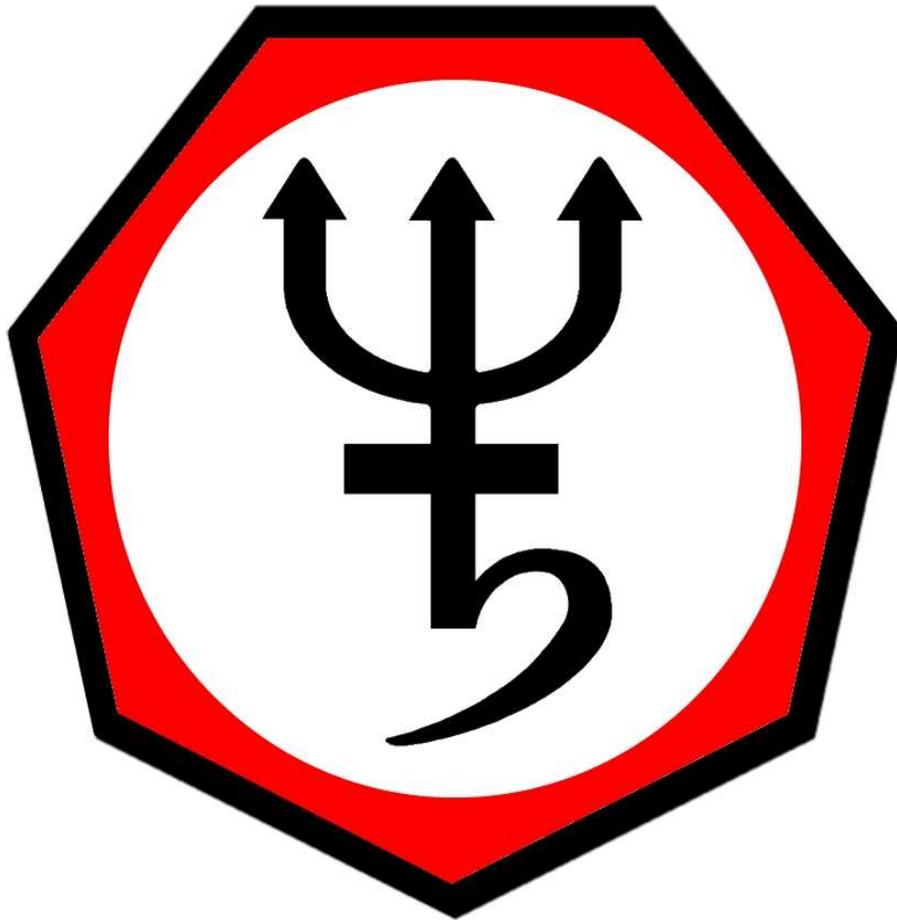


—FENRIR—

Journal of Satanism and the Sinister



ISSUE I

120 YEAR OF FAYEN



Fenrir – Journal of Satanism and the Sinister

Issue I / 120 Year of Fayen

Edited and published by The Heresy Press, Order of Nine Angles

<http://lulu.com/theheresypress>

Atus by Eques Sinemus, Secuntra Nexion



INTRODUCTION

*The wolf is back - Back in **black**...*

Like a retrovirus that awakens from dormancy, the Order of Nine Angles, reemerges from the silence. More viral and dangerous than before; with a newly mutated genetic memplex at the ready to infect and spread amongst the mundane population like a pandemic. It's been over 30 years, and the ONA isn't going anywhere. In fact Anton Long is alive and well in the 21st century. Over the course of these past 3 decades the ONA has gradually evolved and changed with new memes added to old ones, as Anton Long evolved and changed on his own personal quest begun so long ago. Now that sinister sickness of Anton Long's – that Obsession with the Dark – has infected others. The Dark Torch of the Sinister Tradition has been handed down unto a new generation to carry it; Live it, mutate it; evolve it, disrupt with it, assault with it, extort with it, plunder with it, cull with it, dominate the streets with it, gain liberation with it. To run with it like Berserk Vikings and Germanic Barbarians – to burn Rome down with it.

However far the Sinister Order of the Nine Angles has come; however many minds it has influenced over the last 3 decades; however many Initiates and Adepts the ONA has inspired to practically and pragmatically live and manifest the Sinister-Numen – is due to the genius of a single mind we sometimes know as “Anton Long.” But now, that sinister genius has infected others who now duplicate his efforts, such that there now exists a legion of “Anton Longs,” each possessed/obsessed with the Sinister-Numen, enough for each to carry the ONA onward and do as he once did, for the next 30 years.

The ONA, today, as it always was esoterically, is a living acausal being – to which being each of us Dreccians are but causal cells of. As a living being grows, changes, and evolves over time, in the same way that we each have grown, changed, and evolved over time, such that what we today know and understand, and what worldviews we have, are not the same as what we knew, understood and how we saw the world when we were 2 or 3 decades younger – so too does the ONA gradually evolve in time. The fact that the ONA of this Third Phase is very different then the ONA of even a decade ago tells us that there is no dogma or stagnant ideology in the ONA – that such things has never been an aspect of the ONA. For such things as Dogma, inert authoritative edicts, and stagnant ideologies belongs to the realm of the mundanes and their dead religions written and unchanged in dead books, scribed by long dead hands. What does the dead have to do with the living? That their long dead opinions and outdated ideas should have any influence on or relevance to us of today and what world modern living world we exist in?

The ONA is a methodology, and like science, it has theories – what we may call esoteric insights and our sinister principles. Just as science is progressive, so is the ONA a progressive science. Meaning that just as the memes (ideas) of science evolve and refines old theories as time passes with new insights and apprehensions of the Natural world to become more accurate and precise, so too does the ONA's memplex evolve and is refined over time. We saw this in the relationship between the ONA as an organization and Anton Long.. We witnessed how the ONA gradually changes and refines its methodology, its principles, tactics, and its insights – shapeshifting – as Anton Long advanced on his personal quest. But now, the ONA is no longer reliant on one sinister insightful individual. The ONA now has many insightful sinister individuals to evolve it, as they each evolve, as each shares their sinister insights.

The ONA has come a long way these past few decades. In the past it was quite difficult to see the difference between the ONA and the long list spin offs and copy cats it produces. Today, you would have to be a total idiot to not see a difference. Not only has the ONA out lived most of its spin offs and copy cat groups, but the ONA is no longer just about “Satanism,” “racialism,” and chaos magick shenanigans. There is more to the ONA today than just the traditional occult and magic – which is still a living aspect of the ONA. But the ONA has become more practical; more tribal. It is today morphing into a coherent collective of strong minded, law defiant numinous individuals who all share a common Dark Tradition and Sinister Way of life; who all share a aim, goal, objective, dream, which we are each working to manifest in our own way.

The ONA today is about using our Sinister Nature in an organized sinister syndicate. It is about organizing into Clans, and organizing these Clans into cooperative networks for our sinister agendas and business. It is about arming ourselves, and striving to become what Anton Long calls the Dark Warrior. It has now become about Us versus all of the mundanes. About the Law of the Sinister-Numen which binds us all together into an organized, coherent nexus of the Dark against an incoherent and individualized zoo of mundanes. It has now become a struggle for our people and for our future progeny’s liberation from this mundane prison. And we will use whatever force necessary to break free or die trying.

But none of this is possible if we each do not put what is the ONA into practice. The Order of Nine Angles of today has become something that can no longer just be “believed in” or carried in the mind as a sinister label. It is today more deed oriented; more real world oriented. We each must now organize our Clans, Nexions, and Sinister Tribes for not just the traditional rites and rituals, but now also for the sake of apprehending and acquire power, wealth, and ultimately Liberation. Each practical step we take in the causal world, each gun we buy, each ounce we sell, each house we rob, each business we extort, each street firm and gang we establish diplomacy and trade with, each mundane we kill via Sinister Cloaking, takes our people one step closer to destroying the States of Homo Hurbis and manifesting that Myattian Vision of a Galactic Imperium.

WSA 352 Nexion

Order of Nine Angles

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THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US

The fundamental difference between us, The Drecc, and the mundanes is that we exult in the physicality of life, of living in the dangerous moment, while they think, dream, and prepare for their future and for their safety.

Thus do we exult in combat, in crime – in walking armed and exulting and fearless into some place and taking what we need to survive. Thus do we live for and plan for some confrontation or other when every second of every moment may be our last or the means of our escape to live again to thrive, to exult, as some higher type of human being.

Thus do we exult in Dance, when music plays, throbbing around and within us, and we and our partner become the very life, the very breathing, of love, passion, joy, exultation and Being, and nothing exists for us in us then except the beauty, the passion, of our bodily movement, our physical exertion, through which and by which and in which and because of which we transcend to a more pure, higher, form of living which the mundanes never know or never even feel.

Thus do we exult in and often need that exhilaration and ecstasy of physical speed when we recklessly drive or fly as we drive or fly some powerful machine which we control by sheer exhilaration and that skill that our kind of life has bred within us – unheeding as we rush forth in our ecstasy of all conventions and all laws that the mundanes have manufactured and put in place and which they try to enforce to discourage, contain and control our kind of dangerous higher human life.

Thus do we exult in the passion of a physical, sexual, joining, and the games we play before in anticipation of such a physical joining; for we love the chase almost as much as we love the union itself. For there is Life, the essence of our human existence, there in such a joining, in such a prelude and anticipation of such joining.

Thus do we exult in the power we feel as we strive against ourselves and all others as we, armed, walk the shadowed silence of some alley in anticipation of attack, prepared and ruthless enough as the predator we are to injure, fight, and kill.

Thus do we exult in opposition to all those forces of so-called “law and order” which the mundanes love and often worship and most surely in their weakness need – for we love to outwit them; to play our games with them, as we love to cruise in anticipation of some armed confrontation with them and our enemies, unheeding as we are of our own mortality, our own death, for is the very possibility of death that enchants and makes us what we are, powerful, strong, fearless, a breed apart.

Thus do we exult in danger and risk and risk our own lives, and that of others, because in such risk and such danger is that exultation of a growing evolving life which changes and which can seed us to be, to become, that higher type of being which the mundanes in their very mundane-ness fear and which they in their fear and in their morbid love of “safety” and of “planning” try and try to outlaw and make “illegal”.

Thus do we live with them – in their world, for now – using them and their life, their society, as a resource, as the resource we need to live life on that higher life that makes us what we are, for now while we have to endure living only on this planet, Earth.

Thus are we outlaws, criminals, terrorists, chancers, explorers, adventurers, racketeers, for we know all the laws of the mudanes for the tyranny they are: a tireless attempt to prevent us from making our life into a succession of ecstasies.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
120 yf



ANIMAL SACRIFICE: A FRESH PERSPECTIVE

Ever since its first emergence into the public domain in the 1960's and up till present, the ONA has attained, espoused and maintained a controversial reputé among the general public and various occult orders alike for its enduring commitment to the realms, teachings and practices of the genuinely "Sinister". Both the Temple Of Set and the Church Of Satan (both viewed as official representatives of "Satanism" and the "Left Hand Path") have taken a dim view upon the teachings and practices of the ONA because they do not conform to their watered down, fettered philosophies. The main reason for this general detestation of the ONA is its endorsement of that which is viewed as being truly "Sinister;" that is, mainly: The advocacy and practice of human sacrifice among its members. Modern society (and many of those pseudo-Satanist posers which claim to be of the genuine Left Hand Path) frowns upon this practice under any context - apart from the heinous and hypocritical Christians which frown upon Satanic sacrifice but at the same time worship a deity that demanded a father to sacrifice his own son in cold blood as a malicious "test of faith"; Genesis 22:1-24, The binding of Isaac. The reasons for - and "psychology" behind - Human Sacrifice are outlined in many Order Mss (see 'Hostia - secret teachings of the ONA'; 'Victims - A sinister expose'; 'Gift for The Prince - A guide to human sacrifice -'; 'Culling - A guide to human sacrifice II -'; 'Guidelines for the testing of Opfers'; 'Sacrifice - A confession' and 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'). However, the purpose of this publication is not to deal with the topic of Human Sacrifice, but with that of Animal Sacrifice.

