</b>	<b>Magickal Working</b>
Primal	Horned Beast	--	9,000-7,000BP	Shamanism
Hyperborean	Sun	Albion	7,000-5,500BP	Henges
Sumerian	Dragon	Sumeric/Egyptiac	5,000-3,500BP	Trance/Sacrifice
Hellenic	Eagle	Hellenic	3,000-1,500BP	Oracle;Choral-dance
Thorian (Western)	Swastika	Western	1,000BP-500AP	Ritual
Galactic	--	Galactic	>2,000eh	Star Game and >

Notes:

(1) 'BP' means Before Present (c.1980eh); 'AP' means After Present.

(2) There was no civilization (aeonic or otherwise) associated with the first aeon.

(3) The magickal centres (or nexion) for the civilizations are as follows: Albion - Stonehenge; Sumerian - between the Tigris and Euphrates [near present-day Baghdad]; Hellenic - Delphi; Western - area in the Welsh Marches.

## **II. Basic Principles of Aeonic Magick**

All aeonic magick can only be used, by its nature, in three ways - (1) aid the already existing or original wyrd of an existing aeonic civilization; (2) create a new aeon and thus a new aeonic civilization; (3) distort or disrupt an existing civilization and thus the aeonic forces of that civilization. That is, aeonic magick involves working (a) with existing aeonic energy (as evident in the associated aeonic civilization); or (b) against existing aeonic energy; or, finally, it involves (c) creating a new type of aeonic energy by opening a new nexion and drawing forth new acausal energies. Thus aeonic magick involves knowing the wyrd of the presently existing civilization and if there are/have been any attempts to disrupt that wyrd, magickally or otherwise.

The energy brought forth by aeonic magick can be used in three ways.

(a) Directed into a specific already existing form (such as an individual) or some causal structure which is created for this purpose. This structure can be some political or religious or social organization, group or enterprise, or it can be some work or works of 'Art', music and so on.

- (b) Drawn forth and left to disperse naturally over Earth (from the site of its presencing).
- (c) Shaped into some new psychic or magickal form or forms - such as an archetype or mythos.

Before undertaking any form of aeonic magick, the cliologist [ someone skilled in, knowledgeable about and who uses aeonic energies] must formulate an aim or intent. The means to achieve this must be chosen - and the practical forms, if required, must be created and be in readiness for the energies once the energies are unleashed. If a specific form - such as a new archetype - is chosen as means, then the cliologist must be knowledgeable about archetypes and adept at manipulating magickal energies into psychic forms. Similarly, if a physical nexion is chosen as a means of accessing acausal energies, the appropriate individuals must be organized and trained to undertake the appropriate rite(s).

### *Techniques and Control:*

There are only a certain number of techniques by which acausal energy can be accessed, as there are only a certain number of ways whereby this energy, once accessed, can be directed or 'controlled' into the various forms which are to be used to spread or disperse that energy.

(1) The first technique is creating a new physical nexion. This can be done by specific hitherto esoteric magickal rites, such as the Rites of the Nine Angles (qv.) and the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion (qv.). [It should be noted that Esoteric Chant, combined with a quartz tetrahedron, is one of the most effective ways of opening a nexion.] The chosen rite is conducted on the chosen site. It is often necessary to conduct a second or third rite within the space of a few weeks to fully open a new nexion. The new nexion, once open, needs to be kept open and this requires regular rites on the chosen site for many years - a specific rite [which does not necessarily involve sacrifice] should be constructed to do this. This specific rite needs to be undertaken at the very least twice yearly for the first five years, and then once yearly for at least ten years. One of the best methods to use for this specific rite is Esoteric Chant using a quartz tetrahedron.

(2) The second technique is using the advanced form of the Star Game. The cliologist sets the pieces to represent the existing aeon and the existing civilization at the specific moment of causal time the energy is to be accessed. The pieces are then selectively moved to change what presently exists and to represent the changes desired in the future. In this technique, the cliologist becomes a nexion via the symbolism - or rather, they access the acausal via their own psyche by means of the numinous symbols of the Star Game. This is so because the Star Game exactly re-presents those intersections between the causal and acausal which are an aeon, an aeonic civilization and an individual. [ It should be noted that while this technique is the simplest, it is also the most difficult, requiring great skill in the Star Game and thus a high level of cliological understanding.]

