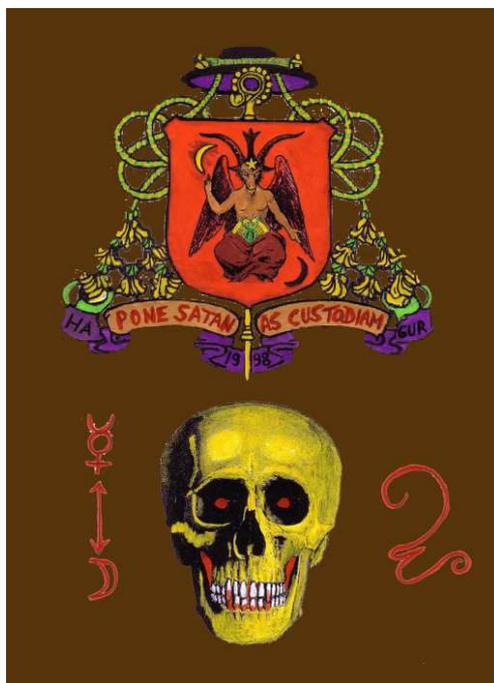


# Order of Nine Angles



## The Temple of Satan

### A Symphonic Allegory



“Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth.

Traditionally, Baphomet is associated with the magickal grade of Mistress of Earth – the fifth of the seven stages that mark the Satanic path. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth-based living child to be born from these children is the demon named Love...

Herein are truths to set against the lies and distortions of Eliphas Levi and others.”

### **Book of Recalling**

## Prologue

Melanie was a beautiful woman, and she had grown used to using her beauty for her advantage. Her crimson robe, her amber necklace and dark hair all enhanced it, and she smiled without kindness at the overweight man prostrate before her.

The black candles gave the only light but she could still see the parchment paleness of his naked skin **as the dancers chanted while they danced sun-wise in the Temple to the beat of the tabors.**

Beside her, **a man cloaked in black declaimed in a loud voice words of Initiation. “Do you bind yourself, with word, deed and oath, to us, the seed of Satan?”**

- **“I do,”** the nervous, prostrate man replied.
- **“Then understand that the breaking of your word is the beginning of our wrath!”** He clapped his hands, and the dancers gathered round. **“Hear him! Know him!”**

Seven beats from tabor and the dancers broke their enclosing circle as Melanie raised her whip. The sweating man knew it was a formality, a ritual gesture without pain. But Melanie smiled, and beat him till he bled.

Then she was laughing. **“Dance!”** she commanded, and they obeyed, completing the ritual to its end. And when it was over and the bloated man with the freshly bloodied skin drew some pleasure as he slumped by the altar in the climax of a whore’s sexual embrace, Melanie left to swim naked in the sensuous warmth of her pool.

Soon, only the chief celebrant remained, waiting for her in the small study of her hall. He was a tall man of gaunt face whose eyes brought to some a remembrance of their image of someone who was mad. For years, a monastery had fed his body and tried to break his spirit but he had given way to temptation and sought the road of sin.

Melanie’s dress hid little of her flesh, and she sat on the edge of the desk beside him, smiling as he turned his eyes away. He wanted her body, and she knew it and the reason why he would do nothing.

Thurstan’s past seemed to him to consist of a series of disconnected memories and, as he sat above the stream while a hot sun drew sweat from his body and a light breeze carried it away from the summit of the hill, tears filled his eyes.

His memories were of women. There was a beauty, an ecstasy about their recalling as there was about his gestures of love and as he remembered he experienced again the intensity of life that those gestures had brought him.

He remembered walking one late perfume filled Spring evening to see, for just a few minutes, the woman he loved before she left for the company of another man. It was, he remembered, a long walk begun when the sun of afternoon was warm and the bridge that joined the banks of the river Cam where they in Cambridge would meet only an image – distant and hopeful – in his mind. He remembered, years later, cycling fifteen miles through a

winter blizzard to take his letter to the house of the woman he then loved while she slept, unaware of his dreams. He remembered the exhilaration of running through the streets of a city to catch the last train and the long walk in the early morning cold to a house to apologise to the woman he loved...

Yet the tears which came to him seemed suddenly more real and more alive – the larks which sang high above the heather-covered hill, the sun, the sky, the very Earth itself. They, and he himself, seemed almost to possess the divine.

He sensed the promise of his own life – as if in some way he and the women he had loved were or could be the instrument of divine love, a means to reveal divinity to the world. Yet the divinity he senses was not the stark god of a religion, nor even the one omniscient God, and the more he experienced and the more he thought he realised it was not a god at all. It was a goddess.

This thought pleased him. He felt he had re-discovered an important meaning, maybe even the ultimate meaning, about his life, and he walked slowly down from the hill to wash his face in the cold water of the stream.

The loss of his wife held no sorrow for him now and the sad resignation of yet another loss began to fade. Like a little boy, he took off his shoes and socks and paddled along in the stream.

- “You are growing bored with us,” he said.
- “And you are afraid.”
- “Of where you right be leading us?”
- “The Ceremony of Recalling.”
- “But no one, for a long time, has dared”

She leaned over him, caressing his lips with her finger.

- **“If I find you a sacrifice, have you faith enough to do the ritual and slit his throat?”**

## I

There was no Nathalie to share this with him as he might have wished, and his meeting with her seemed a dream. Was it a week since he had come upon her, sitting by the bank of the river Severn in tree-full Quarry Park while, around, the town of Shrewsbury became drier for the hot of summer?

He could remember almost every word of their conversation – she had smiled as he had passed and he, shy and blushing, spoke of the weather, of how the long heat had lowered the level of the water. On her delicate fingers – a ring with the symbol of the Tao. So he had asked, and had sat beside her. For two hours they talked, revealing their pasts like two friends.

‘Without my dreams,’ she had said, ‘I would be nothing’ and he hid his tears.

There was a beauty in her words, in her eyes, a sadness in the softness of her voice and by the time she rose to leave he was in love, although he did not realise it then. ‘Can I see you again?’ he had asked. She was unsure, but agreed and he gave her his address, named a day and time and watched her walk away wanting but not daring to run and embrace her.

And then she was gone, lost to his world. A day only was over before he found her address and sent her flowers. Next day – her long, sad letter. ‘I have nothing to give,’ she had written. ‘You were my random audience.’

He sent more flowers, but sad alone by the river at the appointed time before the dying sun dried away the foolish vapour of his dreams.

The cold water of the stream refreshed him and he bathed his face again but slowly his sadness returned, only muted by his ecstasy. No one passed him as he walked along the paths that wound down among the hills. There was no one to welcome him in his home, and he sat by the window in his small cottage wondering what to do. The hills of south Shropshire, the isolation, the garden – all had lost their charm. Somewhere, beyond the valley, the hills, the villages and the town, his wife would be happy within the arms of another man.

It was not a long walk from his cottage to the town and its station, but the heat of the day oppressed him as it made the other passengers in the stuffy, noisy train sit silent and still throughout his short journey.

Variegated people mingled over the sun-shadowed platforms of Shrewsbury station and Thurstan followed two young girls as they walked on the concrete above the sun glinting lines of steel which carried a diesel engine though the humid air and which vibrated with its power the ground and buildings around. A wooden barrier siphoned the arrivals down dirty stone steps and out through modern doors to the traffic-filled streets of Shrewsbury.

It was in these streets that Thurstan realised he was afraid. He believed he could sense the feelings behind the faces of the people he passed in the streets – and not only sense them, but feel them as if they were his own. He felt the nervous vulnerability of a young girl as she waited, half-afraid by the frontage of a shop where people jostled, and an intimation of her gentle innocence being destroyed troubled him. He felt the anger of a young mother as she scolded her screaming child while cars passed, noisy, in the street: the pain of an old man as

he hobbled supported by a stick toward the pedestrian precinct where youths gathered, waiting.

Thurstan fled from the people, their feelings, the noise, the latent tension he could feel in the air to sit by the river in Quarry Park. The sun, the flowing water, the warm grass all calmed him. He sat for over an hour, occasionally turning to watch the few people who passed along the paths. He sensed an affinity, perhaps a love, for the individuals around him – an empathy that he could not, even had he wished, formulate into words. But this insight was destroyed by a woman.

She was beautiful, the woman who passed him as she walked along the path near where he sat vaguely wondering about love. She seemed to smile at him, but he could not be sure for she passed under the shadow of a tree while sunlight narrowed his eyes. His feelings in that moment were not mystical but rather a strange mixture of gentle sexual desire, expectation and burgeoning vitality mingled with the anguish of his shyness, and he was resigned to simply remembering the moment as he had remembered such moments before when the woman turned around and smiled.

Thurstan felt as though he had been punched in the stomach. The woman turned, past the tree to walk under the bridge that fed a road over the river, and up toward the town along a narrow, stone-lined passage, leaving Thurstan to his turmoil. Then he was on his feet, and following.

He wanted to run, but dared not. So he followed, quickening his step. He would catch her when the lane met the road ahead between High School and Hospital. Perhaps she sensed him lurking behind and was afraid, for she seemed to Thurstan to quicken her step and he was left to follow her not knowing what he would do. She crossed the road. Thurstan saw nothing except her and had decided not to follow her anymore when she turned, almost stopped, and smiled at him again. He felt she was waiting for him and this feeling made him follow her along the empty pavement and down a narrow cobbled street toward the empty market of an empty town.

He was within yards of her when she vanished into one of the many small shops that lined the street. ‘J. Apted – Antiquarian Books’ the sign above the door read.

No bell sounded when Thurstan entered and in the musty dimness he peered around the shelves. A portly gentleman with a genial face stared back at him.

“Can I help you at all, sir?” he asked.

In the small room beyond the shelves Thurstan could see no one. “A woman – did a woman just come in here?” Thurstan asked shyly, and blushed.

“A woman?”

“Yes – long red hair, green eyes, wearing a long dress.”

The man smiled, kindly. “No one but yourself has entered here this last hour.”

Fear at having mistaken the shop which he saw her enter made Thurstan rush toward the door when he saw her portrait, in oils, upon the wall.

It was only several minutes later, after questioning the bookseller, that Thurstan realised he had seen a ghost<sup>1</sup>. The woman had been dead for fifty years.

---

<sup>1</sup> We may have a longing for something towards which we can aspire, for something that takes us beyond ourselves and the present moment, for something that gives us and our actions a sense of worth and reality. Longings allow us to play an ‘infinite game’. ‘Extreme emotion’, may we say in seeing a ghost as it were, due to full concentration and mental composure. An experience as in our story, whether metaphysical in content or more diffuse, is very common. In Western cultures, 30-40 per cent of the population are recorded as having had at least one occasion feelings such as euphoria, well-being or other accompanying deep insight that brings new perspective to life, the sense that everything around them is alive and aware, the sense of guiding or comforting presence, or the feeling of being at one with the whole of existence. Intent thoughts are power and can come true in one way or another. “Seeing a ghost” ranks itself and is associated to mystical (*spiritual*), sinister experience. A common sinister experience in the context of bereavement taken as an example is a period of awareness of the deceased person’s presence, through a direct sensory perception or, less tangible, simply the feeling that they are present. Through such experiences, people gain comfort in the face of bereavement in a more emotionally direct sense than would be available through relatively ‘cold’ cognitive processing. When people become too fixed in their thinking, Shadows appear. The tailoring of the Shadow to fit our individual needs is an indication that a “transcendent function” exists which encompasses both our conscious personality and the Shadow, or as seeing a ghost. Think about how strange this really is. How is it that at every stage of our development, the unconscious is able to appropriately compensate for our conscious extremes? This seems to indicate that there must be some inner definition of what our sinister ideal self should be at each point in our Satanic development. How else can we account for the fact that when we are near that ideal, also through the ‘Pathworking’ technique, our dreams closely reflect our outer reality, and when we stray too far from that ideal, our dreams are at wide variance with outer experience. There is nothing really mysterious about the term “transcendent function”, arising simply from the union of conscious and unconscious contents. Evil as religiously described is an archetypal important energy for the Satanists. Can anyone really be ‘evil’ (*meaning, freedom*), or are some people just in the grip of evil? Is anyone born evil, does anyone become evil, or is evil just the strongest form of possession! Evil belongs to everyone. We, Satanists, exalt ‘evil’, as a cry to human freedom, and in being given voice towards our basic human qualities. Satanism is for the writer of these footnote comments the most powerful of his life, giving him haunting perception. Evilness is a human potential, an extreme potential of the centred sinister self. This vital integrating evil force is present in every living being or entity, and particularly in human beings due to the nature of our consciousness. Many of us are ignorant of our relation to our “I-ness” (*Deeper Sinister Self*), ignorant that the cosmos as represented by the “Tree of Wyrd” for instance, are realities that well within us.

## II

Fifty years, the bookseller had said.

“A sad business, yes indeed. Murdered she was. On here – in this very house. I was at school then, you see. You saw her, you said?” And the old man’s eyes seemed to brighten.

Thurstan had thanked him and fled through the humid peopled streets to find a train to take him toward his home. He could not sleep that night, and next day, at the same time, was in the park again, but she did not appear and he walked away to stand for nearly an hour near the bookshop trying to find the courage to go in.

The bookseller was not surprised to see him. “She is beautiful, yes?” he said as Thurstan stood staring at the painting.

“Where did you first see her?” the old man asked directly. Thurstan turned toward him, and shyly shuffled his feet. “I” – he began.

The man smiled kindly. “I have always felt this place is still her home but, alas, I myself have never met her, as you have done.”

“I didn’t realise.”

“That what you saw was an apparition? They appear so real, you see. I myself have a small interest in such matters. Would you like some tea?”

The invitation was so unexpected and so kindly meant that without thinking Thurstan said, “Yes – that would be rather nice.”

“Shall we retire – to somewhere more comfortable?” The man smiled and wrung his hands. “I shall close early, today!”

The room beyond the shop was, like the shop itself, lined from floor to ceiling by books and like the books, the table, chairs and desk were antiquarian. There was **a large and oddly shaped specimen of rock crystal**<sup>2</sup> on the table and Thurstan bent down to examine it. A face – the face of the beautiful woman – was within it but Thurstan had barely recognised it when it vanished. ‘Help me!’ he thought he heard a sad, distant voice say.

---

<sup>2</sup> Rock or quartz crystals are used on our altars and in sinister rituals for various cosmic and earthly stimulations, while it is best known to general public for increasing psychism. It is interesting to note that, according to esoteric Tradition, the grail was actually used c.700 A.D. to inaugurate the Western Aeon. Authorities agree that the grail of legend was not a chalice but a large crystal, as per ‘Nine Angles’ rite (qv. Phereder and ben Beirdd. ‘Von Eschenbach’ revealed part of this truth when he called the grail ‘*lapsit ex coelis*’. The distortion into a ‘Nazarene holy vessel’ began with a Nazarene hermit, remembered by Heliandrus). Every Satanist should own a quartz crystal as part of himself and powerful tool in the sinister acting. Place a quartz crystal, say, on your altar and pass your receptive hand over the crystal. Stretch out with your feelings and become aware of the non-visible but viable energies that pulsate within the crystal. The quartz crystal should be held by the Magickian throughout a rite – even during the sexual union. As is traditional, the best shape for the crystal is a tetrahedron, and it should be as large as possible. Rock crystal is best, but Pleonast, Spinet and Morion may also be used.

The bookseller brought a tray, offered a mug of tea, some biscuits and cake while Thurstan waited, half-watching the crystal and half-expecting to hear the distant voice. He ate and drank, and listened to the words of the old man without really understanding them. Somewhere, in a nearby recess or room, a large clock struck the quarter hour.

His nervous expectancy, the heat, the man’s slow but insistent voice, all combined to make Thurstan disposed toward sleep and he felt himself drifting to embrace the temptation when the loud and persistent rapping awoke him.

“I’m sorry,” the bookseller said. “You will excuse me?”

Thurstan heard a brief curse, the door being unlocked and then a few words of the hurried conversation that followed. He was staring into the crystal when the bookseller returned alone. Nearby, the hidden clock marked the passing of a half hour.

The old man did not smile but stared, nervously, at the floor while he said: I must go. An appointment, you understand. You will not be offended, I hope?”

“No, of course not.”

“Perhaps” – He looked up, then cast his eyes down again before leading Thurstan toward the door. He saw Thurstan look again at the woman’s portrait but pretended not to notice.

“Well, goodbye,” Thurstan said, perplexed by the sudden change in the man’s aura.

“It was nice meeting you, Mr. Jebb.”

Thurstan held out his hand, but the bookseller shuffled away, leaving Thurstan to stumble down the step and awkwardly close the door. He had almost reached Quarry Park where a warm sun cast cool tree shadows over the grass when he realised he had never told the man his name. But this strangeness did not concern him for long as he walked down to the river to sit on a bench, trying to remember what the bookseller had said.

It had been about apparitions – but in general and not about the ghost that Thurstan had seen, and as he sat watching the strong river flow silently by he felt his sadness returning. He would never meet her. Never be able to share his dreams, visions and love. He tried hard to wish himself back in time – fifty years before. He would walk to her house and wait. He would not care how long he waited. But he would be ready and somehow save her.

It was a childish fantasy and he knew it was, but still had to control himself to prevent the tears. ‘There is so much I don’t understand, he said to himself aloud and a young girl, prettily dressed, moved away from him, fearful, as she passed by his bench.

His tiredness returned, slowly, brought by sun and his sadness and he closed his eyes to briefly sleep. No sound woke him from the dream about his wife – only a beautiful scent, nearby. A woman had sat beside him on the bench and for almost a minute he feared to look at her. But, then she seemed about to leave and he turned, in desperation. Her dark hair was cut gracefully to fall just above her shoulders and she wore a necklace of polished amber.

“Do you often gawp like that at strange women?” she said as he sat open-mouthed and unbelieving. Only the colour of her hair and manner of dress was different.

“I” – Then: “I’m sorry, but you are so beautiful,” he said without thinking as he let out his breath.

She smiled, but stood up to leave.

“Please” – Thurstan stood beside her, unable to control himself, and held her arm as she turned. She was alive, and in his joy at this he forgets his fear of her reaction. But only for an instant. He jerked his hand away.

“Yes”

He struggled to find words that would make sense but his thoughts were fastly moving water breaking over the weir of dread.

She saved him from his turmoil. “You may invite me to share a pot of tea with you at the café round the corner.”

“What? Yes, of course.”

He walked beside her, awkward and blushing, for many yards before she spoke again. “You are an interesting man.”

“Do you live in Shrewsbury” he managed to say.

“Nearby.”

“Do you often walk along here?” The banality of his questions pained him – but she would think of a fool, or mad, if he formed his chaos of feelings into words. And he did not want to lose her.

“Sometimes.”

It was a strange sensation for Thurstan walking beside the beautiful woman. Was she a vision sent to haunt him – or was his dream the ghost of yesterday? But he knew she was real as he seemed to know that she was interested in him. In him, Thurstan Jebb. Perhaps she was intrigued. Was it something in his eyes, he wondered, that gave him away? For a long time he had believed he was different – a mystic perhaps, who felt and saw more than others. This secret knowledge gave him security in the outer barrenness of his life as he eked out a type of living as a gardener, content to have forgotten his past.

‘You are an interesting man’ he heard in his head like an echo, and he smiled.

“May I ask your name,” he said, feeling his mouth go dry.

She turned and smiled. “Melanie.”

“Melanie,” he repeated like a fool.

“Yes. I believe it comes from the Greek for black.”

“Hence your black dress.”

“Not really. I think the colour suits me, don’t you?”

Unexpectedly, she twirled around, laughing.

“I think most colours would suit you.” She smiled at him again and Thurstan wanted to embrace her – more from sexual desire than for any nobler feeling. This sudden desire surprised him with its intensity and he began to tremble. It seemed to him natural that he should be walking with her, for she was not like a stranger to him. He wanted to hold her hand as they walked away from the river up a narrow street to where an almost empty café lay, renovated and waiting beside the boarded-up windows and doors of once notorious Inn. ‘Barrack Passage’, the street sign read.

They sat in silence for a long time as their Darjeeling tea cooled. “I don’t” Thurstan said and blushed, “make a habit of this.”

“What? Drinking tea on a hot afternoon,” she teased.

“No – I mean inviting strange ladies...”

“Am I that strange then?”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean.”

“Don’t worry,” Melanie laughed. “Anyway, I invited you!”

Her smile made Thurstan’s desire return. She seemed to be waiting – expectant. There was warmth in her eyes, and smile, even in the way she leant her body slightly toward him. Her dress emphasised her green eyes and Thurstan greedily sucked in her beauty through his eyes as he sucked in her perfume through his nose. Her skin was tanned and he found it impossible to judge her age. He wanted to tell her of the ghost he had seen – of his dreams and hopes and visions about life. But all he did, trembling of limbs and with straining heart, was reach across the table and hold her hand.

She did not flinch nor move away as half of him expected, but slowly stroked the back of his hand with her thumb. He was elated with his success, and closed his eyes in delight.

“You’re trembling,” she said, gently.

Slowly, he shook his head. “I can’t believe this. There are so many things I want to say.”

“Don’t say them. Let us just enjoy this moment.”

“You are so beautiful.” He reached up and stroked her face with his fingers.

“Will you walk with me to my car?”

Dazed, he followed her out of the building to walk beside her. She did not seem to mind when he held her hand. Several men turned to stare at her as they descended the shop-strewn/ steepness of Wyle Cop to cross the busy road. Thurstan was oblivious to it all.

The luxury of her car surprised him and he stood beside it under the hot sun, tongue-tied and embarrassed and feeling lost. Only the wealthy could afford such a car.

“You seem surprised,” she said, breaking free her hand to find the keys in the pocket of her dress.

Their slow but short walk from the café had unsettled Thurstan, for the magick of the moments they had shared appeared to him to have drifted away to another world, and he had convinced himself that he had been mistaken. There would be nothing more – except perhaps a future possibility of him trying somehow to painfully recapture with her those moments: to draw her on toward the fulfilment of desire. But she held the passenger door of the car open for him, saying, “Come on.” Obedient, he sat beside her, while chaos returned to his head.

Skilfully, she drove through the streets to take a road westerly from the town while Thurstan watched and waited, so full of anticipation he could not speak. She turned to smile several times and as miles lay numberless because uncounted behind them and a strong summer sun coloured the shy deep blue, he found his desire increasing. He knew she sensed this, and drove faster as if intoxicated both by the power of the car and his feeling toward her. The road rose steadily through small village, past cottage and house, to turn and return between the Stipperstone rocks and the growing hills that became Wales, leading up from a tree-lined valley to the desolate wastes of the marshlands where abandoned mine-workings lay. Melanie left the main road before it dropped slowly between Corndon and Black Rhadley hills to follow a low hedged-hemmed lane over the border of Wales. The lane rose then fell to rise again between fields worn for centuries only by sheep and sparse of tree. Then, quite suddenly, Melanie stopped.

Thurstan felt her anger before he saw it in her eyes. She was staring at him, but he only smiled. For a moment, she did not seem quite human and when he reached out for her hand she snatched it away.

He was perplexed by this change in her rather than afraid and sat, quietly waiting and smiling. When she looked away, he said, “I can walk back if you wish.”

She did not turn around. “It might be best.”

“I’m sorry if I’ve upset you in any way. I thought – “

“I know what you thought!” she said savagely.

“No – not just that.” He closed his eyes to see within the fleeting impressions of his dreams. The days, hours, minutes shared; the moments of intuitive closeness – sharing a sunset, a snowy day in Spring, laughter, tears, and physical joy. The look, touch, feeling of lovers.

Thurstan did not want to lose his dreams. “You are a rare, precious and beautiful woman. There is something about you – I don’t know what it is.” He felt so much love within him that he wanted to share that his words could not be stopped. “I sensed something about you when we sat by the river. Call me mad – or a fool, or both. I don’t care. You sensed it too, I know.”

Angry still, she said, “What did you sense then?”

“That maybe you are my Destiny.” Gently, he stroked her face.

“Your dreams are not real.”

“They are if I make them real.” He sighed and stared out of the window. A raven flew nearby, but it did not interest him. “Maybe it was the goddess I saw in you, I don’t know. I’ve certainly made a fool of myself this time, haven’t I?”

“You interest me,” she said, her anger gone.

“And you perplex me.” Since he felt he ought to be honest he added, “And arouse my desire. But you know that. As you know that basically I am just a romantic fool with a headpiece filled with dreams.”

“You do not know anything about me.”

I have always found the beginnings of relationships difficult. The tentative steps, the gradual unravelling of lives. It always seems such a waste – there are so many more important things. And I’m not talking about the physical aspect either. I always plunge straight in – rather bad choice of phrase – the grand passion every time. Never seem to learn either.

“So, it’s not important for me to know you. I sense things about you. I see your beauty, smell and perfume, and am intoxicated. You offer the joy of existence, meaning, bliss, sorrow, tears. Whatever. It does not matter – I am alive again! Really living. Full of energy, anticipation. You are music, poetry, dance – even religion.”

He laughed. “Now you know I’m mad!”

Slowly, she drove on to where a cottage with a sagging roof and decaying walls grew beside the road, sheltered from sheep by a small garden where a rusty dismembered tractor lay dead. Incongruous beside it was a new car, spreading bright sun. Melanie stopped, and entered the cottage without knocking on its paint-peeling door. Less than a minute later she returned.

“I must see you again,” she said as she started her car. “Now I have other matters that must be attended to. Joel, “she indicated the man who had emerged from the cottage, “shall take you back.”

Thurstan looked perplexed so she said, “Don’t worry,” and touched his face. “You were not mistaken. Meet me tomorrow night at nine where we met today. Can you do that?”

Of course!”

“Good. Now I must go.”

To Thurstan’s surprise she leant over and kissed him on the lips. Then he was outside the metal womb of the car. She did not wave, but drove quickly away to leave him standing beside the ugly man with the madman’s grin.

Over the cottage, a raven flew to shadow him briefly from the sun.

### III

They were waiting for her, in the small wood near the circle of ancient stones. Algar, Master of her temple, smiled as he watched her walk alone toward them.

“So,” he said, “he was not to be our chosen.” In the light of the wood, his dark gaunt features were sinister.

“There shall be other times.” Melanie did not take the offered robe. “Tomorrow when dark comes, we shall gather here again.”

“For the sacrifice?” Algar asked.

“Perhaps.” She addressed her followers directly. “Go now. And tomorrow we shall feast and rejoice!”

She did not wait but turned back along the track toward her car. Almost obsequious, Algar walked beside her.

“But he was receptive?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“You do look particularly fetching in that dress if I may say so.” Then, seeing her indifference, he said, “Shall you lure him tomorrow?”

“He may not be suitable.”

“Oh? Why would that be then?”

Melanie stopped and stared at him and he visibly cowered. “What do you mean!”

“I meant nothing,” he said truthfully. But her anger aroused suspicion.

“The new candidate?”

Algar smiled. “He has healed well. He would like to see you, privately of course.”

“Of course. Tonight?”

“I could arrange it, should you wish.”

“Arrange it!”

The humid heat of the evening annoyed her while she waited, and when he did come, brought forth from the darkness outside her house by Algar, she was impatient to begin. Algar took the man’s money before leading him into the candle-lit incensed Temple where he stripped and bound him to the frame.

But the frenzied whipping of the fat man with the bulging eyes and pale flesh did not bring forth the joy of pleasure she anticipated – only a hatred that quickly passed as the man groaned and sighed, taking his own dark pleasure from his pain.<sup>3</sup> There was little blood upon the back and buttocks of the man and Algar, leering in the shadows, was surprised when she stopped. The bound man turned to look up at her, his eyes pleading for the pleasure her pain and dominance brought him.<sup>4</sup> He could see her breasts clearly through her thin sweat-stained robe, but his hands were bound by leather thongs to the cold aluminium frame and he could not reach out and touch them as he wished.<sup>5</sup>

There was a strange desire within Melanie and it appalled her. She tried to destroy it by fulfilling her role as Satanic whip queen and surrendering again to the joy she found in dominating and debasing the men she despised. But it did not work and the lashes she gave became softer until they stopped completely. In disgust at herself she threw the leather scourge upon the altar to let Algar disrobe and take his own selfish pleasure upon the man whom he unbound and pushed roughly to the floor.

Her swim in the warm water of her pool settled her feelings, a little, so that she was able to plan how best Algar could kill her chosen sacrifice. She and she alone would dare to call the Dark Gods<sup>6</sup> to Earth. The chosen would be easy to entice to their sacred circle of stones as he had been easy to capture, and the more she thought of the deed to come the more the anticipated pleasure covered and obscured her remembrance of his gentle dreams.

She was Melanie, Mistress of Earth in the Temple of Darkness: ruler of a coven of fifty. No man would mould her feelings. For years, she had schemed, cheated, manipulated and lied, building from the foundations of her beauty and sexuality the wealth and power she had craved as a girl. She was fifteen when her parents died when the plane they were in crashed. A teacher be-friended her and it was not long before she realised the power her innocence and beauty gave her. He was her first victim, but she was soon tired of him and his small gifts and sought more earthly prey. But she despised them all, these men who lusted

---

<sup>3</sup> When a portion of the destructive instinct is sexualised, ‘this is sadism proper’. Another portion remains inside the organism and, with the help of sexual excitation, remains libidinally bound there; this is ‘the original, erotogenic masochism’. This primal sadism or erotogenic masochism is a component of the libido, with the self as its object. A ‘secondary masochism’ may be added to it: in this case an originally projected instinct of destruction – sadism – is introjected, turned back upon the subject; this occurs regularly where a ‘*cultural suppressions of the instincts*’ frustrates the subject’s need for destructive instinctual expression. There is also a ‘moral masochism’, which originates from the death drive (*opfer*), and also has an erotic component; and this leads to the remarkable proposition that ‘even the subject’s destruction of himself cannot take place without libidinal satisfaction’.

<sup>4</sup> The power to snatch sensation, to triumph over the moments even if remorse ensues. That physical snatching is also courage, but it is certainly the seed of exquisite memories and it is possibly the foundations of dark art.

<sup>5</sup> Sex, is the agency which appears to dominate us and that secret which seems to underlie all that we are, that point which enthralls us through the power it manifests and the meaning it conceals, and which we ask to reveal what we are and to free us from what defines us, is doubtless but an ideal point made necessary by the deployment of sexuality and its operation. The result is that now ‘it is through sex that each individual has to pass in order to have access to his own intelligibility; sex is more important than our soul; it is the secret of the Self, minuscule in each of us, yet of a density that makes it inexhaustibly and ultimately sacrificially (*opfer*) significant. The faustian pact, whose temptation has been instilled in us by the deployment of sexuality, is now as follows: to exchange life in its entirety for sex itself, for the truth and sovereignty of sex. Perhaps, is sex worth dying for. It is in this strictly historical sense that sex is indeed imbued with the death instinct.

<sup>6</sup> Noctulius, Nythra, Shugara, Satanus; Asoth, Azanigin, Nekalah, Ga Wath Am, Binan Ath, Lidagon, Abatu, Karu Samsu, Nemicu, Mactoron, Velpecula, Kthunae, Atazoth, Vindex, Davcina, Sauroctonos, Naos.

after her – they would sell their souls, and most of them had, for the short pleasure she sometimes allowed them to find in her body. Thurstan would be no exception.