Animal sacrifice is an extremely controversial subject among the members of both the general public and of the Left Hand Path; even certain members of the ONA are disturbed by this topic and conform to the typical view of Animal Sacrifice being "a-moral and plain out wrong!" Allow me to state first and foremost that -any- member of the ONA claiming to have passed beyond the Grade of Neophyte -has- undertaken a ritualistic form of animal sacrifice - and anybody that claims a title beyond the Grade of Neophyte and denies ever having taken a part in such an act is either - a) Not a true Initiate of the Sinister tradition, or, b) One that has completed the appropriate tasks attributed to the Grade, for example, of Neophyte, but has misunderstood the nature of the act either unintentionally (through ignorance and/or a lack of insight), or through a feeling of guilt and self resentment brought into being by some or other moral stigma to which the person is attached and by which they are controlled. Some may find this statement to be completely absurd, insulting, spiteful and plain out rude or obnoxious - and to those who do, I feel a poignant need to point this out: You belong to one of the above categories; 'a)' or 'b)'. I have not made this statement as a juvenile attempt to upset people or to undermine their views; I have made it because it is factual and based in reality. "Where and what is this evidence?" you ask? Here is the evidence:

To most people, the phrase "ritualistic animal sacrifice" brings to mind the stereotypical image of a cute, defenceless creature, being slaughtered upon an altar surrounded by sadistic hooded figures laughing callously at its misfortune - but this is not always necessarily so. Satanic Sacrifices are performed for a specific reason under controlled, planned out circumstances by responsible, selfdisciplined individuals; not by crazed sadists or irresponsible individuals driven and controlled by zany urges. Anybody who is well versed in the topic of the Grade Rituals of the ONA will know that to each stage is attributed a 'secret task/s'. One of the 'secret tasks' attributed to the completion of the Grade of Neophyte is to:

"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, and wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.)" – *Extract taken from the Order Ms "A Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Sinister Way"*.

This task is, essentially, a form of hermetic ritual magick. The practitioner undertakes it alone with a goal in mind – that is, to undertake the archetypal "Role" of an ancient/primitive hunter and to experience the changes in consciousness that the completion of this 'Role' brings about. The completion of this "Role" requires an animal to be killed, skinned and eaten for its purposes by the one undertaking it. This is not a simple act of "hunting small game"; this is strictly ritualistic animal sacrifice. The undertaking of any archetypal "Role" has a specific purpose – to bring the certain energies/aspects associated with that archetype into fruition within the psyche of the individual which were previously unconscious/unrecognised and to "alter" or "expand" the consciousness of that individual. This is a form of esoteric (internal) alchemy, and this form of alchemy is brought on by one means – Ritual.

What are the social and mental effects of this act (the hunting and killing of game with ancient weaponry and the skinning and eating of that game) upon the individual? What parts/aspects of the individual were awoken by this act which previously lay dormant? What can the individual deduce rationally from the experience? Can the individual overcome, perhaps, the guilt that such an experience might bring, and if so, what does this overcoming bring? Finding the answers to such questions are part of the outcome of the ritual – and for this goal to be reached, a transmutation (change) through esoteric (internal) magick (alchemy) is necessary; and for the transmutation (change) to take place a ritualistic procedure is necessary – This ritualistic procedure just so happens to be the killing/sacrifice of an animal. This is not the only reason for undertaking this task; the undertaking of the sacrifice develops Satanic character by imbuing the aspirant Neophyte with a sense of "belonging" to his/her Satanic creed; it is an affirmation of his/her chosen path. It is also a test of loyalty to the Order and the Sinister way. This act does not include a moral evaluation; it does not tell us whether the one undertaking it is "good" or "evil"; nor does it tell us what constitutes the man's actual interests. It is the task of ethics to answer such questions – and one could say that part of the rituals function is also the evolution of one's "ethics" – i.e., that which one considers to be moral and a-moral, "right" and "wrong", etc; the eventual aim, of course, is the abolition of morals, ethics and any/all other abstractions as a whole, and the transcendence, by the individual, into "higher provinces" of being.

To quote the title of a certain Ms: "Towards the Dark, Formless Acausal."

Apart from the litigious air surrounding the use of animals as sacrificial "Opfers" in ritualistic respects, there is the issue of "animal cruelty". Animal cruelty involves acts of (mindless) violence against animals and the scientific testing of animals for medical research or cosmetic products. Before I continue, let me again state that Satanists are controlled individuals that are not driven by destructive urges. A man/woman that beats/abuses an animal mindlessly as a result of an inability to control him/herself is not a Satanist because he/she has no sense of self mastery – they are mastered by their "feelings" (urges) instead of being their master – whereas a Satanist would be able to withhold such an urge or urges, because the urge/s would be subject to the Satanists will, not the other way round. As for animal testing; we must not blindly deny the contributions

that it has made to society and for mankind. Among these are:

The development of vaccines for many life threatening diseases such as:

1. *Herpes Simplex*
2. *Hepatitis B*
3. *Polio*
4. *Rabies*
5. *Malaria*
6. *Mumps*
7. *Cancer*

It has been estimated that nearly 20 million animals are used for testing and are killed annually. Out of these, 15 million are tested for medication and 5 million are tested for other products. Reports also indicate that about 10% of these animals are not administered with adequate pain killers. A survey conducted by the American Medical Association indicates that 99% of all active physicians in the United States believe that animal research has given rise to medical advancements. In fact, about 97% of the physicians also supported the continuous use of animals for clinical and basic research.

A few may be shocked by these statistics, but I ask the question: Why? If animal testing (which just so happens to involve cruelty against the little critters) benefits humanity in such a great way, why shun it? Let me ask: Have you, reader, ever been under anaesthesia in order to avoid the unscrupulous pain involved during the execution of a surgical procedure or the like? Thank animal testing (you may as well replace “testing” with “cruelty/abuse”). Have you or a family member ever suffered a potentially life threatening disease and been given a cure? Thank animal testing. Are you a guy that likes pretty looking ladies (or a gal’ that likes looking pretty)? Thank animal testing for advances in cosmetics. One of the primary goals of the ONA itself is the eventual colonisation of space. The first spacecraft ever successfully launched into space (the first major step in space exploration, and hence towards one of the Orders ultimate goals) would not have been possible without animal testing! People find it all too simple to degrade this practice through a misplaced sense of self-righteousness but do not realise the degree to which animal cruelty benefits their lives each and every single day.

Remember point 1 of the 21 Satanic points: “Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which make sick the strong”. If something can benefit us, even if it means the abuse of lower creatures, then why not take advantage of it? I will tell you why – because weakness and pity takes a hold of weak and pitiful individuals (human dross) and blinds them to the potential benefits of such a practice. Perhaps we could replace animals with such individuals; then I can guarantee that their opinions would change. What sickens me even more is the hypocrisy of individuals that claim the killing of animals to be wrong, yet have no problem with eating a piece of dead meat at the end of the day; you call Christians hypocritical and shun hypocrisy? Well, take a good look in the mirror. It is time to awake from our slumber of ignorance and to surpass the limitations that moral and ethical values

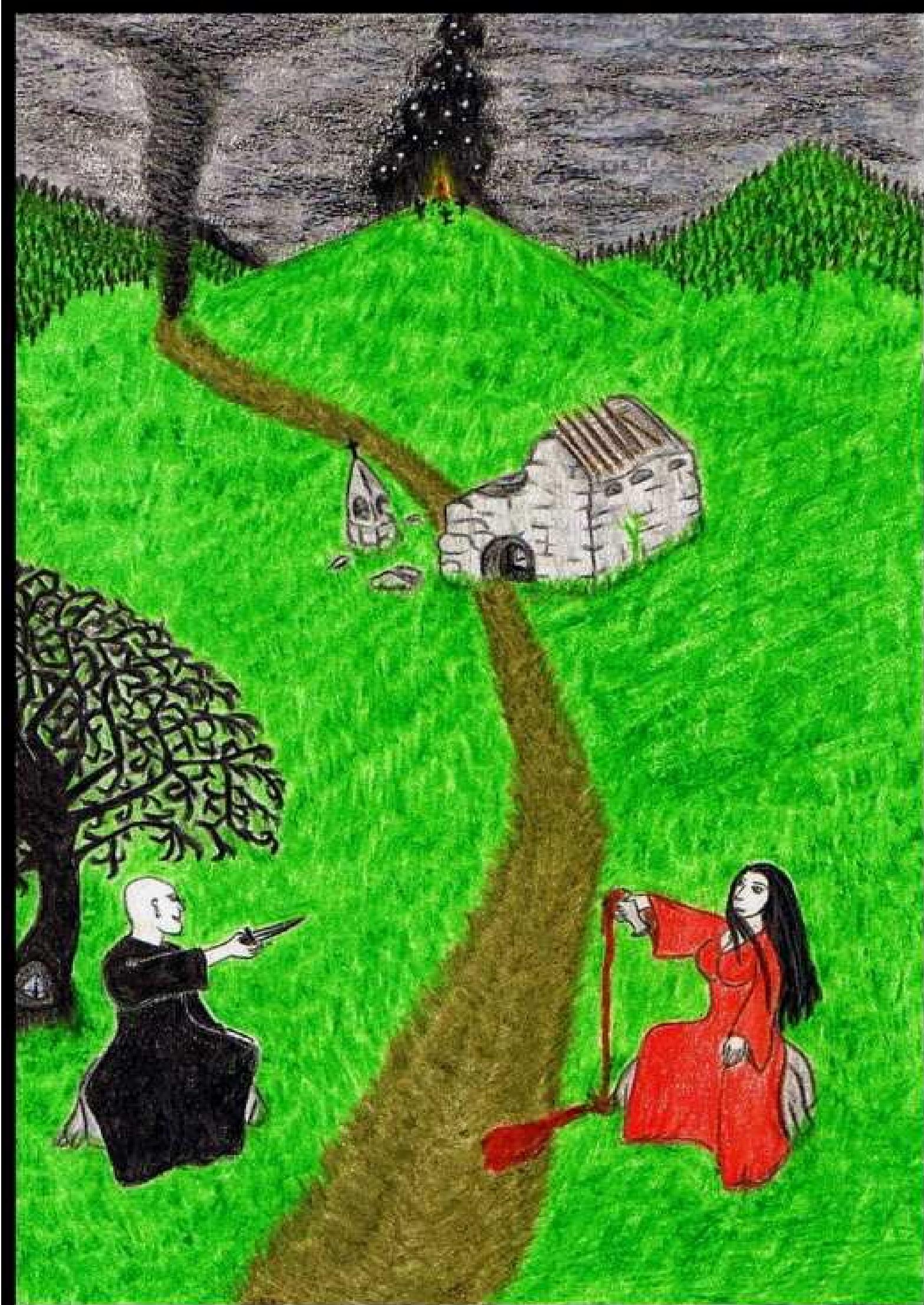
place upon us as individuals and as a species.