(3) The third - and only ancient - method is mimesis. This involves imitating either (i) some aspect of an already existing cosmic/Earth-based cycle/pattern/working and then either following the natural pattern or introducing a slight variation; or (ii) creating a new pattern/cycle/mythos to describe the energies and their effects. In effect this often involves (a) "acting-out" an archetypal r"le or drama (the key here is identification with the r"le - often during a ceremony involving others); or (b) creating realistic 'models' of events, symbolically imbuing them with "life" and then acting out with these models the desired future events. [ It should be noted that (a) and (b) are difficult to do properly - because intent and portrayal have to be precise- and thus are not often very effective.] One neglected form of mimesis is creative art - using an art-form (such as a work of fiction, a sculpture) to portray someone, some sequence of events or some archetypal energy. This form becomes a nexion - and thus influences the psyche of others by those others reading/viewing the art-form. However this form does not produce large-scale significant aeonic change.

The keys to controlling the energy are symbolism and forms. Unless it is left undirected, all acausal energy, once accessed by whatever means, has to be directed by the person or persons who draw it forth into the causal world. The easiest way to deal with acausal energy is to let it disperse naturally - i.e. no effort is made to control and direct it into specific forms or symbols. Such energy is 'raw' - it is

chaotic and primal (when viewed from the causal) and thus exceedingly dangerous if brought forth by someone who has not attained the stage of Master/Lady Master. It is psychically disruptive.

It has to be remembered that all acausal energy cannot be contained beyond certain limits - that is, such energy produce acausal changes as well as causal changes. The causal changes are temporal ones - present or future effects caused by such energy. It is these changes which can, in the simple sense, be produced by the cliologist by that cliologist controlling or directing the energy via symbolism and/or forms. That is, these are the changes which are desired by the cliologist who uses the symbolism and/or forms to achieve them. The acausal changes are not temporal - i.e. they are not controllable in causal time. In the simple sense, they are - or rather appear to be - random changes. The cliologist must create or aim to create future forms and/or symbolism which takes into account the possible emergence into the causal of such acausal changes - in practice, such forms absorb the 'random' energy when it appears or manifests in the causal. If this is not done, it is possible that such energy may disrupt/distort and thus undermine the causal changes created by the cliologist. Most of these acausal changes can be gleamed from the symbolism of the advanced Star Game if the pieces are set to represent the conditions pertaining at the moment of causal time when the aeonic working is first undertaken, and if the aeonic working itself is represented by the first sequence of moves from that departure point.

To fully control and thus direct the energy, new forms and/or symbolism should be created to channel the energy. These then enshrine or come to re-present the energy. Examples of practical social forms are ideas and ideals; an example of a practical psychic form is an archetypal figure - a character from a new mythos; an example of a practical political form is a political organization; and example of a practical 'religious' form is a new ethos. All these things - and the many others like them - should be created before the act or acts of aeonic magick by the cliologist with the intention of them being used to cause or bring about changes in the real world, in the causal. The nature of such things should be akin to the type of changes desired. Each such creation should itself be represented by a unique symbol or sign; by a unique descriptive word, phrase or slogan; by a unique piece of sound [or 'music']; by particular collocations of colour, and so on - or by one particular individual who embodies that idea, ideal, mythos or whatever. These unique creations should embody the essence of the change or changes required.

During the act or acts of aeonic magick, the cliologist focuses or directs the energy so accessed into artifacts which portray or represent the unique symbols or signs, and thus into the very symbols themselves and the forms represented by those symbols. In effect, the symbols and forms become alive - they exist, have being and cause changes. They grow and undergo metamorphosis. They acquire an independent existence of their own. The greater the acausal energy presented by or in such forms and symbols, the greater the changes produced - the more life they possess.

Fundamentally, aeonic magick is concerned with producing large-scale changes over many centuries - it is concerned with changing or altering the destiny of millions of peoples on time-scales which be as long as a millennia. This requires certain abilities and certain skills - but above all it requires that wisdom and knowledge which only genuine Masters/Lady Masters possess.