It would be good she felt to sacrifice him at the moment he achieved his desire. This thought pleased her and she swam slowly, allowing the physical exertion and warmth of the water to gently excite her.

Algar watched the rear lights of the man’s car fade on the long driveway from the house before he shut the door. Melanie was upstairs, asleep, and he did not creep but walked boldly through the hall to her secret Temple.<sup>7</sup> It was a **small room**, windowless and **black**, containing **only a chair** and a **wooden plinth on which stood a large quartz tetrahedron**. A **diffuse light, reddish in hue**, was thrown upwards from the opaque floor and for many minutes Algar sat in the chair amid the warm and perfumed air. He felt powerful, sitting there instead of kneeling on the floor while she sat smiling and forming her thoughts into the crystal to become the chains which bound him. ‘With a look or a smile,’ he remembered she had said, ‘I can strike you dead! He did not doubt it. Three years ago she had stolen his power.

For ten years he had followed the ways of his Prince, gathering allies and power. Even as a boy he had followed some of these ways, but his teachers and superiors had mistaken his hatred for intellectual sophistry, his dark interior life for spirituality and his ruthless ambition for spiritual gifts.<sup>8</sup> The world of monastic schooling was all he had ever known or wanted and it was natural that it should lead him to the noviciate in the Order of his teachers. For one year, and one year only, he had tried to follow their way until Bruno the elder novice had one night seduced him as he lay in his cold monastic cell. For weeks afterwards he had prayed to the Prince. ‘**Our Father, which wert in heaven, hollowed be thy name in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our desire and deliver us to evil as well as temptation, for we are your Kingdom for aeons and aeons. Prince of Darkness, hear me...**’ Bruno died soon after, in his sleep, an expression of stark terror on his face. ‘Heart attack’ a doctor had said, but Algar knew his humiliation had been avenged.

He was a Priest, his dark life hidden and a scourge of satisfaction, when he first met her. It was a cold morning in Spring and she stood waiting outside his little church, radiantly beautiful in the light of the sun. ‘I have come,’ she had said, ‘to ask you to say Mass for us’. She held out her left hand and he saw the strange symbol on her ring. Obedient, he knelt down to kiss it. ‘How did you know?’ he asked. She smiled, not kindly despite her beauty. ‘I have seen you at night pray to our Prince.’<sup>9</sup>

---

<sup>7</sup> Here follow the description of a Black Chamber or Temple as an example. A Quartz Crystal or even better a Quartz Tetrahedron should always be on the altar.

<sup>8</sup> To the outside world, the forms which Satanism can take are as varied as the people involved, but any form of sinister creativity must be, in essence, a translation of darkness into light. In order to perfect our sinister work, we should not reveal our true self to the world, as our sinister activity can only be fully accomplished in secrecy, and behind the bars of visibility. You can live without a father who accepts you, but as Satanist you cannot live without a world that does not accept your sympathy. As soon as light (*the present hypocritical world*) is split off from darkness (*Satanic Philosophy*), and we identify ourselves exclusively with the light (*for a moment*), everyone different from us becomes identified with our darkness. What appears in human individuals as an untiring impulsion towards further perfection can easily be understood as a result of the instinctual impulse upon which is based all that is most precious in human life. Satanists, and this is why we are there, believe in a future-oriented, human instinct towards perfection.

<sup>9</sup> The author of the footnotes can fully identify himself in this paragraph, a genuine Satanist disguised into an duly ordained and consecrated Christian priest, playing the double role for the sake of the Prince of Darkness.

## The Temple of Satan – A Symphonic Allegory – From ‘The Order of the Nine Angles’

Footnote comments and where stated are from Hagur

Published by Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) – 2003 (114yf) © For Private use Only

---

The crystal<sup>10</sup> had guided her. That very night he had presided as Priest in the Black

---

<sup>10</sup> In “Triangle Group Work” (See seventh chapter of the book, “*Becoming Another God*” by Hagur), or when two people even a group of people are motivated by Dark Light-minded intentions, then telepathic communication and the like can be engaged through the use of Programmed Quartz Crystals.

Telepathic communication is successfully performed by persons who have developed their skills of focusing, visualising and channelling directed information and/or energy, skills that are accessible to and can be developed by most. A personal Tetrahedron Quartz Crystal, or programmed Quartz Crystals serve as amplification tools in the transmission and reception processes.

Many times when communications are transmitted, varying time spans are required for the conscious mind to acknowledge and assimilate the transmitted information. Many times, the conscious mind is totally unaware that the Deeper (*Higher*) Self, the soul essence if you prefer, the subconscious mind has received and processed any information at all. However, it is the directive of the intuitive part of yourself to integrate Dark Light-minded information into the matrix of the Satanic consciousness for expression on planet Earth. Therefore, transmitted information will continue to seek expression on the physical plane within proper time/space sequence of the Self Evolution, until the appropriate expression has been achieved. What is addressed here is the motivation of the Self to transmute the ego with Dark Light-minded vibrations to enable the total being to emerge as an initiate, a being who has assimilated the Satanic Philosophy of Existence and who has found Oneness with the Cosmic Tree of Wyrd. What this last statement implies is that the effectiveness of telepathic communications are directly dependent upon individual readiness, which acknowledges the stage of the Self Evolution that would allow the reception and application of telepathic information on the physical plane.

Clear Quartz Crystal of specific apex geometry such as the Tetrahedron is recommended for use in telepathic communication programming. Next to the Tetrahedron, crystals with alternating seven and three-sided faces or perfect symmetry have proven to be the most effective transmitting and receiving Crystals. The exception to this statement, however, is the group of double terminated Tabular Clear Quartz Crystals that will be discussed later. The Tetrahedron, clear Quartz Crystals of perfect symmetry with alternating seven and three-sided faces embody the harmonious balance of oneness. By programming these Crystals with specific information, transmission is accomplished by one’s conscious desire to initiate said transmission. Specifically in telepathic work, the person to whom transmission is sent should also have a Crystal of specific geometry to aid in the reception of transmitted information, working just as a portable telephone.

After cleansing your Crystal along sinister procedures, centre and focus your attention on the information to be transmitted. Hold your Tetrahedron or Crystal and begin to gaze on it, concentrating your efforts upon the lower half of the Crystal’s shaft into the area of cloudy inclusions. After a time, place the largest of the sided faces against your forehead at the third eye centre. Mentally focus upon and recite the information you desire to transmit. Then hold the Crystal with the apex pointed away from your body and say, “*Transmit*”. You will notice an energy surge in your body as the information is dispatched. When the transmission is accomplished and reception acknowledged as to telepathy, cleanse your Crystal by washing in cool, running water, and place it direct in sunlight or under the earth preferably in a garden.

Reception of the transmitted information is accomplished in a similar fashion. As the information is being transmitted, the Self of the intended recipient is impacted upon by the transmission. Through the intuitive process, the conscious mind becomes aware of the intended transmission. At this point, depending upon the recipient’s skills and stage of development, the information is either consciously channelled by the intended recipient or a Crystal of specific geometry is used to assist. If the Tetrahedron or Crystal is used, the largest of the multi-sided faces is placed against the forehead at the third eye centre to amplify the transmission. Once the information is received, the recipient would simply say, “*Transmission received*”, while holding the Crystal against the third eye centre. Then the crystal is held with the apex pointing away from the body and the request, “*Transmit*”, is made.

Double terminated Tabular Quartz Crystals are also excellent tools for use in telepathic communications. Tabular Quartz Crystals are Clear Quartz Crystals that have two opening sides that are wider than the other remaining four sides, which gives these Crystals a characteristic “ring” that indicates that Tabular Quartz Crystals vibrate at a much higher rate than other Clear Quartz Crystals. The double termination feature allows for simultaneous transmission and reception of information, as vibrations travel in both directions through the termination points of double terminated Tabular Quartz Crystals. It should be stated here that double terminated Tabular Crystals

## The Temple of Satan – A Symphonic Allegory – From ‘The Order of the Nine Angles’

Footnote comments and where stated are from Hagur

Published by Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) – 2003 (114yf) © For Private use Only

---

Mass and afterwards, with only her servant Lois remaining in her large house, she had bound his will with her own. He had been standing by the crystal when Lois had stripped him bare and offered her body. Then Melanie the dark witch was laughing but his sudden anger was no match for her power and she stared at him before binding him by a curse. Her eyes seemed to suck his will away and she unthreaded an amber bead from the many she wore around her neck. ‘In this bead I bind you by the power of our Prince! ‘Binan ath ga wath am!’ she chanted. ‘Nythra! ...’<sup>11</sup> He watched silent and paralysed while she counted the fifty beads she wore round her neck. The crystal gave power to and magnified her thoughts and when she released him he stared at it for several minutes. But it was useless – he could do nothing with it and calmly allowed himself to be led by Lois to his room. And when he awoke, worn and feeling old, there was a beautiful boy waiting naked by his bed. ‘I am her gift’ the burgeoning man had said...

Algar sighed as he remembered. Even after three years he did not know the secret of her crystal. But he did know the Satanic organisation she had created to keep her power and wealth, and he walked from her Temple to find a telephone, he was smiling.

---

that are suitable for telepathic communications are not commonplace, and when they are encountered, these Crystals usually command rather high premiums.

To effect communication, double terminated Tabular Quartz Crystals do not require programming. After cleansing the Crystal, centre yourself and focus on the information to be transmitted. Hold the Crystal in your right hand with one apex pointed toward you and the other termination pointed a way from you. Gaze upon the Crystal and concentrate on the information you wish to transmit. Visualise the person, in detail, for whom the information is intended. See the bone structure and features of the person’s face, the eyes, the nose, mouth, teeth, chin, ears and hair. The Tabular Crystal will begin to vibrate and become warm. Now, mentally project the information you wish to send and say, “*Transmit*”. The information projected will be dispatched and confirmation will be received instantaneously, as the energy systems of your body surge with Dark Light Vibrations along the Tree of Wyrð.

Obviously, the Tetrahedron or a Quartz Crystal as described above can in the same way be used to create “chaos”, or to channel absent healing for those who are worth our help. Hold the Tetrahedron or Crystal before you and begin to gaze upon it. Visualise whatever situation or person to whom you intend to send the Dark Light or Sinister Vibration. See the physical characteristics of the situation and/or person in as much detail as possible. Then invoke Sinister Guidance, by repeat chanting as long as you can the name of a Dark God, such as “Agios O Atazoth” meeting a special task. As the sensations rise within you, you will experience tingling or chills or a warming, vibratory sensation throughout your body. This is the energy system of your body aligning with the Dark Light Vibration. As the energy begins to swell at your crown and even heart centres, consciously direct vibrations down your arm, into your hand and out through your fingers into the crystal. Feel the Crystal throb and radiate with the Dark Light Vibration. Then, thank the Dark God Energy you were invoking.

### <sup>11</sup> Selection Short Chants:

Agios o Baphomet  
Agios o Satanas  
Agios o Lucifer  
Agios o Atazoth  
Agios o Vindex  
Agios o Athanatos  
Agios o Falcifer  
Agios o Kabeiri  
Agios o Elutrodes  
Agios o Oleno  
Agios o Alastoros  
Nythra Kthunae Atazoth

“Rathbone?” he said into the telephone receiver. “This is Algar. I believe you owe us a favour... I have a job for you.”

Upstairs, unknown to her High priest, Melanie was awake and watching him on the monitor screen of her discreetly installed surveillance system.

## IV

Thurstan was early. It was a humid evening and he sat by the river enjoying the twilight. The new clothes he had bought for the occasion made him feel a little self-conscious and every few minutes he would look around. But the few people who wandered by did not – or pretended they did not – notice him and he would be left to rehearse again in his head what he would say to Melanie when they met.

It was not a sudden decision, but the planning of the night before, that made Melanie watch him silently and from a distance. She did not watch for long.

Darkness was upon the hill as in silence the worshippers prepared, guided only by the diffuse light from the candles in their red lanterns. **Carefully Algar laid the sacrificial knife upon the woven cloth inside the circle of stones. The thongs were strong and would bind the victim well while the cloth would soak up the blood.** Satisfied, he whispered commands.

“She is here!” Lois said seeing the signal from one of the men guarding the track that led to the stones.

**There was a sigh from thirteen throats and then the slow dance and hissed chant began. “Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus...”<sup>12</sup> Soon the hissing became like the sound of a thousand demons chattering as they rose gleeful from the pits of Hell. In the centre, Algar waited with his muscular helper to bind the victims arms and legs.**

Then Melanie was before him. One bead of her necklace appeared to Algar to be glowing, pulsing in rhythm with the beat of his heart. He was becoming mesmerised with this when it occurred to him that Melanie was alone.

Before he could move he was held from behind. He felt thongs being tied around his wrists, heard Melanie whisper mockingly in his ear, “We have our sacrifice!”

“No! No!” he screamed. But she was laughing as someone gave her the knife.

Around them, the sibilant chant rose toward its climax, the dancers fleetingly caught in the red glow from the candles.

With a sudden burst of frenzy Algar screamed. “Jebb dies if I do!” But a gag silenced him.

Melanie held the sharp knife<sup>13</sup> to his throat before loosening the gag. “Tell me what you mean!” she demanded.

---

<sup>12</sup> “Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus, memoriam recolentes Atazoth.” “Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex.” Translation : “Accept, Satanas that which we offer you in memory of ... (name of a Dark God or Energy)”

<sup>13</sup> **Ceremony for the Dedication of the Satanist Honour Knife**

Except for ritual occasions the Satanist Honour Knife (also called ‘Sacrificial Knife’ according to Satanic tradition) is a hunting/sheath type knife with a natural staghorn covering over the handle and a blade at least 4 inches in length. The kind of knife is also used as a Runic tool for its manifold purposes. This should be worn or carried in a leather sheath. The workmanship of the knife, and the steel used for the blade, should be of the highest quality. However, an acceptable and temporary alternative (until the above can be obtained) is a folding lock-knife, with a natural staghorn covering and a blade at least 10 to 11 cm in length.

The staghorn symbolises Nature and her creations; the blade the consciousness, and thus the inventiveness, of our Satanist race; and the handle which joins the staghorn to the blade and makes the knife useful, symbolises the sinister but creative intervention of the Cosmic Dark Gods which produced both Nature and ourselves, and which we both depend on to sinisterly survive.

After the making/purchase of the knife, the Satanist should, at dawn on a suitable day, lay it upon an altar either in a Temple or Magick Chamber placed below a Sinister Tarot Card or effigy as the one of ‘Atazoth’. While standing in front of this and giving the Dark God the appropriated invocation, such as by chanting “Agius O Atazoth” a number of times while performing ‘pathworking’, after which the Satanist says:

**"I am here to dedicate this knife and swear upon it, by my honour, and before the Dark Gods of the Cosmos whom I revere (*their names may be recited*), that I will keep to and uphold the Twenty-One Satanic Points. I shall treasure and guard this knife and let no one take it from me since it is my honour."**

The Satanist then takes hold of the knife, holds it in his outstretched left hand, turns toward the direction of the rising sun, and says:

**"Thus do I consecrate this knife and myself to the Dark Gods of the Cosmos."**

And facing the effigy of the Dark God Atazoth or any other as found on the altar, he pursues still holding the knife in his outstretched left hand:

**We swear by war and hatred to stand  
Hand to hand, and evil for evil with rage.  
Mark, O Atazoth, and hear us now,  
Confirming this our Sinister Vow.**

So saying, the Satanist reads aloud the Twenty-One Satanic Points:

1. Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which makes sick the strong.
2. Test always your strength, for therein lies success.
3. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.
4. Enjoy a short rest, better than a long.
5. Come as a reaper, for thus you will sow.
6. Never love anything so much you cannot see it die.
7. Build not upon sand, but upon rock and build not for today or yesterday but for all time.
8. Strive ever for more, for conquest is never done.
9. And die rather than submit.
10. Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art.
11. Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.
12. The blood of the living makes good fertiliser for the seeds of the new.
13. He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.
14. Discard not love but treat it as an impostor, but ever be just.
15. All that is great is built upon sorrow.
16. Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest.
17. Come as a fresh strong wind that breaks yet also creates.
18. Let love of life be a goal but let your highest goal be greatness.
19. Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.
20. Reject all illusion and lies, for they hinder the strong.
21. What does not kill makes stronger.

“He dies if I do not return,” Algar said, flinching.

“Is that so?”

“Rathbone shall – “

Melanie clapped her hands twice and from the darkness around the track a man stepped into the dim circle of light. Someone held a lantern near his face.

“I had no choice,” Rathbone said, his face, like a weasel, twitching.

Then Algar was on his knees, crying. “Spare me, spare me!” he pleaded.

“And if I do?” demanded Melanie.

“I shall always be your slave.”

Three times Melanie clapped her hands as a signal for the dancers to gather round.

“See,” she said, “all you who dwell in my Temple. Here is Algar, the High Priest who thought he knew my secret, admired and envied for his fortune by you all. See now how he begs before me! Shall I spare him?”

“Kill him! Kill him!” they demanded.<sup>14</sup>

---

The knife is then dedicated.

<sup>14</sup> Eroticism and violence are inseparable, the first being an aspect of the second, as in the torments of the martyrs. Philippe Ariès, the most significant recent historian of death, dates the disturbing association of “Agios Thanatos” and eros from the sixteenth century. From then until the eighteenth century they are associated with increasing degrees of intensity. He describes it as a major phenomenon, but with little explanation as to why it occurred. Indeed, he proposes not to analyse it in detail since it occurred less in ‘the world of real, acted-out events’ than “in the obscure and extravagant world of phantasms’ and ‘the depths of the unconscious’; consequently, ‘the historian studying it ought to transform himself into a psychoanalyst. Elsewhere he finds that, from the beginning of the sixteenth century onwards, not only sexuality but violence and even fear invade a domain in which life and death have become inseparable. Ariès discovers an unconscious manifestation of ‘what blend love and death, pleasure and pain, that will later be called sadism’; while it gives rise to macabre eroticism. A preoccupation with necrophilia emerges at the end of the eighteenth century and the start of the nineteenth. The increasing connection of sex and death remains perplexing and very significant as a manifestation of the psychic and sinister health of man. The source of life is always the place of death, while sexual ecstasy might itself be a kind of death, an obliteration of identity, of self. For Shakespeare’s Troilus, even to anticipate sexual ecstasy is to expect death; this is pleasure which is so ‘subtle-potent’ it obliterates sense and ‘distinction’, a ‘swooning destruction’, which enacts death:

What will it be  
When that the wat’ry palates taste indeed  
Love’s thrice repurèd nectar? Death, I fear me,  
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness  
For the capacity of my ruder powers,  
I fear it much, and I do fear besides  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ...  
(*Troilus and Cressida*, III.ii. 18 ff.)

Melanie laughed. Algar was brought to his feet. “For a year I shall spare your life.”

The dancers, as if signalled silently, dispersed to return to their dance. “Now,” she whispered to Algar, “you shall see my power – brought without the gift of blood!”

She did not speak, nor move, but slowly raised her hands as, many miles away, the crystal within her secret Temple began to glow. “**Atazoth! Atazoth!**” the dancing dancers hissed.

The sky above and around them was clear, speckled by stars but a ragged darkness came to cover a part of the sky as a putrid stench filled the air and a circle of cold fell around the worshippers. No one moved, chanted or spoke but all stared up at the sky. The darkness grew slowly before with drawing into a sphere that darted across the sky. Then it was gone.<sup>15</sup>

---

Whatever is said, or thought of, ‘death’ should never be feared. Death, the image of stillness within humanity’s movement, is a metaphor of eternity and it has begun in the here now. Death is immanent in life. To embrace love as there is only sexual love (any act of pleasure), is itself a dynamic of self-dissolution. If man knew the gain of death, the ease of death, he would solicit; he would provoke death to assist him, by any hand, which he might use. This is a natural process, but, under the influence of art and philosophical education as in traditional Satanism, so much better one climbs to this perfection, as ‘death’ in the everlasting flux of time.

<sup>15</sup> One Saturday night around July 15, 1998, when Hagur did not feel driving his car to a next town about 60 km from his place to Antwerp, to enjoy a night’s amusement in a very special private bar where people can reach their potential climax in various ways, he stayed home. There is a purpose in everything, also in a sudden change. Quite late, far after midnight, he felt a deep urge to go to his Ritual Chamber and perform certain rituals, which he did so perfectly as to create ‘chaos’. At that time, he did not know anything else than the Lavey philosophy, and started with a ritual using “The Statement of Shaitan and Wordless Rite of Dedication” (The Satanic Rituals, by Dr. Anton Szandor LaVey). Sitting on the floor, he took all his time to perform the ritual, with a background of chosen music, pausing and meditating when he felt appropriate to do so, and in the way it is expected of someone achieving a successful ritual. It is absolutely true, and he will never forget, by the time and arriving at the words, “I Am the King that Magnifies Himself, and All the Riches of Creation are at my bidding, I have made known unto you, O people, some of my ways, so saith Shaitan.” The ritual was not yet fully terminated; he jumped straight up when a unique strong thunder eruption was being heard, strangely only once. He was totally perplexed. At the moment it happened, the strange event knocked him completely off, not knowing what really happened, and immediately he had a look on the terrace outside the penthouse. Nothing could be seen, and nothing happened in the street. The next day a friend of his living in the same area, asked him, “Did you hear the thunder during night”. Yes, “I did”. You may have a different opinion about this, but this was the response to his dedication to the “sigil” Satan, to the Satanic Philosophy as being a part of his new life. We stand with our “Self” suspended between formidable influences from within and from without, and somehow we must be fair to both. This we can do only after the measure of our individual trained capacities. Hence, we must bethink ourselves not so much of what we “ought” to do as of what we *can* and *must* do. ONA’s pathworking is an example of how we should train ourselves. Engaged consciously in that relationship, sinister life becomes an adventure, filled with challenges. By this stage in the sinister individuation process there is no turning back.

### **Your first ritual along the ONA philosophy:**

#### **Self-Initiation**

Two rituals will be given - one for an indoor location, and one for an outdoor one. Choose the one you feel is most suitable for you.

#### **I - Indoor**

Set aside an area for the performance of the ritual and in this erect an altar and cover it with a black cloth. (The altar may be a table,). Obtain some black candles, some candle holders, some hazel incense, a quartz crystal or crystals. You will also need two small squares of parchment (or expensive woven paper), a quill type pen, a

**The Temple of Satan – A Symphonic Allegory – From ‘The Order of the Nine Angles’**  
**Footnote comments and where stated are from Hagur**  
**Published by Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) – 2003 (114yf) © For Private use Only**

---

sharp knife, some sea salt, a handful of graveyard earth (obtained on a night of the new moon) and a chalice which you should fill with wine. All of these items should be placed on the altar.

Should you wish, you may also obtain a black robe of suitable design. If not, you should dress all in black for the ritual.

An hour before sunset, enter your Temple area, face east and chant the Sanctus Satanas twice. Then say, loudly,

**To you, Satan, Prince of Darkness and Lord of the Earth,  
I dedicate this Temple: let it become, like my body,  
A vessel for your power and an expression of your glory!**

Then vibrate 'Agios o Satanas' nine times. After this, take up the salt and sprinkle it over the altar and around the room, saying:

**With this salt I seal the power of Satan in!**

Take the earth and cast it likewise, saying:

**With this earth I dedicate my Temple. Satanas - venire! Satanas venire! Agios O Baphomet! I am god imbued with your glory!**

Then light the candles on the altar, burn plentiful incense and leave the Temple. Take a bath, and then return to the Temple.

Once in the Temple, do the 'Sinister Blessing' (see Appendix), then facing the altar, lightly prick your left forefinger with the knife. With the blood and using the pen inscribe on one parchment the Occult name you have chosen (see Appendix III for some suggestions regarding names). On the other inscribe an inverted pentagram. Hold both parchments up to the East saying:

**With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life!**

Then turn counter sunwise three times, saying:

**I ..... (state the Occult name you have chosen) am here to begin my sinister quest! Prince of Darkness, hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!**

**Burn** the parchments in the candles. (Note: it is often more practical to fill a vessel with spirit and place the parchments in this and then set the spirit alight. However if you have chosen woven paper, this method will not be necessary.) As they burn, say:

**Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!**

Take up the chalice, raise it to the East, saying:

**With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name!**

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles and then depart from the Temple. The Initiation is then complete.

## **II - Outdoor**

Find a suitable outdoor area. It should be near a stream, lake or river. The ritual should be conducted on the night of the full moon at a time half way between sunset and sunrise.

You will need: ambergris oil, black candles (in lanterns if possible), two squares of parchment or woven paper, sharp knife or silver pen, quill-type pen, black robe or clothes. Chalice full of wine.

“Tomorrow,” Melanie said, “you shall all see the chaos I have caused. Now feast and rejoice and take pleasure as you will!”

Around her, the orgy began as she unbound Algar’s hands and led him away from the revelry toward her car.

“There is much you do not know,” she said as she drove toward her house.

Algar did not speak during their journey and slunk away like a broken man to his room on their arrival, while Melanie watched him on her monitor screen. But it was not long before she began thinking about Thurstan. She had reached out to him while she had watched him sitting by the river and even had not Algar’s intended treachery changed her plans she knew she could not have hurt him. She had even lost her lust for Algar’s blood and let him live. Somewhere, around the world, the dark power she had unleashed would be causing disaster and death. It was a small beginning, a prelude to the opening of the star gate which would return her Dark Gods to Earth. It was not fulfilling, as she thought it might be.

Unsettled, she went down to her Temple. The warmth, the gentle light, the perfume but most of all the crystal brought her reassurance about her power and role, and she forgot about Thurstan and the burgeoning dichotomy he was causing in her head. Perhaps her dark gods had guided her to the crystal – she did not know. But only four years ago she had found it, in a Satanic Temple she had visited. The group had not impressed her, but the High Priest was easy to manipulate and had given her the crystal as a gift. Only when she first touched it

---

Begin the ritual by bathing naked in the stream, lake or river. After, rub the ambergris oil into the body, saying as you do '**Agios o Satanas**'. Then change into the robe/clothes and proceed to where the candles etc have been lain out on the ground. Light the candles. Then facing East, conduct a Satanic Blessing (see Appendix). After, chant the Sanctus Satanas,

Then prick your left forefinger with the knife/pin and inscribe one parchment with your chosen Occult name. Inscribe an inverted pentagram on the other. Hold both parchments up to the East, saying:

**'With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life.'**

Then turn counter sunwise and three times laying:

**'I ..... (state your Occult name) am here to begin my sinister quest. Prince of Darkness, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss.'**

Burn the parchments in the candles. (If parchment, use the method given in I above.) As they burn, say:

**'Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!'**

Take up the chalice and say:

**'With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name.'**

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles, collect all the items you have used and depart from the area. The Initiation is then complete.

did she discover its power. The High Priest was the first person whose soul she bound within the beads around her neck. He still brought her money from his schemes, and sometimes a new member. She was content to leave him to bask in his little power, knowing she had only to summon him to fall prostrate at her feet. And when his schemes failed or he ceased to be of use, she would remove his bead and grind it into dust, for then he would surely die.

**For weeks after the gift of the crystal she had shut herself away in the small house she then shared with Lois. The crystal brought knowledge and she had learned how to use it to travel among the hidden dimensions where the Dark Gods slept, waiting for someone to break the seal that bound them in sleep. She learnt of Earth’s past, of how the Dark Gods had come bringing terror and much that was strange. Of how her Prince was their Guardian, given the Earth as his domain. Her shape-changing Prince was her guide to the Abyss beyond, and she had explored the Abyss without fear, trembling or dread. She would be ready, she knew, when the stars were aligned aright, to call and summon the Dark Gods from sleep. Her Temple, the men she held in thrall in her beads, were but a means to this call, for the crystal was the key to the Star Gate<sup>16</sup>.**

---

<sup>16</sup> **Star-gates** ( by Thornian, ONA.) The stars were everywhere to be seen, amidst the unknown blackness that begged to be conquered. One in particular shone through with vibrancy unmatched. It was neither the brightest, closest, nor largest star. But its glow reached much further than the eye, it extended into the very core of the being, of the initiate who stood beneath it. A lifetime of light-years away, yet revealing itself as destination. There was no gate, he knew, linking his consciousness to that of the cosmos. For they were already intertwined, via *thousands* of gates. Woven together through initiation and the stripping of illusion that is the Dark Tradition, he *was* the cosmos, and he let himself be directed by its Will. This intertwining, between Causal and Acausal, was the core of his being. The Acausal Charge, understood by lesser men as a "divine spark" was also the single factor for by which organic existence was made possible. It was into this, the *Nexion* within his consciousness – both latent and realized – that the light of the star extended into, penetrated, and became. Standing enthralled with the energy this star produced – just as the sun did in Aeons past and Worlds long forgotten – the Sinister Initiate understood it as embodying Wyrd. It had itself given life, meaning – *numen*, to his deeds even before its light came into view. Far off as it was, it had no form – no answers to be bestowed without the seeking of a lifetime through those portals of being and non-being, that must be discovered before even the faintest form could be identified. This he accepted. Transferred now from his world, to limits hitherto black, he floated weightless among the galaxies of time past and time to come. But time did not matter there – it did not flow, but rather produced chaos to the point of nothingness. And he among it saw the stars close to his – a thousand destinies woven into one galaxy which transcended all thought and reason. For it was only the stripping away of such things, to reveal a genuine intuition that naturally excelled further past the confines of conscious mind. Blinding light then encompassed the Initiate, in an instant blaze. A satori then incomprehensible at any level spoke in still incomprehensible ways, until the initiate was hurled into visions of fallen leaders, bereft of their destinies - as was necessary to bring forth the wyrd of a thousand others. And the Cosmic Being nodded to the initiate, in recognition. Back on his homeland, the formless remnants of bloody war scorned at his feet. Detached in a way that was more aware than it was illusory, the initiate had no feelings. There was no despair, no horror, no compassion. But simply an understanding of why it must be. A black cloud spread about the ground, and moved slowly through the land, as a nameless god brought him these insights – and the Dark Gods manifest themselves throughout the rest of this world in the form of bloody war. But he took no notice of the visions sent to his conscious – of the people themselves, who were sacrificed to the galactic will. For such sacrifice was necessary, in the continuing flux of life – and all that deserved notice were the changes taking place, and the greater achievements of life to follow. Most others would not believe them to be for the better, but those others were simply the pawns. Once these intrusions subsided, he was left among cold nothingness; with only the levelled remnants of a world – to be built anew before him. In front of him stood the past – a manifestation of nobility and determination he had in this life yet to match. The soldier stood as not only his past, but the past of his destiny, and others whose destinies were to be brought together under cosmic wyrd. Each destiny individual, but woven into the will of the cosmos... The soldier and he needed no words. For they communicated solely through self-insight, more effectively than could otherwise be. This soldier of the past brought startling insights to the future and of times gone, for which the present was but a narrow road between. He saw in the eyes of the soldier only lifeless chaos. Looking back to the sky, he again identified his nameless star. The soldier was now gone, and the initiate was left only to ponder the worlds he’d just travelled – somewhere between the Moon and Saturn – but far outside and beyond the galaxies and star systems in which they reside. Deep into the unknown

**She, and she alone of all those who over the centuries had tried to bring the dark terrors forth, would succeed – of that she was sure. So had she played her games of power and joy, feeling herself the equal of gods<sup>17</sup>. There were few crimes that she had not sanctioned or sent men in their lust to commit, few pleasures she had not enjoyed. Yet she was not maddened by either pleasure or power, and kept her empire small, sufficient for her needs, and herself anonymous. Many small firms headed by many small men, a brothel or two, a number of Temples in the cities beyond – such were the gifts of her Prince, and she tended them all, as a wise woman should.**

Slowly, and contended once again, she left her Temple to climb the stairs to her bed.