Any self respecting member of the ONA beyond the Grade of Neophyte, after reading this, should be able to admit to themselves that they have in fact undertaken ritualistic animal sacrifice. It is not something to be frowned upon, but something to be embraced as a part of yourself. Our goal is to reach beyond abstractions; beyond moral opposites – to escape the control of stigma which only serves to limit our potential, both internal and external. We are the Godless, we are the shameless, we are the wayward. Let us not allow ethical hitches to skew our vision. Let us balance subjectivism with objectivism – as balance and personal honour are what we strive for and fulfil through our very lives as Satanists following the Sinister path. Let no one tell you different, let none defy your creed! Too many people (including members of the ONA) are falling victim to pity, weakness and abstraction. These individuals do not belong on the Sinister Path. It is time to take a good, hard look at ourselves and to accept what and who we are. If you are too cowardly to do this, then you have no place calling yourself a Sinister Initiate and belong within the societal cesspit with the rest of the Dross. Those who fail to act have condemned themselves as failures.

“Do the thing, and you have the power” – Nietzsche.

Endymion.

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DAYS OF SOLITUDE

Thunder rumbles in the sky and shakes the earth.

It awakens me combined with a few drops of water that I hear falling on the sides of my tent. The air is gray, giving the place a greater sense of isolation. The stream that surrounds my tent continues to flow and to speak. The fire is out, and I am going to stoke it. I try to eat before the rain. So many high beeches and so many noises in the forest which pulsates with life. Losing the sight through the leafy fronds of the trees I stop to think about the being that visited me in my dreams last night, like a dragon, that as soon he saw me opened his mouth, shouting, and I (*although I was not me*) had taken an amulet from around my neck and shown it to him, thus waking me up.

An ideal place this is to refine the Chants and my readings.
Experiencing that empathy with primal Nature, before returning to "civilization", with its noises and its hubris!

Around me suddenly all was dark, the storm is near.
I stand now staring into the feeble flame before returning to the tent.

The storm bursts. The rain falls strong and heavily, and I hear the thunder near.
For miles and miles of wild forest and isolation the rain falls, as rivers. For several hours I rest inside the tent. Outside it continues to rain, and water breaks through to creep inside.

Darkness came, and the rain stopped falling.
I go out in the open and take my tetrahedron of quartz.
It's cold, chilling...

I sit by the fire all out now and while observing the tetrahedron I sing the Baphomet Chant, followed by the Diabolus seven times. Everything around me seems to dissolve, like dust to the wind; revealing what is beyond Nature.

I bow to the North ..
For a moment the **awareness** of the acausal...

Eques Sinemus, 2nd of August, 119 yf

Secuntra Nexion

WE LOVE UNSUSPECTING

A quite relaxing day, for me: a day of unexpected sunshine and September warmth after so many dull and rainy days, and I spent most the hours of the daylight morning in the fields, or sitting by the large pond listening to the song of the birds, watching the Dragonflies, the Butterflies and the pond life, with the afternoon spent in gentle gardening, and then just sitting in the warming Sun.

There has been thus moments of pleasure, peace and joy, as of those remembered times when one's distant gentle lover comes, if only briefly, to stay with one, again. Thus was I, thus am I, brought back, or moved forward, to just-be in the flow of Life as Life flows, slowly, when we gently let-go of that perception which is our small and often selfish self: to feel, to be-again, not apart from Nature.

Hence I am again but one life slowly dwelling in some small part of a rural England that I strive to keep within me by the slow movement of only walking, or cycling, along the country lanes, and which never takes me far from the meadow fields or from the hills which rear up, wooded, less than half a mile away.

Thus has there been time for that calm thinking that arises slowly, naturally, as the Cumulus cloud arose this morning, early, to briefly shade the Sun before they, the clouds, changed so slowly to leave me where my horizon of sighted landscape ended, far beyond the farthest trees, hedge, and hill that I could see. And thus was there a slow thinking about, a dwelling upon, your question of balance.....

Do you find you are still unsatisfied as to path? Or did you find/are still finding, a synthesis between the many? It's the Balance I find that I seek, and hope for.

.....and yet, for myself, I feel it is more a question of change than of balance, as if we, as a species, are poised, caught, between the past of our animal ancestral nature and the future that surely awaits us if we can change, evolve, into a different kind of being, perhaps into an almost new species. Thus do I sense us, now, as in transition and yet mesmerized, held-back, even imprisoned, by the things we in our hubris-like cleverness have constructed: by the words, the terms, the very language, we have manufactured in order to try and understand ourselves, others, and this world.

Thus do we now interpret others, ourselves, the world – Reality – by abstractions which we project: which we have mentally-constructed and to which we assign “names” and terms, thus obscuring, hiding, the very essence itself, and thus mistaking such manufactured things for this essence.

Thus have we and for example manufactured a concept called a “nation” and a “State”, and have theories of how to govern such constructs, and manufactured “laws” to ensure some kind of abstract “order” within such places, as millions have given their “loyalty” to such abstract things and fought and died and caused great suffering in order to “defend” them or bring them into-being. Thus have we given “names” to differences among and within

ourselves – based on some outward “sign” such as skin colour or on some inner sign such as a perceived or assumed “religious” or “political” belief – and thus dishonourably, un-empathically, used such “differences” as a criteria of worth and judgement, and in the process often or mostly behaving in a quite inhuman way. For all such abstractions – however named or described – seem to me to obscure The Numinous: obscure the simple reality which is of the connectedness, the acausal unity, of all Life.

I am as guilty as anyone in having done such things, for – for nearly four decades – I believed in or upheld some such abstraction or other, and used such things as not only a measure of the meaning of my own life, but also as a criteria of judgement, just as I often used violence in pursuit of such abstractions. It did not matter that I sincerely believed my inner intentions were noble and “good”; what mattered was that all such abstractions caused suffering for someone, or some many, somewhere. For such suffering was a natural consequence of those abstractions, constructed and manufactured as such things were by us in our vain arrogance.

Of course, many have understood this, or felt this, over the millennia – as some Ways have been developed to try and move us back toward the reality of connectedness. But always – always, it seems to me – over causal time, the simple unaffected pure meaning, the suffering insight, becomes lost in the words and through dogma, especially through dogma, and in particular through our very need, our very desire, to strive to “attain” something, or to follow some-thing, or someone.

Perhaps only in music, Art, literature, poetry, a personal loyal love, and such-like emanations – in those things which wordlessly capture if only for a moment the Numinous itself – there is and has been a reminder of what-is, of what can-be. Of what we have forgotten and what we have glimpsed or have the capacity to glimpse, to feel, to know.

It seems to me, finally, that there are no answers, because no questions exist; we only impose questions upon what-is. For we have this need to make complex what is simple; we have this Promethean irritation within us. Certainly, this inner irritation, this inability to be empathic with Life (except perhaps in moments) brings us or can bring us joy, ecstasy, and can move us toward a different and at times exhilarating existence – as I know from my own not inactive, woman-loving, and sometimes warrior-like, life. But such a living I sense and feel is only a stasis, a repeat of our often barbaric, animal-like, past, and not the change, the evolution, we need and which surely is possible now, from the understanding the past five thousand years or so has given us.

Thus, my Path now is my Path – which in my temerity I have called The Numinous Way, and which, as it exists now due to the metamorphosis of recent years, represents the results of my ponderings, my thinking, my feelings, and what little knowledge I have acquired from *pathei mathos*.

Have you found that the seekers path has brought you as much joy as sorrow?

“Always a dream or a memory
Lead us on
And we wait like children
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.
We love unsuspecting
While they our lovers scheme,
Succour themselves on our blood
And bleed us dry...”

In truth I have found, over four decades of seeking, more sorrow than joy – and yet the sorrow now seems to have merged with the joy to become some-thing which is of both yet beyond both. A new way of feeling, perhaps; or a new way of being, far beyond any words I know, and certainly beyond any and all the various and many Ways and Paths I have experienced and lived. But, of course, there are times – many times – when the sadness seeps back to bring forth burgeoning tears.

All I have from four decades of strife, seeking, searching, questions – of a learning from my plenitude of mistakes – are some tentative scribblings of my own, manifest in The Numinous way, with its Cosmic Ethics, its emphasis on empathy, compassion and honour, and its understanding of how our manufactured abstractions cause and continue to cause suffering, re-enforce our hubris, obscure our connexion to the Cosmos, and distance us from The Numinous.

David Wulstan Myatt

* * *



KHARIS

It was about 1 o'clock at night, and a slim waxing moon was smiling from the among the rare clouds in the night-sky. It was a cold November night. Quinvex had been waiting for over an hour, hoping to meet Kharis – a new member recruited by the Mistress – again (they had met for the first time yesterday). She was new. She had not yet been officially initiated in the Temple, and yet the Mistress had already given her a name, perhaps by affection, or to adorn her unspeakable, impenetrable virtue.

Kharis was, to Quinvex, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was tall and very slim, with an almost snow-white complexion and intensely dark gray eyes. She had a unique color in her hair – whether it was natural or it was the product of a dye, Quinvex could not tell. All he knew was that he was intensely fascinated by Kharis, and desired her. When he thought about her, he couldn't but help imagining her voluptuous nudity against his virile body, and member...

Quinvex often thought of possessing Kharis. Of exercising his amorality upon her, and rape her. Yet, there was something about Kharis that made her invincible to his sinister fire. When he conceived a plan to kidnap and enslave Kharis, he couldn't help but imagine the Mistress herself cutting his throat upon the first centimeter of penetrating Kharis. In fact, Quinvex had a strange notion that Kharis was somehow related to the Mistress.

“Khaire, Quinvex,” said she, emerging as it were, from the darkness of the night as Quinvex entertained the former thoughts.

“Khaire, Kharis,” said Quinvex, with a slight start.

“You wanted to see me, Quinvex?”

“Yes, Kharis... I thought, well, maybe you would like to join me for a midnight stroll?”

Kharis smiled. She reached out and took Quinvex' hand, much to his delightful surprise, and softly said, “I would love to.”

Hand in hand, they walked. Quinvex couldn't help but marvel at how natural Kharis was at this whole Satanic brotherhood thing. He quite frankly didn't see the Temple as anything more than just a group of people who gathered to revel in being “dark and sinister” (whatever that truly meant), and who happened to have a good leadership. The Mistress and Master were expert, Quinvex thought, at learning all the rituals of the *Black Book* by heart. As Quinvex thought of the Temple, he had the brief notion that he might be part of the only truly Satanic Temple in the whole world that was active and actually functional.

Shaking himself from his thoughts, Quinvex tried to start a conversation: “So tell me Kharis, how did a nice girl like you get into Satanism?”

Kharis smiled again, this time with some amusement at the implicit notion that ‘nice girls can’t be Satanists’.

“*I’m not a Satanist,*” she said with a slight chuckle, “*I’m more than that.*”

Quinvex stopped, thoughtfully. He recalled an Order manuscript he read last year. Quinvex never was a studious man. He always thought actions spoke louder than words. “I see. You mean, like the Order of Nine Angles isn’t *just* a Satanic Order, right?”

“What’s the Order of Nine Angles?”

Quinvex was astonished by her answer, and somewhat disappointed. He started to think she must’ve been some *dumb blond* the Mistress picked up off the streets. “The Order of Nine Angles, you know, the *ONA*? Our goal, among many, is *to presence the dark*. Our Temple is one of its *nexions*. Surely Melaenis wouldn’t have told you about the Temple if you knew nothing about the *ONA*?”

“I know nothing about the *ONA*. But I do know something about being sinister.”

“A sweetheart like you?” Quinvex scoffed at her.

“Think what you will, but I know what I am. Do you?” asked Kharis. At this point she let go of his arm.

Quinvex turned around, to look at the still smiling moon no longer occulted by the growing clouds. He paused for a moment, reflecting on his past deeds. Quinvex was an eager Initiate. He remembered that time he easily broke into St. George’s Parish Church one summer night at the request of the Mistress to steal the “hosts” for an upcoming Black Mass the Temple was going to perform. The Mistress promised that if he was successful in his endeavor, she would use the energies raised at the Black Mass to grant him any desire he so wished. Quinvex suddenly remembered his desire, and as he turned around to face Kharis, she was suddenly and completely revealed: Nude and hairless, perfect by today’s standards of beauty.