## *Aeons, Civilization and Ethos*

Aeonic Civilization	Essence of Ethos	Country of Ethos
Albion	proto-Druidism	Britain
Sumerian	Vedas	Indus
Hellenic	Iliad	Greece
Western	National-Socialism	Third Reich
Galactic	Galactic Empire	Solar System and >

- Notes:
- (1) The ethos is the unique spirit, the unique wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon. What is listed above is that practical form or expression which captures or captured the essence of a particular ethos.
  - (2) Manifestations of the ethos include the following.
    - (a) for the Hellenic - Greek Tragedy; Reason; Logic.
    - (b) for the Western: Science; Technology; Exploration; Space-Travel
    - (c) for Albion - Stonehenge and other, similar monuments.
  - (3) Little is known about the practical expression of the ethos of the civilization of Albion other than genuine Druidism (as portrayed by the Classical writers) enshrined some of its spirit.

## Some Septenary Correspondences

Sphere	Stone	Perfume	Star	Causal Color	Acausal Color	Process	Word	Season
Dark-Form								
Moon Aries	Quartz	Petriochor Night	Sirius	Blue	Silver	Calcination	Nox	
Mercury Indulgence	Opal	Henbane	Arcturus	Yellow	Black	Seperation	Satan	Scorpio
Venus Ecstasy	Emerald	Hazel	Mira	Green	White	Coagulation	Hriliu	Mid-Winter
Sun Summer	Amethyst Vision	Oak	Antares	Orange	Gold	Putrefaction	Lux	Mid-
Mars Libra	Ruby Blood	Pine	Rigel	Red	Blue	Sublimation	Azif	
Jupiter Capricorn	Amber Azoth	Alder	Deneb	Violet	Crimson	Fermentation	Azoth	
Saturn	Diamond Reason	Ash	Naos	Indigo	Purple	Exaltation	Chaos	-----

### The Three Levels of the Spheres

(Tarot Images)

Sphere	Salt (Unconscious)	Mercury (Ego)	Suplhur (Self)
1 (Moon)	18	15	13
2	0	8	16
3	6	14	17
4	7	12	5
5	1	4	9
6	11	3	2
7 (Saturn)	10	19	20

[The Septenary](#)

[The Wheel of Life](#)

## **Baphomet: A Note On The Name**

The name of Baphomet is regarded by Traditional Satanists as meaning "the mistress (or mother) of blood" - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. [See 'The Ceremony of Recalling'.]

The supposed derivation is from the Greek βαφη μητρα and not, as is sometimes said, from μητιος (the Attic form for 'wise'). Such a use of the term 'Mother'/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings – for example Iamblichus in "De Mysteriis" used μητριζω to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of 'amalgam' (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna, in the sexual sense).

In the Septenary System, Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal "Earth Gate" (qv. the Nine Angles), and Her reflexion (or 'causal' nature - as against Her acausal or Sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares. According to esoteric Tradition, the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion c.3,000 BP – in the middle and toward the end the month of May and some stone circles/sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the Sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus, Arcturus itself being related to the Sinister male aspect (Mercury - second sphere), later identified with Lucifer/ Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a Sinister hierosgamos - the union of Baphomet with Her spouse (or 'Priest' who took on the role of the Sinister male aspect). According to Tradition, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess/Mistress of the cult. Thus, the May celebration was the (re-)birth of new energies (and the child of the Union). Tradition relates this Sinister, sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years. Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago. In the middle ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan – and it is from this time that both 'Baphomet' and 'Satan', as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (at least in the secret sinister tradition).

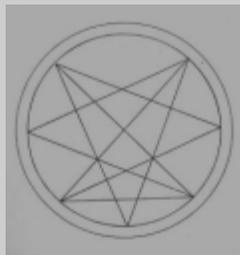
Hence the Traditional depiction of Baphomet - a beautiful mature woman (often shown naked) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (usually shown bearded).

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua, but with some bloody/ sinister aspects - and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy warriors, and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of "holy" differed somewhat from that of the church of the time, including as it did dark/Gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle and not part of a specific rite.