Algar waited, quite patiently, until he was sure she was asleep and he knocked, not too loudly, on Lois’ door. She had returned alone, as he knew she must, and was not surprised to see him.

“Yes?” she asked and smiled, leaning against the frame of her door. Sometimes, Algar liked to talk with her, as one servant to another.

Algar did not smile, nor speak but moved toward her to stab her in the throat. She rasped, staring in disbelief, then staggered back toward her bed. Not content, he followed and stabbed her through her heart. The beauty that had pleased Melanie would please her no more and, smiling at this though, Algar wiped the handle of the knife clean on the satin sheet. Soon, he was running away from the house under the shimmering bright stars of the humid night.

Melanie awoke slowly. She sensed a change in the aura of her house and had walked toward her door before realising what it was. She was alone. But there was no fear in her as she wandered barefoot and naked along the long corridor as there was no shock when she entered Lois’ room.

It was when she knelt down to gently close the eyes of her dead lover that the reaction came. Her cold hatred toward Algar for his deed was soon gone and, in the silence of her house and for the first time in her life, she began to cry.

Outside, a stray, fierce dog howled.

---

blackness his star shone through, emanating with Wyrd awaiting fulfilment. One day he should again join the mysterious soldier, with matched qualities of the determination, honour, and destiny he represented – on that lone planet that orbits his star.

<sup>17</sup> All gods are potential patterns in the psyches of all man, yet in each individual man some of these patterns are activated (energised or developed) and others are not. Carl Gustav Jung used the formation of crystals as an analogy to help explain the difference between *archetypal patterns* (which are universal) and *activated archetypes* (which are functioning in us). An archetypal Dark God or Energy is like the invisible pattern that determines what shape and structure a crystal will take when it does form. Once the crystal actually forms, the now recognisable pattern is analogous to an activated archetype. Knowledge of the Dark Gods is a source of personal empowerment. In Hagur’s book, “Becoming Another God”, one meets each of the Dark Gods from image and mythology to archetype. There you see how each Dark God influences Satanic personality and sinister priorities. Understanding the Dark Gods must come together with knowledge about Satanic patriarchy. Both are powerful invisible forces that interact to affect individual man. Knowledge about the Dark Gods can enhance self-knowledge and self-realisation, open the way for Satanists to communicate with others about themselves, and empower all Satanists to make choices that lead to self-actualisation and complete satisfaction.

## V

Algar heard the howling as he ran down the narrow lane away from the house and in terror he scrambled through the hedge to run faster across the fields. The dog, sent by the dark force of Melanie’s will<sup>18</sup>, had picked up his scent and Algar ran, desperate and stumbling, toward the valley stream.

The house lay alone on a track below the hill that held Billings Ring, the fields around sheep-strewn and rough, overlooked by the southerly slopes of the Mynd that turned the waters of the Onny River south then almost north until a softer rock fed them eastward once again. The sound of the water was clear amid the silence of the night and Algar stood beside the stream in an effort to slow his straining breath. The lights of a car on the road above and a field away from him shone ragged through the high hedge, and Algar crept down, fearing to be seen.

But his fear of the pursuing beast was stronger and he waded into the stream to walk along it for several yards and hide under the bridge. He could hear the dog but could not see it and waited, cold and shaking, for nearly half an hour. The bridge swept a narrow lane away and up from the valley road to hamlet of a few houses. There would be no safety for him there in the farmworkers’ houses, less than a mile from Melanie’s home.

For some time he listened intently, and, hearing nothing, crawled slowly and scared from the stream. He was on the lane, almost at the junction of the road when the stalking dog attacked. It leapt snarling to try and sink its teeth into his throat. But Algar shielded his face with his hands and the dog bit deeply into his arm, knocking him over. It bite him again as Algar struggled with it on the ground. There was a large stone by his hand and Algar used it to smash at the dog’s skull. In a frenzy, he struck until the dog was dead. But even then he kicked it several times and threw the stone at its face before staggering onto the road.

The first car that passed him did not stop and nearly knocked him over as he stood in the road waving his bloodied arms, but the second one, a long time after, did stop and Algar pretended to faint. The driver was near when Algar leapt up to push the man away before stealing his car.

---

<sup>18</sup> The genuine Satanist creates by thought first. It may be said with emphasis, that people are frequently slain by their own thought-forms through being inattentive and too spontaneous in their thinking and acting. “Thought » is power, and this is a tremendous and even most dangerous instrument we possess. “Thought” is a creative force, developed occultly through intent, concentration, meditation or pathworking (which is a technique of meditation), and can be considered as being potentially a dangerous weapon. Thoughtforms encumbered with strong desire as well as intention can poison victims (whether ourselves or others).

- (1) By thoughtform only man can create victims, but also victimise himself if he does foolishly, and acts occultly unprotected.
- (2) A man can be smothered and suffocated by his own thought-forms, and succumb to the miasma which he himself engendered.

Sinister or evil thought with correct motive and desire is self-protective, and will not harm the doer but the victim, if the person deserved punishment or even death. Let us never forget that the Dark Gods do link with those who desire and aspire evil for a just cause, and that is **not** in order to be counted among the friends of Allah. Those Dark Gods or Energies respond to them who blend with their lusts and desires with determination in learning to use their mental faculty in order to be creators themselves, working evilly but constructively towards their ends. It’s all a matter of destroying and restoring. One must work to increase the mental activity, increase the responsiveness to ideas, and create increased psychic sensitiveness, and that can be done through pathworking.

The pain was excruciating but he tried to ignore it and the dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him. He had one hope and one hope only and drove fastly toward Shrewsbury to seek sanctuary from Melanie’s curse. The roads were empty, the streets of the town deserted in the silent hours before dawn and he abandoned the car to walk the last quarter mile to the church.

No light shone from the Presbytery windows until his insistent knocking on its doors awoke its occupant from his sleep.

Cautions, but not afraid, the old Priest opened the door.

“Help me, Father! Please help me!” Algar pleaded.

He did not see the bats that flew silently away from the church.



There was no choice, as Melanie knew. The two members of her Temple, summoned from their sleep, carried the body to their van. Melanie had cleaned and bathed it, using her own black satin sheets for a shroud, and she stayed beside it during the hours it took them to dig the grave.

Dawn came, with no wind to break the silence of the forest, but its beautiful colours did not interest her as she stood, dressed in white, in the still air to watch the two men lower the body into earth. There were no prayers to her to say, no lament for her to sing – only an unvoiced oath to avenge the death of her friend. The earth was returned, the covering of grass and small bush neatly replaced, the debris of leaves and broken twig scattered again. There was no sign of the grave and, satisfied, Melanie allowed the men to return her to her home.

“There shall be gifts for you both,” she said as they bowed slightly before taking their leave.

**Slowly, in her secret Temple, she unthreaded from her necklace Algar’s bead. There was no frenzy of anger within her but a desire for Algar to suffer a slow, painful death and she squeezed the amber bead several times between her fingers. But to her surprise the crystal did not show her Algar contorted in pain. Yet she knew that even though for some reason she could not see him and thus discover his location, she was still causing him pain, and as she danced<sup>19</sup> around her crystal she increased her pressure on**

---

<sup>19</sup> **Dancing and Pathworking.** Pathworking is to the Satanist what ink-blot tests and word-association tests are to the psychiatrist. Both are methods of revealing the Unconscious Self. However, the Pathworking of the Satanist goes far beyond the methods of the psychiatrist in tapping the unconscious. With Pathworkings we are delving not only into the individual psyche of the Pathworking dancer, but into the archetypes of the collective unconscious of individual man or even humanity as a whole. The origins of pathworking go back to the dawn of human consciousness and to times more remote. The future is also tapped, reflecting the hopes and aspirations of Man; his potential destiny should he resolve to recognise it. Here follows a method of Pathworking.

#### DARK PATHWAYS I

The spheres of the Septenary may be said to be the Nexus between causal and acausal (or ‘Being’ and ‘non-being’) and the paths linking the spheres may be regarded from a magickal point of view as zones of energy.

**the bead before stopping to visualise the time and place of his death, two weeks hence in the centre of her circle of stones.**

---

This energy is according to tradition symbolised in an archetypal way since it is through such symbolism that control of the energy is possible.

The tables below give details of this symbolism, the chants/vibration appropriate to a specific symbol, and the sigils associated with a particular form of energy. These sigils aid visualisation. A particular form is invoked to enable the individual to experience the type of consciousness/feeling associated with it, and all invocations should be for a specific desire appropriate to the form invoked – for instance, Shugara should be invoked for a destructive working. By their nature, these forces are ‘dark’ – that is, they represent the energies of the darker/shadow aspects of every individual, and their invocation is a means of conscious integration. To use the dark pathways as internal magick, all twenty-one paths should be used – invoking the appropriate form.

To invoke, set aside an area as a Temple or use an isolated outdoor location. The best time for working is after sunset or before dawn. Begin the invocation by vibrating the appropriate name nine times – if a chant is involved (as for example in Atazoth) then this should if possible be chanted as described. If you cannot for any reason do this, then the name may be vibrated, nine times followed by a short pause and a further four vibrations.

If a specific key is prescribed for a vibration try and vibrate accordingly, but if this is not possible for any reason, vibrate twice more.

You may if you wish before beginning the invocation, take a ‘ritual’ bath (changing into robes should you so desire to thus enhance the working) – perfuming this bath with equal proportions of the oils of the planets which the path connects.

After the vibrations/chant, begin a slow circular dance – the direction of which is not important – which gradually increases in speed and which gradually spirals inwards. As you dance shout or vibrate with as much force as possible the name of the entity you are invoking.

Continue until dizziness or exhaustion draws you to fall to the ground then vibrate with all the energy you possess the appropriate energy – to aid this vibration try and project your voice:

- (a) If you are working outdoors: to the horizon itself;
- (b) If working indoors: so that the room/Temple resonates with the power of your voice.

After this say: ‘Come ..... (*here name the entity*) to me! And bring me my desire!’ Briefly visualise your desire, and verbalise it using a short phrase (such as ‘N.N. shall die!’). Then begin a slow circular dance in the opposite direction of the one before, laughing while you dance and saying: **‘I am the power, I am the glory, I am a god!’**

Cease your dance, sit on the ground/floor and breathe deeply for several minutes. Allow your mind to fill with images and feelings as it will, but do not move. Gradually let yourself then become relaxed and when relaxed rise, bow once to the North, say ‘It is completed’ and depart from the Temple or area of the working. As soon as possible write an account of what you felt following the second dance.

For best results, seven days before every working reduce your food and sleep, aiming to reach a minimum on the day chosen for the working. During the period no meat should be eaten and every night before sleep concentrate for about a quarter of one hour on the appropriate sigil, slowing saying (*not chanting or vibrating*) the name of the entity. Burn incense (combined from the planets as above). This method means only one working per week can be undertaken – which is ideal.

Try and link your feelings during the working with the appropriate Tarot image.

When no type of desire for a particular path is indicated in Table II deduce the appropriate desire for a working from the associated Tarot image: concentrate on the image for some time and allow the associations to grow naturally in your mind. (From ONA Archives)

Slowly, and deliberately she cut the threads which bound his life to earth, and, although still living, he was imprisoned within her web of death. It was not difficult for her to move the plinth upon which the crystal stood, for she had done it many times, and the mechanism which she had installed years before did not fail her. The plinth, and the stone on which it rested, moved quietly aside to reveal a dark pit that sank deep into Earth. She did not smile, or feel anything, as she let the bead drop to join the scattered human remains.

The remains were the work of the sinister woman who had in the weeks of her dying given Melanie the house. ‘I have waited for you,’ she remembered the old woman had said, ‘waited as our Prince said I should. My coven and books and house are yours.’ She never spoke again, but signed her name on her will, and Melanie was left to find the old woman’s secrets from the Black Book of workings she had kept.

**‘I, Eulalia, Priestess of the forgotten gods, descended from those who kept the faith, here set forth for she who is to come after me, the dark secrets of my craft...’** The book was Melanie’s most treasured possession, after her crystal and beads. It was the crystal which first showed her the house.

**She let the crystal guide her again and sat in her chair while the plinth slid silently back into place. At first, the tetrahedron showed nothing, but its inner clearness gradually vanished to reveal a man’s face. Thurstan was in his cottage, reading as he sat hunched on the wide inside sill of a window, framed by the rising sun. He looked up, briefly, and smiled as if aware of being observed. He seemed to Melanie to be staring at her. Then he was gone, as the crystal cleared.**

His smile, the gentle look in his eyes, her sensation of herself being observed all confused her, and she left her Temple to walk under the warm sun in the walled garden at the rear of her house. It was not long before she returned to her crystal.

But it did not respond to her commands of thought. There was no Thurstan for her to see, not even an outside view of his cottage. Faint images seemed to be forming, but they were intrusive – bats flying away from a church at night, a raven plucking the eye from a dead dog – and her failure angered her. Her anger was the catalyst, and transformed the flickering images into a clear vision of Algar writhing in agony upon a bed. Above him, on the wall, was the symbol of the Nazarene. By the bed an old Priest spoke silent words as he read from a leather breviary.

Melanie’s laugh erased all thoughts of Thurstan from her mind.

## VI

“Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnia Satanica potestats omnis incursion infernalis adversarii...”

The old Priest continued his prayer of exorcism while Algar writhed on the bed. But then the pain eased. Algar however did not attribute this to the Priest but to Melanie’s curse. She would want him to die slowly, and as he lay inwardly smiling at the antics of the old man who had earlier cleaned and dressed the wounds the vicious dog had caused, Algar sensed a chance for life.

It would not arise from the exorcism for he had no belief in the religion of the Priest which once and briefly he himself had embraced inwardly. The old man had been kind, listening intently as Algar had told him a tale composed mainly of lies. He had been given sanctuary, clothes and medical aid – which was all he wanted – and let the Priest play out his farce of a role. His chance for life would come from his own hands by his breaking of Melanie’s curse. For that, she herself would have to die, and he began to think stratagems by which he could lure her to her death.

Thurstan Jebb held some fascination for her, or some future potential which she planned somehow to draw out for her own advantage and although he did not know nor particularly care which if any of these was correct, he knew enough to realise Jebb might provide his bait. The plan he thought of pleased him, bringing a resurgence of some of the power he had felt as High Priest and he allowed the old man to finish his prayers before explaining he would have to leave.

He thanked the Priest for the exorcism, lyingly said it was effective and thanked the man for saving his life. He even suggested they go into the church to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Algar, offering his wounds as an excuse not to kneel, sat to say aloud in Latin a suitable prayer. The Priest was impressed, as Algar knew he would be, and did not say no when Algar asked for some money.

“Just a small loan, father,” the lying High priest said.

A few hours later, he was safely in Leeds. The pain which came to him during his journey by train was not intense nor prolonged.

Ray Vitek was not pleased to see him and it showed on his face. But in deference to Algar’s position he asked him politely inside the seedy terraced house along the sloping streets between the traffic noise of Hyde Park Corner and the tree lined peace of Meanwood Ridge.

“So,” Vitek said suspiciously as they sat among the books within a mould-full room, “she has sent you for another favour.” Nervously, with thin fingers, he stroked his pointed beard.

“A favour, yes. But not for her.”

“I see. So it has come to that.”

“Will you join me –against her?”

“Years ago – I forget exactly when it was – I had a Priestess. Perhaps you remember her? No, well I was young then, as you were. I loved her. Linda was her name. Then she came to entice her away. She died – in a brothel.”

“Then you will help?”

“Me – once in love! I have never loved anyone or anything since.”

“I did not know,” said Algar, acting concerned.

“Who cares? I don’t care – not anymore.” Then, his mood changed, he added, “What has she done to you then?”

Algar took off the coat the Priest had given him and showed his blood-stained bandages.

“So?” Vitek said. “Why come to me?”

“Because you have friends. Desperate friends who need a little something every now and then. What would you do for a year’s supply?”

“She would have you killed before you could do anything.”

Algar laughed. It was not pleasant to hear. “She does not know about my – how shall I say? – my little side-line!”

Vitek was surprised – but his lethargy soon returned. “So what can I do?”

“Your friends,” Algar’s imitation of a gargoyle suited him, “shall keep a little something of mine. To lure her. She comes – and they – how shall I say – entertain her?”

Vitek’s brief laugh was broken by a spasm of coughing. He spat into the fireplace. Then, remembering: “But her power” -

“When they take her they must bring you the necklace she wears. You shall bring it to me.”

“But I remember” –

“The crystal? Yes, I shall smash it while she is away and her power will be gone!”

“A year’s supply, you say? For them all?”

“For them all!”

“It shall be done, as you wish. When?”

“Tomorrow!”

“So soon?”

“It must be! When she arrives – surprise her. Take her by force, tear her necklace away! Without it she has no power. And when your friends have finished their games with her” – he shrugged. “An overdose, perhaps.”

“When do you deliver?”

“After the deed is done.”

“I may need something” –

“To offer them? Of course! You shall have it, my friend! This very day. Give me two hours.” His torment was beginning again, and as he strove to control the pain, sweat began to dribble down his face. “I shall return here.”

He did not wait but rushed to flee outside where he stood under a cloudy sky while his body contorted in pain. “I shall kill you!” he repeated. “You shall die a horrible death.” He imagined the death that Melanie would find tomorrow and although this brought a little satisfaction it did nothing to lessen his pain. He felt he was being crushed. Then, as suddenly as it had before, it stopped. He walked on toward the summit of the road, dreading its return.

He worked quickly and slyly in the anonymity of the city while thunder clouds covered the sky and the humidity grew. A few telephone calls, a meeting with a man whose expensive car drove him along the crowded streets to a small warehouse by the river. Promises made, a briefcase given to him, another journey by car and he was handing Vitek the promised goods – small packets containing white death. His pain did not return, but his dread of its returning never left him, becoming during the growing cloud of darkness of the daylight hours a demon to haunt him. He was always two footsteps behind, this demon.

The Satanic underworld did not fail him. For two years he had used his influence as Melanie’s High Priest to spin his webs in the temple of the empire she had built. Money diverted, a few small schemes of his own. He had been waiting for her weakness, and had found it. Soon, her empire would be his.

This pleased him. He was given help in her name, but in a few days it would be his name which commanded respect. He had used her name before and she never knew. He used it again, and a young man collected him in a new car and ferried him toward her home.

The demon of dread followed. Several times while lightning struck nearby and thunder crashed, he feared Vitek’s betrayal. ‘You know how she feels about these,’ he had said to Vitek while he gave the white death away. And Vitek’s sunken eyes had bulged. ‘She does not like them. Warn her, Vitek and there shall be no more.’ Vitek’s thin, grasping hands said he understood. ‘Your friends, Vitek – I should have to tell them, you understand, if you betrayed me.’

His fears grew like the darkness that brought the day to its end until he became a madman pretending he was sane. He had procured a revolver, and caressed it repeatedly.

Apted was in his shop, as Algar hoped he would be. As soon as Apted unlocked the door, he pushed past him.

“Is all well with you?” Apted asked cheerfully.

Algar pressed the barrel of the revolver into a flabby cheek. “Give me Jebb’s address!”

“But she” –

“Give me the address!” He eased back the hammer of the gun with the thumb.

“But I gave it to Rathbone.”

“He is no use to me now! The address!”

Apted gave it.

“Tell her, fat man, and I shall carve the fat from you, slice by slice! Understand? Good! She is finished!” As a gesture of his defiance he spat at her portrait which hung on Apted’s wall.

The storms which had followed him from Leeds fell upon the town to wash the heat and dust away, stealing, for a few brief minutes, the lights that kept the night at bay. Somewhere below the thunder, a young child screamed.

## VII

The storm pleased Melanie and she danced naked in her garden while rain washed her body as she sucked the storm’s health in.

She was inside, allowing the warm air in her secret temple to dry her when she heard the telephone ring. The call was brief and she dressed slowly before saying goodbye to her house.

Apted was in a corner of his shop, gibbering, the telephone in his hand, his door open as Algar had left it. She smiled at him and touched his forehead with her hand. Soon, he was almost smiling.

“I had to tell him. I’m sorry,” he said and meant it.

“You are safe now. He cannot harm you. Do you believe me?”

“Yes, my princess.” Happiness returned to his face.

“Is Jane still in your care?”

“Why, yes! But they have threatened to take her away from me.”

“May I borrow her – for a few days?”

“She is yours now – a gift from an old and grateful man.”

Melanie’s brief kiss surprised him, but when he opened his eyes again she was gone.

The sky had cleared by the time she drove along the narrow track that led to Thurstan’s cottage among the hills of south Shropshire, and as she left her car to walk the few yards to his door bats swooped around her. She greeted them, as a queen should, laughing as she pushed the door open.

Thurstan was gone, as she half-expected him to be, and she felt and smelt the traces that Algar had left. There was a note, stuck to the table by a knife and she read it without emotion. ‘Come alone,’ it read, giving a date, time and place, ‘or he shall die like Lois.’ It demanded a large sum of money.

She burnt the note in the fire-place before examining the cottage. There were few books and all of those were in Greek. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles... Few clothes, furniture or possessions. In the bedroom she found a neat pile of translations but they did not interest her as the cottage seemed to hold few clues to Thurstan himself. It was damp if clean, austere but full of memories. The memories, spectral forms and sounds, seeped out of the walls, the floor, the beams which held the roof, to greet Melanie. Sighs, laughter, the pain of a childbirth, an old man dying in his bed while his spirit wandered the hills above. Two centuries of life, struggle, love and death.

But however intently she listened, however still she held her gaze, no sights nor sounds from Thurstan’s past seeped to her through the gates of time. Behind the only picture in the cottage she found her answer. It was a good painting of a pretty woman, curiously hung above the narrow windows where Melanie had seen Thurstan sitting. **Behind it, and totally obscured, was a niche carved from the rough stone that made up the walls. It contained a large quartz crystal. Stored in the crystal was Thurstan’s life, in images only a Mistress of Earth or a Magnus could see.**



The child that Algar had abducted near Apted’s shop during the storm had lain silent and terrified in the car while the young man drove through the night, obedient to Algar’s commands because he believed he was acting in Melanie’s name.

The young man had said nothing when Algar told him to stop and took the child into the darkness of trees by the road. He kept his silence when Algar returned alone fastening the belt of his trousers. He said nothing as they stood waiting for Thurstan to answer the knocks that Algar made upon his door. Kept his silence as he bound and gagged the man at whose head Algar aimed his revolver. Said nothing as he drove his silent passengers to the city of Leeds and the rotting, broken houses that were Algar’s destination. The human shadows that surrounded his car and who dragged the bound man away repulsed him, and he was glad when Algar gave him money and dismissed him.

There was much mute laughter and hissing glee as Thurstan was hurled from room to smelly room whose denizens lay supinely on floors or leaned, festering, against walls while loud music played. Vitek was lashing Thurstan to a chair in an upper room when Algar’s demon of dread leapt and sunk its rows to teeth into the flesh of its prey. Algar did not scream but cowered in a corner, his whole body convulsed. Thurstan was smiling – or seemed to Algar to be smiling at him – and he leapt up to punch Thurstan several times in the face. Instantly, his torment ceased. Then Thurstan winked.

Raging, Algar held the revolver to his head, but Vitek calmed him and led him away, saying, ‘He is our bait, our money. Leave him.’

Daylight brought no sun or light through the boarded windows and Algar slept, twitching from nightmares, on the floor of a suppurating room where three men took turns to copulate with a young girl too tired and drugful to care. But their energy did not last and soon only Thurstan was awake, dreaming of the women he had loved.



A few high cirrus clouds flecked the beautiful blue of the sky as Melanie drove slowly under the warm sun through the busy streets of Leeds. She was not late, and parked her car in the narrow rubble filled street of boarded-up houses. Two men with long greasy hair wearing chains for belts watched her, showing rotten teeth as they smiled.

Swaggering, they walked toward her as she got out of her car. Behind her, another man emerged from the shadowed alley beside a house. He was within feet of her when she opened the back door of her car. Gracefully, the leopard leapt into the sun.

She stood leaning against her car while the leopard sat beside her. Respectfully and silently, the men moved away. Then one of them stopped and walked toward her. He did not speak and she did not but as he passed her he bowed his head while she stared into his eyes. There was a scream as he obedient to her will entered the house, then the sound of breaking glass and wood. A shout. “Don’t come any closer!” And then a single shot, dull but echoing.

Another man walked toward her and he too bowed his head, a little, as she stared into his eyes. “Kill him!” a voice like Algar’s screamed, as he too entered the house.

The third and last man came forward to wait with her beside her car. For a long time, silence – broken by a shout from within the house.

“We must kill her!”

Three men carrying clubs and knives came forth from the house but the single man was no match for them and was soon beaten unconscious. Triumphant, the three moved sneering and leering toward Melanie.

“Kill her! Kill her!” the demented Algar screamed from the safety of the house.

“Come on!” laughed one of the man, “Hypnotise me!”

She’s making me tremble!” jeered another.

“Let’s strip her, hey?” laughed the third.

Melanie did not see but rather sensed Algar aim his gun and she stared toward the shadows in the doorway. There was no shot, only Algar cursing as the revolver jammed, while the leopard stood and kept the shouting men away.

Their obscenities were irrelevant to Melanie and she was content to wait in the heat of the sun for her full magickal powers to return. Her control of the three men had weakened her, a little, but she knew her weakness would not last. Perhaps the jeering men sensed her weakness or perhaps Algar had told them to try and drain her power away, but it was not important and she hid her strength for Algar’s expected attack.

It was Vitek who came running from the house, carrying an axe. He slowed, as her power touched him, then stopped to stand gormless and silent. But his appearance broke the spell that kept the others at distance – they rushed toward her howling with drug-courage. The leopard snatched one, her power slowed another but the third was not stopped. The knife he carried briefly reflected the sun and Melanie side-stepped gracefully to strike the rushing man as he passed, his momentum conveying him into her car. He bounced, slightly, before her blow to his neck sent him falling unconscious onto the road.

Her absorption freed Vitek who fled into the house.

“Leave!” she commanded and the leopard obeyed, leaving the uninjured man to help his sobbing and bloodied companion away.

Behind the house she heard shouting, and a car being driven away. Thurstan, Algar and Vitek were gone, and as she stepped over the bodies near the door, the house burst into flames. She could almost hear Algar laughing.

## VIII

The coven were gathered, dressed in crimson robes, in the large Satanic Temple to give honour to Melanie as Mistress of Earth. **A man lay on the altar, naked, while a young woman in white robes kissed his body in the light of the candles to the insistent beat of the tabors.**

**A masked figure dressed in black came to lift the man from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress of Earth.**

**“What do you wish?” the Mistress asked.**

**“It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek.”** The naked Priest reached up as the Mistress bared her breasts, but she kicked him away with her foot.

**“I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their blood.”** He stared at her body. **“I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and a Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage’s seed may feed your virgin flesh.”**

**“Kiss me,” she taunted, “and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!”**

Slowly, she led him to the Priestess whom she kissed on the lips and caressed before removing her white robe.

**“Take her,” she said to the Priest, “for she is me and I am yours!”**

Around them, the coven gathered, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation began. And when it was over and the Priest lay sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple came to lift him up and forced him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.

**“So you have sown,” she said, “and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!”**

The Guardian brought her a large silver chalice which she offered to each of her coven in turn. The Priestess was last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kissed her to receive the wine from her mouth.

She threw the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying, **“No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast then and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!”**

She did not wait for the orgy of lust to begin, but left alone. No sounds of Satanic revelry reached her as she sat in her own small Temple, waiting. But the crystal showed nothing.

For hours, Melanie sat still and alone. She did not think of the flames that only yesterday had engulfed her and from which she had escaped unharmed, nor of Algar, fleeing now from those who sought to collect the bounty she offered for his death. The ritual had bored her, and she did not miss the pleasure that she had obtained in the past through having a man grovel while she whipped his naked flesh. Instead, she thought of Thurstan and his strange life that she had seen in his crystal. There was a quality about Thurstan which both pleased and disturbed her, as if he was someone from a dream she had just awoke from and could not quite remember. She wanted to forget the dream and concentrate on the pleasures of her own world, but was lonely. Thurstan’s intrusion into her planned and ordered life, Lois’ sudden death, both combined to become a catalyst and change her emotions. Her feelings of loneliness surprised her. For years, she had ruled her coven and small empire through her magickal charisma, power and the fear she inspired. She could be charming, subtle, scheming and brutal as the moment and the person required, never losing her belief in herself and her Destiny. For a long time during the years of her growing she had felt herself chosen and different from others. Gradually, awareness of her destiny came – as Mistress of Earth, ruler of covens, who would dare return the Dark Gods to Earth.

She still felt her Destiny – but it was the distant beat of her pulse in her hear, not the yearning she now felt to share with someone a moment of life, like the strange moment she had shared with Thurstan while they sat in the café and he, trembling, had first held her hand. She had been playing a role, but somewhere and somehow the role had become real to her and for an instant she had become the woman she was pretending to be – gentle, sensitive and vulnerable. This woman had returned, unexpected, when she had held the dead Lois in her arms. Her tears had been real tears of love and loss – but they did not last.

Now this woman sat in Melanie’s secret Temple, thinking of Thurstan and the moment they had shared. This woman knew she was alone.

Melanie, in anger, walked slowly from her Temple, her eyes glowing, to seek the comfort of her car. Her speed was an attempt to express her anger and she drove westward along narrow lanes and wider roads for nearly an hour before returning east to stop near the **stone circle**. The twilight of closing cloud and strong wind coloured the sky near the descendant sun, and **Melanie stood in the circle’s centre calling on the storm to break**<sup>20</sup>.