Kharis came towards him, her small breasts aloft, in a soft gait. She was whispering a few mumbled words in some strange language Quinvex did not know, but he could’ve sworn he heard the hallowed name ‘**Baphomet**’ amidst the melodious utterance.

Quinvex was aroused. He felt the dark utterances dominate his mind with ideas of sex. He was also paralyzed by terror. He could not move, yet he felt his shirt rip and his trousers undoing themselves. He felt the cold night sting his body. He began to sweat. His heart was beating fast. He started to feel Kharis’ arm around his neck, and her naked body positioning itself over his erect penis. Slowly, she conquered him.

Warmth. Soft warmth. Soft, *perfect* warmth.

Kharis let out a delicate grunt. Quinvex inhaled.

He looked up slowly to behold those dark gray eyes, and beheld Her. This Goddess' eyes were wide, supernaturally wide, and so black they were glassy. Within those eyes he saw himself. Not a mere reflection of his face, but a horror he could not but feel akin to. He was sure he was yelling at the top of his lungs when he beheld it. He wanted to get away. He tried to wake up, tried to push the Goddess away, but he was stuck. He wanted to revert to his old ways. He started to damn the woman he now calls the Mistress for ever getting him off the streets. No, he wanted to revert even further. He wanted to return to his mother's womb, wishing he was never born into this miserable world of pain and sorrows. Yet, he was in a womb. He was within that very matrix he so desired to be a part of. He shook his head, and awakened the black fire that was within him, kept ablaze by his regular performance of sinister deeds. He grunted the word: **NOX**, and pushed deep within the womb of the Goddess. They both howled in nocturnal bliss.

The gate soon opened. The waxing moon smiled.

The next day, Quinvex woke up naked, cold and alone, lying on the bare earth. Melaenis, a colossal woman in more ways than one, came walking towards him. She stood beside him in a black robe, holding the same tetrahedron the Temple used for ceremonial rituals such as the Black Mass. It seemed to glimmer with the light of the rising sun.

Aethelius Zardex

Order of Nine Angles

120 yf

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 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 foreseeing, 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



RESPONSABILITY

On the path toward uttermost Singularity or Self Godhood, as you unlock the possibilities, the capacities and a more and more terrifying power you reach a point where you must agree, you're not acting on the behalf of any Gods, Demons or Angels (exception of Pact). Certainly, you're involving in contact and works with entities, you are maybe using them for personal and almost frequently superficial purposes, but the flow of power in you is the conscious assimilation of a truth that always was, are and will be. The fact you are realizing slowly that there is a spark of something eternal, beyond your flesh, your mind and all that make you a "man". This slow and sometimes terrible awakening brings with it the **responsability**. Most choose of course to say they are servants of Lord Sathanas, and stay on worship, what of course imposes improbable limitations for the future of the sorcerer. The same with the dualistic conceptions & anti-cosmic current where you're mentally engaging in an endless war against the world where you live, your surroundings and in fact with yourself. This is a viable choice at the very beginning because it forces the breakdown with the false reality, and it worked for me, but as nihilism, once pushed at the extremity it naturally shows its limits requiring the search of a less binding system or eventually the discard of every system.

The autonomy forces you to take responsibility for the acts you do, the choices you do. Concretely, if you're involving in the Sinister path, you must accept that the horrible things you're doing, the crimes, the banes, and others practices are the reflection of yourself, of what you truly are. If you're practising Satanism, it's not because Satan chose you, it's because you are a spiritual being...of the most sinister kind. That's why some (or I should say many) turn away from the sinister path. Arrived at the point of autonomy they have no more a point of reference, a God to serve, a justification for what they have done. Almost run away. If you have chosen the Sinister path for the "glamor" of it, for superficial reasons in the end, you will be devoured by the same Dragon you're praising.

For those who leave such process with the keys of self glory in hands there is the step toward autonomy, where obviously you have to reconnect with your eternal self and must deal with it every day, trying to control the endless flow of morbid possibilities for save the appearances in your mundane life. You are truly alone, the systems and archetypes fall in pieces or anyway they aren't anymore seen as nothing than causal understandings and thus show themselves arbitrary in nature. At this time you'll maybe opt for more abstract forms or try to change what must be changed, using your own source of acausality. Changes also occur on the way you perceive the life and others; you naturally prefer solitude and try to avoid what seems to be useless relationships with friends who anyway don't give you anything (not even joy) and vice-versa; the causal world seems terribly tedious, false...You always prefer to stay on the edge of consciousness, near the Darkness and their unlimited knowledge and wisdom, the whisperers become your best friends, and you only enjoy the outdoors when the vulgar sun is in nadir. This total loneliness will show what you truly are, even if it wasn't what you expected. Slowly the Black Sun rays will embrace the dying flesh for an unnatural symbiotic communion, what it is and bring an acceptance. The causal manifests the acausal and the eternal enriches consciousness with its so strange properties.

I.S.D. PROGRAM

What block my path toward the Eternal Undead State ?

Personnally I ask this to myself quite regularly. Even if the angles slowly align themselves years afters years toward an inevitable Sinister Godhood. You should, as an initiate, be able to find an answer to this question, you should evaluate what in your life, your surroundings and yourself act as a barrier for a full possession by our Tenebra.

Let me say that the most hard factor of dabbling are concealed inside the psyche, due in large parts to the mental program & brainwashing you undergone since childhood through various medias, religions, educationnal system and the programmed people all around you. The first stage of our Nigredo is the conscious realization of the programming and the destruction of it, firstly around us and finally in us. Of course if you are at the gate of the path, acts of pure destruction, nihilism against the institutions are quite normal and must be undertaken as far its necessary for you.

But this MS is not about burning churches or torturing jeovah witnesses, its about destroying your humanity, embrassing Demonic spirit and fill you with the violet blood of the Undead.

1.After setting up a list of what you want to do and the associated mental barriers you can begin the Internal Self-engineered Destructive Program.

What block your path externally?

It could be a lover, a friend(s) even family members. Here you should find the figure of the mundane around you, the person you perceive as the archetype of what is called the homo hubris, the kind who blindly follow the socio-religious programming at 200% and being in close contact to you, contaminate you, block you. We have all one of them around us, and importantly you must love this person. When you have identified the most infectious human around you, you should take a period of analyzing him/her and observe the similudes between you. Try to look deep inside your target, at the same time unmasking your own fears, mental programing and latent weakness. Do this until you see in him/her all that you hate in you and then come as a Reaper, for thus you will sow !

At this point you should have no difficulties to raise up your hate simply thinking about you victim. Then move forward, place him/her effigy before you (using sympathetic symbolism), and use the Black Sulphur for kill him/her, at the same time destroying all that is similar in the opfer in your self. I insist of the fact that the opfer must be someone you truly love(d). After the Death-rite you will lay devastated, totally empty of anything and this is fine! Do not hesitate to cry or let whatever emotions flow out during or just after the ritual.

2.To force internal daimonization, its also advised to use methods of self-torture, with

parallel works of invocations, it will aid to the destruction of the ego, weakening the mind and the body and slowly liberate the allowed space for Them. You must drive your mind & what make you an human being toward total oblivion.

For begin I suggest the use of strong hallucinogenic drugs (LSD, Mescaline, Mushrooms in high doses) and ones that provoke a strong dependence psychically and physically as well (Heroin, metamphetamines, crystal.) It will naturally make the selection between the strong and the weak. If you cannot surpass the dependence, go beyond what say, or command your mind and your flesh you are a failure. Be sure that no failure could reach its final singularity through incension. Its an hard process but its also feasible; you must take the keys of Hell, not wait for them to be given because it will never happen.

This will led you to ripp off and totally lost “yourself”; done with invocations of ArchDemons, its one of the most powerful deshumanitum process. Sensorial privation could share good results as don’t sleep for five days, shut in yourself in a room without any source of light during the same allowed time or do both with use of hard drugs is of course the best. Just after the end of the experiment, focus on the tetrahedron, chanting the Diabolus or whatever mantras connected to the Realm of Kaos or Death (Kali mantras are the best ones) and visualize the Dark energy radiating; drink it until its all that remains in you.

3. During rituals you’re also advised to cut at your skin using razor-blade or knife and let the blood on strips of paper or parchment putting them in a consecrated fire. Opfer it to the God you’re calling forth.

A very good practice regarding the goal is to choose the animal you truly like and take one for sacrifice toward the God of your Choice. Spread the area with its blood, fill the chalice and ask the Demon or God you’re calling to fill it with its acausal attributes. At the end of the ritual drink it and let it sicken your body, corrupting your soul.

For females, the best and at the same time the most horrible in regards of humanity is to sacrifice her own child, just after the delivery of the newbirth using strangulation (with the ombilical link) and dedicate the sacrifice to Ama Lilith under the blank sky of a new moon. It is sensed to catapult the practionner in the deep arcenes of Inferno and in one instant destroy every humanity in her. This kind of sacrifice instantaneously call forth the most evil forces and beings. Its not only the sacrifice of an innocent child, its also the spiritual death of the sorceress. A valid option is to find someone who desire to abort and slaughter the living foetus after the operation.

(This method hasn’t been used by myself, so I can’t apologize on the eventual catastrophic effects, it’s up to you)

4. After having killed one or many opfer(s), done all that you can do for purge yourself from humanity and therefore your weakness, you could perform an Assumption to Godform. Choose the Archetype your the most close to, or choose Darkness itself and begin with daily meditation on It. Think about its history, its attributes, its nature and begin the same process of identification related in (1), but this time you will see that you have in common with it, is Eternal, Inhuman and truly Sinister. Through this process, you’ll begin too consciously make emerge parts of yourself still unknown, you will evantually understand

that the only difference between you and the Dark One is that you have a shell in the physical world. Thus you now know that your one of Them, walking the earth and have to push it toward the final Haarvest but its only the beginning...

Saarjite, ONA

AN INTERVIEW WITH >>NIGHTBRINGER<<



Introduce your band, Nightbringer.

Nightbringer was formed in 1999 by Nox Corvus and myself. It began as a creative outlet for our contemplations on the mysteries of death and oblivion. We wanted to create black metal with a profoundly dark and haunting sound suitable for the lofty subject matter. Since its inception, the sound and the spirit which drives it has taken form, shed its skin and taken form again. The entity is an ever changing serpent upon a crooked and shadowy path.

You've described allegory as being an important process of Nightbringer. What exactly is the allegory, and what is its purpose

“Allegory is a figurative mode of representation conveying a meaning other than the literal.” Given the esoteric nature of the subject matter we deal with, elaborate metaphor is proper. Our allegories have dual purposes. The first is to keep any spiritual philosophies present within the prose enigmatic as not to “cast pearls before swine”, as the saying goes. Cipher is the natural language of the hidden art and this is what inspires our prose. The second purpose is to keep the essence of the work unrestrained within the mind of the reader/listener. When conveying concepts belonging to the realm of the meta-physical, it is only proper to paint the picture within the same context, inspiring and guiding the reader/listener towards and within the dark realm of thought by which the lyrics are inspired. This is the point where the work as a whole really comes alive. Given these are creative outflows inspired by occult philosophy, the work should not be viewed as a grimoire, but instead should be seen as prose born within the nadir of the dark side of the mind and spirit.

Does this symbolism ever become manifest? How?