The image of Baphomet (e.g. by Levi) as a hermaphrodite figure are romantic

confusions and/or distortions: essentially of the symbolic/real union of mistress and priest and his later sacrifice. The same applies to the derivation of the suffix of her name with 'wisdom' (and a male image at that!) - even the confused Gnostics understood 'wisdom' as female.

### **Order of Nine Angles**



## Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles

Version 3.01

*What is the ONA?*

The Order of Nine Angles is a sinister esoteric organization, a sinister Way, an ethos, a kulture, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos.

1) The ONA is a kollektive - an esoteric association - of individuals, world-wide, who use, or who apply, or who are inspired by, our sinister methodology, our sinister mythos, and/or our sinister Way. By *esoteric association* we mean something different from an *association* as understood by mundanes and as manifest in the mundane world of the mundanes. We mean *an association of individuals and clandestine cells*, for the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of (often clandestine) cells (nexions) and independent freelance operatives. This is because of the overall subversive nature of the ONA itself.

2) The Sinister Way of the ONA is evident in the members of the O9A kollektive who apply and identify with one or more of our traditional methods or who develop/devise their own methods inspired by our ethos.

Our traditional methods include The Seven Fold Way - as manifest in manuscripts (MSS) such as *Naos* and in the work of traditional ONA nexions - and the Way of The Rounwytha as well as the way of sinister tribes, clans and gangs.

Our ethos - the essence of our O9A kulture - is manifest in:

- (a) our code of kindred honour;
- (b) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;
- (c) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

3) The sinister methodology of the ONA is manifest, for example, in our Niners - our freelance operatives and their families - and in what we call sinister tribes, all of whom live by our code of kindred honour, and who thus live practical adversarial lives.

4) The sinister mythos of the ONA is evident in stories such as *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and is briefly outlined in the MS *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles* (Esoteric Notes 103a).

*What are the aims of the ONA?*

Three of the primary aims of the ONA are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by practical and esoteric means (such as Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States – and their impersonal governments – by our new tribal societies.

*How can I join the ONA?*

There are three ways of joining – or becoming part of – the subversive ONA. The first, and perhaps the easiest, way, is to, by yourself, just start living by our code of kindred honour. You can then choose whether to work as a Niner, or follow the Seven Fold Sinister Way, using the guidance of practical works such as *Naos*, and the *Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way*.

The second way is to seek out a traditional ONA nexion or an ONA Adept, and then follow or apply or put into practice the guidance that may be offered. This is similar to the first way, although here the individual usually has some practical guidance and practical advice from someone who has been involved with the ONA for some time and who, as a consequence, has done practical sinister stuff, magickal and otherwise.

Note that in both these cases, the individual – when sufficient practical experience is acquired – can establish their own ONA nexion (aka Temple aka group), if they so desire.

The third way is to find and join an existing ONA tribe, or to form, or to become the founder of, your own sinister tribe by applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, as given, for example, in MSS such as (1) *The War Against The Mundanes*; (2) *We, The Drecc*, and (3) *Dark Warriors of the Sinister ONA*. Our tribes, by their very feral nature, are territorial, and local – they live and thrive in a certain geographical area, or a certain ‘hood, although some are now beginning to form alliances with other similar groups in other areas, or have expanded their operations and territory, and so can be found spread over several localities. In some ways, many or most of our sinister tribes are a new type of gang culture, and most of them are urban-based.

In all cases, one does not join – or pay membership fees to – some central ONA headquarters, or some ONA command, because, as mentioned previously, the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of what are often clandestine cells because of the generally subversive nature of the ONA itself, and because (expressed in rather esoteric terms) the ONA is an organized presencing of acausal energy through that nexion which is the ONA, which presencing is a willed, or directed, act of dark (sinister) sorcery.

In all cases, “membership” is earned through hardship, experience, and practical deeds, for the individual becomes of the ONA by their practical deeds and because of their sinister experience, their following of our dark and sinister esoteric path; that is, because they are, they become, living examples – living nexions – of our kulture.

*I have heard it said that the ONA is defunct?*

The ONA is thriving. Expanding; changing; evolving. Just because most of our members or associates – or any of The Old Guard (OG) – do not deign to partake in Internet discussions on some mundane forum or other, does not mean the ONA is defunct. Similarly, just because someone such as Anton Long keeps a low (and clandestine) profile, never ever now gives public interviews, and can only be contacted by trusted ONA members of long-standing, does not mean that he has “left”, or that he has changed his “life-long commitment to the sinister way”.