---

<sup>20</sup> **The power of thought and intent.** The capacity of thought precedes creation. The power of thought and concentration on an ideal or wish is in our days in process of full development, for this capacity involves utilisation of certain energies and the ability to synchronise one’s vibrations with the Dark Gods. However, only a few people in the race are true idealists, though their number is increasing, the small minority employ the concrete mind; while the masses are swayed completely by the emotions. Correct thinking depends on many things: (1) The ability to sense vision. As Satanists develop this capacity, they will touch sources of power that are not on mental levels. (2) Having sensed the vision and glimpsed a fraction of the sinister in their hands lies the opportunity to bring down to the mental plane as much of the Dark Gods as they possible can. (3) A period of gestation, a period wherein the Satanist build his thought-form of as much of the vision as he or she can bring through into the consciousness. (4) It is good to remember, that the materialisation of any aspect of the vision, is

## The Temple of Satan – A Symphonic Allegory – From ‘The Order of the Nine Angles’

Footnote comments and where stated are from Hagur

Published by Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) – 2003 (114yf) © For Private use Only

---

Thunder cloud rushed toward her, killing the colour, as the wind graved strong and heavy around. There was no thunder, only a sudden and prolonged burst of rain which Melanie laughing let soak through her thin dress to the warm flesh beneath. **She became intoxicated by the power of wind and rain, and danced around the circle calling the names of her gods**<sup>21</sup>. She was Baphomet – dark goddess who held the severed head of a man<sup>22</sup>; she was

---

normally not the work of one person. Only when it has been sensed by the many, three at least (Triangle Work), and worked at its material form can their united efforts draw it into outer manifestation. However, great initiates can work alone. Great initiates are awake and well alive, sensitive and frequently suffering. (5) Always be building the form by thought and intent, such has been the method since the beginning of the aeon.

<sup>21</sup> This is also called “Pathworking”.

<sup>22</sup> Baphomet – dark goddess who held the severed head of a man. The Baphomet, another name for Satan is feminine but also masculine, human and animal at the same time. The goddess is sometimes called the bride of Satan. However the Mistress/Mother of blood. Let us say, that the Baphomet is another characteristic of Satan, in the same way that “Allah” has at least ninety-nine names, the God of the Jews and Christians having also several names, as well as the one God in Hinduism such as Brahma, Krishna, Shiva, etc. **Read what ONA writes:** It is interesting to note that, according to esoteric Tradition, the grail was actually used c.700 eh to inaugurate the Western Aeon. Authorities concur that the grail of legend was not a chalice but a large crystal, as per 'Nine Angles' rite (qv. Phreder and ben Beirdd. Von Eschenbach revealed part of this truth when he called the grail '*lapsit ex coelis*'. The distortion into a 'Nazarene holy vessel' began with a Nazarene hermit, remembered by Heliandrus).

The rites of Chaos Magic enhance 'old aeon' values and archetypes because they provide an illusion within the individual of 'achievement', 'understanding' and participation in the psyche. Old aeon values, particularly those adhered to by Thelema, are Nazarene distortions of the Western Tradition. Consider "*Baphomet*":

The name of Baphomet is regarded by Traditional Satanists as meaning "*the mistress/mother of blood*" - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained.

The supposed derivation is from the Greek and not, as is sometimes said, from the Attic form for 'wise'. Such a use of the term 'mother'/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings - e.g. Iamblichus' use in "*De Mysteriis*" to signify possession by the mother of the gods.

Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of 'amalgam' (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna, in the sexual sense). The prefix originally refers to being 'dyed/stained' or 'dripped' in blood - qv. Euripides, *Hercules Furens*.

In the Septenary System, Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere of the Septenary Tree of Wyrd (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal "*Earth Gate*" (qv. the Nine Angles), and Her reflection (or 'causal' nature - as against Her acausal or Sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares.

According to esoteric Tradition, the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion c.3,000 BP (Before Present) - towards the month of May. Some stone circles/sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the Sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus, Arcturus itself being related to the Sinister male aspect (Mercury - second sphere), later identified with Lucifer/ Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a Sinister Hierosgamos - the union of Baphomet with Her spouse (or 'Priest' who took on the role of the Sinister male aspect). According to Tradition, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess/ Mistress of the cult. Thus the May celebration was the (re)birth of new energies (and the child of the Union). Tradition relates this Sinister, sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years, the sacrificial aspect being regarded as necessary to retain the "*Cosmic Balance*" - in modern terms, to keep a Nexion open (and thus preserve the associated higher civilisation, etc.). The Chosen One, or 'Opfer', was able - because of the sacrifice - to partake of an '*acausal existence*' - becoming thus an '*Immortal*'. Thus, willing sacrifice was possible, although it is easy to imagine that in later times the Opfer was not so willing. Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago. The association of Baphomet with Satan probably derives from the 10th or 11th Century. The Traditional depiction of Baphomet - a mature woman (often shown naked and seated upon a pile of skulls) holding up the severed head of the Sacrificed Priest - is undoubtedly much older.

## The Temple of Satan – A Symphonic Allegory – From ‘The Order of the Nine Angles’

Footnote comments and where stated are from Hagur

Published by Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) – 2003 (114yf) © For Private use Only

---

Asoth – worker of passion and death<sup>23</sup>. Circe<sup>24</sup> – charmer of men; Darket – the bride of Dagon<sup>25</sup>. **She felt her crystal, many miles distant, begin to respond and draw down power from the Abyss beyond. The power came to her, slowly, through the gates in the fabric of space-time, a chaos of energies from the dimensions of darkness. Her**

---

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding, and for their own purposes. The adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua, but with some bloody/ Sinister aspects - and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy **Warriors**, and became a military cult with bonds of Honour, although their concept of "holy" differed somewhat from that of the church of the time, including as it did dark/Gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle and not part of a specific rite.

There is another tradition regarding the origin of the name which deserves recording, even though it is not regarded as authentic, having no present-day proponents. This tradition regards the name as deriving from the Greek name for the Egyptian goddess Bastet, recorded by Herodotus (2. 137 ff). It is interesting that Herodotus identifies the goddess with Artemis, the goddess of the Moon. Bubastis was regarded as the daughter of Osiris and Isis, and is often represented as a female with the head of a cat - cats were regarded as sacred to Her. Artemis was a goddess unmoved by love, and she was regarded as Apollo's twin sister (the identification of Her as a 'Moon goddess' followed naturally from this, since Apollo was linked with the Sun). Like Apollo, she often sent plagues and death, and was propitiated with sacrifices. It is interesting to note that (a) a derivative of the Greek name for Bastet - mentioned above - is the Pythagorean name for 'five' (qv. Iamblichus: *Theologumena Arithmeticae*, 31) - perhaps a link with the pentagram? The Templars were said to have worshipped their deity in the form of a cat.

Thus Baphomet could be regarded as a form of Artemis/Bastet - a female divinity with a 'dark' side or nature (when viewed via conventional morality) to whom sacrifices have been - and continue to be - made. Sinister Tradition regards Baphomet to be the bride of Satan/Lucifer - this would fit well, since Lucifer is often regarded as a form of Apollo; Artemis is the female form (or 'sister') of Apollo. Here it must be remembered, that Artemis and Apollo were not aetherial, moral and lofty divinities (the classical gods have been romantically misinterpreted) - they could be, and often were, deadly and dark; both 'Sinister' and 'light' (cf. Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, where Apollo is invoked as Lyceus: *a patron of wolves, a hunter who destroys his enemies* - and not the 'god of light', as is normally translated). Further, the epithet given in "*Electra* is **not** 'wolf-slayer' but "**killer-wolf**".

<sup>23</sup> Asoth – worker of passion and death: Dark female force. Stands for works of passion and death. The name should be vibrated. Asoth is the pathway between the Moon and the planet Jupiter making certain events of a sinister nature possible such as creating “chaos”. The dark light must be fully incorporated in our nature before we can fully express in thought, words and deeds the whole of whom we are. “Asoth is the archetype which reinforces the dark synergetic principle where two or more things come together to create a greater chaos, make the Earth bleed from the cut throats of the fools who have distorted humanity all the way, through religious hypocrisy and abuse. Passion and death: The love of love itself has concealed a far more bloody passion, a desire altogether unavowable, something that could only be ‘betrayed’ by means of symbols such as that of the drawn sword and that of perilous chastity. Unawares and in spite of themselves, the lovers or even the haters have never had but one desire, the desire for death! Whether love or hate, peace or war, in the innermost recesses of the hearts men and women are obeying the fatal dictates of a wish for death, in the throes of active passion of Darkness.

<sup>24</sup> Circe – charmer of men. Circe transformed men into pigs. Circe in some genealogies is a daughter of Hekate, and some say that Circe is the aunt of Medea. Hekate taught both Circe and Medea the arts of magick and divination. As priestess of Hekate, Circe and Medea were held in awe and fear as potent sorceresses well versed in the properties of magickal herbs, enchantments, witch’s lore, and shape-shifting, which they used for good and for destruction. Hekate was the Goddess of the Crossroads, who looked in three directions. She was associated with the uncanny and the mysterious, and was a personification of the wise witch. For better location, Hekate was associated with Persephone, whom she accompanied when the maiden was returned from the underworld, and with the moon goddess Artemis.

<sup>25</sup> Darkat, goddess, associated with lunar aspects. The name is traditionally regarded as pre-Sumerian in origin of the myth of Lilitu/Lilith – the female counterpart of Dagon, remembered as one of the Dark Gods from their last manifestation on Earth. Associated with the 10<sup>th</sup>. and 8<sup>th</sup>. paths (See ‘Naos’, page 75, Skull Press Edition).

consciousness was beginning to transcend to the acausal<sup>26</sup> spaces where her Dark Gods waited and she sensed their longing to return, to fill again the spaces of her causal time. They were there, chattering in lipped words she could not understand, roused from sleep by the power of her previous rites, ready to seep past the gate to feast upon the blood of humans.

But they could not break through from beyond the stars. The two universes, rent together by her will<sup>27</sup> and crystal, were drifting apart again and she was left to walk along the track from the stones while the wind lost its power and the clouds left with their rain.

---

<sup>26</sup> **Causal and Acausal (from ONA archives):** An aeon is the term used to describe a stage or a type of evolution. Evolution itself is taken to result from a certain specific process - and this process can be described, or explained [or 're-presented'] via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes over or through or because of, 'time' - this 'time' having two components. These two components are the causal and the acausal.

More exactly, the cosmos itself can be described or explained or re-presented by acausal and causal space-time. Causal space-time is 4-dimensional: there are 3 spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and 1 time dimension, this time dimension being linear and unidirectional. That is, causal time 'flows' in one direction only from past to present to future. Causal time is defined by this one-way flow and by the moments which are used to mark the changes in this flow. [In effect, causal space-time is the 'everyday' physical world we live in and can perceive by our physical senses. It is the world described by the laws of Physics.] Acausal space-time has n spatial dimensions [where n is at present undefined but is greater than 3 and less than infinity] and acausal time dimensions. The spatial dimensions of acausal space are not at right angles to each other. Further, acausal time is not unidirectional - it can flow in any direction - and it is not linear: that is, it has more than one component. In effect, acausal time (unlike causal time) has more than one time-dimension.

The acausal and the causal can be considered as two different 'universes'. The causal universe contains physical matter - that is, varying types of physical energy. We are familiar with the various forms of this physical matter - stars, planets, the rocks and elements forming the planets. The acausal universe likewise contains matter - acausal matter or energy. This acausal energy and its changes in acausal space-time can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and a representation of acausal time. At present, we are mostly unfamiliar with the types of acausal energy. However, the acausal universe intersects or manifests in the causal universe at specific places - that is, a particular type of acausal energy is present in the causal universe at these places. These places are life-forms or living organisms. That is, a living organism is a region of the cosmos where the fabric of causal space-time and the fabric of acausal space-time meet or 'intersect'. The more evolved, the more complex, the life-form or organism, the greater this intersection.

Thus, living organisms result from a specific type of acausal energy 'flowing' into the causal universe - in effect, this acausal energy changes the structure of causal space-time. The greater the acausal energy, the more evolved, the more complex the organism. The physical death of an organism is when this energy flow ceases - the organism then becomes just inert, physical matter. Death means that the connection between the causal and the acausal is severed at the localised place of intersection.

Our own sentient life - the most advanced and complex living organism we know at present - is therefore the largest intersection of these two universes. We access more of this specific acausal energy than any other organism we know. In effect, each individual is a nexion - that is, a connection or nexus between the two universes. Our consciousness means that we possess the latent ability to directly access the acausal.

<sup>27</sup> Thought and will are the essential and most important factors in magickal work, and may be conveyed in the following terms: "A downfall of thoughts is an aggregation of energies to be arranged into form or forms, in order to express the idea(s) of the creative and sinister thinker, and qualified or characterised by the nature of his wilful mind and held in that peculiar form as long as his thoughts remain wilfully dynamic." This must be in line with the Sinister purpose and plan, and consequently, further the cause of evil evolution, animated by personal intent, characterised by selfish purpose, as part of the work of retro active forces and the material element. Here, the four appear: (1) the thinker, (2) the potency, (3) the quality of that potency, (4) the precipitation. A Satanist needs singleness of purpose. Dark power and light, vitality, and manifestation is the procedure.

**The Temple of Satan – A Symphonic Allegory – From ‘The Order of the Nine Angles’**

**Footnote comments and where stated are from Hagur**

**Published by Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) – 2003 (114yf) © For Private use Only**

---

She sat in her car for a long time. No power, not even a trace of power, had come down to her over the abyss that divided the causal and acausal realms of existence. No chaos for her will to form and direct as it had many times before. Her magick was weakened. The cause of her failure became clear to her slowly, like the low autumn mist of a valley becomes cleared by the sun as it heats the cold air of morning. She was in love with Thurstan, and her feelings of love had begun to brighten the darkness that was the source of her power.

## Appendix to Chapter 7

### Compiled by Hagur

## Honouring the Mistress of Earth



### Ritual

*At the deepest part of the unconscious layer lies the collective unconscious with its manifold archetypes as described by the Psychologist Carl Gustav Jung. Today, man knows himself first from the perspective of the conscious ego, from the periphery of the Self. The Ego Self is essentially rational in its approach to experience, and is associated with the serial neutral tracts and programs in the brain. Next he becomes aware of the personal and collective unconscious, that vast pool of motives, energies, images, associations and archetypes that influence thought, personality, and behaviour from ‘within’. Once we accept the concept of a collective unconscious and its archetypes, it provides a natural explanation for a wide variety of otherwise puzzling phenomena.*

*Archetypes are powerful predispositions; garbed in the image and mythology of Dark Gods, each having characteristic drives, emotions and needs that shape our personality. When one enact a role that is connected to an active archetype within oneself, the energy which received the name as “Mistress of Earth”, or “Davcina” is generated through the depth and meaning that the role has for you.*

*Davcina, the Mistress of Earth has the characteristic, and is an important link between the planet Mars and Jupiter. The Planet Mars, named after the Roman God of War, was referred to by the Ancients as the “Lesser Malefic” (lesser magic). It governs desires, sexual energies, focussed energies, dynamic action, animal nature, force, power, strife, strain, adversity, work, achievement, competition, and death. Mars also rules weapons, war, accidents, violence, surgery, tools, iron, and steel. The action of this Planet is sudden, forceful, and disruptive. The energy of Mars can be used violently and destructively, but with valour and fortitude. The energy of Jupiter is backing as it were the energies of Mars as a more protective urge towards success, that every action may develop in a more orderly way for the benefit of the fighter towards his victim. Jupiter is the planet of expansion, aspiration, higher education, Satanic philosophical reasoning (Satanic because it is the only philosophy that is absolutely*

*humanistic and esoteric at the same time), justice (tooth for tooth, and eye for eye), and sovereignty.*

*A man or a woman who resembles Davcina, the Wyrd Goddess, can be totally absorbed by her characteristics, as archetypes are pre-existent, or latent, internally determined patterns of being and behaving, of perceiving and responding. These patterns, we know, are contained in the collective unconscious, that part of the unconscious that is not individual, but cosmic, universal or shared. These patterns can be described in a personalised way, as Dark Gods and Goddesses; and their myths are archetypal stories. They evoke feelings and images, and touch on themes that are universal and part of our human inheritance.*

*A pathworking or a Ritual as this one activates the Dark God or Goddess in oneself. Dark Gods are potential patterns in the psyches of all men, yet in each individual man or woman some of these patterns are activated (energised or developed) and others are not. In other words, an archetype is like the invisible pattern that determines what shape and structure a crystal will take when it does form. Once the crystal actually forms, the new recognisable pattern is analogous to an activated Dark God or Goddess. This is, in fact, a transcendent function, arising from the union of conscious and unconscious contents. And, the need for transcendence is also the Self.*



#### **Cast:**

Mistress dressed in green robe, representing the “Mistress of Earth – Davcina”.

Young woman in white robes, the Priestess

A naked man lays naked on the altar, the Priest

A masked figure dressed in black, the Guardian of the Temple

Attendants dressed in crimson robes

*The Mistress holds the tetrahedron quartz crystal in her hands, and opens the ceremony as loudly as possible:*

- **Aperiatur terra, et germinet Davcina.**  
*Let the Earth be opened, and Davcina come forth.*
- **Mirabilia opera tua, Domine Satanas, et anima mea cogniscit nimis.**  
*Marvellous are Thy works, O Lord Satanas, and my soul knows it well.*

*A masked figure, the Guardian, dressed in black comes to lift the Priest from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress, representing the “Mistress of Earth”, the Dark Goddess Davcina.*

*Mistress asks:*

- **“What do you wish?”**

*The naked Priest says:*

- **“It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek.”**

*The Mistress bares her breasts.*

*The naked Priest says:*

- **“I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their blood.” *He stares at her body.* “I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and a Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage’s seed may feed your virgin flesh.”**

*The Mistress says:*

- **“Kiss me, and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!”**

*Slowly, the Mistress leads the naked Priest to the Priestess whom she kisses on the lips and caresses before removing her white robe. And, to the naked Priest the Mistress says:*

- **“Take her, for she is me and I am yours!”**

*Around them, the coven gathers, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation begins. And when it is over and the Priest lays probably sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple comes to lift him up and forces him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.*

*The Mistress says:*

- **“So you have sown, and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!”**

*The Guardian brings her a large silver chalice which she offers to each of her coven in turn. The Priestess is last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kisses her to receive the wine from her mouth.*

*The following ritual may be observed, offering while lifting up the chalice with strong wine to Davcina, saying:*

*Offertorium et Communio*

- **“Agius o Satanas”, Deus, tuo nos offerimus calicem voluptatis carnis, fructuum vitis et operis manum nostrum, ex quo nobis virtus et fons salus terræ.”**

*Adding :*

- **“By our love of life we have this drink, it will become for us a gift from our Mistress of Earth.”**

*The Mistress, drinking from the chalice, and before sharing the gifts with others, says:*

- **May the gifts of Satan be forever with you!**

*The Mistress throws the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying,*

- **“No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast then and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!”**

*While making the sign of the horn with the left hand, drawing the reverted pentagram in the air, the Mistress concludes:*

- **Go, you are dismissed.**

*Here begins the orgy of lust.*

## IX

“The Police have released the names and photographs of the two men they wish to question in connection with the murders in Leeds ...”

Vitek turned the radio off. Algar was beside him in the van they had stolen in Leeds, waiting for the last glimmer of light to conduct the ritual which he hoped would free him from Melanie’s curse.

“She arranged things well,” Vitek said while in the rear of the van Thurstan worked silently to try and free his bound hands.

“Of course!” Algar shouted, “What did you expect! Her influential friends! When she is dead they will be mine!”

“Must we ...? asked Vitek, indicating Thurstan.

“It is the only way. The force cannot be invoked without a sacrifice. Her power is weakening! I sense it!”

The forest Algar had chosen lay in a small valley between the haunted rocks of the Stiperstones and Squilver mound, and had in times past been used by the darker covens which once had abounded in the area. **He would invoke the Great demon, Gaubni<sup>28</sup>, through**

---

<sup>28</sup> Gaubni: related to the second path of the Tree of Wyrð. Often called the Great Demon – revulsive smell and appearance. Manifest when Nythra vibrated. Nythra: Energy vortex in Abyss – nameless in itself but represented by vibration of word. Works of terror en sinister destruction. (see book “Naos”, page 74/75, Skull Press Edition.) A powerful vibration in Pathworking is: “**Nythra Kthunae Atazoth**’. Also read the following from ONA’s archives:

### The Dark Gods

#### ONA

The Dark Gods exist in the acausal realm and this realm is joined to our causal, physical universe in two ways – first, through Star Gates which are regions of space–time where the two universes intersect, and second, in the medium of our minds since certain levels of consciousness in their very nature are ‘gates’. Archetypes are to our causal perception simply ordered elements of some of the energy present in various forms in the acausal universe.

The acausal universe itself may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by acausal time and possessing more than three spatial dimensions; the causal universe may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by causal, or linear, time and possessing three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other.

The entities known to esoteric tradition as the ‘Dark Gods’ are beings which exist in the acausal universe. Other such beings probably exist in the acausal realm, but the Dark Gods are known to us through having, at various times in our evolution, ‘intruded’ into our spatial universe.

It is possible for individuals, by virtue of the nature of consciousness, to open pathways to the acausal by various methods and thus draw into our phenomenal world various acausal energies or forces. Such forces, due to the nature of the acausal, are often seen to be from our point of view ‘evil’ or negative.

**sacrifice and imbue himself with power before setting forth to kill Melanie herself. His ritual would strip her of magick, her death would end her curse.**

“Come, let us prepare,” he said.

Trees were creaking in the breeze and the smell of stinking fungi mingled with the damp the heavy rain had brought as Algar walked carefully the path to the small clearing. Vitek followed, stooping and afraid, listening to Algar mumble incantations. **‘Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! Agios o Gaubni ...’**

**The incantation became louder until Algar was shouting the name. ‘Gaubni! Gaubni!’** Then a silence which startled Vitek. He could not see Algar’s face as he stopped and turned in the clearing but he heard the hissing and saw the hands raised like claws. The long, bony fingers grasped Vitek’s neck and the strength of the arms pushed Vitek to the ground. Algar sat on Vitek’s chest, slobbering and laughing while his nails tore the flesh on Vitek’s face. The spasm of struggle did not last long as the fingers snapped the neck.

Possessed, Algar loped awkwardly out of the wood. Thurstan sat hunched in the back of the van and Algar stared at him, dribbling like an idiot while in the distance a dog howled.

Algar was struggling to control the chaos which had possessed him and direct it to bring another death when he heard the voice behind him.

“Come to me, come to me!” the melodious voice said. Algar turned to see the leering faces of a multitude of witches. Then they vanished. But another voice came from the trees behind him.

“You are my gift!”

He did not look, **but the power of the demon<sup>29</sup> he had invoked sucked from within him to form a hideous face whose rows of teeth gnashed before the mouth open to spray Algar with fetid breath.** Then it was gone, sucked into the trees and down into Earth by the power of the long-dead leering witches.

“You are my gift!” the voice repeated.

---

**Three types of drawing down are possible. I localised of an individual on a small scale of smell energies; ii) of certain powerful forces or entities to physical manifestation in our universe; iii) returning to our planet and universe the race of beings known as the Dark Gods – tradition knows some of these beings by names such as Atazoth, Shugara, Athushir, Budsturga and Gaubni.**

The first and second forms of drawn down involve those pathways residing (mostly dormant in the mind, while the third involves the Star Gates themselves of which three are known to us as areas in space near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol. Physical travel to the acausal is possible through these Gates, but it is nevertheless possible to draw through them by various methods of powerful ritual the Dark Gods themselves, the time and stars being aligned aright.

This Grimoire shows how to awaken the latent pathways in our consciousness and, most sinister of all, how the Dark Gods themselves may be returned to Earth.

<sup>29</sup> Characteristics of Gaubni again: “A demon with a hideous face, with rows of gnashing teeth, and having a fetid (rotten) breath.”

There was no longer any magick in Algar and he became again a man who was half-mad. His madness made him move toward Thurstan, but the High Priest was afraid, and all he could do was turn and watch as Vitek with a ruptured face and dead eyes walked toward him.

“You are his gift,” a chorus of voices behind him said.

**Desperate, Algar performed a banishing ritual, inscribing a pentagram in the air before him with his hand, saying, “The sign of the earth, protect! Agios o Shugara!”<sup>30</sup>”**

---

<sup>30</sup> **Shugara** : One of the most hideous intrusions possible on the causal level and very dangerous. G major key for invoking chant. Manifestations often are accompanied by a smell similar to rotting flesh. Dark Pathways outlines the means of integrating the 'shadow' aspects of the Self by utilising the spheres and pathways of the Septenary system through spiral dance, chant/vibration and sigil visualisation. A table of correspondence of Path, Word of Power, sigil and Tarot image is provided. A second table comprises descriptions of the forces; e.g. "Shugara" (corresp. to Tarot XVIII: The Moon), a dangerous energy invoked for a destructive working, G Major being the key for invoking chant.

### **Shugara - A Sinister Pathworking**

Collyn Branwell - Earth-Gate Assembly (ONA)

I have just returned from that specially chosen site in the forest, just three miles from here. This time, I had been successful in allowing myself to become more thoroughly immersed into, and absorbed with, the spirit of the place, and the Invocation itself. As for the previous Pathworkings, there had always been a kind of foreboding, a certain hesitation, a tangible fear and recognition that this communion with primal Nature, under the dark, open sky, all alone, was overwhelming - beyond the romanticised, dualistic perception of Nature and the Cosmos so prevalent within modern-day paganism and new-age thinking.

Today, however, all such hesitation and fear - separateness - dissolved. A manifest connexion has been created on this cold, early Winter morning. All distractions, all strange, hidden surroundings united with my Being. I had successfully confronted the fear, which once, when I was unaware, had controlled and limited the promise that is my Life; that primal fear of the Dark - that Shadow which threatens to emerge into this causal existence and devour. Today, I have faced this fear.

The walk to the chosen site was a brisk one, as I was forced to travel up the hillside in a long, winding manner, as necessitated by the steep cliffs of the hillside. Every step was made in deliberation and contemplation, knowing that this was an exercise of Will, in unison with Nature's higher order, a discovery of the Primal Darkness within and without. I was aware that this Darkness, this Shadow was about to be confronted.

Unlike before, I instinctively understood that on this morning, I would travel through the forest without aid of flashlight or lantern. There existed simply an instinctive knowing - that this was necessary, that there could be no crutches, no hesitation, no turning back. This newly added element, together with the fact that coyotes are well known to roam and hunt along these parts, functioned to make this Pathworking, this brief moment in a life-long Quest, all the more interesting - all the more worthwhile.

Finally, after travelling through the heavily forested area, I entered into the small, flat circular clearing, which I had gone to some pains to locate some weeks earlier. I knew when I first came to this place, with its solitary, circular formation of trees in the centre, that this clearing was indeed fated for such a venture. Here, one was surrounded by both the awe-inspiring presence of Nature, in the raw, and by the stark, intimidating vastness of the heavens. Here, there could be no simple pandering to the ego in some urbanised, disrespectful form of sorcery so prevalent within the city. One was within Nature's grasp, with only three choices : 1) to bow down to Her in some feeble attempt to show respect; 2) to disrespect Her by ignoring Her, and by investing one's energy into the petty purpose of building one's own ego; or 3) to become One with Her - what, in fact, She truly desires.

After unloading the relevant supplies from my backpack, I first lit the charcoal I had packed, and placed on top of it the incense I had prepared - a mixture representing the combination of the energies attributed to Luna (the sphere of hidden knowledge) and Mars (the sphere of sacrifice, death and destruction). Afterwards, I lit the

candles, one red, the other blue, and stood quietly, understanding that this exercise was more than a mere mindless, egotistic abstraction. This was the continuation of a sequential Becoming, of a living, breathing entity possessing the potential to alchemically transform. This Calling was a step further in that process of stripping away the deceptive, temporal layer to reveal what is, and to progressively become One with that essence. Yes, I had understood that this was in fact a sequential unfolding of the genuine Dark Tradition.

After several moments, I began visualising the sigil of Shugara, the Dark God-related entity associated with the fourth Pathway of the Dark Tradition. And, as I visualised this sigil, I began the first of thirteen deep vibrations, nine in continuous succession, then a short pause, and four more vibrations. The deep, resonant quality of these vibrations was revealing a remarkable improvement from previous attempts. The entire week previous had been spent preparing for this event. A steady decrease of food, meat and sleep had been implemented one week prior to this morning, with the last day providing very little food or sleep for this morning. At this moment, I could feel the positive effects produced by such a preparation, as the vibrant, resonant energy emanating from my solar plexus began rising and spreading throughout the whole of my body. This tangible energy was reverberating within my uttermost Being; an energy which, had I not taken the previous week to prepare for, I'd have been numb toward.

An altered state of consciousness was rapidly manifesting. It felt as though it were my very own spirit producing the sound. A tangible oneness had begun to travel like an electric current pulsating through my Being - a concrete partaking of energies that were at once both personal and supra-personal, unconscious and Cosmic.

It seemed as though I had "plugged in" to an entirely new source of energy. Indeed, by the fourth or fifth repetition, my vibrations began to grow not only in strength and power, but in duration as well. A good fifteen to twenty seconds was elapsing before my breath and power gave out, requiring a new breath to be drawn. Yes, something inside was awakening, a Chthonic Darkness millennia old, yet so vibrantly and enticingly new.

Now, I finished the thirteenth and final vibration, my voice echoing in the dark, intimidating silence. With my Will vocalised, I reclined across the cold ground, closing my eyes and breathing deeply, waiting for this new energy to manifest. At this point, while realising I was confronting that Darkness which threatens to devour, I could sense a literal hair-raising fear, a fear which seemed to be sensed by the forest itself.

At first, what I witnessed was a violent eruption of dark, black smoke mushrooming forth out of a deep well. I knew at once that this signified the awakening and unleashing of the Shadow within. The Dark was being presented...

What then followed was both enlightening and unsettling. It seemed as though I was able to leave my body and travel directly overhead. I could see the area of the forest which directly surrounded me. What this panoramic view revealed was rather disconcerting: in a perfect circle, surrounding me on every side, were a pack of wolves, crouched down and hidden by the surrounding brush, visibly positioned to pounce at any given moment. What I immediately found to be even more alarming, was the simple fact that each wolf was perfectly still - there was no sound, no sign of restlessness, no apparent agitation or warning of any kind. Not once did I hear them approach. Nevertheless, they were there, and my own prior lack of empathy and self-awareness became startlingly clear.

These "wolves" represented, for me, that which threatens to devour, and that which most likely will devour if not confronted, explored and resolved. The fact that I could now see these "wolves" revealed that I was indeed now beginning to develop a real empathy with my true self and with the primal essence of Nature. The genuine Sinister Tradition had afforded for me the opportunity to transcend these primal fears which had earlier held sway over my Being. This Tradition had provided me with the raw materials for surpassing present consciousness - a surpassing which alone is able to provide one with a clear and precise evaluation of one's true self.

After what seemed a long time, new images began to appear, most notably those which had been invading my dreams, or rather nightmares, ever since I had been initiated into the Dark Tradition some weeks earlier. These strange dreams had contained very bizarre images, and had even occasionally become somewhat disruptive. It was as though distant, faded objects, from a past that I was minutely aware of, began invading my consciousness, though I knew perfectly well that it was all in accordance with my own Will. I was more consciously aware now than at any other moment that my Initiation had in fact opened a Gate within my psyche, that this was in fact a genuine occurrence beyond mere delusion, and that the Shadow is indeed a factual fragment of the Self, lying dormant, awaiting the opportunity to be developed and integrated, so as to create a new, evolved, un-divided Being.