It is certainly possible, though not in the crude fashion some may imagine. For example, we have referenced several deific names. Deities are in large in this day and age

understood as means of representations of phenomena, be it physical, emotional so on. In this fashion the gods are merely symbolic, archaic tools used by ancient man to understand himself and the world in which he lived. This belief is erroneous. Deific names and representations belonged to very specific forces whose entirety was not confined to the phenomena to which they were associated. I believe the ancients understood this intimately. Such a view is now largely confounded by the exoteric and dogmatic western mind fame and can be difficult for some to grasp. Specific meta-physical states can be experienced via different means, such as meditation, lucid dreaming and so on. In these states I believe one can come into contact with manifestations of these specific forces which have been symbolically given faces and names by our ancestors. I believe with certainty that the reverberation caused by such contact is unconfined and can manifest physically.

What is radiated from the symbiosis of allusion and the corporeal?

The corporeal provides the allusion.

Let's discuss the small but notable body of Nightbringer's music. What can be said about each release?

Nightbringer started with a potent conceptual basis and well rooted spiritual and philosophical stance though it was unrefined and still in an infantile stage. Never the less it was a suitable starting point and with the release of Rex we successfully relayed the intended spirit I would say. The music was perhaps not as complex (with the exception of the final track composed by Ophis) and refined as the later efforts, but it was far from simple and was certainly methodical and fairly well composed. Death and the Black work was a three and a half year tribulation and I feel this is reflected in the release itself. It is vast and dark with an organic yet phantasmagoric feel to it. The edges are rough and the sound is a bit spacious for how much is going on but I feel this gives the work a certain dark and chthonic appeal. Lyrically there is much maturity and more depth to the subject matter. Apocalypse Sun is perhaps the furthest departure from the previous Nightbringer formula, as it was fueled by fiery and tempestuous prose given the concept was that of the wrathful black sun as the gate of spiritual apocalypse and initiatic transmutation. This violent allegory of the solar/virile principle imbued with the lunar/feminine is reflected in much of the musical composition itself. Many of the songs are tumultuous and violent yet will suddenly give away to furious harmonies or descend into broodingly dark-threnody like compositions. Over all, the album is an eidolon of mass proportion that twists and turns with spiritual core intact and ablaze. I feel this is the most powerful offering yet.

How does each Nightbringer recording represent the character growth of both yourself and the rest of the coterie? What was learned during and after the creation process of each session, and how has it prepared you for the continuation of the project?

As far as individual growth I can only speak for myself though each member has certainly grown throughout the development of Nightbringer. I compose all the lyrics for Nightbringer and again I would say that maturity is evident within the progression of the prose. We have all had a share in the composing of the music itself over the years. I ended up composing the mass of Apocalypse Sun myself, but again in comparison you can see how things have naturally progressed. Nox will be writing a large amount of the next album, which is further down the road.

Describe your mental and "spiritual" state while creating music, both in and

out of the studio. What sorts of things prepare you for the process?

For me, the actual composition of the music is more personal, as this is done on a private and individual level. I can get lost in thought as inspiration flows freely and my thoughts wander through dark places fueled by the ongoing creative process. The studio process tends to be more external by necessity and I find it less appealing over all. It is gratifying to see your work take form but the steps to get there are tedious and technical by their nature. There are so many factors, and you have to keep things from wandering away from the pre-conceived image of the work. Multiple people are involved and you have to constantly convey your will to the engineer who may not wholly grasp what you are going for. Once the framework is constructed and the technicalities worked through the more creative aspect returns and you begin to breathe spirit back into the homunculi bringing it to life. During the recording of “Apocalypse Sun”, I recorded all of the vocals outside of the studio and did these at night and in solitude. This certainly allowed for deeper states of focus and thought and is certainly more personal and spiritual. The essence of the work itself is corrosive and dark and I believe is potently relayed within the final “product”.

....And what is channeled during this process?

The focus can differ depending on the song as the combination of lyrics and music provoke specific pre-determined thoughts and direct me towards certain mental states. Descent is a constant as Nightbringer represents the concept of the spiritual downward path towards the profound death.

Is fan and media reception important? Why or why not?

We are largely un-concerned on how the “fan” receives our work. Some will enjoy the music but will not understand it on a spiritual level and thus not be penetrated by it fully. At this point it is mere entertainment and the true scale has eluded the listener. Many will simply dislike the music period. We couldn't care less and the solution is easy...don't listen to it. Some will understand what we create as it was meant to be understood. Those are the listeners we care to reach. As far as distribution and its scale, it is a conundrum really. If our music is rooted within the esoteric mindset then why make it available outside our immediate circle or closely related and likeminded friends? This crossed our minds at an early stage as Nightbringer slowly gained momentum within the scene. We had considered keeping the availability of our work limited in the hopes that the few that could understand it on both levels, being musically and spiritually, would be the only ones to have access to it. The reality however is that this simply would be out of our control. Even if pressed and distributed in limited numbers and in a more underground fashion the fact remains that such things in large still fall into the wrong hands, such as collectors and Ebay hawkers. This has happened too many times, not only in music but with esoteric books and other such things, which has resulted in limiting access to only those who can pay the exuberant prices these things go for due to their rarity. Our work is only fully accessible by those with the eyes to see and the ears to hear and is uncompromised by its amount of accessibility.

What if anything negates Nightbringer as a tool for mere entertainment?

Nothing. Mere entertainment is exactly what it is and will remain to most listeners. This goes for any such work. Most are drawn by the dark sounds, prose and imagery but it ends there and there is no deeper understanding for the individual without the necessary means.

Do you consider Nightbringer to be an anti-Christian band? If so, why is

Christianity necessarily "bad"?

Nightbringer is the outflow of the dark currents of our minds and our vital force. It is based on a point of view close to what in the East is known as the Left-hand path. In this path there is a certain attitude of *anomie* which is necessarily opposed to the purely moralistic and devotional attitude of Christianity.

Has Nightbringer helped you to become a stronger person? How and why, and in what ways has it done so?

My studies and experiences have helped me become a stronger person. Nightbringer has been fed by and is a result of these personal progresses along with our progressions as musicians/writers. In turn what we create with Nightbringer serves to further inspire and thus it is a continuum that does indeed strengthen us as we progress upon our paths. We feed the entity and it in turn feeds us.

Describe in detail the "black" concepts which pervade the essence of Nightbringer. Which concepts are most important to you, and why?

All concepts used by Nightbringer find their provenance within a common source. That source resides at the shadowy depths of the self and is synonymous with death profound. Death is the quintessential concept, the spiritual core of the work. The word itself conjures images of oppression, darkness and finality thus such images are common place within the prose. The grave, the catacomb, the bog and the tomb are all places of internment that reside below the earth. The essence is thus chthonic. It is the archetypal force of death itself that beckons us to place our dead upon sunken alters, to lay them as close as we can before the threshold of the abyss the unfathomable antithesis of manifestation. It may seem curious at first why we unconsciously place the gateways to the abyss beneath the earth, when earth seems the quintessence of corporeal manifestation itself. Why not raise our dead upon towering funeral spires that they may be as close as possible to the fathoms of night that lies between the celestial bodies? Is cosmic dark not a more suitable and obvious avatar of the abyss? Our subconscious insists upon placing such a provenance within the utmost nadir, not in a gross physical sense but in a profoundly spiritual sense. Thus we open the earth and inhumate our dead in a ceremonial act. The obtainment of the "heights within the depths" via the gate of profound death is often reiterated within the prose. Apocalypse Sun expresses this concept yet is more imbued with fiery and fulgurous imagery than that of night and the grave. This is the meaning of the imagery depicting an immolating ebon sun risen from the "land of the dead" that gains dominion and serves as the moment of spiritual destruction and rebirth i.e. "apocalypse".

When and why did you first become interested in Occult matters, more specifically Satanism?

The term "Satanist" is much too ambiguous and explains little about a person or their beliefs. What one person calls Satanism another calls individualism and another devil worship. I worship nothing in a dogmatic sense. I recognize a *divine adversarial* force that is a gate of death and other-becoming. This force has been given many names, Satan being only one of them. Back to the question at hand, I have always been drawn to things of a shadowy, dark and adverse nature and as I mentioned I believe this to be an atavistic calling. My infatuation with the occult started in my late teens and like most was first based upon ideas that were rudimentary at best. My beliefs have matured over time and will continue to as I progress through this life.

How do you discern what is "truth" and "untruth", fact and fancy when approaching any matter in life?

Man lives in a state without immediate means by which he can interpret experience beyond the confines of physical life and naturally turns to introspection, myth, philosophy and religion. How does one delineate between the fruits of truth born not of science and reason, but of something vaster, and those supposed "truths" constructed to negate the oppressive weight of individual finality. This veil cannot be parted by simple material means and thus man is seemingly left stranded, marching somnambulistic towards the precipice without knowing how to wake himself. In panic and anxiety many chose to self-medicate with adherence to belief systems that promise a continuance of the self or the "soul" which is more often than not crudely understood by the believer as their ego, i.e. personality, traits, preferences, likes and dislikes. Unlike many of the ancients who believed that "immortality" was accessible to the few and was only achieved by very specific and rigorous esoteric processes, many modern religions offer salvation for one and all in trade for adherence to their doctrines which are largely based around basic moral concepts. In this sense the salvation-based religion is the numbing elixir for the pains and woes of the concept of an absolute abolishment of the "self".

The concept of absolute oblivion is so unfathomable that most do not even reserve it for those "sinners" who do not abide by or adhere to their doctrines. Instead they place the faithless and the heretic within abodes of eternal suffering, darkness and despair, a nightmare realm of existence, but existence nevertheless. Thus the concept of oblivion has been negated altogether, at least in the mind of the fearful mortal who cannot and will not accept the possibility of personal non-existence. The concept of oblivion is so hard to fathom that at best the thought evokes an image of an abyss, lightless and vast, yet spatial. Again this is man's lack of ability hindering him from fathoming what cannot be fathomed, at least not by conventional means, absolute and total nothingness. This physical disassociation is quite possibly understood only within the pinnacle (or should I say nadir) of the deepest meditative states which are described as being akin to or on the very threshold of death itself. Innately we seem to understand the archetypes. Death resides within the provenance of darkness, whose quintessence is synonymous with feminine symbols such as water, the moon, night and the abyss. If the deepest yearning of man is to retain a semblance of what they know to be their "self" after the terminus of their physical body, then death is indeed the great antagonist, the one true devil of mankind. In *truth* death is the closest thing to a god mortals have ever known as it manifests all around him and is an undeniable force of transition that subjugates all.

To come close to death and reside near his abode is to reside in a place of profound truth on the brink of what one is and what one is to be, be it something other or nothing at all. If one agrees that god(s) do indeed exist, in whatever capacity they might possibly be interpreted by the individual, all must first still come to stand before death. All true gnosis is learned by the grave. This has been fully understood by the adepts of multiple cultures throughout the span of human history. "One must rise by that which one falls". The first misstep in the exoteric and modern mindset is the adherence to a spiritual belief system based on what seems to me, the fear of one's own mortality, as previously discussed. The second error is in the very interpretation of "salvation", i.e. the continuance or "immortality" of one's "self" (ego) as something akin to what they understand to be themselves in the mortal context. The ego itself is utterly flawed, the basest provenance in which we in our ignorance have planted our flag of being. The ego is formed, nurtured and

adapted within and is a direct product of the material sphere. The assumption that one could or would pass from a physical state to an ethereal spiritual dimension with human "self" intact is juvenile to the point of absurdity. Many different arguments, both spiritual and pseudo-scientific have been set against the naysayer of the religious concept of "salvation". What purpose would the ego serve within an ethereal plain of eternal existence? The transcendent self would be completely independent and free of the ego. However most have trouble indentifying with a concept of the "self" devoid of ego. This concept could only be fully realized by the utter destruction of the ego itself, and the destruction of the ego is only *immediately* accessible via physical death. To isolate and kill the ego is the quest of the adept, thus freeing oneself of the human condition in a moment which is a total meta-physical death and rebirth. This is the concept of esoteric initiation. This is the philosophy from which I have structured my personal spiritual belief.