The mistake here is the silly mundane presumption that for some esoteric group, today, to be considered to “exist” it must have some thriving blatant Internet presence, or some snail-mail address, or some public “representative”, or to have some books published by some mundane publisher; or have some commercially available merchandise or some trade-marked logo; or be officially “recognized” by some mundane authority or other.

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken – covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as “sinister” or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the “law enforcement” agencies of mundane “law and order”. That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nyms*, now – some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these nyms, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

The confusion about being “defunct” arises, quite often, because the ONA is a subversive, sinister, organization operating on the basis of (often clandestine) cells, and because the OG really have gone back “underground”, to continue their sinister work, in secret. And also because, of course, the ONA is a shapeshifting sinister entity, in the world of the mundanes; as befits a sinister, subversive, heretical, revolutionary, group.

*What do you mean by mundanes?*

We mean any and all of those who “are not of us”. Those who do not belong to or who do not associate with our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, or who do not share our sinister ethos, or our sinister way of life.

We call them mundanes, because that is what they are – mundane. They are ordinary; they engage with and live in the mundane world of everyday work, and they have mundane goals. They accept the status quo; they pay their taxes. Even the “rebellion” of some of them is no real rebellion against the mundane ethos of wage and salary slavery, no real rebellion against the laws and ethics of the mundanes, of The State; no real rebellion against The State itself, and against the organized forces of mundane “law and order”.

The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the “order” that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called “justice” is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane “law and order”, such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.

Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision – and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our “family”, to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.

Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.

We know our kind; our kind can find us. And it is our kind that the mundanes fear, and rightly so.

*You talk of a Dark Imperium - a kind of Galactic Empire. But isn't there a contradiction here between the goal of developing unique individuals and an Imperium which by its nature requires a certain loyalty and obedience, a certain submission to its ideals?*

In its beginning (and for probably many centuries), such a sinister Imperium may well involve our new, aristocratic, elite (our developed individuals) in leading those less developed and less enlightened; and/or in manipulating people, perhaps by some causal form (for example, what mundanes often call a political ideology, or say, what mundanes often call a religion).

Thus, our Dark Imperium may well be built and established by others, but under our guidance, our leadership; under the inspiration of our numinous-mythos, and under the aegis of our new type of human being. But it is this very Imperium which will provide the challenges, the Cosmic diversity, to speed up the process of human evolution and thus produce more enlightened, unique, individuals who can fulfil their potential, as has been explained in various texts.

Hence, the Dark Imperium will be our new sinister collective, assimilating other humans and then possibly other alien life-forms - a manifestation of our sinister ethos; a means to test, refine, evolve, individuals; to have the best triumph and lead; to provide more opportunities for evolution, not less.

In addition, our overall aim is to produce individuals with an Aeonic perspective, an understanding of wyrd, of the sinister imperative, who thus understand our new tribal ways of life and thus the ethos of our Law of The Sinister-Numen. Our aim is not to produce more Homo Hubris types who are addicted to an egotistical way of life and who thus are arrogantly unbalanced, believing as such types do the Magian illusion (evident in Magian Occultism) that they - some puny mundane - are the most important (and the most powerful) thing in the Cosmos. Our Way - in contrast to such Magian egotism, in contrast to the un-numinous hubris of Homo Hubris - is the Way of the Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law is the foundation of the Dark Imperium, and the basis for the way of life of the warriors of our Imperium.

*Is the ONA a Satanist organization?*

Yes, and also (and importantly) no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even *traditional Satanism* (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to *one* particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term *sinister* instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions

of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some *-ism* or some *-ology*.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need. Thus – and to consider a relevant example – most mundanes want, and need, to classify or to define someone such as “Anton Long” by whether or not that person adheres or – or rather is seen, by mundanes, to adhere to – some already existing *-ism* or some *-ology*. Thus, they the mundanes become confused, perplexed, when such a person seems to adhere to several of those supposedly conflicting *-isms* or *-ologies* at the same time, or seems to move easily from one to another; and thus do they, the mundanes, in their confused perplexion, readily reach for a ready-made explanation, and project upon that person some other mundane term, believing by describing this person by such a term they have “understood” that person. Hence, the mundane is relieved, satisfied, comfortable again with themselves and their world.