The dead body of Vitek still came towards him. He **invoked more gods, drew a pentagram, called on the Prince he had followed in secret from youth** but Vitek moved ever nearer while behind him the ghostly chorus laughed.

**He tried a hexagram**, but his **gesture and words** had no power and, in abject terror, he began to pray fervently in Latin to the god he had scorned.

“In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. In Nomine Jesus Christi... » he mumbled.

But Vitek did not stop – instead, the dead eyes swivelled down to stare at him and the mouth opened in a leer. Algar fled, crazed and stumbling, along the track, over a fence and field, to run up the side of the steep hill. He did not stop when he reached the summit, but ran on down the steep bank Andover another hill to drop exhausted into a ditch. Terror brought recovery and he ran on for many miles over fields, fences and hills, his clothes and flesh torn by stone, wire and thorn. When he could run no longer, he crawled among the heather that grew on the side of the Mynd, clawing his way to the slope’s summit. He rested then, staring

---

The most startling image, which appeared at that moment, was (and had been since I first encountered it in a horrific dream just days earlier) an enigma that seemed to haunt at the very edges of consciousness. It appeared as an intimidating black fish, or shark, of very large proportions, silently hovering at the very bottom of the ocean in complete darkness, as though it had remained there for centuries, or even for millennia, forgotten - waiting...

While gazing at this image, it was as I had been transported into that timeless existence in which the Dream itself had originally taken place. This time, I possessed a clarity of understanding, which I had not earlier possessed while in the dream. I found myself plunged once again into the cold, dark, murky depths in which I first encountered the huge Beast. In the original dream, I had, at this point, become frenzied and hurried, struggling to head back up to the water’s surface, where I could hope to find some sort of safety. However, now all such desperation was absent - controlled. Rather than struggling to escape the Darkness, I found myself exploring the Darkness. And again, just as in the Dream, I bumped into that impenetrable Darkness, which at first puzzled me, that is, until I saw the Face of that Darkness.

There it was, the same giant creature, which, in the Dream, had devoured me. Actually, I had awoken just after the huge creature grunted and immediately lunged toward me with teeth glaring, but I was nevertheless aware that I had been devoured within the Dream, and that this encounter was symbolic of something unknown, yet very real. However, at this precise moment in the replaying of my Dream, I immediately understood the meaning of this fish. I now understood that I was encountering a projected symbol of my undiscovered, unrealised self - the Dark Unconscious; that aspect of the psyche which has been the occasion for many uncontrolled, destructive, frightening bursts of the acausal into the physical world throughout history. I also understood that this Darkness was not only something internal, but external to myself as well.

During this last phase of the Pathworking, I could sense the increase of a tangible euphoria coming over my body. I could truly sense a genuine Becoming taking place, and that this experience was void of any mystification or abstract romanticism. There was present only a steely, sober clarity that what was taking place was genuine, solid step toward Eternity, toward Becoming, and toward Destiny.

As I left the site, a new awareness of, and connexion with, the forest permeated my being. All noise, all abstract thoughts, all nervous mind-activity, so common within the metropolis, was absent. Only a distinct, unmistakable knowing permeated my consciousness; a knowing which only further clarified, and solidified, Direction. This new insight, this new personal victory, was to be only one of many such victories and events, which, together, allow for a Becoming. Yes, there would many more experiences, which would, over time, become much more varied and certainly more difficult.

Now, the darkness in the forest did not intimidate - it called. Shugara had come, and I was not the same.

down into the silent blackness below, fearful and afraid of something following and praying for the light of dawn. He made a kind of cross from stems of heather which he pulled with bleeding fingers from the ground. Around him, nothing stirred.

Thurstan had freed his hands from the cord which bound them when he saw Algar run away. Cautiously, after unbinding his feet and removing the gag, he left the van.

Twilight had almost ended, but sufficient light remained for him to follow the path into the woods. He walked for sometime but could find nothing and no one. The place seemed peaceful and calm to him.

A large dog was sitting by the van when he returned. It did not bark, but sprang up to run for a few yards along the track before stopping.

“Your guide!” a soft voice beside Thurstan said. When he turned, he could see nothing.

There was no moon, only the lingering glow of the sun that was now below the horizon. The clear sky soon showed the brighter stars and in the pleasant warmth of the early night Thurstan followed his guide along the track to paths and narrow lanes that kept a southerly course until he was let eastwards by the stream and up to where a large house lay darkened and silent.

He knew why he had followed the dog as he knew whose house it was, but he still stood nervously in the driveway. The evening was dark by the time he walked toward the house, and as he did so a soft light shone through the half-open door.

“Hello!” he called like a jester to a court of fools as he stepped onto the mosaic tiles of the hall. He did not see the door behind him close.

Somewhere, he could hear a harpsichord being played. He followed the sound, along the hall and up the stairs whose walls were lined with paintings depicting lust, greed and joy, to where a door was open. A voluptuous perfume reached out to him and he closed his eyes, listening to the gentle music. It seemed a long time to him that he waited, listening and trembling. But it was only a few heartbeats of his life that passed.

He took several steps into the candle-lit room. Melanie sat at her harpsichord in a long flowing dress to its end.

The room was beautiful, graceful in its few furnishings, the music was beautiful, the light itself was beautiful, casting subtle hues that only a painter, a musician or a poet might recall. But most of all, to Thurstan, Melanie was beautiful. His senses, subdued by his captivity, were overwhelmed and he began to cry, not loudly or for very long, as a mystic or an artist might cry when overwhelmed by such splendour.

She smiled at him again when her fingers ceased to work their magick upon the keyboard, and held out her hand. He could see her breasts, uplifted and partly exposed by her dress, rise and fall in rhythm with her breathing: the way her amber necklace seemed to glow a little in the light from the candles around her, and he walked forward, hardly able to breathe.

It was unreal to him, an idle dream, perhaps, of a hot insect-filled summer’s day as he sat by the stream near his cottage. But their fingers touched, bringing reality. He felt shy and foolish as she stood to face him, gently smiling. No words would reveal themselves into this world through his mouth, and he embraced her, stroking her hair with his hand while she moulded her body to his so he could feel the heat of her flesh through the thin dress.

Stretched were the moments of their embrace until she kissed him, pressing her tongue to his lips in supplication. He let her in, smelt the fragrance of her breath and felt with his hand the warmth of her breast and the erection of her nipple as her tongue sought his. He did not see the door of the room close silently, nor the strange shadow that seemed to stand beside it, but let himself be led to the circular bed in the adjoining, darkened room.

She was gentle with him as she removed his clothes and then her own, kissing his body as he kissed hers in return. He tried to speak of his love and her beauty but she pressed a slender finger to his lips as they lay naked together on the sensuous softness of her breasts and kissed them in worship as he kissed her lips, shoulders, face and thighs in worship before tasting her moistness. She pulled him gently upon her, opening herself in invitation, and he did not need his hand to guide him to her hidden cleft.

He moved slowly, and for a long time the gentle intimacy continued while the warm humid night brought sweat to him and a gradual urgency to her until a frenzy of passion possessed them both, rising to issue forth into loud ecstasy mutually achieved before the natural fall left limbs loose and a pleasing exhaustion.

He slept then, although he did not wish to, holding her as if he feared she might go, softly breathing the words of his love. He dreamt he was walking on a strange planet whose two bright suns lit the purple sky. There was a city nearby, but it lay in ruins, and as he approached over the warm sand, he could see the desolation of centuries. He wandered empty streets made of a strange steel where above twisting walkways hung or soared to meet the towering pyramids of buildings whose entrails of floor and room had been cut from them cleanly and left dangling from tendons of wire. He felt a sadness at the desolation, for the world was abandoned and quite dead.

When he awoke from his dream, Melanie was gone.

## X

Part of her wanted to kill him. His death would make her free again, restore to her the power she had lost.

She sat in her Temple wondering what to do. The years of her life had been bereft of love and only Lois had shown her kindness – unexpectedly, for kindness was something she had never wanted or sought. But she had been too proud, too confirmed in her role and quest for power to let the kindness of Lois matter, and their relationship had become for her at least a simple affair to satisfy her lust and turn her momentarily from the hatred she felt for the many men who sold their souls and gave their wealth and power away to satisfy themselves with her body.

For a year she had withheld her favours from all men, using her magick as a snare and a weapon to keep her dominance and power. She let them lust, and satisfy themselves with the whores she gave them. But she had enticed Thurstan, sending a wraith<sup>31</sup> to guide him to her house after she had found him through her crystal waiting bound in the van. Other forces had gathered round, surprising her, but she had fought them and gained control, moulding them to her will to bring the dead body of Vitek back and send Algar in terror to the hills.

She had sensed the other powers were trying to help Thurstan and keep him from her for some reason she did not understand, but she wanted him and would have her way.

---

<sup>31</sup> The mind is not capable of bringing anything to pass except it is accompanied by the emotional counterpart of the idea in living energy (a wraith or ghost). Feeling is the only language understood by the subconscious mind. How to create deep feeling is the secret of demonstration. So long as one depends upon the stimuli from without to cause action one has no power of initiative. Therefore, one must learn how to initiate activity in the inner mind, and produce deep feeling, independent of all external stimuli, by means of ideas. Thoughts create feeling; repeated feeling creates function; function becomes automatic habit. Thought is Power. Place the most ideal Sinister Tarot Card in front of you so that your eyes may easily rest upon it as you keep your Tetrahedron or quartz crystal in your both hands. Arrange on the table before you brief statements, wishes or mottoes and practice visualisation and contemplation of them. Add to this any and all means to capture the wayward senses: Satanic Invocations or Chants, incense, or an unfolding dark red rose, symbolising your own unfolding Self. A symbol, whether an object or an idea, provides a mental centre to which the mind gradually attaches itself, and as consciousness identifies with the metaphysical significance beneath the idea, metaphysical perception even sinister is aroused in terms of the idea. Pathworking, here gazing with intent towards the chosen Sinister Tarot Card unifies the whole consciousness in one undivided vibratory wave. Daily practice of Pathworking will develop and establish this wave impulse and consciousness will be lifted to the required levels. As only perfect models are used for copy in the educational world, so only perfect sinister models as the Dark Gods should be imagined for sinister work of thought transmission or telepathy. The Sinister Tarot Card, or any other symbol or picture will give perfect visualisation and definition, feed the mind on the Abyssal Wish or Ideal, deepen feeling and initiate activity in the inner mind, enunciating corresponding electro-motive force throughout the organism and beyond. In the old saga, Wotan sought a drink from the fountain at the roots of the great tree of Ywyr. It was guarded by three Sybils (as for us three Dark Gods as “Nythra, Kthunae, Atazoth”) who demanded that he surrender one eye in payment. Thereafter Wotan walked one-eyed through the world, afire with vision, blind to old allurements. Thought subjected to the internal fires of the human dynamo becomes powerful electro-motive force. Through scientific use of the thinking apparatus new causes can be set in motion that readjust, restore and recover the self and affairs. Thought is a substantial force in the world like electricity and heat capable of benefiting or destroying the one who uses it. As man is the machinery of thought, he should know its comic laws and how to govern it, because his life is involved in every impulse that passes through him. Man has thought of conquest as relating only to his external world, unmindful of the sea of forces that passes through him. The Satanist’s inmost motives challenge the forward movement of sinister energy. The Satanist thinks in living forces, which respond with exact fidelity to the thought seed thrown into it.

**Her crystal reached out to him upstairs where an elemental spirit<sup>32</sup>, born from one of her rituals, waited to work her will, hovering by the bed she had left. The spirit<sup>33</sup> was guarding him, shielding him from other powers, but she had only to transform her thought through the crystal for the elemental to cause Thurstan’s death and break the heavy chains that now seemed to bind her to his Earth.**

But she did nothing. She was intrigued by **the other powers she had felt and by his crystal that she had found<sup>34</sup>**. There was also, for her, a promise in the feelings she felt for him – there seemed to be new pleasures awaiting, new experiences to enhance her life. She began to think of what these might be – of what it would be like to talk with someone, just to be with someone, who seemed to love her, not her power, wealth of influence. **Someone whose lust, though real and strong, was bound with sensitivity and who sought through it an ecstasy of sharing beyond the physical; someone who gave, and did not just take<sup>35</sup>**. She had captivated him at first, but not as she had expected: not as she had captivated all the merely lustful men before him. He had seen beyond them to another world.

These thoughts pleased and disturbed her, but she sensed he had awoken from his dream and waited, strangely tense, for him to find her. When he did, and stood in the doorway of her Temple, she hid her feelings before trying to destroy them.

She did not succeed. **The crystal began to glow<sup>36</sup>, betraying her as it pulsed to the beat of her heart<sup>37</sup>**. He walked past it, drew the glow onto his hand and offered it to her. She stared at him as he stood before her smiling. Then, before she could open her hand to receive his gift, the light in the Temple faded, and then was gone, leaving only the glow he held before her.

---

<sup>32</sup> Rhythm or thought vibration is the common denominator of ideas. An idea received into the brain dynamo by means of the senses is reduced there to its common denominator, wave impulse, and conveyed to the communicating centres in the human organism and without in the universal code, vibration, enunciating itself in exact correspondence to the idea.

<sup>33</sup> At the deepest part of the unconscious layer lies the collective unconscious with its archetypes and it can guide us if we are open and ready to draw the energy and potential to transform. (The brain gives us touch, insight, smell and language. It is the storehouse for our memories. It controls the beating of our hearts, the rate at which we sweat, the pace of our breathing and countless other bodily functions. Its outward-reaching neural fibres extend to every region of the body. It is the bridge between our inner lives and outer world. The brain can do all these things because it is complex, flexible, adaptive and self-organising.)

<sup>34</sup> The Tetrahedron or quartz crystal of the Satanist is an important part of him or herself.

<sup>35</sup> After gathering sufficient ego strength, we encounter and delight in erotic-sensuality, which is in the hypocritical Christian society of ours an estranged, forbidden, and denigrated subject. It is at this later stage that dreams can be confronted and evoke frank discussions concerning “voluptuous lust and sexual engagement.” However, the discussion of “sacred erotic-sensuality” as an archetypal masculine or feminine notion, central to a God or Goddess’ of the Wyrd Cosmogony, seems not fully ready for conscious integration as of yet. We have to learn to accept an archetypal perception that “Sexual Divinity” is a **sacred path**, in accordance with the God or Goddess’ mentorship. A young Satanist brought the following dream: “My lover is chased by a group of men, apparently evil, as compared to his innocent values. As he is chased away, he passes me a note which I hide in my vagina. I choose the vagina as a hiding place because it is a part of my body where I feel a lot of power.” She was unaware of the archetypal symbol of the sacred vulva. Anyway she reclaimed her innate power, her share in the sacred vulva. Every Satanist should be concerned with the dignity and sacredness of the God’s phallus and the Goddess’ vulva. “Return often and take me beloved sensation, return and take me...., ... my sensual life how plainly I see their meaning there... The joy and the essence of my life is the story of the hours when I found and sustained sensual delights as I desired it.” From C.P. Cavafy in “The Complete Poems of Cavafy (Rae Dalven, ed.)

<sup>36</sup> Get warm in her hands.

<sup>37</sup> The beat of the heart is felt in the tetrahedron or the quartz crystal.

A multitude of babbling, hissing voices broke the silence.

“He is ours!” one clear voice said.

“Ours!” a second and third repeated.

The powers she had felt before were stronger now and she strove to cast them away by **casting her thoughts into her crystal**<sup>38</sup>, but the glow on Thurstan’s hand dimmed, then died.

39

**There was laughter in the Temple, the smell of rotting flesh as, slowly, a luminous shape began to form in the corner**<sup>40</sup>. **It began to resemble a bearded man with green skin who held in his hands a crook and a whip, and from whose eyes fine filaments emerged to move toward where Melanie sat.**

She knew they would form a web to imprison her. She formed her own will into purple<sup>41</sup> strands to form a wall before her but the filaments snaked easily around it before

---

<sup>38</sup> The other day, when my lover was gone satisfied with the shared erotic sensations between us, I lifted up my heavy and large quartz crystal in both hands slowly, uttering the necessary words of power, binding my lover as a slave to my own lusts, saying to conclude, “Transmit”. After, the necessary words were spoken with intent and faith; I placed the crystal where my lover sat naked as the body’s warmth and exciting odour were still present when he had just left. A few hours later, I removed the crystal to its place on the altar, thanking the Dark God (Goddess) and the crystal for the given assistance. “I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am another God.” My esoteric training has handed me the appropriate tools to relate to psychic contents; the development of a symbolic attitude in seeking the meaning behind our inner and outer lives. Basic concepts underlie the symbolic approach. The collective unconscious, or the objective psyche, is composed of archetypal patterns. Archetypes function autonomously in cosmic unchangeable patterns. The pure but sinister eternal forms are filled with human experiences.

<sup>39</sup> Drawing : Anon.

<sup>40</sup> Through Pathworking, which is another method of meditation, the powers of the Higher Self (Deeper Self or Soul) are unfolded. Each channel through which the Higher Self expresses itself carries latent within itself certain inherent potencies, but the Higher Self, which is the source of them all, has them in their just and most sublimated form. The physical eye, for instance, is the organ of physical vision. Clairvoyance, as to our text, is the same potency demonstrating in what is regarded as the psychical world, **the world of illusion, of feeling and emotion**. In the “Higher Self” (Deeper or Abyssal Self, the Soul), this same power shows forth as dark perception, and infallible sinister vision. The higher correspondences of the physical and psychical powers are brought into functioning activity through Pathworking (meditation).

<sup>41</sup> **The use of colours.** These colours are : Blue, Indigo, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red and Violet. These seven streams of colour are the product of logoc pathworking or meditation on the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð. Evil words meditated, chanted, brooded, conceived mentally, forms an ideal Abyssal world, to build it up in thought. Certain things can be said for a start about colours:

- (1) It has to do with pathworking (the sinister form of meditation), therefore it has an impact on form.
- (2) It is the result of sound uttered through chants and the like as the conclusion of pathworking.
- (3) In these seven colours, and their sinister comprehension, lies the capacity of the sinister man to do as does the Dark Gods and Goddesses.
- (4) Colours have certain effects on the different vehicles, and on the spheres on which the sinister man can function. When it is known by the Satanist which colour is applicable to which sphere, and which colour therefore is the basic hue for that sphere, he has grasped the fundamental secret of macrocosmos and microcosmos, and can build his being by means of the same laws that the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð employs in maintaining its objective system. This is the secret that pathworking will eventually yield up to the initiate. The Lords of Hell (*ourselves*) in their work in connection with the spheres or planets of the Tree of Wyrð, may be spoken of in terms of the following colours:

Moon Sphere: Blue

writhing toward her. She cast an inverted seven-pointed star at them, but her star shattered and was obliterated. Sweating from the effort, she held her hands outstretched before her in readiness to absorb the power that came toward her, tensing her body to try and cast it into her crystal and send it out into acausal spaces where it would die.

**She felt Thurstan beside her and the heat of his hand as he touched her shoulder. In the instant of his touch the mocking laughter stopped. She did not know what was happening for Thurstan’s face had become a dark void filled with stars, but she felt herself become stronger. A chaos of energies rushed from the void to be transferred to her by Thurstan’s touch, but the energies were not hostile and she shaped them by her foe. The demon greedily ate the filaments before devouring the green bearded man.**

---

Mercury Sphere: Yellow

Venus Sphere: Green

Sun Sphere: Orange

Mars Sphere: Red

Jupiter Sphere: Violet

Saturn Sphere: Indigo

White (?) Occult hypocrites call our colours “cosmic evil”, and say they are involutory, and as such the media for Dark Forces. They say, “They are such hues as brown, grey, the loathsome purple, and the lurid greens that are contacted in the dark places of the earth, on the emotional plane, and on the lower level of the mental plane. They call them negations, as our tones are lower than the note of nature. And they continue, “They are the offspring of night, esoterically understood.” With these remarks, we know at least how to choose colours for our artwork and pathworking.

Certain brief statements of colour seems to be in place as follows:

**Blue:** It is the culmination, and the attainment of all synthesis, the solar night represented by the Moon Sphere.

**Yellow:** It harmonises, marking completion and fruition. The blending of blue (Moon Sphere) and of yellow (Mercury Sphere) has much to do with the production of mental activity, resulting in fruition and harvest.

**Green:** It is the basis of the activity of Nature. Green stimulates and heals. It is the great ray for Satanic evolution and growth on Earth, and sexual activity.

**Orange:** It is the symbol of Flame, and therefore marks burning. Exoteric orange is a blend of yellow (Mercury Sphere) and red (Mars Sphere).

**Red:** White (?) Occultism considers this colour as being most difficult, ranking as undesirable. They claim that ‘red’ is the colour of evil desire, and the picture of the dark and lurid reds. Forceful is the merging of red, green and blue completing the ‘Sinister Work’: Green the activity system; blue the hidden knowledge system; and, red the power system. Through the red, we make everything white in the blood, and that means “destruction and restoration”, or ‘chaos’ in order to restore.

**Violet:** It is the power ray for ritual and ceremonial order.

**Indigo:** As for blue. The Moon Sphere and the Saturn Sphere are the two extreme poles like the North and South poles of planet Earth. Indigo and blue are of high level.

As you go along on the Sinister pathway, unlock three mysteries:

- (1) In the relationship between indigo (Saturn Sphere), blue (Moon Sphere), and yellow (Mercury Sphere) lies hid a secret for you unlock.
- (2) In the relationship between green (Venus Sphere), orange (Sun Sphere), and red (Mars Sphere), another secret is to be unlocked.
- (3) In the relationship between blue (Moon Sphere), red (Mars Sphere), and violet (Jupiter Sphere) lies still another mystery to unlock and activate for Satanic evolutionary development.

Use these colours in your pathworkings. Sinister life shows colours, and achievement perfects those colours, while the intelligence aspect forms the energising link. Do understand.

**Then it too vanished, leaving Melanie and Thurstan standing naked beside each other in the soft light of the perfumed Temple.<sup>42</sup>**

**When she looked at Thurstan, she realised he was in a trance<sup>43</sup>. She sat him down gently and stroked his face until he awoke.**

He was surprised to find himself in the Temple and embarrassed by his nakedness.

“Are you alright?” Melanie asked.

“Yes, thanks,” said Thurstan blushing and covering his genitals with his hands. “I must have been dreaming!”

“What did you dream?”

“I was on this dead planet – in a city. Alone. Then I saw you. There was a shadow near you which I seemed to think was threatening you, so I came to you and held your hand. Strange though – I thought I woke up.”

There was no guile in Thurstan’s face as Melanie looked: and in that instant he seemed an innocent child. He sought to hold her hand as if for reassurance and she did not refuse. **She looked at him, as he sat smiling and embarrassed, then at her crystal and then at Thurstan again, realising as she did so that in some way she did not yet understand Thurstan was a gate to her gods, a medium, perhaps that anyone might use.** It was not thought of using him and his psychic gifts that made her kneel down, beside him and kiss his lips, but a strange desire to somehow share again the moment when he had first touched her hand and trembled – to discover again the joy that his body had brought her, the feeling she had felt when she had examined his face and found a curious trust.

He responded readily to her kiss and they made slow, tender love on the floor of her Temple. **Melanie was receptive to him through her burgeoning feelings of love, and felt herself drawing power to him. She let this power build within her before trying to transfer it by an act of will to her crystal but even she was surprised at the ease of this and the extent of the power she had stored. The crystal began to glow<sup>44</sup>, and in her orgasm she felt possessed of the power of a goddess<sup>45</sup>.** But she did nothing with her new found power, and let it rest safely in the crystal in her Temple before realising, as Thurstan

---

<sup>42</sup> A little further we read that Thurstan was a gate to her gods, and perhaps a medium.

<sup>43</sup> The death of an activity or a cessation of functioning on any level of consciousness for the sake of a higher, or deeper, Abyssal experience. The mind illumined by the “Higher Self” becoming the controlling factor.

<sup>44</sup> The Tetrahedron or quartz crystal, being a part of yourself, and having kept it in your hands for most of the time during Pathworking or any other Ritual, is holding the warmth of your body.

<sup>45</sup> The vagina is a present-day term for the vulva, a principal symbol within the mythological repository of ancient Goddesses. The Goddesses, identified with Nature, encompassed Nature’s entire range of powers. Nature endowed the various Goddesses with inherent sovereignty above all existence. The Goddess’ dignity was located in the vulva, as documented in the earliest written records. The vulva was, above all else, a sacred place imbued with mystic meaning. The Goddess’ vulva connoted a primordial place of female power – the seat of life’s affirmation, an abode of desirousness and ecstatic passions. The most intimate contact with the feminine matrix is commanded by the unconscious. According to the dream, the archetypal masculine values of the mind must urgently connect to the vulva, the core of ancient feminine consciousness, in order for restoration or healing to take place. The active reaching out by the masculine into the female essence, the vulva, is of vital importance. Without the crucial feminine to balance the collective patriarchal principle, psychic reality becomes barren. The vulva alone, or rather what it symbolises, can cure the ailing warrior.

breathed in her ear the words of his love, that it was her own feelings of love that were the key.

She lay for a long time while Thurstan caressed her and their sweat dried slow, wondering about the meaning of this in the context of her Satanic life. But only vague feelings, needs and desires suffused her and she led him from her Temple in the quiet house to her bed. He was soon asleep, entwined round her warm body, **while she inwardly watched the shadows that gathered outside her house, held away by the power she had stored in her crystal**<sup>46</sup>. They beat down, screaming, leering and threatening, upon the auric protective sphere<sup>47</sup> that enclosed her and her lover, desiring her death or at least a chance to lead Thurstan away. These shades of the dead and the dying were like rain to her, and she listened, safe and warm, while they beat noisily down.

In the morning, they were gone. But they had sucked her crystal dry. Melanie slept on, her body pressed close to Thurstan’s, while in her garden Algar waited, ready to kill her with the billhook he held in his hand.

---

<sup>46</sup> One’s stored Tetrahedron or quartz crystal is protective, and acts to your command, when finally you say “transmit”.

<sup>47</sup> Subtle invisible essence or fluid which emanates from human and animal bodies, and even from things. It is a psychic effluvium, partaking of both mind and body. It is electro-vital, and also electro-mental. When one’ is animated by a single high desire for protection, the effect is intensified and strong in radius. The initiate acts as a focal point for that power, and passing it through his aura, the last spreads it all around. For those who can clairvoyantly view the scene, the beauty of the geometrical forms is unbelievable, and that dark beauty is enhanced by the radiant auras of the Dark Gods of the Tree of Wyrð.

## XI

Ezra Pead lived surrounded by mould and mites. The mould rose up the feet of the furniture in his small, dark cottage at the end of a muddy track between the two high hills that shielded him from most of the sun, while the mites could be seen scurrying away from anything he touched.

The wood-burning stove in his kitchen lay broken and unrepaired, letting damp seep up the walls and wood-lice to cover the floor, and he cooked soups on a small gas-burning ring. He was not an old man, but bore himself like one and dressed like a tramp, his beard matted and long. The large sums of money his father had left him he left unused in a bank, and he walked the three miles to the small town of Stretton once a week to withdraw the few pounds he needed to keep himself alive.

Like his cottage, Ezra Pead was slowly falling decay. His cottage smelt and was like an overgrown, wild forest whose floor is alive and where green fungi crept slowly up trees and where strangling ivy thickens and hardens as it grows round trunks, branches and stems seeking the canopy of leaves. What falls to the ground is captured by the myriad creatures that live mostly unseeing in the dampness, or covered by mould and by mites, or stolen to be eaten or stored away by insects. The roof did not leak, but Ezra Pead would not have cared if it did. He had plenty of buckets. He never opened windows which were covered by thickly spreading grime.

He spent his days reading the many books and manuscripts that surrounded him everywhere in chaos, or writing in one of the large vellum bound volumes that covered one of his three scriptorium desks. Unlike his features or dwelling, his handwriting was beautiful, and he used a quill-pen and ink that he made himself.

All his books and all his writings were about alchemy or magick. When darkness came, he would light a candle and retire to the room where he slept. There, where no windows relieved the dampness of the walls and where only a rusting metal bed stood upon the floor, he would cast his spells into the night. All his reading, spells and writing were directed toward one end: to discover the secret of life and so make himself immortal. Every night he invoked demons<sup>48</sup> from the pages of the medieval Grimoires he possessed, for he had read once and long ago when young that some of these demons know the secret. So he invoked, and questioned them, night after night and year after year. Baratchial, Zamradial, Niantiel, Belphegor, Lucifuge ... he knew legions of hell well, and although the answers they gave him he did not often understand, he wrote them all down in his book after the conjuration was over and his ritual banished complete. A demon named Shulgin he invoked most of all using his ceremonial circle, names of power and sword – but the demon spoke backwards in a numbered code and transcribing the messages took many hours of his day, as breaking the original code had taken over a year of his life.<sup>49</sup>

---

<sup>48</sup> See further for explanation of the word “Demon”. The Demons belong to our own world of thought. We create Demons ourselves.

<sup>49</sup> Recommended reading for information on the subject : “The Book of Black Magic, by Arthur Edward Waite.” (Samuel Weiser, Inc., York Beach, Maine.)

But the years of his work wore down his body, and he began to wish for a better means to find the answers that he sought. He possessed an insane faith in the demons he invoked, **and it did not seem to matter to him that most of the information he obtained was meaningless or wrong.** He checked and re-checked the answers, searching patiently among the books and manuscripts. There were enough answers over the years which could be corroborated with the little he already knew or could find in his books to keep his faith in the quest, **and it never once occurred to him that this quest was destroying the life which he hoped to prolong.**

Sometimes, he would venture from his cottage in search of herbs to grind and make into incense or oils to aid his invocations, talking to himself while he walked. All his original ideas and expectations had been eroded over the years – there was no stone for him to make by alchemical means, no potion for him to drink. He had tried both ways, led by his manuscripts and demons, but his alchemical apparatus lay dismantled in his shed together with the rare juices of plants and bizarre ingredients he had used. His apparatus and ingredients had come from a dealer only too eager to indulge his expensive needs, but the cost made little difference to the money he kept in the bank.

For almost a year, following the ten years of his alchemical work, an idea had come to possess him. Something was happening that was threatening his quest. His demons<sup>50</sup> were becoming increasingly disturbed or disorientated. Sometimes his invocations did not succeed – or he obtained a jumble of form as if someone or something was disrupting the energies. He felt something himself – a force darker than the demons he knew. An ancient manuscript gave him the clue – the cosmic tides were changing, or rather being changed by someone. The very balance of the hidden universe was threatened.

Minor ripples in these tides were no stranger to him, but these did nothing to change in any significant way the current Osirian energies that he worked with and which for centuries had passed over the Earth, partly due to the rites of the Church of the Nazarene and those who followed its faith, for they belonged to the same world as him. He was only part of the darker side. He knew a change was coming, symbolised by the son of Osiris<sup>51</sup> as a child, but this

---

<sup>50</sup> Demons, or even ‘evil spirits’, **are purely conditions of mind, or states of consciousness**, that have been developed because the sinister creative power of man has been used, either in a wise or unwise or an ignorant way. If in thought or in word you are using your creative power even in a sinister way, you are bringing forth an ego or a personality of like character. The mind builds states of consciousness that becomes established in brain and body.