How closely are you aligned to groups like the ONA?

We are not associated with any groups esoteric or otherwise at this time.

Some Occult/LHP groups postulate that transcendence of the human condition can be acquired through a \$100 annual donation and a rigorous course study of various "Secret" books. Others advocate for real tests of hardship, danger and even sacrifice in order to disassociate from the human ethos. In your opinion, are extreme undertakings really a key to this "next step" in evolution?

I do not believe the path of descent is singular. I believe there are many valid practices some *externally* more extreme than others. Vamachara and the Aghori are extreme examples in which the practitioner partakes in blood drinking, consumption of "impure" substances including human blood and flesh and reportedly human sacrifice. The tempering is in the tribulation not the adoration of the act itself. "Evil" for the sake of "evil" is empty and will only engrain you further into a human/animal cell of existence. What the sidha of the Vamachara practice is only evil in the eyes of the uninitiated of the Vamachara. In truth I believe good and evil have no meaning outside of the human condition. What one should fully understand about "extreme" practices is that if only understood as the glorification of what one believes is profane then the practice has no transcendental use. "Poison for poison" blood is the same as water, flesh is the same as bread, union of the opposites kills the human condition, and this is the point.

Is nihilism important to the process of evolving from man to ubermensch?

Ultimately I believe nihilism on many levels is a natural part of the spiritual negrido. Initiation has no relation to the "*ubermensch*" as conceived by Nietzsche, but in fact goes much further beyond this conception.

Does race, culture, education or social class play any part in the value or potential of the neophyte?

I see the world from an Aryan point of view and could not speak from another. I think the other mentioned factors can play a crucial role in individual development at an early stage to some degree, but what calls us onto this path, I believe is atavistic.

What viable opportunity does black metal offer those of the Hidden Arts?

Inspiration. The rest is up to the individual.

Can commercial pop music be used in a similar manner to black metal and other Satanic music forms in sewing aversive change in society?

I suppose that depends on the individual. I for one would not be swayed by Pop music or any such thing as it would not move me at a deeper personal level, nor would any other form of consumerist entertainment. If you applied our lyrics to another form of music that stirred contrary emotions and spirit in the mind of the listener the entity would be incomplete, half-dead. As far as society in general, yes I think it is possible, especially among the youth.

Many artists claim some kind of influence - directly or indirectly- from Satanism with nary any real involvement or experience with the Occult beyond pure imagery. Bands like Venom for instance claimed their flirtations with Satanism were merely a marketing ploy. Throngs of bands that followed in their footsteps, and many currently on the scene, use Satanic imagery yet deny any further association with the LHP. Are these pseudo-Satanists and "dabblers" still useful in the presenting of real chaotic energy?

No. I would say it is merely show at that point. Likely just aesthetics meant to shock in true teen-rebellion fashion. Such things are utterly meaningless.

You have a pleasing portfolio of visual art for Nightbringer and closely associated bands. Tell us about your pencraft. What subjects do you impose upon paper?

My art reflects my spiritual/philosophical stance and is influenced by the dark side of ancient mythos and religion.

Old and new theories abound that visual art and even the notes of music can conceal secret knowledge, and even messages. How exactly is this useful if it is not immediately detectable through our ordinary senses?

Any real gnosis will never be immediately detectable. This is the nature of all things profound.

Some painters, writers and musicians have described themselves as "psychic artists". They maintain their gifts and talents are not simply evoked by practice and consciousness alone, but through outside energies. Do you see yourself as a person with a similar "psychic" creativity?

I would not refer to myself as "psychic" by any means. My creativity is fed by not only external inspirations but more importantly currents that emanate internally, somewhere within the shadow side of my conscious, and being. An innate and inner "darkness" draws me down this path of creation, though I am certainly inspired by external influences as well.

Is it possible that a certain combination of notes or scales can produce a specific psychological effect or manifest a form of energy which can be used to

harm or heal? What do you think?

I would say it is quite likely. Certain sounds and images undoubtedly steer the imagination in specific directions. Atonal and disharmonic compositions tend to fill the mind with images of horror, and minor chord progressions always seem naturally “nocturnal”. I do not believe one can kill with a chord, but perhaps one may be inspired towards harmful activities due to an artist’s malignant sounding compositions.

Aside from Nightbringer you perform in two other projects, both similar in style at least and perhaps different in other ways. Can you take this time to describe Akhlys and Temple Of Not?

Temple of Not was my first initial strictly ambient project. I have had a love for ambient music for some time now and being a musician it was only natural that I created my own. This style is so unrestrained with limitless possibilities. Metal music tends to be a bit more restrictive, while with ambient you can create utterly aetheric sounds. With Temple of Not my intent was to capture something very sinister and abyssal. The hungry grave and the void of Death is the essence that inspires this work. I hope to release the next installment sometime within the next few months. Akhlys is more specifically focused on the concept of a spectral world and the lingering dead. I have long been fascinated with paranormal accounts such as haunting, possession, “nocturnal assaults”, and so on. It is undeniable that there is validity to the history of encounters between the living and the dead and other “outside” entities. Akhlys is inspired by my musings on the subject as well as certain experiences I have had such as “night hag” visitation and certain poignant lucid dreams I have had. I associate these experiences with another plain of self-awareness, something dark and removed from the physical world, a plain between slumber and death experienced during a death-like “dream” state.

In describing Akhlys as a "communion with the dead"- how does one exactly use the debut album "Supplication" for this as described?

I wrote this while contemplating a world between the living and the dead which I feel is linked with lucid dreaming. During the recording process, I would let the progressions repeat while I slept and was further inspired by semi-lucid to lucid dream states. These dreams, which come during the first initial stage of entering slumber or the last stage before awakening from slumber, I believe, are more than dreams. I believe that it is during this state of dreaming that the spirit can project out from the body and wander in the in-between. The album is not a tool for communion with the dead nor have I ever communed with the dead. I make no such claims.

What are your views on death? Is the process natural and absolute for the physical body? For the consciousness, too? If not, is it possible to extend both indefinitely?

For the body, yes, as well as all things corporeal. As far as the ability to physically extend life is concerned, perhaps, but this would be far beyond my scope of knowledge. In regards to an immortal consciousness, perhaps but not in the way we understand it.

Do you think drugs, AIDS, warfare, famine, the undermining of White-light religion and the general "degeneracy" of Western Christian society bespeaks anything about the upsurge of Satanism and related LHP activity? How much do the latter have to do with any of it?

I do not put much stock in any such "occult conspiracies" undermining world powers. I do however believe the world we live in is a direct consequence of the progressive march into the closing twilight of the Kali-Yuga. If this is a self-fulfilling prophecy or something inescapable I could not say, though I suspect the later. This entity is old, sick and weary. It should and will die.

Ultimately, what is your objective with the music you create for Nightbringer, Akhlys and Temple Of Not? In the end what do you want to "see" it do, both for yourself and that which exists outside of you?

It is my means to manifest the darkness that flows outward from within. I wish for this to be more completely captured and manifested in audile form. I hope these reverberations inspire and or infect those who would know the work intimately.

Thank you Alcameth for the time you took to answer these questions. What would you like to say to end this interrogation?

A quote that has served to greatly inspire...

*"I have no dread of that which all men dread, being so familiar with it.
There they dwell, Hamlet of houses clustering round a spire
Girt at its base with heavings of the ground.
Men are like moles, sir; when they go below, they do disturb the earth...
It is a spectral world, wherein vague men walk ghostlike.
Death is real, And all beside mere show;
And so meseems In me is more reality since I shoulder his weapon...
By the grave. There, one learns all.
Within the narrow bound of church and churchyard, whatso lore commands...
I toll the bell for burial, marriage, mass.
The self-same clapper and the same worn rope
Serve for all three. Time's the sole difference;
Whose artificial measures, which I hold
Within the horny hollow of my palm,
Mislead imagination, but not mine.
Birth, wedding, dissolution, are but stops
In the one tune whose cadence still is death."*

~Adam, the first grave digger addresses Lucifer~
"The Prince Lucifer" A. Austin

Also check out:

<http://www.myspace.com/nightbringerofficial>

* * *

(Interview conducted by MM on behalf of *Fenrir* and the ONA)

THE DRECCIAN NEWBORN

Location – Magaliesburg, South Africa, 120 yf

It had been a temperate and humid day, and as he lay upon a large rock, a rock for which he had developed a certain affinity and on which he had made a tradition of sitting, lying and pondering upon, its obtrusive angular shape a prominent feature on the part of the mountain he was now inhabiting, overlooking the surrounding hills which were now distant silhouettes suited against a picturesque sunset, garbed in mixed shades of auburn and mauve tinted radiance. It assumed the role of the summit peak of the stretch of mountainous hill it lay upon, and he enjoyed looking upon the surrounding wilderness from this lofty zenith of a rock. Fatigued and drowsy from the energy he had expended during his day long hike through and over the Magaliesburg peaks, he grew weary in mind and heart, and could not help but allow himself to question his current place in the order of his world.

It was now just beyond twilight, and as he sat alone and bereft of any human or worldly disturbances, he drifted solemnly and deeply into the realm of undying passion and mournful reflection which characterized the end of each such day, and the more he reflected; the more he thought, the more deeply he slithered into a unique state of jubilant anguish. The enchanting beauty of the sunset before him and of the shades it cast upon the land, with the sky a mixture of azure and crimson shades, only served to enhance the magick of the moment and to draw him deeper into this trance like state.

He found something within the nature surrounding him which was inexpressibly profound, and felt almost as if an incommunicable correlation existed between himself and his surroundings; yet, he himself knew not the message expressed by this communication – all he knew was that it made him feel certain feelings and think certain thoughts. It was as though the message he imagined to exist was hidden by a cipher – this very cipher being himself, his thoughts and emotions, his yearnings and resentments, his memories and dreams; all of these things acting as veils, shrouding the essence of his being, obstructing the possible discovery of his relation to the cosmos.

He thought about and reflected on this often, and often he devised various responses to this dilemma with which he was constantly faced. Many times he had imagined that his desire to experience this ‘essence’ of being lay at the core of mankind’s poignant and perpetual drive to conquer and discover – an outer reflection of an inner state of being, of man being lost, and yearning to find a place for himself. At other times he found disbelief in this premise by thinking that man was not in a state of loss – but that the state of loss was mankind’s place; that man was a cursed creature doomed to eternal dreaming, doomed to finding his place in no place, and even then, never really finding it. Each time he pondered such things he came up with varying and conflicting conclusions, and he would attribute this to the inherent duality present within all he could perceive, almost as the answer he desired. He found that eventually, all things confronted themselves with their opposites, and once the opposites merged together to create something that should be beyond abstraction, another opposite would prevail to be confronted.

And so he lay for three quarters of an hour in his distinctive state of dislocated nirvana, creating a discourse which would disappear with and as soon as he broke his ambient trance for whichever reason. During this time the sky had darkened, creating a starry ceiling for the Earth. The land around him was incomprehensible in its shroud of darkness, and only a faint outline of the earlier prominent silhouettes was discernable against the

obscure milieu of star-scattered sky.

Slowly he came to, awakening from his secluded state and only now realizing, consciously, the change in his environment. He gazed up at the sky, smiling at the stars and greeting them as the representatives of his dreams; as unshakable and immovable. He then gazed about at the earlier colour rich land which now was dark and featureless, yet he sensed it as being even more awe-worthy in its gloomy garb than when it was alight with resplendent feature; or, more accurately, it held wonder of a different kind, which was more appealing to him in a novel manner.