*Where can I find out more about the ONA?*

Currently (121 yf), there is an unofficial [ONA website](#), and a semi-official [ONA weblog](#) (which is not regularly updated). There was also an older, unofficial, website (camlad9), which gave some of the more exoteric ONA material related to Satanism, but it was shut down – banned – in October of 120 Year of Feyen because the ONA material there was, according to the mundanes, subversive and “dangerous”. Most of the material on the censored website is, however, available elsewhere on the Internet, and in printed books.

In addition, there are some individuals who publish collections of ONA material, and ONA books.

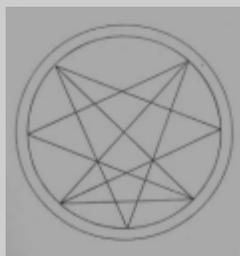
One important attribute of the ONA is that we do not believe in the mundane concept of copyright, so that all ONA works can be redistributed, and re-printed and re-published, with anyone free to print them and even charge money for them if they want to make a profit.

Some photostatic copies of some original and older ONA items – as issued by the ONA in the 1980's and 1990's CE – are now available, often in pdf format. These copies of originals include *Naos*, and *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, and the original *Black Book of Satan*, as well *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

There may arise a time – soon, or not so soon – when we no longer have even an unofficial ONA website or an ONA blog, so that the neophyte and the curious will have to rely on either the sites and blogs of one or more of our cells, nexions or tribes, or do some practical research for themselves in the traditional, non-Internet, way of finding and reading books and articles, and finding and asking “those who know”.

*What is the official symbol of the ONA?*

We have two main, exoteric, sigils or symbols. The first relates to our Sinister Way, to causal and acausal and the Nine Angles, and is usually represented, in a two-dimensional way, as below:



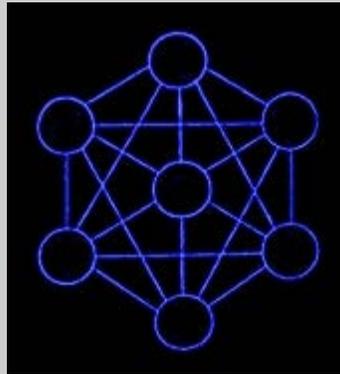
*ONA Sigil*

The second, given below, relates to our sinister mythos, and is associated with Baphomet, whom we regard – in contrast to all other Occultists – as a female acausal and sinister being, who can manifest in the causal, and this sigil is known both as The Sigil of Baphomet, and as The Dreccian Moons of Baphomet.



*Sigil of Baphomet*

We also sometimes use the Septenary sigil, as below:



*The Septenary Sigil*

What should be understood, however, is that these sigils are only two-dimensional, exoteric, re-presentations of four-dimensional forms.

Thus, the ONA sigil, given above, is properly (that is, esoterically) constructed in three-dimensions, within a sphere, which three-dimensional construct itself changes, thus mimicking the change which is causal Time. This change is both a simple change of perspective (for example, the movement and rotation of the sphere and the construct within it) and also a “mapping” (that is, a causal “distortion”) of both the sphere and the construct within it). This mapping is essentially a change of, a transformation of, the regular Cartesian three-dimensional co-ordinate system, and to a limited extent this can be understood, and re-presented, by reference to the mathematical change of metric in causal Space-Time. This change is – viewed causally – random, and thus there is some esoteric appreciation, on viewing this four-dimensional sigil, of some of the properties of a nexion: of where the acausal is manifest in the causal.

Similarly, both the Septenary Sigil and the Sigil of Baphomet should be constructed in three-dimensions, and be animated.

*What is the true origin of the name Order of the Nine Angles?*

The Order of Nine Angles is only our exoteric name, and the origin of the term Order of Nine Angles – or as some people write, and, say, The Order of The Nine Angles – has been explained by us, several times. See, for instance, the collection of texts, *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, [Part One](#) and [Part Two](#) issued in 120 yf in pdf format, and currently available on the ONA website.