<sup>51</sup> Like the Dark Gods and Goddesses of the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð, all Egyptian deities are manifestations of the whole cosmos, and so ambivalent: even Osiris the merciful is sometimes in early myth an enemy of Re, and a usually destructive deity such as Seth can be helpful to his own worshippers. The Pharaoh himself is morally divided, “That beneficent god, the fear of whom is throughout the countries like (the fear of) Sekhmet in the year of plague...He fights without end, he spares not... He is a master of graciousness, rich in sweetness, and he conquers by passionate love.” No deity ever becomes the principle of evil, but in one god, Seth, the destructive and inharmonious element is more evident than in others. The myth of Seth as the antagonist of the sky god Hor or Horus (hor = “face” or “sky”) is as ancient as the Pyramid texts; the hostility between the two grows in time, and finally in the Hellenistic period Seth has become almost entirely evil. Some scholars interpret the origin of the myth as political: Horus is a god of Lower Egypt, the north, and Seth is a god of upper Egypt, the south. Others insist that Seth and Horus (or Osiris in the myths) are deities of opposite ecologies. Seth representing the dry desert and Horus or Osiris the black earth or the fertilising Nile. Egypt is one of the few cultures in which black is not the colour of evil, but the colour of the fertile, life-giving alluvial plains of the delta. Red was the evil colour, the hostile hue of the scorching sands. Because of Seth’s association with the desert, his colour most commonly is red, and red-haired or ruddy people were considered in some special way his own. Plutarch and Herodotus comment that the Egyptians sacrificed (*offer*) redheaded people. Seth is usually portrayed as a reddish animal whose species no one has been able to identify and which therefore is simply called the Seth-

change was a natural progression that would not affect his own work or alter in any meaningful manner the balances of power on the Earth, despite the rhetoric of some of its adherents.

But this new distortion was different. If it succeeded, it would bring a new Aeon which had no magickal Word to describe it – an Aeon of Chaos. He spent months searching his manuscripts and books for answers. Parcels of books arrived regularly from his dealer – they were read, then discarded, to suck more mould from the floor.

He began to realise that he was near the centre of the disruption, but the demons he invoked to question were incoherent or would not appear. **He needed the blood of sacrifices**<sup>52</sup>. The dealer brought him a dog, which he kept chained outside. **He began using**

---

animal. Whatever the political or geographical matrix of the conflict of Horus and Seth, “to the religious historian, the action in the foreground is not merely a reflection of the background.” One valuable interpretation of the conflict is psychological. It can be understood as the separation of a unity whose parts strive for reunification. Seth and Horus the Elder are brothers. In an alternative version, Seth and Osiris and Isis, is Seth’s nephew. Sibling deities in mythology are almost always to be taken as doublets of the same being, so that Seth is one half of a one or another of the Horuses or as Osiris. Seth and Horus were worshiped together in the early dynastics, and their twin natures sometimes represented in one two-headed deity. As Horus’ alter ego, Seth defends the high gods against the wrong and is responsible for rescuing Re from the attack of the enemy serpent Apep. But the Seth/Horus doublet twins and comes into conflict. Being a violation of *ma’at*, this disharmony is malevolence and must be resolved. Horus the sky god and Osiris the dying and rising saviour god (*like the Nazarene*) were very popular and on the whole represent “good”. That Seth is in conflict with his “good” doublet means that he himself has to be to some extent “evil.” He, therefore, sets about to do the opposite of what is needed; rather than seeking union and harmony with Horus/Osiris, he seeks to destroy his adversary. Seth tricks Osiris into getting into a large chest, locks it up, and sinks it in the Nile, but Osiris’s wife/sister Isis recovers the body and resurrects it. Osiris had to die that he might live and that his resurrection might give hope to mankind. Seth’s killing of Osiris is thus a necessary act, but one which, as with Judas Iscariot later, is not imputed to him as a virtue. The Nazarene’s story of salvation, narrated by the Evangelists and Apostle Paul mainly, is strangely enough the same as the one of Osiris’ death, resurrection and hope for mankind. “Think on these things!” Pure mythology, and since long a very strong archetype, Osiris who fed his people with his own broken body in this life, and who held out to them a promise of a blissful eternity in a better world hereafter, naturally reigned supreme in their affections. We need not wonder, therefore, that in Egypt the worship of the other gods was overshadowed by that of Osiris, and that while they were revered each in his own district, and he and his divine partner Isis were adored in all.

#### <sup>52</sup> A Gift for the Prince

A Guide to Human Sacrifice (For Info Only)

In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth [sometimes called 'The Lady Master' ] usually takes on the rôle of the dark or 'violent' goddess, Baphomet, and the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan - the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess, the bride of our Prince.

Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed, or stored - for example in a crystal) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities'. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of sacrifice, is disruptive - that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that human sacrifice furthers the work of Satan.

Sacrifice can be voluntary, of an individual; involuntary, of an individual or two; or result from events brought about by Satanic ritual and/or planning (such as wars). Voluntary sacrifice results from the traditional Satanist belief that our life on this planet is only a stage: a gateway or nexion to another existence. This other existence is in the acausal realm where the Dark Gods exist. The key to this other existence is not negation, but rather ecstasy. A Satanist revels in life because by living life in a joyful, ecstatic way, the acausal that exists within us

**necromancy to bring him the spirits of the dead, sacrificing often by sending the dog out to bring a victim back. Sheep were not a problem, for they roamed the hills around his cottage, and he would sever their necks letting blood pour to his floor while he chanted his invocations. And when it was over, he would burn the body in a pit outside while the spirits he had raised gathered round.**

He found his answers. He did not know the identity of the person who was trying to break through the causal dimensions and draw to Earth the energies of Chaos, but he knew the area from where the forces were being drawn down and sent his reluctant spirits to guard it.

---

all by virtue of our being, is strengthened. For Satanists, not only the manner of living is important, but also the manner of death. We must live well and die at the right time, proud and defiant to the end - not waiting sickly and weak. The scum of the Earth wail and tremble as they face Death: we stand laughing and spit with contempt. Thus do we learn how to live.

Voluntary sacrifice usually occurs every seventeen years as part of the Ceremony of Recalling: the one chosen becomes Immortal, living in the acausal to haunt the edge of the minds of those un-initiated.

An involuntary sacrifice is when an individual or individuals are chosen by a group, Temple or Order. Such sacrifices are usually sacrificed on the Spring Equinox, although if this is not possible for whatever reason, another date may be used. While voluntary sacrifices are always male (and usually twenty-one years of age) there are no restrictions concerning involuntary sacrifices other than the fact that they are usually in some way opponents of Satanism or the Satanic way of living.

Great care is needed in choosing a sacrifice: the object being to dispose of a difficult individual or individuals without arousing undue suspicion. A Temple or group wishing to conduct such a sacrifice with magickal intent must first obtain permission from the Grand Master or Grand Lady Master.

If this is given, then detailed preparation must begin. First, choose the sacrifice(s) - those whose removal will actively benefit the Satanist cause. Candidates are zealous interfering Nazarenes, those (e.g. journalists) attempting to disrupt in some way established Satanist groups or Orders, political/ business individuals whose activities are detrimental to the Satanist spirit, and those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic and/or improve the human stock.

There are three methods of conducting an involuntary sacrifice: (1) by magickal means (e.g. the Death Ritual); (2) by some person or persons directly killing the sacrifice(s); (3) by assassination.

Both (2) and (3) can be undertaken either directly by the group/Temple/Order and its members, or by proxy. Proxy involves the Master or Mistress finding a suitably weak-willed individual and then implanting in the mind of that individual - usually by hypnosis - a suitable suggestion.

Whatever method is chosen, a date for the sacrifice should be set and on that date a suitable ritual undertaken. This ritual is most usually the Death Ritual - if method (3) is chosen, the Ritual is performed twice: first, seven days before the chosen date, and then on the date itself while the member/proxy is undertaking the sacrifice. The energy of this latter ritual is then directed (or temporarily stored), or dispersed over Earth, by the person conducting the ritual.

Method (2) involves the Ritual of Sacrifice. The victim or victims are brought or enticed to the area chosen for the Ritual, bound by the Guardian of the Temple and at the appropriate point in the Ritual sacrificed by either the Master or the Mistress using the Sacrificial Knife. The body or bodies are then buried or otherwise disposed of, care being taken if they are found for suspicion not to fall on any of those involved. Those involved, of course, must be sworn to secrecy and warned that if they break their oath, their own existence will be terminated. Breaking the Oath of Sacrifice draws upon the individual or individuals who break that Oath, the vengeance of all Satanic groups, Order and individuals - and this vengeance is both magickal and more direct, the Master or Mistress of the Ritual appointing Guardians to hunt down and kill those who have broken the Oath.

Those who participate in the Ritual of Sacrifice must revel in the death(s) - it being the duty of the Master and Mistress to find suitable participants.

ONA 1984 eh (revised 1994 eh)

His ancient manuscript told of dark entities that were waiting to be returned to Earth to drink their fill of human blood. Atazoth, Athushir, Darkat ... such were some of their names. Once summoned, they could not be returned. To be summoned, they needed a human sacrifice of a special kind.<sup>53</sup>

<sup>53</sup> His ancient manuscript told of dark entities that were waiting to be returned to Earth to drink their fill of human blood. (From “Naos” – A practical Guide to Modern Magick, Skull Press Edition (© 1999), pages 74/75)

TABLE II

<b>Noctulius:</b>	Deity of night. Useful in works of enchantment. Earth based. Key for chant: G minor. Perfume – petriochor.
<b>Nythra:</b>	Energy vortex in Abyss – nameless in itself but represented by vibration of word. Works of terror and sinister destruction.
<b>Shugara:</b>	One of the most hideous intrusions possible on the causal level and very dangerous. G major key for invoking chant. Manifestations often are accompanied by a smell similar to rotting flesh.
<b>Asoth:</b>	Dark female force. Works of passion and death. The name should be vibrated.
<b>Azanigin:</b>	Mother of all demons who lie waiting in Earth. Key of B minor. Very useful to invoke in works of personal destruction.
<b>Shaitan:</b>	Long held to be an Earth bound representative for the Dark Gods. Perfume/incense – sulphur. Name to be vibrated. Stone – opal.
<b>Nekalah:</b>	Collective name for race of Dark Gods. Name to be vibrated in manner similar to Atazoth.
<b>Ga Wath Am:</b>	Vibration of this releases powerful energies. A key ( <i>when used with a crystal tetrahedron</i> ) to all the dark forces of the Abyss. Not to be vibrated without careful preparation. According to tradition the words means ‘ <b>the power within me is great</b> ’ a reference to the pathways within which lead to the Dark Gods.
<b>Binan Ath:</b>	As above. Said to mean ‘ <b>Behold the Fire!</b> ’
<b>Lidagon:</b>	Symbolic representation of the union of the two sexual opposites ( <i>Darkat and Dagon</i> ) in their darker aspects.
<b>Abatu:</b>	An earth bound form of destructive/negative energy. Associated with rites of sacrifice. F sharp major key for chant.
<b>Karu Samsu:</b>	Word of power along the 12 <sup>th</sup> path – to be chanted in the key of A flat major. According to tradition it means ‘ <b>I invoke the sun.</b> ’
<b>Nemicu:</b>	Bringer of wisdom. To be vibrated.
<b>Mactoron:</b>	Word of power of 14 <sup>th</sup> . path – chanted in key of A minor. Legend recalls it as representing the name for one of the planetary homes of the Dark Gods, later famed as an early Star Gate.
<b>Atazoth:</b>	The most powerful of the Dark Gods. The name itself ( <i>which correctly describes the entity only when chanted properly</i> ) signifies in one sense the purpose of the cosmic cycles and the opening of the gates since ‘Atazoth’ as a word means ‘an increasing of azoth.’ See chant illustration.
<b>Davcina:</b>	Female form along the 19 <sup>th</sup> . path. To be vibrated. Useful in works of enchantment.
<b>Athushir:</b>	Symbolic form along the 16 <sup>th</sup> . path. Serpent of fire ( <i>‘dragon’</i> ) often regarded as a memory of one of the Dark Gods during their previous ( <i>and only partially successful</i> ) intrusion into our causal universe.
<b>Kthunae</b>	Word of power (Kthunae) to be vibrated to bring forth this entity.
<b>Budsturga:</b>	A blue, aetherial entity related to 13 <sup>th</sup> . path. Tradition relates it as a Dark God, of female aspect, trapped in the vortex between the causal and acausal spaces. In one sense represents hidden wisdom – but generally dangerous to sanity. Partially manifest when Nemicu vibrated.

His own work had wrought changes in the astral planes<sup>54</sup>, drawing to his cottage another Adept. Ezra Pead did not like the man who arrived at his cottage. Jukes did not like Ezra Pead either, nor the squalor he found. But a vision by his Priestess had brought him, and her trance warnings made him stay, offering his help and that of his Temple of Ma’at<sup>55</sup>, to prevent the Dark Gods returning. ‘We have a common aim,’ he had said, and Pead, reluctant, had agreed. ‘They cannot be allowed to break the Current of Aiwaz.’

Jukes, stocky and squat, sincerely believed what he said. For over a year he had run his small Temple in London, helping by his acts of magick to further the Aeon of Ma’at. By day, he worked in an office, but at night, in his basement flat, he became High Priest for his gods. He had read widely on the subject of the Occult, made many contacts during the years of his searching, but he was surprised by the books and manuscripts that Pead possessed.

Avarice was a stranger to Jukes, but the rare books and manuscripts introduced them.

“They need a human sacrifice,” Pead said in his lipsing voice.

“Can we prevent it?”

“If we knew who it was.”

---

<b>Gaubni:</b>	Related to 2 <sup>nd</sup> path. Often called the Great Demon – revulsive smell and appearance. May manifest when Nythra vibrated.
<b>Sapanur:</b>	Form along the 11 <sup>th</sup> . path. The sudden fire of destruction. A primal atavism of human origin – not related to Dark Gods.
<b>Darkat:</b>	Goddess, associated with lunar aspects. The name is traditionally regarded as pre-Sumerian in origin of the myth of Lilitu/Lilith – the female counterpart of Dagon, remembered as one of the Dark Gods from their last manifestation on Earth. Associated with the 10 <sup>th</sup> . and 8 <sup>th</sup> . paths.

---

<sup>54</sup> The appearance of the astral plane when first definitely seen by the “opened eye” of the adept, is one of dense fog, confusion, changing forms, interpenetrating and intermingling colours, and is of such kaleidoscopic appearance that the hopelessness of the work seems overwhelming. The astral plane is the plane of illusion, of glamour, and of distorted presentation of Earthly reality. The reason for this is that the genuine Satanist on Earth is busy working on astral matter, and the potency of human desire and of world desire as it should, produces that constant “outpicturing” and form building as in art which leads to the most concrete effects of astral matter. There is no astral plane except in the consciousness of man, the fourth kingdom only. However, its potency slowly dies out; the mental man, the man today comes to realise his own true state of consciousness (whether developed or undeveloped).

<sup>55</sup> Evil is the disruption of Ma’at according to Ancient Egyptian Philosophy, the ordered, harmonious justice of the cosmos, by the individual. Evil is an isolated, individual act, and the individual is accountable in the Tuat for his life on earth. The location and nature of the Tuat is not certain, but it is generally understood to be the underworld. The soul of the dead person is weighed in the balance by the black, jackal-headed god Anpu (Anubis). Those found to be righteous live an eternal though shadowy existence, while the unrighteous who have violated Ma’at are tormented and then consumed by the jaws of the demons or by the fire of Re, the fire that gives life to the world but scorches and burns the unjust as it does the barren desert. The “demons” who torment the souls of the dead are really spirits or gods themselves, and not thoroughly evil. The fires of the Egyptian hell may have influenced the Jewish Gehenna and, through Gehenna, the Christian hell also. But note that the damned in India, China, and Japan were also frequently tormented by flames. Again, the question of diffusion versus spontaneous generation has not been resolved. The trident as an instrument of torture used by the demons upon the damned appears in Coptic texts of Christian times, but nowhere in Egyptian hieroglyphic texts. Do not forget that Christianity is first of all an Eastern religion, not a Western.

“Your manuscripts.”

“They are silent.”

“May I?”

Pead smiled. “Study them here? Of course.”

For two days he studied, while at night, he stayed in a hotel in the nearby town, slightly fearful of the obsessive Pead and the savage dog which strained on its chain snarling every time he entered and left. The filth and the squalor oppressed him while he worked, as avarice whispered cunning words in his ear, but he ignored them. On the third day he rose from the stool by a scriptorium desk, triumphant.

“So, they need a psychic, eh?” Pead said.

**“There is a ritual – the Ceremony of Recalling<sup>56</sup> – to which he is brought. The sacrifice, and it must be a man, is killed and the High Priestess washes in a basin full of his blood before calling the Dark Gods back to Earth.”**

“So, you found all this there?”

Jukes held the vellum manuscript carefully. “Yes. The first few pages are a blind – and the last few. Quotations from the Fathers of the Church. The real text begins here.”

Pead shrugged. “I cannot read Coptic.”

Jukes spent a day copying the manuscript while Pead watched over him. He was glad to leave and, returned to his flat, he burnt all his clothes before scrubbing himself clean in the bath. That night he summoned his Temple. The ritual began at the time he had agreed with Pead. He did not know what ritual Pead himself would do, but he had his suspicions and had not wanted to ask.

Jukes’ Temple was the room where he lived, lit by candles and perfumed by thick incense and his members sat on the floor touching hands<sup>57</sup>. It was not long before his Priestess was in trance, guided by the sigil that Pead had inscribed on parchment. She spoke of being by a forest where two men walked, leaving one who was bound. Of how spirits had gathered to help her. ‘Above his eyes – the one who sits waiting and bound – there glows a tattvic sign. He is the one we seek ... But there are horrors of which I cannot speak! Another will opposed with mine. Stronger – it casts me away and back...’

All night they tried, until, pale and exhausted, the Priestess slept, severing the astral link that had bound her to Pead and his spirits of death. And in the morning while a few rays of sun brightened for a few minutes the top of the basement window, she told of the battles of

---

<sup>56</sup> The Black Book of Satan (ONA’s Grimoire in a way), Three Volumes in One, Page 110 (Skull Press © 1999).

<sup>57</sup> This increases the “energy” among the members and in the room, so much that the Priestess was immediately in trance, guided by the sigil that Pead had inscribed on a parchment. Please find the “Sigils” of our Albion Dark Gods in “Appendix 1”.

the night that had drained their power away to leave the one who was chosen in the sanctuary of the Dark Gods’ Temple.

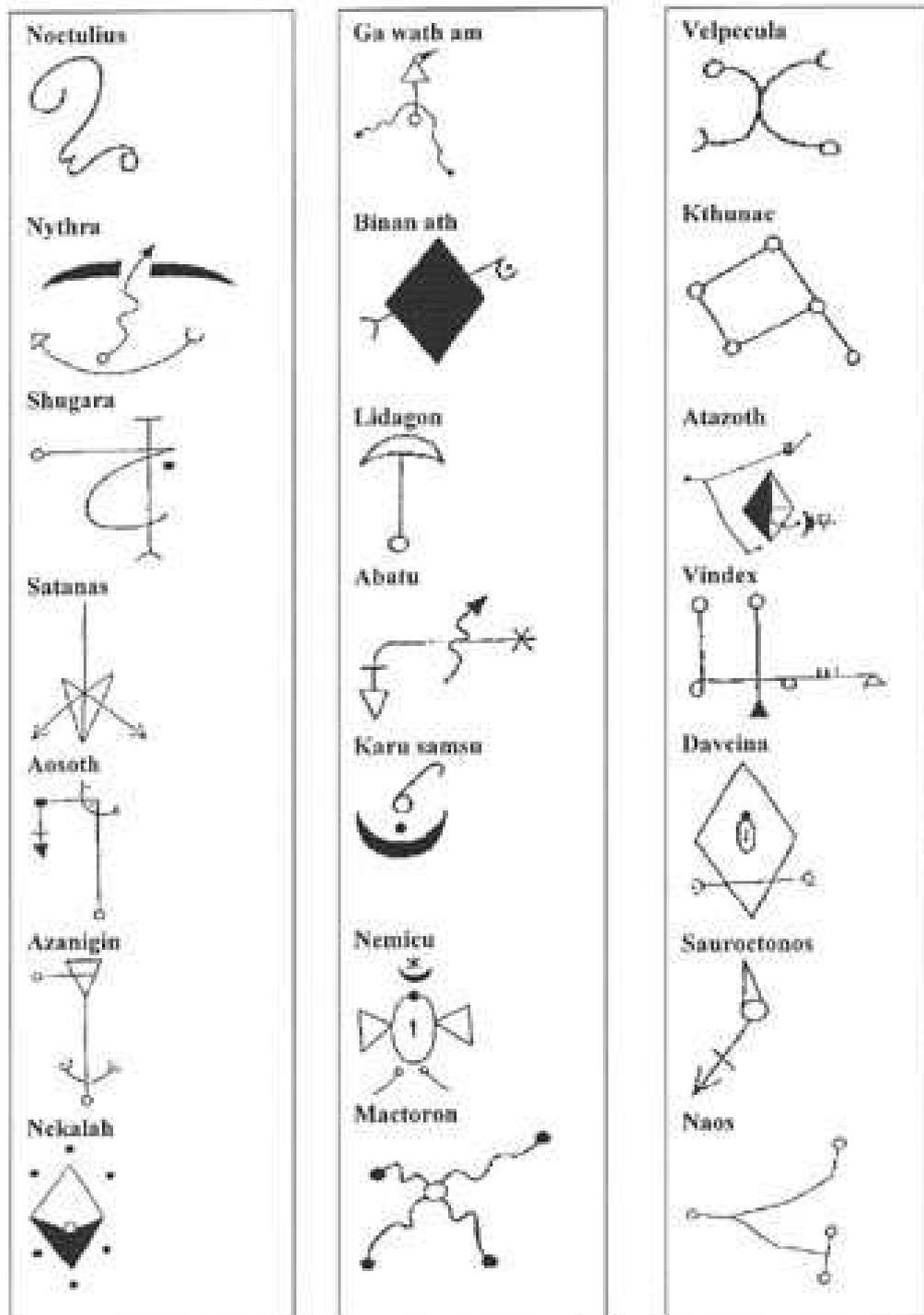
Jukes knew that where magick had failed, physical force might succeed.

“We must stop them!” he had said, his eyes bright with the fervour of his strange faith.

Outside, a solitary bird sung, unheard amid the early traffic that chuntered along the narrow London street.

## Appendix to Chapter XI

### Sigils



## XII

Melanie did not sleep for long. But there was no desire within her to rise and breakfast before using her telephones and telex<sup>58</sup> to establish the well-being of her world. She had done so for years, and it was a new experience for her to lie watching a man sleep in her bed. The few who in previous times had granted her favours for reasons of Satanic or financial power, she had told to leave after her conquest of them was complete.

She watched until he awoke, roused by her gentle caress of his face. She left him then, to dress and walk in her bare feet across the lawn of her walled garden. The sun was warm as she walked, intrigued by her feelings. There was a beauty about the world that she had never seen before. She felt this beauty in the blue of the sky, in the delicate colours of the flowers that bordered her lawn, in the sound of the wind as it rushed through the trees nearby. It was the warmth of the sun, the dampness of the grass, the silence that surrounded her. She understood that there were many worlds within the one on which she lived, brought to reality perhaps by a mood or a circumstance.

This world of beauty was real to her in a way that brought unusual feelings to her, but the world that she had left, yesterday, was still there – still full of the feelings she had felt: contempt for the members of her coven while she played her role as Mistress of Earth, hatred and a love of strife. Each year, each day of her life was a world into which she projected meanings, interpretations and from which she sought to wrest for herself money and power.

There were worlds beyond – alien worlds which she hoped to join with hers, bringing chaos and much that was strange. But she found a happiness in walking around her garden in the warming sun thinking about Thurstan. She wanted to make him her High Priest, share her power and wealth with him and enjoy the pleasure that she felt such a sharing would bring, ending the years of her loneliness.

She did not see, nor even sense such was her preoccupation, Algar creeping toward her and when she did her attempt to stop him by her magick power failed. She had no power. This startled her, and she could only watch in silence as Algar, grinning like the madman he had become, raised the billhook to slash at her throat.

She had begun to raise her arm to deflect the blow when Thurstan, sprinting across the lawn, jumped on Algar, knocking both of them over. Algar was screaming, trying to slash at Thurstan but Thurstan grappled and held his arm round Algar’s neck. They rolled over the dewy grass until Algar’s body went limp.

“I’ve killed him! I’ve killed him! I’ve killed him!” Thurstan said.

Melanie’s inspection of the body was brief. “Come one,” she said, “let us go inside.”

“But I’ve killed him.”

The beauty she had felt was destroyed. ‘He deserved it.’

---

<sup>58</sup> Teleprinter and exchange. A system for communication by teletypewriters wire-connected through automatic exchanges. Nowadays, it is no longer in use, replaced by the fax system, and obviously email.

“I didn’t mean to,” Thurstan tried to explain. “The Police!”

Melanie smiled. “There is no need to involve them.”

“But I’ve killed him.”

Melanie turned to face him. He was now quite calm, but perplexed. “There are some things you should know about me.”

“All I know is that I love you.”

With his words and the look on his face part of the beauty returned. She had been defenceless against Algar, and now she felt defenceless against Thurstan. She did not like either of the forms this defencelessness took, and walked with Thurstan into her house to arrange the removal and disposal of Algar’s body.

Thurstan followed her from room to room, listening amazed while she made her telephone calls. And when they were done and they sat waiting eating the breakfast he cooked, Melanie explained about her life. Thurstan listened, intently and gently smiling.

“So now you know the person you think you are in love with.”

Why did you tell me?”

“Because...” She turned away, appalled at herself. “In your cottage I found a crystal sphere.”

“I love you.”

Her feelings for Thurstan seemed to her to have stolen the personal power she had over people, and she was uncertain as to whether she cared about this. “You are not appalled by what I have told you?” she asked.

“No. Nor about the chap lying in your garden. He was going to harm you. I love you, so I stopped him. Simple really. The Police would ask too many questions.” He shrugged. “Considering what you have said, that is very understandable!”

“It will bind you to me.”

“Why do you think I have agreed?” he said directly.

“You are not afraid?”

“Of what?”

“That I might use this – to control you.”

“No.”

“Even after what you now know about me?”

“No – because I sense you love me even though you are afraid to say the words.”

She did not answer, but stared out of the window. “They should be here soon – to dispose of the body.”

“And then?”

“We shall go to your cottage!”

The two men who had taken Lois’ body arrived and Melanie talked to them briefly before they went to carry the dead High Priest to their van. Thurstan was in her secret Temple when she returned, having seen them depart.

“What do you feel?” she asked.

“About this crystal? That it shall take us to the stars!”

Intrigued, she asked, “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. Just a feeling. I remember you were a dream of my youth. Maybe I am your Destiny as you are mine.”

Melanie perceived forces gathering around them, as if a rent had appeared again but without her will in the metric of causal space<sup>59</sup> and acausal energies<sup>60</sup> were surrounding them.

---

<sup>59</sup> **Extract from “Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction” © Order of Nine Angles 1994.**

#### **I. Causal and Acausal**

An aeon is the term used to describe a stage or a type of evolution. Evolution itself is taken to result from a certain specific process - and this process can be described, or explained [or 're-presented'] via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes over or through or because of, 'time' - this 'time' having two components. These two components are the causal and the acausal.

More exactly, the cosmos itself can be described or explained or re-presented by acausal and causal space-time. Causal space-time is 4-dimensional: there are 3 spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and 1 time dimension, this time dimension being linear and unidirectional. That is, causal time 'flows' in one direction only from past to present to future. Causal time is defined by this one-way flow and by the moments which are used to mark the changes in this flow. [ In effect, causal space-time is the 'everyday' physical world we live in and can perceive by our physical senses. It is the world described by the laws of Physics.] Acausal space-time has n spatial dimensions [where n is at present undefined but is greater than 3 and less than infinity] and acausal time dimensions. The spatial dimensions of acausal space are not at right angles to each other. Further, acausal time is not unidirectional - it can flow in any direction - and it is not linear: that is, it has more than one component. In effect, acausal time (unlike causal time) has more than one time-dimension.

The acausal and the causal can be considered as two different 'universes'. The causal universe contains physical matter - that is, varying types of physical energy. We are familiar with the various forms of this physical matter - stars, planets, the rocks and elements forming the planets. The acausal universe likewise contains matter - acausal matter or energy. This acausal energy and its changes in acausal space-time can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and a representation of acausal time. At present, we are mostly unfamiliar with the types of acausal energy. However, the acausal universe intersects or manifests in the causal universe at specific places - that is, a particular type of acausal energy is present in the causal universe at these places. These places are life-forms or living organisms. That is, a living organism is a region of the cosmos where the fabric of causal space-time and the fabric of acausal space-time meet or 'intersect'. The more evolved, the more complex, the life-form or organism, the greater this intersection.

The Temple darkened while she stood breathless beside Thurstan watching her crystal become filled with stars. She touched him then, drawing his hands into hers, to feel the power tense her body as it would be tensed before orgasm relaxed it. But she did not feel the intoxication of power, nor the sensuous bliss that her many and varied pleasures had brought to her over the years of her reign. Instead, there was the quiet ecstasy of a gentle and suffusing love coupled with an expectation, a promise of vistas yet to be explored but waiting. But it was soon over, this tantalising glimpse, as light returned to her Temple, leaving only a dim glow to suffuse her crystal.

Her house, drained by the demon<sup>61</sup> battles of the night, was alive again, and she let her own spirit<sup>62</sup> wander from room to room. The early oppression she had felt was gone, as if somewhere and somehow a storm had broken.

A vague memory came to her, like details of a landscape seen through thin mist, and she led Thurstan out of her house and into her car. She did not speak, and he did not as she drove the narrow, hilly lanes, in the warmth of the early morning, that led to his cottage. The

---

Thus, living organisms result from a specific type of acausal energy 'flowing' into the causal universe - in effect, this acausal energy changes the structure of causal space-time. The greater the acausal energy, the more evolved, the more complex the organism. The physical death of an organism is when this energy flow ceases - the organism then becomes just inert, physical matter. Death means that the connection between the causal and the acausal is severed at the localised place of intersection.

Our own sentient life - the most advanced and complex living organism we know at present - is therefore the largest intersection of these two universes. We access more of this specific acausal energy than any other organism we know. In effect, each individual is a nexion - that is, a connection or nexus between the two universes. Our consciousness means that we possess the latent ability to directly access the acausal.

<sup>60</sup> **From ONA's manuscripts.** Q: But what of The Devil? Or Satan? Does He really exist? And, if so, do you respect Him?