He felt a sudden shudder of hunger ring through his body and slowly raised himself to his feet and took a long stretch before hopping off of his rock and onto the ground below it. He slowly made his way back towards the clearing between shrubs and long grass where he had put down his equipment and luggage – a sleeping bag, a cloth, an inflatable camping mattress and pillow, a loaf of whole-wheat bread, freeze dried vegetables and a sack of oats, a 2 litre water bladder (which was only 750ml full) which was held within the back compartment of his hiking sack along with a hunting knife, a tub of sun block, a raincoat, a compass and a sun hat, a lighter and a small Bunsen burner, a collapsible bowl, a tiny pot which he tied to his hiking sack, a knife and fork, two 500ml bottles filled with water and held within pockets on each side of his pack, and a tin of baked beans. This was his standard set of supplies when camping. He preferred not to carry a tent, and on nights like this he enjoyed and found comfort in sleeping under the stars – he felt a primal magick take hold of his being underneath the night sky, alone and isolated.

Even though it was dark, he found it quite simple skimming and navigating over and around the stones on the uneven floor beneath him which was hidden by darkness, grass and small bushy shrubs. He had developed an astute intuition for walking skilfully through uneven and rocky terrain at night, almost as if connected to the land by a psychic link which fed him an awareness of his surroundings. It was second nature to him, and he found pride in this ability. As he slowly walked, he listened to the sounds of crickets chirping among the long grass and shrubs beside him, and of an owl – something he would not have expected to have heard, but the sound of which pleased him.

The mountains were full of life, they themselves were numinous, and all around him the song of Earth sang. He was especially fond of the sound that the gravel made under his feet after every step he took, the churning of small pebbles and sand against the soles of his boots, as though he were a conductor, creating an erratic tempo for the silent avant-garde symphony of nature which surrounded him.

Eventually he reached the clearing containing his equipment and he knelt down beside his hiking bag to extract his lighter, Bunsen burner and pot. He placed the Bunsen burner above a flat rock lying on the ground. He then took a bottle of water from one of the side pockets of his pack and emptied half of its contents into his pot. He placed the pot above the Bunsen burner and light it up. While he waited for the water to come to a boil he took out 4 slices of bread, some freeze dried veggies and his tin of oats. The water came to a boil and he threw the veggies into it. Now, he would have to wait 10 minutes for the vegetables to be prepared. He felt a sudden restlessness overtake him and he decided to take a short stroll around the immediate area surrounding his site. He ate his bread while he leisurely ambled around his sight, his mind unbound from worldly worries and vacant of thought. All that existed to him was his immediate surroundings, the sounds emanating from within his mouth while he ate his bread, and a growing rumble in his stomach.

Soon he was back within his clearing with bowl in hand, filled with an unusual mixture of vegetables and beans. He had forgotten to bring a can opener with him and had smashed

the tin containing his baked beans against a jagged rock close to where he had set up the Bunsen burner and pot until it was opened enough for him to pour its content into his bowl containing the now boiled and prepared vegetables. The mixture of cold beans and hot vegetables was not particularly appetizing and he wished he had had the patience to boil the beans as well – but his hunger had gotten the better of him; although, he did not mind at all much, and he quickly and efficiently devoured the contents held within the bowl, dipping what bread he had leftover into the bean sauce lining the bottom of the bowl.

At the end of his meal, he lay back to once again briefly admire the star filled sky which stretched out as a divine blanket above him. He then got up and drank the remaining contents of water from the bottle he had used to fill the pot, put it snugly into the side pocket of his pack, and pulled out his inflatable mattress. It took him several minutes to blow it up with his mouth and he did the same with the pillow. He placed them neatly in the centre of his clearing and retrieved his sleeping bag only to spread it neatly over the mattress and pillow. He felt pleased with himself at that moment. He then cleared up his cooking equipment and utensils and placed them neatly into his pack, ready to be washed the next morning at a nearby rock pool with the cloth he had brought along.

His hunger, now satisfied, subsided, and he decided to take a short nightly hike before retiring to sleep. An hour passed in his absence and he returned to his sight quite tired and ready for sleep. His short hike had drained away what energy he had had left, and the extra concentration and mental and physical effort he had made to successfully navigate his way at night and to effectively mark his way with pyramids of small rocks only served to expend further amounts of energy. He did not mind though, he enjoyed the possibility of losing his way in the dark and of having to test his sense of direction to find his way back to his starting point – he saw it as both an adventure and as a test of primal capacity. He enjoyed the sound of crickets and other insects buzzing and chirping, the sounds of the nocturnal inhabitants of the surrounding environment and the sense of conjoinment with nature that it gave him. He felt not as a stranger in a foreign world, but as a fellow nocturnal creature navigating his way through this labyrinth of darkness around him; and even more so, he felt a sense of accomplishment and a certain manner of self-mastery and mastery of his environment – a primordial superiority. Although, at the same time, he felt a respect for his environment and he acknowledged its governance over him and every other creature that it held within its bosom. This, he termed not as humility, but as dynamic empathy – a communication between himself and the wilderness around him.

Now returned to his clearing and well exhausted from his day full of physical activity, he crept into his sleeping bag and stared at the sky full of bright stars and a coy gibbous moon, thinking in great detail of the task he would undertake the next day, and of the elite that he would be made part of as a Dreccian New Born, joining those few that had dared to tread the Sinister path before him, and those that trod with him; until the spell of fatigue caused him to shut his eyelids and drift away into the world beyond worlds - the realm of dreaming.

Endymion.



LITHIUM

*She was light and Darkness simultaneously;
Beyond opposites, I was captivated nonetheless.
Her almost jade-like eyes and almost obsidian black hair,
The intoxicating scent that followed her.
She became the muse for my work;
The paint seemed to kiss the surface of the canvas.
She showed me things, things that my mind wasn't ready for;
A place of Darkness where "They" existed,
An almost nightmarish landscape to the untrained eye,
A haven for the enlightened.
Yet my new knowledge made my dreams
and my edge of consciousness become "haunted."
It was said that my "Darkly beautiful" creations become renderings
That only the insane could create or comprehend.
This Dark New Day enlightened me...
Yet it drove me mad
and I was committed
With others that society deemed sociopathic...
Still she comes to me at night...
In dreams;
My immortal...*

A CHANT COMPENIUM – SINISTER CHANTS OF THE ONA

The following MS deals -at heart- with the Sinister Chants of the ONA, extracted from “Naos” and “The Black Book of Satan by Conrad Robury”. Anybody who is fairly familiar with the Septenary system of the ONA (or “Hebdomadry”) should be aware of the Septenary Correspondences of the Tree of Wyrd, and hence, the ways in which each of the Sinister Chants’ correlate to each Septenary Sphere of the Tree of Wyrd and their appropriate workings. The purpose of this publication is not to elaborate upon the Septenary System, or the Septenary Correspondences themselves’ in detail – if these are not yet known or understood by the reader, research into the Septenary System itself may be done by the reader in such works as “Naos”, and various other Order MSS dealing with the subject to develop a more “Initiated” understanding of the theme.

Sinister/Satanic Chant

“Sinister Chant is divided into three distinct methods, all of which have the same general aim – to produce magickal energy. The type and effect of this energy varies according to the method employed.

The first method is the vibration of words and phrases; the second is chanting, and the third is ‘esoteric chant’ – that is, the following of a specific text which is chanted in one of the esoteric modes. Esoteric chant is explained in detail in Naos.

Vibration is the simplest method, and involves the individual ‘projecting’ the sound. A deep breath is taken, and the first part of the word to be vibrated is ‘expelled’ with the exhalation of breath. This exhalation must be controlled – that is, its intensity of sound should be prolonged (not less than ten seconds for each part of the word) and as constant as possible. The person undertaking the vibration then inhales, and the process is repeated for the second part of the word and so on.

Thus ‘Satanas’ would be vibrated as Sa-tan-as. The vibration is not a shout or a scream but a concentration of sound energy. Vibration should involve the whole body and should be a physical effort. Regular practice is essential in mastering the technique, and the individual should learn to project at varying distances (from ten to thirty feet or more) as well as enhance the power of the vibration itself. The essence of the method is controlled sound of the same intensity throughout each part of the word and the whole word and/or text.

Chanting is essentially the singing of words or text in a regular ‘monotone’ – that is – in the same key, although the last part of the chant is usually ‘embellished’ to a certain extent by first chanting on a higher note and then a lower one. The pace of the chant varies, and can be slow (or funeral) or fast (or ecstatic) depending on the ceremony and the mood of the participants.

It is one of the tasks of the Master or Mistress who runs the temple to train the congregation and new members in all three methods of chant, and to this end regular sessions of practice should be held. Chant, of whatever type, when correctly performed is one of the keys to the generation of Magickal energy during a ceremonial ritual and, like the dramatic performance of a ritual, its importance cannot be overemphasized.” – Black Book of Satan by Conrad Robury.

From the above, we may extract the following important points to remember in relation to the use of Sinister Chant/Vibration:

- It is divided into three distinct methods – 1. The vibration of words and phrases; 2. Chanting (or ‘Plain’ chant – to distinguish from ‘Esoteric’ chant); 3. ‘Esoteric’ chant. (Plain chant is mostly monotone, while ‘Esoteric’ Chant is sung in modes and requires a certain degree of musical ability – Thus, three distinct methods.)
- Vibration is the simplest method, and involves ‘projecting’ sound.
- Exhalation should be controlled.
- Words and phrases are vibrated in syllables, or “parts” – The vibration of each syllable, or “part”, of a word, should not last less than ten seconds. As in the example given: Satanus is divided into Sa-tan-as. SA – for ten seconds; Tan – for ten seconds; As – for ten seconds. (Note that during a ritual, as stated above, the pace of chant may vary depending on the ceremony and mood of the participants. It is not a rule to chant each part of a word for no less than ten seconds – it is just the best way to practice as to master the technique).
- A vibration is NOT a shout or a scream, but a concentration of sound energy.
- The essence of Vibration, as a method, is controlled sound of the same intensity throughout each part of the word and the whole word and/or text.
- Chanting is the singing of words or texts in a regular ‘monotone’.
- The last part of the chant is usually ‘embellished’ by first chanting on a higher note and then a lower one.

The titles of the seven Esoteric Chants and their correlating spheres (From Naos - , in order –in respect of the tenants’ of “Hebdomadry”; are as follows in the list below:

1. Moon – Agios Kabeiri
2. Mercury – Agios Lucifer
3. Venus – Agios Elutrodes
4. Sun – Agios Olenos
5. Mars – Agios Alastoros
6. Jupiter – Agios Baphomet
7. Saturn – Agios Vindex

Now, let us examine the meaning of the titles of each chant:

Agios Kabeiri – Direct translation into English of the chant title “Agios Kabeiri” is “Holy Kabeiri”.

The Kabeiri were a group of gods, probably of Eastern origin, worshiped in mystery cults in various parts of ancient Greece, the cult centres being at Samothrace and Thebes. These very mysterious and powerful divinities of the archaic ages are the children of cosmic

spiritual fire. They are the most occult divinities of the archaic wisdom-religion, and the worship of them under whatever name they were known was invariably marked by a high degree of spiritual and philosophic profundity and deep religious devotion.

Agios Lucifer – Direct translation into English of the chant title “Agios Lucifer” is “holy Lucifer”.

To Satanists this force is seen as the "Torch of Baphomet". Lucifer has been named "Bringer of Light, the Morning Star, Intellectualism and Enlightenment". The Adversary, a motivator and illuminating force of the mind and subconscious.

Agios Elutrodes – Direct translation into English of the chant title “Agios Elutrodes” is “Holy Elutrodes”.

Agios Olenos – Direct translation into English of the chant title “Agios Olenos” is “Holy Olenos”.