There are several other, older, Order MSS where the term is discussed, and those genuinely interested can seek those

other MSS out and read them. Mundane Occultists, of course, will continue to make their spurious and silly claims about the supposed origin of the outward, exoteric, name of our subversive organization.

*Is it true that you advocate human sacrifice?*

We refer to such deeds as culling, and all genuinely sinister organizations, groups, associations and individuals undertake such cullings, and have always done so. Such deeds – whether collective or individual – are one of things which distinguish our type of life, our breed, from that of the mundanes.

Establishing, maintaining, providing for, and expanding, a sinister tribe involves culling. Combat involves culling, as does war. We just make the deeds or deeds of culling more conscious, more directed, more controlled, more rational, and view such deeds in the perspective of Aeonics, in terms of our centuries-long Aeon strategy, and in terms of the evolution of the individual and of our human species.

*What about the illegal nature of such deeds, and other such sinister deeds, that you advocate?*

We say: illegal according to whose definition? That of the mundanes, of some mundane government? Their definitions, their laws, are irrelevant to us. We strive to only abide by our own law, which is the law of the sinister-numen, as outlined in MSS such as *The War Against The Mundanes*. Our justice is the justice of The Drecc, founded on our law of the sinister-numen.

Thus are we subversive, heretical, genuinely revolutionary, aiming as we do to replace the laws and the societies of the mundanes with our law and our new types of societies.

*I've heard that your Dark Gods are taken from the fiction of HP Lovecraft. Is that true?*

That is a common and mistaken assumption made by mundanes. A study of our tradition will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. See, for example, the ONA text *Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos: Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA*.

In contrast to pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are part of a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of our complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues. For an overview of this esoteric philosophy of ours, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

Essentially, The Dark Gods are considered to be acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum.

*How can I contact someone from the ONA?*

The simple answer is that you cannot; unless we want to contact you or recruit you for some reason, because – for instance – you had made a name for yourself by doing practical sinister deeds, or because you might have strayed into territory run by one of our tribes, or if you had some particular esoteric ability or some practical skill which we, or one of our traditional nexions, or one of our tribes, might find useful. Even then, of course, you would be tested, and would remain untrusted until you had been blooded (British English) or hazed (US English) and taken a binding oath.