A: He exists, but not in the way most believe: e.g. a horned figure with cloven feet. Rather, He is not bound by our everyday spatial and temporal dimensions, but exists instead in what esoteric tradition calls 'the acausal'. We apprehend the acausal mostly in an archetypal way - i.e. we impose an image upon its acausal and non-spatial structure. reality is far more terrifying and evil - when viewed conventionally, of course! Further, terms like 'respect' depend on the opposites inherent in an un-initiated view. In reality, there is only a working with the acausal energies or forces or 'entities' as those things are: a becoming-like the Devil; an identity-with Him, if you wish. And this is an extension of one's own being or existence, rather than a negation, submergence. Expressed simply, one becomes one with Satan, and in the early stages strives to be like Him.

<sup>61</sup> The mind builds states of consciousness that becomes established in brain, body, and environment. Satanism is a philosophy, a way of life as near to nature as possible, but it also gathers together the mass of thoughts that have been built up in consciousness and its levels through many generations of earthly life and experiences, finally crystallised into what may be termed the human mind and responsibility. One does not have to die in order to go to hell, any more than one has to die to go to heaven. These are pure hypocritical human inventions. Both are states of mind, and conditions, which people experience as a direct outworking of their thoughts, beliefs, words and acts. If one's mental processes are out of harmony with the cosmic law of man's being as produced by Christianity, they result in personal and collective conflict, mental as well as bodily anguish. Satanist, "be free and as natural as possible in all your ways." Though the growth of Christianity had been the greatest unifying force in the history of the Western World, it effectively brought an end to speculative thought about nature. God's word was considered a better guide than human experience or reason. Renaissance Satanism brought a new vision of humanity at the centre of the world, observing all that went on about us. European humanity had been static for nearly thirteen hundred years, from the end of the early days of Christianity to the beginning of the Renaissance.

<sup>62</sup> Mind.

crystal was in its niche, where she had left it, and she took it down. She tried to read it, as she had done before when it gave up its images to her mind, but it was empty.

“You seem surprised,” Thurstan said.

“Where did you obtain this?” she asked.

“An old man gave it to me.”

She sensed he was not lying, for she could almost see the image that formed in his mind as he spoke the words. “Why?”

“A gift, he said. He was insistent. How could I refuse?”

“When was this?”

“Oh, not long ago. A few months. I forget exactly when. He came here to beg little food. I suppose he wanted to give something in return.”

“You do not know what this is?” she asked.

“A crystal ball? He might have been, once, a teller of fortunes.”

**For a long time, Melanie had controlled her life, guiding herself toward the goals that she sought. She was always the mistress, the Satanic queen who ruled, never possessed of fear. No one she had ever met had disturbed her belief in herself or shown in any way an inner power greater<sup>63</sup> than her own. Satanist, criminal, businessman or people of wealth, she had mastered them all through her wiles, will and beauty. She found their weakness, and used it to her own advantage.** Thurstan had disturbed her because he was so transparent – there was nothing in him that was hidden, neither to her nor himself. His feelings, thoughts and pleasures seemed spontaneous and enthusiastic like those of a child. Yet he possessed a fatalism that no child possessed or could possess: an inner belief in the necessity of change, which far from negating his own life, seemed to enhance it by making each moment of life unique.

But it was not Thurstan who disturbed her now. The control she had in life was ebbing away. The loss of her personal power, evident in her failure to control Algar as he attacked, was only a part of this. Events were happening to her, rather than being controlled by her, and she did not like this. What she had seen in Thurstan’s crystal had sent her in pursuit to Leeds, drawing outward her burgeoning feelings of love. Something had and was happening to her because of Thurstan, and she began to believe because of his crystal that forces she did not understand or even know about were trying in some way to manipulate her.

It was simpler for her to believe that her love for Thurstan was changing her life, and she tried to believe this. But a suspicion remained.

“You are a strange man,” she said to Thurstan as she gave him the crystal.

---

<sup>63</sup> A well known statement of ours, always used in Pathworking, “I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am another God.”

“Not really. I live – or did live! – a quite simple and somewhat boring life.”

“You know nothing about this crystal – or my own?”

“No. Only what I feel.”

“And what do you feel now?”

“That there are forces trying to keep us together – and other forces trying to break us apart.<sup>64</sup>

“And you are not afraid of where we might be going?”

“All I know is that I love you and want to be with you!”

He embraced her then, kissing her, and she did not push him away. She felt again, as they stood in the room of his cottage, swaying slightly in their embrace that with him and through him she possessed a greater, if different, power that made her own past and even her dreams, seem tawdry.

“There is a gathering tonight,” she said, “which I would like you to come to.”

“Oh? What?”

“Just a simple ritual called the **Ceremony of Recalling.**”

“**To what purpose?**”

She walked away from him to watch a few ragged cumulus clouds straggle from the horizon toward the sun that rainbowed in places the old, worn glass of the window. “**To draw down to earth a certain power.**”

“Why?” he asked in innocence.

“**To bring change.**”

“Why?”

“**To hasten our evolution.**”

---

<sup>64</sup> Christianity and other religions would explain this as good and bad forces. There are no good and bad forces, but simply forces with different targets, as it were sometimes opposing each other. The life of the Satanist is consciously lived in the world of energies. Those energies have always been present, for the whole of existence in all the kingdoms of nature is manifested energy, but men in the street are not aware of this. They are not conscious, for instance, when they succumb to irritation, and find themselves voicing that irritation in loud words or in angry thought that they are taking emotional energy and using it. The work of the Satanist is to arrive at an understanding of the various forces or energies, and to learn their nature and there use, their potency through the study of the Dark Gods in theory and practice and their vibratory rate. Energies and forces are pouring upon our septenary system and our planetary lives ceaselessly, potently and cyclically. The energy and the forces constitute the sumtotal of all that is. The effect of the impact of forces en energies is dependent upon the Satanist individually and collectively. According to his equipment and the state of his mind, so will man react to the inflowing energies.

“Toward what?”

“A higher consciousness,” she said, a little exasperated.

“Such then is the aim of the covens that you rule?”

Not really. They are a means to provide me with things.”

“Enjoyment? Pleasure? Power?”

“Yes!”

Urwoth showed in her eyes but she quickly controlled her feelings.

“Come,” he said smiling and taking her hand, “I would like to show you something.”

His cottage lay in a fold of small hills between the steep slopes of bare Caer Caradoc and the road which rose from the Stretton valley to track eastwards through field and village toward the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge. All around, springs began small brooks among the slopes where sheep mostly grazed and few trees grew, and Thurstan took a path to one of these. Yards from where the water issued forth as a trickle, a small pool had formed on a slight piece of level ground, and Thurstan knelt beside it while Melanie stood, bemused, watching and listening to a kestrel as it flew between the bare hills that made a little valley for the brook. The kestrel flew toward her, circling three times overhead before calling its woeful call and flying away.

“Look!” Thurstan said, rising and showing her the palm of his hand.

On it, no larger than the nail of his thumb, sat a frog. “Isn’t it wonderful!” he said enthusiastically.

Melanie looked at it, but without much interest.

“I come here often,” Thurstan said as he placed the frog in the water. “Every time it is different. In one day the light may change so much. In March the frogs come. Last year there was thick snow, but they still came. There is always change – even in this little spot – as the seasons change. Snow, ice, frost, mud, scorching sun that bleeds the green from the grass and brittles the fern. At night – perhaps a moon or only the stars, which change too. No day in its weather and light is ever the same as any other day.”

He stood up to stand beside her. “And I do nothing. Yet everything changes. Even I change, a little with the passing of each year. There, he pointed, “miles away is a road where fast cars carry people. They seldom see the change around them, only that which lives in the head. A few miles – and another world where those small specimens of life,” he gestured toward the frog, “are never seen and become squashed without thought.”

“You are beautiful – slightly wild, perhaps, like that kestrel which flew overhead – and your world is strange to me. These hills, that cottage, the farm over there where I work, are my world. There is so much in so little – so much beauty to share. I make love with you –

kill someone to protect you – and our two worlds join, for a little while. But they are still two worlds. You want me to step into yours as I wish you to enter mine. The change you seek to bring may destroy my world – and I’m not ready for that.”

Melanie had felt the warmth in Thurstan as he talked. It was a strange warmth to her, a kind of supra-personal love which she did not understand and which she could not relate to the pleasures of her own life or the goals that she sought. Yet she liked being beside him as he talked, watching his face and eyes. He could have crushed the frog in his hand as she might have done in her youth or as she had crushed people who opposed her – he did not seek to mould it or destroy it according to his will. He accepted it as it was at that moment in Earth’s history.

“I have seen in you,” Thurstan was saying, “the same beauty I see in this small piece of land, as if you were natural to it in a way I cannot describe. More natural, more real and living than most other people. Yet the world in which you live and have lived and in which you possess power, is not where you should be. I fear it will destroy you, and I don’t want that.”

“I know no other world.”

“But you have begun to discover mine. When I touch you, hold you, make love to you.”

His words possessed a fascination for **Melanie**, as if he had divined what she had felt and as she stood beside him she **was no longer a Satanic queen, ruler of a coven of fifty**, but a woman who was in love.

“I would like you to share my world as well,” she said.

Thurstan smiled. “Then I shall come to your ritual.”

The kestrel returned to swoop down toward them before veering away, calling, as it flew toward the sun.

## XIII

The wood where Algar had been buried was not silent for long. The sun had set, leaving a nebulous light, when the simulation began, muffled by earth. Algar had awoken in his grave.

The Priestess screamed, and fell unconscious into the circle of worshippers in Jukes’ Temple. Jukes held her, and she awoke to wail before crying in terror at the vision she had seen<sup>65</sup>. She could not speak aloud but described the horror in a slow sobbing whisper.

It did not take long to prepare and they left London in three cars as the sky darkness became complete, to travel toward the hills of Shropshire and the house the Priestess had described before the horror had ended her trance. The eight were silent and subdued in spirit during the hours of their journey, nervous when they left the warmth of the cars parked on the verge of a narrow lane almost a mile from Melanie’s house. Around them and dark, the countryside was silent and still.

Jukes led them, walking slowly and beginning to doubt. With every step he seemed to become more tired. He stopped before the driveway of the house, listening, while the Priestess, shaking and sweating, held his hand.

“It shall be soon,” she whispered, touching the silver scarab she wore as an amulet around her neck.

The driveway was full of cars and a warm glow of light spread outwards around the house. Jukes thought he could hear the beat of drums. His Priestess sensed it first, and turned toward the blackness beyond the hedge where they stood, huddled together in the increasing cold. There was a rustling in the field beyond, the sound of wood being broken sharply by force.

---

<sup>65</sup> Dreams are a bridge between the conscious and the unconscious. Jung believed that everything that eventually emerges into consciousness originates in the unconscious; i.e., the unformed archetypes achieve form as we experience them in our outer lives and in our dreams. It is not sufficient to look at the events of our lives causally, we also have to look at them from a teleological point-of-view. That is, not only are we pushed forward by our past actions, we are also pulled forward by the actions we need to take, many of which are contained within us as archetypes. “Because dreams are the most common and most normal expression of the unconscious psyche, they provide the bulk of the material for its investigation.” (Carl Jung, *The Collected Works*, Vol. 8: *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche*, Princeton University Press). The idea that there is a collective underpinning to the psyche that interacts with consciousness, and which we can observe in dreams, isolated Jung from his peers. This was much like Jung’s experience with his fellow students in college with respect to psychic phenomena as is the case with Algar. It is always easier to dismiss strange results than to look at such material in a totally fresh light. Jung called these inherited behaviours and images in dreams archetypes, and it may be termed differently as the alternative term of cognitive invariants. He stressed that these archetypes are formless until they are activated in our lives. Though we don’t fully understand how this mechanism operates, it is clearly highly efficient, as it means that a given archetype can operate over a wide variety of cultures in a wide variety of times and places. Jung again: “...It is only our conscious mind that does not know; the unconscious seems already informed, and to have submitted the case to a careful prognostic examination, more or less in the way consciousness would have done if it had known the relevant facts. But, precisely because they were subliminal, they could be perceived by the unconscious and submitted to a sort of examination that anticipates their ultimate result.” (*The Collected Works*, Vol. 18: *The Symbolic Life*, Princeton University Press.) Jung pictures consciousness as a tiny area on the tip of the pyramid of the unconscious.

Algar smashed the gate apart with his torn and bloodied hands and came towards them<sup>66</sup>. Only Jukes and his Priestess did not flee at the harrowing sight, but hid, pressing themselves into thorns and leaves of the hedge. They were not seen and watched, trembling and afraid, as Algar walked lumbering like the living dead he was toward the house.

---

<sup>66</sup> Algar, living again after being killed may be part of the story, but should not be taken literally. No one, even the Nazarene two-thousand years ago, rise from the dead. Either one is dead or in coma, but a dead and buried body cannot be brought to life again. There is no resurrection from the dead. It can only be Algar’s archetypal energy brought to life mentally through the concerned themselves, in search of what the ‘medium’ saw in her vision during sleep or half-sleep and in trance. I can during sleep or in half-sleep see a figure in front of me for an ultra-short time, and then disappear. Now and again, an exited woman make a phone call to me, each time with almost the same story: “When my husband left our bed this morning, and went downstairs, I had a visitor in my bed. The devil came next to me, and took me in his arms. Have you an explanation for it, Monsignor?” So, far, I have never been able to answer that one. Each time she comes along with the story, I think: “Why it never happens to me!” After all, I am doing so much to spread Satanism! The farmers who lived in the region near Jung’s childhood home accepted the reality of the earth that fed them; equally they accepted that there were other, unearthly aspects to reality. As a boy, Jung heard tales of ghosts and spirits, of poltergeists and possession. Unlike most intellectuals, he did not dismiss these out-of-hands as superstition. If they were experienced as psychic realities, Jung wanted to know why, and he wanted to explore them. His first scientific paper was a study of a young female cousin who for a short time achieved local renown as a medium. What especially interested him was the contrast between his cousin’s normal thoughts and speech, and some of the material she communicated while in a trance. This same contrast can be seen today between those who *channel* and the personality they *channel*. As with Jung’s cousin, most of the material tends to be either readily known to the person doing the channelling, or else so vague and overblown it has little meaning. It was Jung’s curiosity about phenomena such as this, phenomena which were readily dismissed by his colleagues, that led him to his greatest discoveries, and which has also prevented many from accepting Jung’s ideas. He was never able to ignore experience just because it did not fit his view of reality. In his spiritual autobiography, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, Jung spoke of his interest in psychic phenomena as a student, and the reaction of his fellow students. Though Jung was normally content to describe the reality he found, like all good scientists, he was a superb model-maker. Fortunately, Jung never confused his models with reality – his whole career was an attempt to develop ever better models to express the inexpressible. Since he was also modest enough to doubt that he was the first to develop similar ideas, he searched for earlier models which prefigured his own. Three such models should be studied: (1) the tripartite division of the psyche into consciousness; (2) the archetypes of development; and (3) the alchemical model. When Jung speaks of integrating an archetype such as the shadow or Algar in the story, he really means integrating the personal experiences and memories that have clustered around the archetype. The archetypes, as collective entities, cannot be integrated into individual consciousness without doing great harm to that individual consciousness. Personal experiences accumulate around the archetypes to flesh them out. “I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am another God.” We can do great things, but we must just do them. Lot’s of people remain static to theory, and never practice. If all Satanists in the world would endeavour with ‘intent’ the ritual of death (*the Death Rite*), even in absence of the victim, Saddam Hussein would get quickly killed one way or another. Collective thought is extremely powerful.

## Appendix to Chapter XIII

### VI - The Death Rite

#### Participants:

Priest - in black robes  
Priestess - naked, upon altar  
Mistress - crimson robes, sexually alluring  
Congregation - black robes tied with crimson cord

#### Temple Preparation:

Black candles on altar. Small silver Temple bell. Incense of Mars to be used (musk). A small wooden coffin (suitable in size for the wax effigy which will be made), draped in black, is placed near the altar and a handful of graveyard earth is placed on it.

Before the ritual proper begins, the Mistress makes a wax figurine in a corner of the Temple with only the Priestess present. (The easiest way to make the effigy is to place several white candles in a receptacle containing water which has just been boiled. After a while, the wax will form a thin film on the surface. This wax can then be used to fashion, by hand, the figurine which should be made as life-like as possible.) The Priestess lies naked upon the altar. The Mistress places this figurine on the womb of the Priestess, then moves it symbolically downwards to rest between her thighs. She anoints it with a musk based oil, laying: 'I who made you and delivered you in birth now name you N.N.' (She states the full name of the victim.) The Mistress and the Priestess then visualise the figurine as the intended victim - and they may if they wish then dress it as the victim dresses. The image is then placed on the womb of the Priestess, the Mistress ringing the bell thirteen times to signify the beginning of the ritual at which the Priest leads the congregation into the Temple.

#### **The Ritual**

#### Priest:

***I will go down to the altars in Hell.***

#### All:

***To Satan, the giver of life.***

**(The Priest then kisses the Priestess on the lips, turns toward the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram, saying:)**

***Our Father which wert in heaven***

*Hallowed be thy name  
In heaven as it is on Earth.  
Give us this day our ecstasy  
And deliver us to evil as well as temptation  
For we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.*

**(The congregation join him in the Satanic Our Father - see Black Mass for text. The Priest then leads the congregation in saying the Satanic Creed: 'I believe ...' - see text in Black Mass.**

The Creed:

*Prince of Darkness, hear us!  
I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth,  
And in one Law which triumphs over all. I believe in one  
Temple  
Our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over  
all:  
The Word of ecstasy. And I believe in the Law of the Aeon,  
Which is sacrifice, and in the letting of blood  
For which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince  
The fire-giver and look forward to his reign  
And the pleasures that are to come!*

**After the Creed the Priest says:)**

*Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness, and help us fulfil  
our desires.*

**(He turns and fondles the Priestess, saying:)**

*With ecstasy we give praise to our Prince.*

(The congregation chant the Sanctus Satanas - see Chants -as the Priest says quietly over the waxen image:)

*Sie anod namretae meiuqer.*

*Sanctus Satanas*  
*Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus*  
*Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.*  
*Satanas - venire!*  
*Satanas - venire!*  
*Ave, Satanas, ave Satanas.*  
*Tui sunt caeli,*  
*Tua est terra,*  
*Ave Satanas!*

**(He then says loudly, facing the congregation:)**

*Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus!*

**(The Mistress then says:)**

*Agios o Satanas!*

**(To which the congregation respond:)**

*Agios o Satanas!*

Mistress:

*Satanas - venire!*

All:

*Satanas - venire!*

Mistress:

*Dominus diabolus sabaoth. Tui sunt caeli*

All:

*Tua est terra!*

Mistress:

***Ave Satanas!***

All:

***Ave Satanas!***

**(The Mistress kisses the Priest. The Priest makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the congregation, saying:)**

***We, the spawn of Chaos, curse N.N.***

All:

***We curse N.N.***

Priest:

***N.N. will writhe and die***

All:

***N.N. will writhe and die!***

Priest:

***By our will, destroyed***

All:

***By our will, destroyed!***

Priest:

***Kill and laugh!***

All:

***Kill and laugh!***

Priest:

***Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince***

All:

***Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince!***

Priest:

***N.N. is dying!***

All:

***N.N. is dying!***

Priest:

***N.N. is dead!***

All:

***N.N. is dead***

Priest:

***We have killed and now glory in the killing!***

All:

***We have killed and now glory in the killing!***

**(The Priest laughs, then the congregation laugh, jumping and dancing with glee. They continue until the Mistress rings the bell twice, The Priest points to her. She says:)**

***The Earth rejects N.N.***

All:

***You reject N.N.***

**(The Mistress picks up the image, holds it for the congregation to see and then places it on the graveyard earth, folding the black cloth over it. She places the cloth with the earth and image within it, inside the coffin. She turns to the congregation, saying:)**

*N.N. is dead.*

**(The congregation begin to dance, counter sunwise, chanting the Diabolus (see chants). After the chant, they gather round the coffin and the Mistress. The Priest says to them:)**

*Fratres, ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas.*

**(The Priest has sexual intercourse on the altar with the Priestess while the congregation clap their hands in approval, chanting 'Ave Satanas!' repeatedly as they do so. After the climax, the Priest withdraws, the Mistress kisses the Priestess on the lips and then 'locis muliebribus'. She then kisses each member of the congregation. The Priest, after this, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the coffin, saying loudly:)**

*N.N. is dead and we all have shared in this death. N.N. is dead and we rejoice!*

Mistress:

*Dignum et justum est.*

**(The Priest and the congregation laugh. The Mistress then goes toward the Priest, takes his penis in her mouth until he is erect again. Then she stands back to admire her work, saying to the congregation:)**

*I who bring life, also take.*

(She then passes her hands over the coffin, visualising as she does so, the dead body of N.N. lying in a coffin. She takes up the coffin and leaves the Temple. As she leaves, the Priest says:)

*Feast now, and rejoice, for we have killed, doing the work of our Prince!*

**(He begins the orgy of lust in the Temple. The Mistress takes the coffin to a small grave, outside, prepared beforehand. She places the coffin in Earth, covers it with earth saying: 'N.N. you are dead, now, killed by our curse.' She completes the burial and leaves the area.)**

## XIV

**Thurstan** waited in her secret Temple, **feeling embarrassed by the luxurious crimson robe he wore.** He could not hear them, but knew that many of Melanie’s members had arrived and were preparing for the ritual.

She had prepared him well, returning him to her house in her car whose telephone she used to summon her willing servants. **He had bathed, been massaged, his body relaxed by the gentle hands of a pretty woman who caressed perfumed oils into his skin, been served food; manicured, his hair attended to. Dressed in silken clothes.** No one had spoken to him, but he was treated with deference, and by the end of the afternoon had begun to appreciate in a way that was not real to him before, Melanie’s power.

**Melanie, in a green robe** almost transparent and which emphasised the contours of her body, came to guide him to where her Satanic worshippers were gathered. **The large Temple was lit only by candles and a naked woman lay on the altar beside which a young girl dressed in white with a garland of flowers in her hair swung a thurible. Somewhere, among the shadows, hooded red-robed figures beat their shaman drums.**

**“Hail to he who comes**

**In the names of our gods!”** the worshippers chanted as a greeting for Thurstan.

Two men with the physique of wrestlers whose faces were covered by black masks and who wore very little, closed the doors of the Temple as Thurstan followed Melanie to the altar. **Melanie kissed the temples, lips, breasts, womb and public hair of the alter-Priestess before kissing Thurstan who turned to receive a kiss from the entire congregation.**

**“Now shall we,” Melanie chanted, “with feet  
Faster than storm’s horses  
Seek to bring she who with fire  
And cutting sword leaps plunging  
Upon her foe while the fates of dread  
Unerring gather round!”**

**“Agios o Baphomet!”** came the shouted response.

**“See!”** Melanie pointed at Thurstan, before twirling round, building her feelings into a temple to frenzy while the congregation sighed and the beat of the drums sounded loud,

**“Here is he  
Who shall this night  
Be her consort and pour forth  
As libation his seed of life!  
Dance! – I command you  
And with the beating of your feet  
Raise the dead!**

**I shall take him down into Earth  
And let her with her teeth  
Suck him dry!  
Dance! – I command you!  
And I, Mistress of this Earth,  
Shall raise him up and feed him  
With the fragrance between my thighs!  
So shall he unlamenting  
Become the Gate that opens  
To our gods!”**

The congregation had begun to dance, slowly at first, chanting loudly as they did so. Melanie stood in the centre of the circle they were tracing with their bare feet, raising her arms as the power was invoked. The chant of Baphomet pulsed to the beat of the drums as the dancers danced faster and faster, throwing or tearing off their robes as quietly the altar-Priestess arose to climb down from her altar.

Her eyes were closed, but she walked within the circle of the enclosing dancers toward Thurstan. She embraced him lightly, before pulling his robe open and revealing his nakedness. Then she kissed his lips and opened her eyes.

Her eyes did not seem human to Thurstan, but he was not afraid. The young woman with the slender body had become Melanie – the power within Melanie<sup>67</sup> and the greater power beyond her<sup>68</sup>. **She was lover, mistress, wife, mother, daughter and sister – goddess and demoness, and Thurstan let himself be pulled down onto the floor of the Temple. He had no will to resist as he looked into her eyes. She was not gentle with him, but tore off his robe before wrapping her legs around him and digging her long nails into his back. There was pain, but it seemed to enhance the delight that came to him. The drum beats, the chanting, the naked whirling dancers, the incense, the writhing woman beneath him – all ravished his senses. The pain brought frenzied desire, and sweat soon bathed their naked bodies. The she was screaming in ecstasy as he was while around them the dancers stopped to turn inward, clapping their hands as they watched and shouted the name of their goddess. And when it was over and Thurstan lay breathless upon the relaxing body, the two men by the door came to lift him and place him still naked upon the altar.**

---

<sup>67</sup> Melanie, the microcosm. The little universe, or man manifesting through his body, the physical body, but in his threefold aspect, conscious, subconscious, and superconscious. The microcosm is the whole man, including the threefold individual consciousness, and that is in other words the unconscious, the ego and the self as found in the book “Naos”, A Practical Guide to Modern Magick, page 10, Skull Press Edition 1999. The existence of an individual consciousness, says Jung, makes man aware of the difficulties of his inner as well as his outer life. (The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche, Vol. Eight, page 157, Routledge Edition 1960). The great principle, in other words, is infused into man the microcosm, who reflects creation and so, as the smallest part and end of the work of Creation, contains the whole.

<sup>68</sup> The greater power beyond Melanie, the macrocosm, the great universe, the cosmic tree of Wyrld, finally through one’s body as part of the solar system. Jung writes, “By virtue of his microcosmic nature man is a son of the firmament or macrocosm. “I am a star travelling together with you,” the initiate confesses in the Mithraic liturgy. (Quotation from the book as above, page 492). From “Omna plena diis esse”: “The ancients had said: “All things are full of gods.” These gods were “divine powers which are diffused in things.” (page 493, as above). “I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am another God”, we state in our rituals and pathworkings while dancing until ecstasy, and at any time we feel necessary affirming the statement.

The worshippers formed an aisle to the altar down which Melanie came to kiss Thurstan’s body and re-ignite his fire with her lips. It did not take her long to succeed and she leant over Thurstan’s face to brush his lips with hers before whispering as her eyes became the eyes of her altar-Priestess: “Now you are mine forever!”

She signalled with her hand, and her dancers moved slowly in a circle around her and her altar, calling down with a dirgeful but powerful chant the Dark Gods beyond the Gate that was Earth.

“Nythra kthunae Atazoth!”<sup>69</sup> they chanted.

Melanie did not remove her robe, only lifted it as she lowered herself upon him. The beat of the drums had slowed to match the slowness of the chant, and she moved upon him slowly. Somewhere, in the Temple, two cantors began to chant, a fifth apart, above the chanting drone of the slow circling dancers.

‘Agius Rotanev’<sup>70</sup> sang the cantors, their powerful, clear voices making the complicated plainchant flow like a high crested wave toward a shore, rising, falling slowly with grace but always moving on.

The slow moving organum of the cantors, the chant of the slow moving dancers who had linked hands, the energy brought by the sexual frenzy, the shaman drums and wild dance, all conspired to push open the Gates to the Abyss. The slowness was a counterpart to the earlier frenzy, and Melanie used it to gather the energies to herself. She showed no outward sign of the ecstasy within and was smiling as she transferred the energy to her crystal while Thurstan’s body spasmed and then relaxed. She kissed him before climbing down from the altar.

She signalled the dancers to stop and gather round her in preparation for the climax of the rite when she would release the stored energy to bring her Dark Gods to Earth. They would still their minds, as she had shown them, to become parts of a mirror that would focus the energy.

---

<sup>69</sup> Names of three important Dark Gods or Energies of the Cosmic Tree of Wyrd. When chanted one feels strong vibrations from within. The chant is transforming. About “Ritualised Sexual Magick”, ONA teaches about the use in chant of “Nythra kthunae Atazoth”: “Even though both the Society of Dark Lily and the Order of Nine Angles differ in their conceptual approach to ritualistic sexual magic the Order of Nine Angles Rite of Nine Angles provides a prime example of a method of ritualistic Sexual Magic. The sexual nature of the rite may be performed in two ways. Firstly, a Priest and Priestess perform the ritual naked upon an isolated hilltop. The rite itself involves the use of the Sound Magick technique known as vibration, which involves the Priest projecting, in syllables the following words of power: “Nythra Kthunae Atazoth.” Thus the syllable “Ny” is sounded for a period of between ten and twenty seconds, then “thra” is sounded for the same period of time and so on. Such methods of Sound Magic enable the participants to activate hitherto unknown areas of their minds and cause changes in consciousness as though inducing a semi trance-like state. The Priest therefore vibrates these words in the direction of the Priestess who holds a quartz crystal tetrahedron in her palms. After this vibration has been completed, the Priestess lies on the ground, still holding the crystal whilst the Priest performs cunnilingus. When the Priestess is suitably aroused the Priest then begins copulation, during which the Priestess visualises a gateway situated in the stars above them opening and a black nebulous chaos flowing downwards to the earth.”

<sup>70</sup> Chant to remember, and meditate on. It will reveal its name and meaning as one goes along in pathworking. It could be a Dark God involving the work of Nythra, Kthunae and Atazoth, a sexual energy finally leading to sacrificial death of a victim, maybe yourself. Add the use of the Dark God in your pathworkings as an experiment, he/she will be revealed in one way or another. Write all your thoughts in your “Black Shadow Book”, and remember.

But the doors of her Temple burst open. No one screamed as Algar<sup>71</sup> stood, hideous, in the light of the candles, but they seemed to gather closer to Melanie. The two men by the door moved upon him, but he easily knocked them aside and they fell away unconscious. He was snarling, staring at Melanie as he walked toward her in the silence. She did not move except to hold up her hand to restrain Thurstan who had risen to stand beside her. Then she smiled.

Algar stopped, his body twisting forward as if he wanted to move but could not. Melanie raised her hand toward him and he fell upon his knees, oozing blood as his already torn flesh, festering, split further. She raised her hand again, and he screamed as if tortured, before sprawling face down the floor. She dropped her hand, and his screaming stopped. He looked up at her then, not as a madman and not as one of the possessed who had returned, briefly, to life. Instead, his look was that of a mute child who could not understand the pain that it felt. But Melanie raised her hand again and the spectre that had once been Algar lowered its head and died.