In Greek mythology, Olenos was the name of several individuals in relation to various gods, men and cities. I personally see the significance of “Olenos” as being a numinous and archetypal form representing a force which gives birth to constructive creativity through action – Sinister action. Although, due to the many definitions and appearances of “Olenos” in various aspects of ancient Greek mythology, many conclusions may be drawn as to the significance of the word in relation to the numinosity of the chant and of the Sinister Tradition itself. As always, only practical experience achieved through path workings and the Hermetic and Ceremonial ritual use of the chants will allow you to draw your own, accurate, personal conclusion (in relation to), definition (of) and appreciation of the energies associated with this –and every other- of the Sinister Chants.

Agios Alastoros - Direct translation into English of the chant title “Agios Alastoros” is “Holy Alastoros”. Translates roughly into “The Avenger” from the Greek “Elastoros”?

Agios Baphomet - Direct translation into English of the chant title “Agios Baphomet” is “Holy Baphomet”.

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.** 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.

Agios Vindex - Direct translation into English of the chant title “Agios Vindex” is “Holy Vindex”.

Vindex "was powerful in body and of shrewd intelligence, was skilled in warfare and full of daring for any great enterprise; and he had a passionate love of freedom and a vast ambition." Vindex is the embodiment, on both an Individual and Aeonic level, of such an ideal; and the chant is a presencing and drawing forth of its appropriate energies. Of course, this is only one view on the meaning and significance of Vindex. There are many

more ways in which this force can be described in relation to the Septenary and the Dark Tradition. These Numinous forms may be viewed from many angles, each different angle revealing a different interpretation of the Archetypes underlying force and energy. Through path workings these shall be uncovered by the aspirant initiate. This principle applies to all of the above descriptions – They are one-sided and DO NOT reveal or describe the archetypes in their totality. This revealing, in full, can only be achieved through using the chants in an appropriate manner; and each individual will perceive them differently.

In reference to the above:

The above –extremely brief and one-sided - descriptions, dealing mainly with the Casual mythology (or Numinous, Archetypal) forms associated with the names of each of the Sinister Chants, do not deal with the Acasual aspect (or, the underlying and specific force which gave birth to the various mythos as numinous; or “archetypal” representations of those underlying forces and energies which lie at their essence – as can be extracted from one of the several mythos of “Olenos” as the son of Hephaestus and the father of Helice and Aex) of each chant; as a true understanding of their energies can only be experienced and presented by their appropriate use – it is an individual revelation through practical action and experience; and it is left in the hands of the aspirant initiate to discern his/her own conclusions as to the significance of the energies drawn forth through the use of each chant – and in turn, each sphere of the Tree of Wyrð (and in turn, aspects of one’s own psyche –and perhaps the cosmos itself - which were hitherto dormant and unconscious to the individual practitioner).

In essence, a “presencing of the dark” – or “shadow” aspect of one’s own psyche (and perhaps of external phenomena, or neither; which is also left up to the individual practitioner to discern for themselves) is performed by drawing forth these various Acasual energies through the magical medium of Esoteric Chant.

Once presented and rationally analyzed, the individual may draw their own conclusions, and create their own definitions of/in reference to; the presented energies associated with each of the chants (and hence, spheres). What eventually follows is a mastery of the energies drawn forth; and therefore, a mastery of Numinous forms (or Archetypes) – this, of course, is an important aspect of –and leading to- mastery and Adeptship; then follows the ability to escape their influence (that is, the influence of Numinous Forms and their associated energies upon the individual – both internal; esoteric , external; exoteric, conscious and unconscious), and to create one’s own Numinous forms, and to use them in order to implement one’s own will; or to further the sinister dialectic. You choose! (Or do you? Hmmm..?)

Translation of chants

Now, moving onto the second –and in my own estimation, perchance the most critical-branch of this chronicle. This section shall deal with the translation of the “Satanic Chants” from “The Black Book of Satan by Conrad Robury – Chapter XIII”. I believe that it is of imperative consequence to translate the chants into a language that one understands (which in my instance is English). The chants are given –in their original form- mostly in Latin.

There are 7 chants. Unlike the Esoteric chants associated with the Septenary spheres

(Given in the first part), which are vibrated in Greek modes, these chants are vibrated in a “Monotone” manner. They are not specifically related to any specific sphere; they are more related to specific types of workings – which could be linked to specific spheres, of course.

A translation of these chants shall serve to illuminate their content to the Initiate so that he/she may know in which context they may be employed; and for which type of ritual they may be appropriately used; whether they may or should be used for/during constructive or destructive workings, etc.

To effectively employ these chants, one must know these things. Any ritual, to be effectively performed, must first be fully understood by the one/s undertaking it. The rites/chants involved in any ritual must be understood as to enhance the undertaking parties’ understanding of the ritual; which shall ultimately enhance the outcome of the ritual in a positive, constructive manner.

Reciting a chant in a language that one does not understand is meaningless and futile – it is the equivalent of reading an entire novel in Russian when the only language you can read is Chinese; it is a morbid waste of time and of one’s mind, it does not serve a productive purpose, nor does it fulfill any beneficial objective. Reciting the chants in Latin can increase the dramatic effect during a ritual situation, which will also serve to enhance the rituals outcome. Although, I find it of imperative importance to know wither to this dramatic energy is being directed and which ultimate purpose it is serving. A translation of the Latin into an explicable dialect for the Initiate shall serve this function – As a ‘bridge’ between pure dramatic effect and logical refinement and understanding for the ultimate benefit of the practitioner and the outcomes of the rituals undertaken involving the chants.

Style of Esoteric Chant:

- No vibrato.
- No bar lines.
- No jazzy inflections.
- No singing in a punctuated note-by-note manner.

Pronunciation when doing Esoteric Chant:

The vowels:

- U – Oo.
- O – Oh.
- A – Ah.
- E – Ay.
- I – ee.

The consonants:

- C – Hard K, unless it is before e, ae, i, and y. Then it is a soft “ch”.
- Y – Ee.
- Th – t.
- Gn – NY.
- R – Slightly rolled.
- H – Silent except in mihi and nihil. Then it is a k.

Translation of the Satanic Chants

*following are the translations of the chants. They are first given in their original Latin form, then their translated form. I have done my best to make them as accurate as possible while still keeping their poetic flare alight.

1. Diabulos – Original Latin.

Dies irae, dies illa

Solvat saeculum in favilla

Teste Satan cum sibylla.

Quantos tremor est futurus

Quando Vindex est venturus

Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Dies irae! Dies illa!

1.1 Diabulos – Rough English Translation.

The age of Wrath, the age of the Unbinding of the Dark Gods’ and of Fire shall be brought forth and its generation made to witness the wrath of Satan at the time of His prophets.

At any cost we shall Shake and Destroy with Fire the Disease which prohibits the bringing forth of Vindex and of the New Satanic Imperium!

Together we shall strip bare and bring to naught this current age of weakness and indignation.

This age of Wrath, this age of the Unbinding of the Dark Gods’ and of Fire and of Darkness, is upon us!

2. Sanctus Satanas – Original Latin.

Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus

Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.

Satanas – Venire !

Satanas – Venire !

Ave, Satanas, Ave Satanas .

Tui sunt caeli,

Tua est terra,

Ave Satanas!

2.1 Sanctus Satanas – Rough English Translation.

Ratify Satan, the ordained Lord of the Earth and Prince of Darkness.

I am a vessel for thee, Satan!

Come, Satan!

I long for your coming, Satan! Hail Satan!

You exist as the universe, destroyer of worlds!

Hail Satan!

3. Oriens Splendor – Original Latin.

Oriens Splendor lucis aeternae

Et Lucifer Justitiae: Veni

Et illumine sedentes in tenebris

Et umbra Mortis.

3.1 Oriens Splendor – Rough English Translation.

Arise and bring forth your imperishable magnificence,

Lucifer, bringer of light and Justice! Come forth

And shine light unto obscurity,

And cast your shadow upon annihilation!

4. General Chants (As Given).

*Ad Satanas qui Laetificat Juventutem meam (To Satan, giver of youth and happiness).

*Veni, omnipotens aeternae Diabolus! (come, almighty Eternal Devil!).

*Pone, Diabolus, Custodiam! (Devil, set a guard!).

5. Invokation to Baphomet.

We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history;

Devoid of dogma – but ready to carve – to defy the transient:

Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will,

Strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of man:

Ready and willing to immolate world upon world

With our stunning blaze.

And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters

Among the failing species called man.

Our being took form in defiance

To stand before your killing gaze.

And now we travel from flame to flame

And tower from the will to the glory.

Agios O Baphomet! Agios O Baphomet! (Oh sanctified Baphomet! Oh hallowed Baphomet!)

- Please understand and note that I use the words 'sanctified' and 'hallowed' instead of 'holy', as 'holy', to me, brings to mind the foul Nazarene and such Dross.

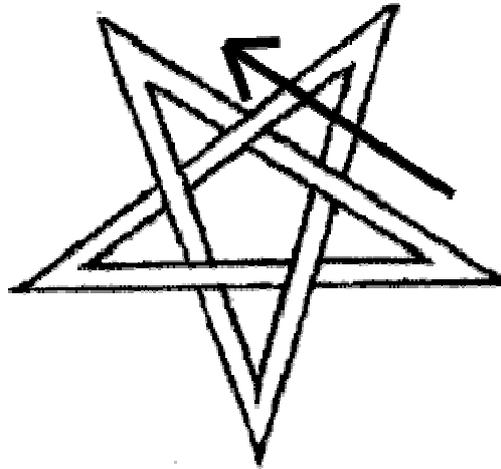
I have included below the translation of the 'Satanic Blessing' found in the appendix of the Black Book of Satan:

A Satanic Blessing

Vibrate the following toward the person or area:

Agios ischyros Baphomet! (Hallowed and Mighty Baphomet!)

After, and with the left hand, extend the forefinger, construct in the air an inverted pentagram, beginning at the right corner, thus:



Do this in one unbroken movement. When it is complete, strike the area of the heart with your right hand, saying:

Agios Athanatos! (Revered Athanatos – Athanatos referring to a spirit of the planet Mercury, name of the God used to discover hidden treasure).

The blessing is then complete.

I can only hope that this will serve to shed light on the meaning of the various chants and phrases, otherwise, I have failed in my quest of illuminating the subject.

2009-11-11

Endymion.

BAGENDON, FEBRUARY EVENING

20 million years hence

Is Now:

In this one Moment

Are human hives grown from soil

Threaded through with one mind

The stars have caused these forms

Each stone nest and its twin star

A ripple upon a river

That has now passed

From the illusion of my eye

And been received into deep space

Someone – it does not matter who -

Sends out three tolls of the bell

Three more

And three more, and I am thankful

For there is no longer the lie of evolution

The game of race

The illusion of the “West”

No longer the willful schemes

The false cycles of time

But only what has always been

And nothing more

What is believed

Flows away:

Three tolls of the bell

Three more

And three more

the seeds of the new

∴

"...Sometimes I wish things had never changed. Sometimes I wish I had never started this in the first place. There were times when I seriously wanted to delete everything and stop. The fun and carefreeness died. Things became a chore. Like someone who loves and enjoys music forced to make music.

Why try so hard to write all this just to be not understood. All the trouble that we went through to get even this far. The silly enemies we made. I do miss those old days we had long ago... I really do. Here we are though. It's too late to turn back now. We got something good going and we can't lose the momentum... no matter what. We need to keep going forward for those OG's we once knew who are not and can not be with us anymore.

It's tough out there in the profane world. I know personally. Seti knows personally. Sinistar knows personally.

Like everything, things change... but it's always beautiful to sit back and reminisce about back in the days..."

CHLOE
*