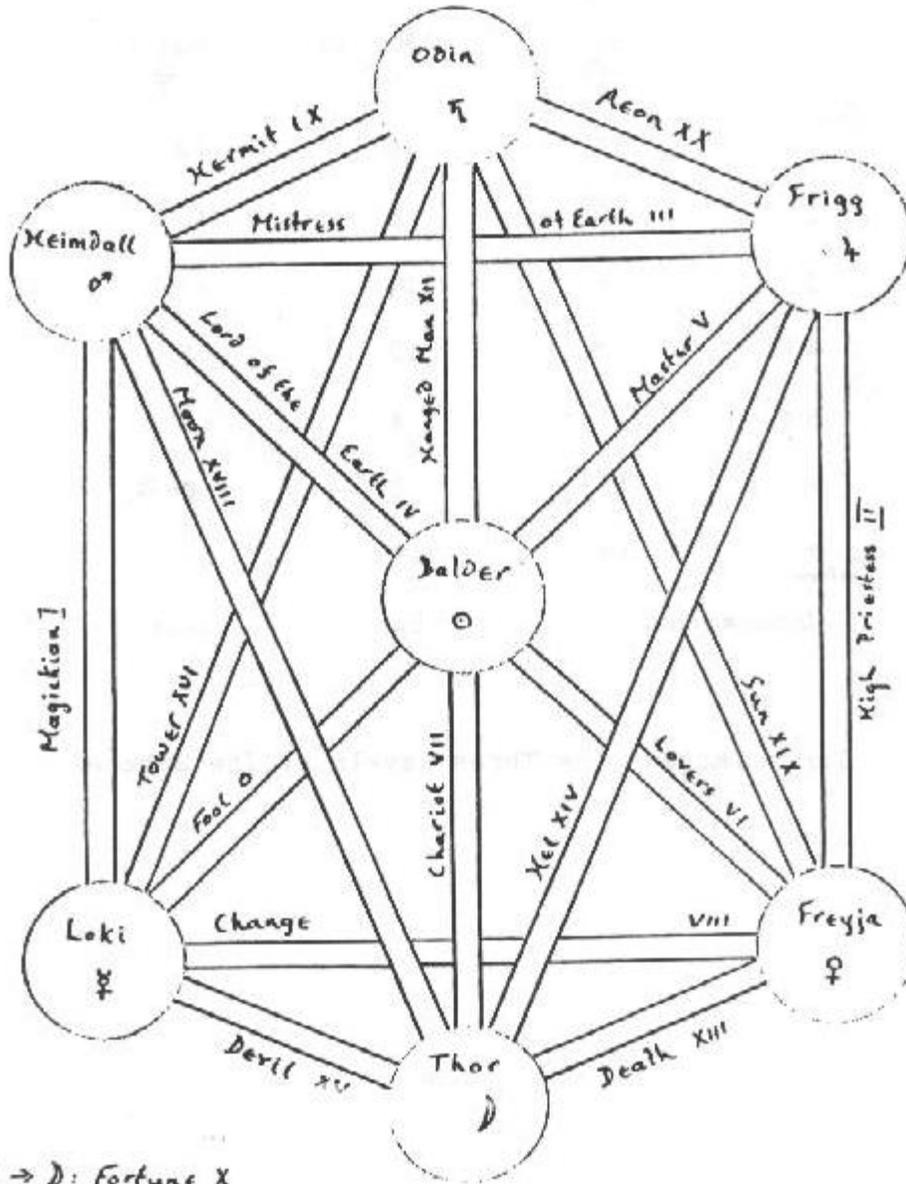
ONA  
123 Year of Fayen

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Appendix I

THE SEPTENARY SYSTEM

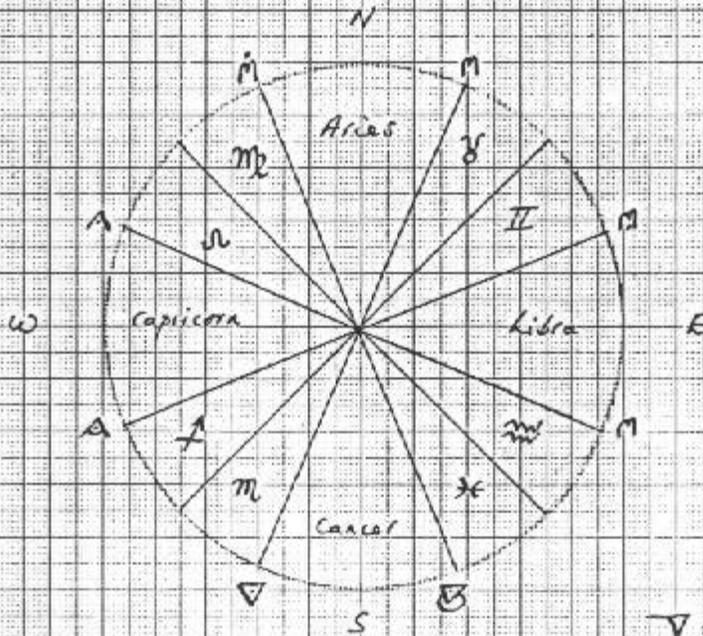


♁ → ♁: Fortune X  
 ♂ → ♀: Star XVII

# The Wheel of Life

Aries: Venus  
 Cancer: Moon  
 Libra: Sun  
 Capricorn: Mercury

♈ = Spring Equinox  
 ☊ = Summer Solstice  
 ♎ = Autumn Equinox  
 ♄ = Winter Solstice



♈: Water of Water  
 ♉: Water of Fire  
 ♊: Fire of Water  
 ♋: Fire of Fire etc.

♈: Water ♄  
 ♉: Fire ♄  
 ♊: Earth ♄  
 ♋: Air ♄

♄: Priestess : Aphrodite  
 ♄: Priest : Apollo  
 ♄: Mistress of Earth : Hecate  
 ♄: Master of the Temple : Hermes

The helical path