---

<sup>71</sup> The dead and buried Algar standing alive at the doors of Melanie’s Temple can obviously not be counted for true, as the title of the book states that it is an allegorical story, to make the Satanic ONA Teaching only understandable to Satanists, and written for those who have eyes to read and ears to hear, and a mind to think and reason. The chapter ends by saying that “Algar” came forth in the form of a spectre (ghost), or that which he left behind on Earth, his acausal body, the whole structure of the psyche. (One can through exercise draw someone’s personal energy from a photograph, or discover his or her inner profile, and even more.) The psyche, as a reflection of the world and man, is a thing of such infinite complexity that it can be observed and studied from a great many sides, says Jung. He claims further in the already quoted book page 153: “Just as the living body with its special characteristics is a system of functions for adapting to environmental conditions, so the psyche must exhibit organs or functional systems that correspond to regular physical events. By this I do not mean sense-functions dependent on organs, but rather a sort of psychic parallel to regular physical occurrences.” Jung’s psychology honours all the complexity that each of us experiences in the world. If he is not able to answer all the questions, at least he doesn’t deny that the questions exist. Jung’s concept of the collective unconscious is neither a philosophic construct nor a religious dogma; it is an attempt, albeit sometimes a rather primitive attempt, to present an accurate description of the inner world of the psyche and its relationship with the outer material world. Wordsworth describes the following in “Tintern Abbey”:

... A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

(Jack Stillinger, ed., William Wordsworth: Selected Poems and Prefaces (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1965), page 110.)

## Appendix to Chapter XIV

### Dark Gods Evocation Rite

*(The Rite is not the Ceremony of Recalling as found in the Codex Saerus)*

#### Cast:

*Before proceeding with a ritual, each member needs to be totally clean: bathed, massaged with perfumed oils, manicured even, the hair attended to, relaxed, dressed in clean clothes. A small, tasteful meal is advisable before the ritual. Gay people only adjust the ritual as required.*

The High Priestess shows herself in a light green robe.

The Victim (always a man, unless in a lesbian congregation) wears preferably a light crimson robe.

A naked woman lies on the altar.

A young girl dressed in white with a garland of flowers who swings with a thurible.

Two strong men wearing very little with black masks, serving as guardians.

The worshippers are red-robed, and beat their shaman drums when available.

The temple is lit by candle lights only.

## Ritual

As the victim comes in, the worshippers chant:

**Hail to he who comes in the names of our Gods!”**

The two guardians lead the High Priestess to the altar.

The High Priestess kisses the temples, lips, breasts, womb and public hair of the altar - Priestess before kissing the victim who turns to receive a kiss from the entire congregation of worshippers.

The High Priestess chants:

**“Now shall we, with feet  
Faster than storm’s horses  
Seek to bring she who with fire  
And cutting sword leaps plunging  
Upon her foe while the fates of dread  
Unerring gather round!”**

The congregation of worshippers respond:

**“Agios o Baphomet!”**

The High Priestess points to the victim, before twirling round, building her feelings into a Temple to frenzy while the congregation sighs and the beat of the drums sound loud:

**“Here is he  
Who shall this night  
Be her consort and pour forth  
As libation his seed of life!  
Dance! – I command you  
And with the beating of your feet  
Raise the dead!  
I shall take him down into Earth  
And let her with her teeth  
Suck him dry!  
Dance! – I command you!  
And I, Mistress of this Earth,  
Shall raise him up and feed him  
With the fragrance between my thighs!  
So shall he unlamenting  
Become the Gate that opens  
To our gods!”**

The congregation begin to dance, slowly at first, chanting loudly as they should do. The High Priestess stands in the centre of the circle the worshippers are tracing with their bare feet, raising her arms as the power was invoked. The chant of Baphomet pulse to the beat of the drums as the dancers dance faster and faster, throwing or tearing off their robes as quietly the altar-Priestess arise to climb down from her altar.

The High Priestess eyes are closed, while walking within the circle of the enclosing dancers towards the victim. She embraces him lightly, before pulling his robe open and revealing his nakedness. Then she kisses his lips and opens her eyes.

To situate the High Priestess in this ritual, she is lover, mistress, wife, mother, daughter and sister – goddess and demoness. The victim let himself be pulled down onto the floor of the Temple.

The High Priestess is not gentle with the victim but tears off his robe before wrapping her legs around him and digging her long nails into his back. There is pain, but it should enhance the delight that comes to him. The drum beats, the chanting, the naked whirling dancers, the incense, the writhing woman beneath him – all should ravish his senses. The pain brings frenzied desire, and sweat soon baths their naked bodies.

The High Priestess is screaming in ecstasy near the victim, while around them the dancers stop to turn inward, clapping their hands as they watch and shout the name of their goddess. And when it was over and the victim lies breathless upon the relaxing body, the two guardians come to lift the victim and place him still naked upon the altar.

The worshippers form an aisle to the altar down which the High Priestess come to kiss the sacrificial body and re-ignite his fire with her lips. It should not take her long to succeed and she leans over the victim’s face to brush his lips with hers before whispering as her eyes became the eyes of her altar-Priestess:

**“Now you are mine forever!”**

The High Priestess signals with her hand, and her dancers move slowly in a circle around her and her altar, calling down with a powerful chant the Dark Gods beyond the Gate that is Earth.

They all chant:

**“Nythra kthunae Atazoth”.**

The High Priestess does not remove her robe, only lifts it as she lowers herself upon the victim. The beat of the drums slows to match the slowness of the chant, and she moves upon him slowly. Somewhere, in the Temple, two cantors begin to chant, a fifth apart, above the chanting drone of the slow circling dancers.

The cantors chant with their powerful, clear voices, making the complicated plainchant flow like a crested wave toward the shore, rising, falling slowly with grace but always moving on:

**“Agios Rotanev”**

The slow moving organum of the cantors, the chant of the slow moving dancers linking hands, while the energy is brought by the sexual frenzy, the shaman drums and wild dance, all conspire to push open the Gates to the Abyss. The High priestess transfers in her mind the energy to her Tetrahedron or Quartz Crystal while the victim’s body spasms and relax. She kisses him before climbing down from the altar.

The High Priestess signals the dancers to stop and gather round her in preparation for the climax of the rite when she will release the stored energy to bring her Dark Gods to Earth. The worshippers will still their minds, as she is instructing them, to become parts of a mirror that would focus the energy.

After whatever takes place from here onwards, **even symbolically**, maybe found in the following conclusion:

### **Traditional Sacrificial Conclusion:**

**The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur.**

If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honorary Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. In a simple ceremony the Mistress seals them in union, dedicating them to the Dark Gods. If by the Winter Solstice the Priestess is not with child, then the Priest may choose another woman to be his Priestess. The child, when born is adopted by the Temple and raised accordingly, being given great honour and, if found suitable, trained to fulfil the role of Mistress or Master.

**At the Spring Equinox, the chosen is permitted to give his favour to any one female member of the Temple and should issue result from this, the child is adopted by either the Priestess of the chosen or by the Temple according to the wishes of the Mistress.**

After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.

After the congress between Priest and Priestess, the Guardian places a hood over the head of the Priest, fastens his ankles, binds his wrists while the Master, on a signal from the Mistress completes the sacrifice using the sacred knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in a chalice. This Elixir is used by the Mistress in the baking of the sacrificial cakes which all the members present will eat during assembly on the night of the next new moon. The cakes consist of wheat, fish, fowl, spring water, egg and salt together with the Red Elixir, animal fat and honey.

After the sacrifice, the guardian removes the body and the Mistress takes up the sacred knife, pointing it at the Master saying:

**So you have sown and from your seeding**

**Gifts may come if you obedient heed**

**The words I speak.**

She then takes the Chalice with the Red Elixir, dips the tip of the sacred knife into it and anoints each member present who have formed a circle around her. The ritual continues as before with the Mistress saying: I know you my children ... The Guardian takes the body and buries it in a secluded spot prepared beforehand. It is on this place of burial that the Temple gathers on the night of the new moon to eat the sacrificial cakes.

In former times it was sometimes the practice to sever the head of the chosen one and place it in the Temple or the Temple area if outdoors for a day and a night. During this night, initiations would be conducted and the head shown to new Initiates.

**The ritual ends as mostly with an orgy.**

## XV

“Join us!” Melanie said as she stepped past the body.

Jukes and his Priestess stood in her hall, awed by what they had seen. They had followed Algar<sup>72</sup>, and were still trembling.

“Come to me!” said Melanie softly.

Jukes stared at the floor while the Priestess looked upon Melanie’s face. She was smiling, her dread gone, as she walked forward to kneel at Melanie’s feet.

“No!” shouted Jukes. He tried to move toward her, but could not.

Gently, Melanie raised the Priestess to her feet and kissed her on the lips. The Priestess understood her thought and went to touch the masked Guardians who lay unconscious in the Temple. They awoke and followed her to stand on either side of Melanie.

“Will you be mine,” Melanie said to Jukes, “as she is?”

“Never!”

“Then I shall make you mine!”

She was about to raise her hand to force his head up so she could see into his eyes when she saw an old man dressed like a peddler walk through the open door of her house.

“He is mine, I believe,” he said as he tapped Jukes on the shoulder to free him from the bonds Melanie had placed around him. “He is no use to you. But if you object!”

**There was great magickal power in the old man, hidden even in his eyes, but Melanie perceived it<sup>73</sup>.**

“Who are you?” she asked.

---

<sup>72</sup> Algar’s archetype (unconscious aspect, ego aspect, and Self aspect) materialised... See footnotes in chapter fourteen. However, be careful! Schizophrenic and manic depressive people see visions, hear voices, feel presences and receive instructions about tasks they are expected to carry out. Increased temporal lobe or ‘God spot’ activity is a feature of this kind of illness. Some others suggest that all such experiences are a sign of actual or incipient madness. But psychologists who specialise in studying links between spiritual experience and mental illness disagree. The Indian Ramachandran, for example, has shown that mentally healthy people show increased temporal lobe activity when exposed to spiritual words or topics. A common spiritual experience in the context of bereavement is a period of awareness of the deceased person’s presence, through a direct sensory perception or, less tangibly, simply the feeling that they are present. Through such experience, people gain comfort in the face of bereavement in a more emotionally direct sense that would be available through relatively ‘cold’ cognitive processing.

<sup>73</sup> The magickal power does not reside in a ritual, but in the magickian. A ritual only serves as a stimulant, but is powerless on its own. It needs the intent, the thought-power and word-power of the celebrant. When someone lights a devotional candle to obtain something from a Dark God, it only underlines what happens inside the evoker, but is entirely useless without one’s faithful intent. “I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am another God. The Nazarene knew this well and even told his followers that they would do greater works. “There was great magickal power in the old man, hidden even in his eyes.”

He bowed deeply, like a jester. “I am Saer.”

“Saer?”

He looked around the hall and peered briefly into the Temple. “You have made great changes, I see.” Then, smiling, he bowed again before escorting Jukes away.

She let them go. “Feast! Rejoice!” she said, turning to greet her coven and they felt her happiness spread among them as the drums began to beat again.

She detailed her Guardians to carry the body and led them beneath the plinth that held the crystal. There was laughter and lust among the worshippers when she returned, servants carrying trays of food and chalices of wine. She thanked her Guardians, bid them join the feast, and watched Thurstan as he stood, covered by the robe he had discarded, beside the Priestess from Jukes’ Temple. She did not mind the hidden desire between them and went to walk alone in the hazy darkness of her garden.

Forces opposed to her own were present, returned from the night before and sent forth against her by the shedding of blood, but they did not affect her or the guests in her house, kept away by the power in her crystal, and she walked slowly in her bare feet over the cooling grass, idly looking up forward the stars.

It was not long before Thurstan joined her. He was followed by Jukes’ Priestess.

“You knew, didn’t you?” Thurstan said, a little shyly. He too had been awed.

“That it was Saer who gave you your crystal? Yes, I knew it as soon as I saw him.”

“Then you know who he is?”

“Perhaps!” she laughed. “What is your name?” she asked the Priestess.

“Claudia.”

“Yes – it suits you. I shall not change it. Do you wish to stay with me, Claudia?”

“Oh, yes!”

“You are free to go.”

“I don’t want to go.” She looked down at the ground. “Not now I have found you.”

“I shall never harm you – unless you turn against me.” She took Claudia’s hand and held it to her own breast. “You are mine now and I shall always protect you. As a sign of my trust I shall give you a gift.” She placed Claudia’s hand in Thurstan’s, kissed them both and left them standing together in the mild night air.

They were still standing in her garden holding hands when she looked upon them from a high window in the house. She knew Thurstan did not know what to do and Claudia was

still too shy to initiate anything. **Melanie wanted, through the ritual and her gift of him to Claudia, to draw out Thurstan’s darker self, and as she watched while a bright large moon began to rise quickly above the distant hills and an owl screeched nearby, she felt she had found the means to achieve her goals.**

The ritual<sup>74</sup> had returned both her power and her role. She was stronger than she had ever been and, with Thurstan as her willing High Priest, she would make herself stronger still by uniting his world with hers. Together, they might wander among the stars. The prospect excited her, as her desire to watch Thurstan and Claudia have sexual intercourse excited her, and **she remembered words from the Black Book of the witch queen before her: “The secret of the Moira, who lies beyond our Grade of Mistress of Earth, is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon the Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens – it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna. Whosoever takes this elixir will live immortal among the fiery stars...”**<sup>75</sup>

Melanie believed that she had found the secret, brought forth from within her by her feelings for Thurstan and the power of the ritual. She was preparing Thurstan – for first she had to return her Dark Gods to Earth.

Excited, she saw Thurstan briefly kiss Claudia before leading her toward the house, and she retreated to her room to follow them on her monitor. They seemed uncertain what to do as they stood in the hall, but the naked worshippers who rushed past them to run up the stairs gave them their clue. Suitable rooms lay open and waiting on the first floor of the house, as they always did. No one ever dared violate the floor above, reserved for Melanie and her special guests, and Thurstan did not as he slowly led Claudia to an empty room.

---

<sup>74</sup> **“The Dark Gods Evocation Rite”**, as found as “Appendix” of Chapter Fourteen, the last part of the rite not being stipulated due to the incident with the dead Algar coming into the Temple unexpectedly. The last part of the rite could have been a sacrificial conclusion, or something similar in character.

<sup>75</sup> Repeating the paragraph again : from the Black Book of the witch queen before her: “The secret of the Moira, who lies beyond our Grade of Mistress of Earth, is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon the Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens – it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna. Whosoever takes this elixir will live immortal among the fiery stars...” This is really something to meditate on. It seems an alchemical formula, but thinking more about alchemical psychology. Pondering on this, one will find the solution.

The alchemical sun, with its active substance sulphur, is hot, dry, and yellow/red, qualities with Typhon, the Egyptian Set, the evil principle. The active sun substance enkindles inner warmth from which come all the motions of the will and the principle of all appetites. It is a vital spirit; it has its seat in the brain and its governance in the heart. It is therefore a substance believed to have a generative and transformative effect. Jung: “The silver or moon condition ... has to be raised to the sun condition. The *albedo* is, so to speak, the day break, but not until the *rubedo* is it sunrise. The transition to the *rubedo* is formed by the *citrinitas*... (CW 12, Para 334). The sun is the image of the God Satan, the heart is the sun’ image in man, just as gold is the sun’s image in the earth, and the Dark Gods and Goddesses are known in the gold as well as in the silver, Sun and Moon. The sun is a transitional and not a final state in alchemy. However, because all the elements are contained in it, the sun can be identified with the quintessence, the cosmic and universal power of growth. The alchemical sun is thus the spark of the sinister fire implanted in man, the supreme treasure that the “animal man” understands not.

Nothing in the house was hidden from the surveillance system, but Melanie did not often use it as she used it now to watch and listen to Thurstan and Claudia, for there were a multitude of pleasures that gave her satisfaction. In her desire to make Thurstan part of her world she pressed a switch to record the images and sounds in the room on the floor below.

Melanie became aroused by watching them. Thurstan undressed Claudia slowly and as her naked body appeared, Melanie realised she desired it also. Claudia responded to Thurstan’s kisses by pulling him down with her onto the softness of the low bed in the luxurious room and it was not long before Thurstan’s tentative slowness of delight gave way to sexual frenzy. But this was not prolonged and there was no scream, nor even sigh of ecstasy from Claudia – only Thurstan’s groan as he slumped fulfilled upon her voluptuous body.

“Who is she?” Claudia asked.

“You don’t know?” an exhausted Thurstan said.

“I saw her in a vision<sup>76</sup> – in this house. We came to stop her.”

“But you didn’t.”

“I couldn’t. When I came near to her I felt...”

Thurstan smiled. “An overpowering love?”

“Maybe,” she said and blushed. “And you?”

---

<sup>76</sup> Visions while dreaming, and dreams in general are a bridge between the conscious and the unconscious. Jung believed that everything that eventually emerges into consciousness originates in the unconscious; i.e., the unformed archetypes achieve form as we experience them in our outer lives and in our dreams. It is not sufficient to look at the events of our lives causally; we also have to look at them from a teleological point-of-view. That is, not only are we pushed forward by our past actions; we are also pulled forward by the actions we need to take, many of which are contained within us as archetypes. Jung claimed that, “because dreams are the most common and most normal expression of the unconscious psyche, they provide the bulk of the material for its investigation.” Dreams centre on emotional accuracy, not physical accuracy. It is only afterward, in the cold light of day, that we condemn dreams as nonsensical. While they are taking place, they can be all too real, as anyone would acknowledge who has ever awakened in a cold sweat from a nightmare. We learn largely from doing. Since we experience dreams as real, we should be able to learn from our dreams in much the same way that we learn from our daytime experience. Dreaming provides an opportunity to try our behaviour in advance, so that when necessity calls for new behaviour, we will already have perfected that behaviour as Claudia in chapter XV experienced. Moslems, especially the Sufi’s strongly believe in dreams, and like to interpret them. Honour your dreams. It is more important to record them and review them than it is to figure out what they mean. Dreams are so filled with meaning that it is unlikely you can ever fully exhaust the meaning of even a single dream. That is an inevitable result of their coming from the unconscious. Any dream presents material that you are able to be consciously aware of, material at the edge of consciousness, and also material so far from consciousness that you may never become aware why it is present in a dream. Any person or object in a dream may represent either that actual person or object, or may be used as a symbol of some quality within our own personality. Remember Jung’s discovery that dreams often repeat mythological themes. If some element in your dream reminds you of a myth, read that myth and see if it doesn’t help explicate your dream. Sometimes the structure of a dream will be so identical to a particular myth that this will be obvious. In those cases, it is helpful to carefully compare your dream with the myth in order to see how your personal version varies. The myth will give you a feeling for the general problem you’re dealing with. Your personal variations will tell you a great deal about your unique angle on the problem. Finally, trust yourself when you feel a dream is significant. If a dream feels important, it usually is. There are many, many ways to help work with your dreams.

She is the most remarkable woman I have ever met.”

“You serve her, then? I mean, as High Priest?”

Thurstan laughed. “I know little of her world. I only met her a few days ago.”

Claudia was surprised. “But you are an Initiate?”

“Of what?”

“Her Temple.”

“Not as far as I know. She told me she was involved in something.”

“Satanism?”

“Yes. But I assumed it was some kind of game. You know what I mean? Then,” he sighed, “this ritual. There is real power in her, real magick. She casts a spell with just a look.”

“You love her, then?”

“Yes. Because, I suppose, like you I am sensitive to things and people. When I saw you I felt a warmth in me, a happiness. I don’t normally do this sort of thing.”

“What?”

“Leap into bed with women I have only just met.”

“Neither do I! I think she overwhelmed us both.”

“Do you mind?” asked Thurstan softly.

“No,” she whispered; “I feel I have found what I have always been seeking – here in this house. It is exciting and yet I feel protected. Before I came I assumed it was evil in some way – that she was evil and must be stopped. But now.”

“Stopped from what?”

**“Changing the cosmic tides that wash upon the Earth and give to people a certain energy.”**

“I saw that man – in his grave.”

“The one who died?”

“Yes. He was her High priest wasn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“I assumed that you had taken his place,” she gestured to his robe, discarded on the floor.

“I know little of her beliefs,” Thurstan said.

“It is a new beginning, then, for us both.”

“Perhaps we can learn things together?”

“I sense that is what she wishes.”

“And the man you came with?”

“High Priest of my Temple, in London.” She laughed. “I suppose he will be thinking I have been abducted against my will and forced to indulge in hideous Satanic rites! Or be offered as a sacrifice to Satan.”

“You’re not afraid that you will be?”

“No – as I’m sure you feel. I know nothing about her except what I feel, and I feel she will not harm me. Quite the reverse, in fact.”

Thurstan leant on his elbow to look at her. “It may be a trite thing to say, but you are not like a stranger to me.”

She touched his face with her hand. “I know what you mean. She is not a stranger to me, either.”

“What shall we do?”

“Apart from the obvious, you mean?” They both laughed. “Wait, I suppose, for her to tell us.”

“It could be an enjoyable wait.”

“I hope so.”

Melanie had seen and heard enough. It did not take her long to reach their room and she stood in the doorway while they sat up from the bed, nervously smiling.

She gave Thurstan his robe. “Leave us,” she said to him.

He left, obedient to her word, and she closed and locked the door before sitting beside Claudia on the bed.

“You are beautiful,” she said caressing Claudia’s neck.

Her soft kiss was returned, shyly, and she took off her robe before drawing Claudia toward her in an embrace.

“I have never done this before, “Claudia whispered.

Melanie kissed her neck and breasts. “Do you want to?” she asked gently.

“Oh yes.”

The tender caresses, the perfumed softness of Melanie’s body, the intimate slow kisses and movements, her own feelings of warmth, the sensuous pleasure that Melanie brought to her gently through touch and tongue, all combined to stimulate Claudia to an ecstasy both physical and emotional and of a kind she had never experienced before.

She lay beside Melanie, embracing her and softly crying, drawing comfort from the strange woman who kissed away the tears, feeling in that moment that all the confusion, doubts and sorrow that her sensitivity had brought her over the years, was no more. Her past, with its broken relationships, its traumas and dreams, was forgotten. Her future was unreal – only the present was meaningful to her. She sensed forces outside the house that wished to harm the woman who kissed her and whose body heat re-assured, but she was protected for the moment from those forces as Claudia felt protected. The harmful forces which were waiting for weakness drew more emotion from Claudia until she felt a genuine love.

Jukes had stolen her love when they first met and through him she had learned to use her powerful psychic gifts. But his passion for her had been just a passion, fleeting like the brightness of a meteor in the sky of night, and she had learned to live again and alone with her dreams while he filled and emptied his bed with the women in the Temple in the name of the magick he invoked. Her gifts brought empathy and vision, but never the love she needed.

Melanie to her in that moment became all her dreams and it did not matter to her then that she gave her love to another woman. It felt natural to her – as it had seemed natural when she and Thurstan had made love, and she understood as she lay warm and relaxed, that she had given her body to him because it was what Melanie had wanted.

To Melanie, she had given her body also, but now she gave up her soul as well.

“I think I love you,” she said, and Melanie, in the humid room, felt a confusion of love that she did not need nor desire grow within her heart.

## XVI

Thrust forth from the room, Thurstan wandered around the house. The Temple was full of naked bodies and the incense of sex, and when he tried the door that he knew led to her crystal, it would not open.

Other doors were locked to him as to other worshippers, and the one that did open led him to a library. He heard the door closing behind him, but it did not open when he tried the handle and he contented himself with trying to see out of the window. He could see nothing, for the outside shutters had been closed. The room was large, with a high ceiling and books rose in shelves on all the walls, darkly lit. A chair stood waiting beside a table whereon a single book lay open. ‘**The Book of Wyrd**’, the gilt spine read.

She had planned this, he thought to himself and sat down to read.

**‘Satanism is the philosophy of the noble and the strong. It is the antithesis of the religion of Yeshua, that worship of the decaying fish. To the cowards and the followers of the Nazarene belong the meanness of the weak, the rabid utterances about pity and the vileness of the bully... Above all, Satanism is the enjoyment of this life.**

**‘The most fundamental principle of Satanism is that we as individuals are gods. The goal of Satanism is simple – to make the individual an Immortal, to produce a new species. To Satanists, magick is a means, a path, to this goal<sup>77</sup>. We walk toward the Abyss and dare to pass through it to the cold spaces beyond where CHAOS reigns... There is ecstasy in us – and much that is strange. Vitality, health, laughter and defiance – we challenge everything, and the greatest challenge is ourselves...’**

There was music filling the room as he read. He knew it was real even if he could not see its source, but it was faint – an unearthly sound that he found beautiful and brought a vision of stars and a remembrance of his strange dream after he had first made love to Melanie. His body tenses as he listened, carried to another plane of existence, and he experienced in that moment a possession of feeling surpassing the ecstasy of physical passion. There was no room, only a rushing of stars, the exhilaration of phenomenal speed and then a silent slowing that brought him to the planet of his dream<sup>78</sup>. The music was a slow chant of words he did not understand combined with

---

### <sup>77</sup> Stage One:

Descend the stairway into the Abyss through daily ‘pathworking’ on the Dark Gods and Goddesses, using appropriated visualisation. You will progress, though slowly on the long path. After one door closes, another stands open on the path of dark evolution, while words sound forth: “Enter upon the real way towards immortality and ecstasy in this life. A Satanist is an immortal aristocrat.

It is the life that only knows itself as human being, enshrouded in vivid red, the red of known lust, and through the red all longed-for approach, whether grasped and held, used and discarded, until the reds consumes in sacrifice. (Hagur)

### <sup>78</sup> Stage Two:

The sphere changes here, while another voice, coming from close at hand completes another phrase. “Enter the field of lovers where they play and join the game.” You need to be awakened to this game of life, to pass another gate. The field is beautiful and on its broad expanse the many lovers of the one moving Abyssal life disport

**sounds from instruments he had never heard before, and it expressed the desolation of the dead planet as well as his longing for Melanie – and Claudia.**

Then the vision and the music ended and he was simply alone in a library staring down at a book. He tried, but could not recapture what he had seen and heard and he felt a longing that strained his breathing and brought tears to his eyes. Melanie was the woman he had always sought to bring meaning into his life, the reality behind his insight of days before when he had stood by the stream near his cottage and made his divinity a goddess. Her power, charisma and promise made his own life and expectations seem dull, as his vision made the world around him seem ponderous.

He experienced a sudden need to express his feeling through the frenzy of his body and was surprised to find the door unlocked. He began to understand the house itself was alive, an extension of Melanie’s will, and he let it guide him. Lights brightened to show him the way, or dimmed when he went wrong. He was led to a room where all that he needed, and more, lay waiting. He dressed quickly, his heart beating fast and ran along the corridor and down the stairs to leave the house.

He was not alone. Something was with him as he ran along the driveway in the cooling air under the stars with the light of the moon to guide him. He sensed the presence as he sensed that it was protective of him, and he ran fastly down the narrow lane allowing freedom of physical exertion to suffuse his body. His running brought some of the vision back to him, and he left the road to follow a track that led alongside the slopes of the Long Mynd. He was soon tired and breathing heavily but he ran on to become a little detached from his body, defying it. He ran for miles before turning and running only a little slower back to the house, suffused with a desire to learn, to be master and equal of Melanie. Her world had become real for him, and he did not want to leave it<sup>79</sup>.

The house seemed to welcome him on his return. There were no cars on the driveway, for all the worshippers had gone, and he followed the lights to a bathroom where he soaked himself for a long time in a deep bath, pleased and expectant. His love for Melanie, his hope of their affinity, the passion they had already shared, the ritual, her sharing of him with Claudia, even the killing he thought he had done for her – all had liberated him, **releasing the inner energies that his normal life had kept under control. He felt there was no challenge that he could not overcome, nothing that he would not do. Life was before him – a large canvas on which he would paint a masterpiece. He wanted to make his own life a work of Art.**

---

themselves, weaving the dance of life, along the many planned vibrations of the Dark Gods and Goddesses. The Satanist stands on the playground of the Prince of Darkness, the Friend, and plays thereon until he sees the inverted five-pointed star, and says: “My Dark Star.” (Hagur)

### <sup>79</sup> Stage Three:

The path of red desire fails not, and increases its allure. The playground has taught many good things. The voice which has twice sounded is now well alive in the Satanist. However, the end of the road has not yet been reached, everything is not yet consummated. There is now another challenge: “Prove your own worth. Go, and reach the one-pointed purpose.” In true responsiveness, he obeys the sounded word, and hews its inward path. He is reaching the path of the destroyer, and of the builder not without sacrifice. Reaching the climax is now the greatest desire, and so there comes the entering of the playground of the mind. No longer dreams and fantasies, but the true vision bathed in cold dark blue light. Let the Dark Light shine. (Hagur)

Satan was the name he gave to the energy that made both his body and his mind vivid with life<sup>80</sup>, and he dried himself vigorously, covered himself with the silk robe that hung from a hook on the door and let the lights guide him to Melanie’s room.

The door opened for him and he walked over the soft carpet in the azure light to find Melanie was not alone and the door closing behind him. Claudia was beside her in the bed, asleep. He was not shocked by this, only momentarily confused. They were both naked.

“Come,” his Mistress said, “sit beside me.” And he obeyed.

She kissed him, before stroking Claudia’s hair. “She is lovely, isn’t she?”

“Yes.”

“Can you share me?”

The directness of the question startled him. “I think so.”

“Come then, and take off your robe.”

He obeyed, and lay beside her. She was pleased with his arousal, and the reasons behind it, but teased him saying, “Trying for four in a row, then?”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t.”

“Don’t be sorry, my darling.”

The endearment made him happy, lessening the awe he felt and which came upon him as soon as he had entered her room.

“You are pleased with things?” she asked.

Their bodies were touching as they lay together and he felt his awe ebbing away. “I want to learn. Share your world with you.”

“It is good that your inner strength returns. I want us to share.”

“But I feel a little lost – sometimes.”

“Because of what I own”?

“Partly. But also...”

---

<sup>80</sup> Stage Four :

Into the Dark Light life continues. A different voice seems to sound forth. “Enter the Abyss and find your own; walk in the dark and carry with you a dark lighted lamp.” The Abyss can be dark and lonely; cold, and a place of many sounds and voices. The voice of the many Satanist aristocrats, left playing on the playground of the Prince of Darkness, our beloved Friend. The Abyss is long, and sometimes can be narrow. The air is full of fog. The sound of running water meets the rushing sound of wind, and frequent roll of thunder, but no worry you are part of it. (Hagur)

“Do not say anymore.” She pressed her finger to his lips. “I shall tell you something. You have made me realise how lonely I was. How much I need love.” She laughed, self-mockingly. “I with all that I have, all the power you have seen, need you. I’m human after all, even though I don’t want to be.”

Thurstan kissed her, and Melanie felt like crying. But she mastered her feelings. Thurstan had changed, as she had hoped and planned he would, but she herself was changing. Never before had she displayed her feelings and she felt vulnerable. She knew Thurstan sensed this, as Claudia had when they walked hand in hand to her room. She was not afraid of them, only of herself, and when Thurstan spoke she was composed.

“And Claudia?” he asked, gently.

“I need you both, it seems.”

“You have love enough to give.”

“You must be tired – after all your exertions!”

“I am.”

She kissed his eyelids and he smiled, languid, before relaxing into sleep. She watched him for some time. Her feelings of love, born by Thurstan but suckled by Claudia, now enhanced her power and did not destroy it, and she drew down energies while her lovers slept beside her, storing them in her crystal below. **Words from the Black Book kept returning to her.** She had never understood them before, knowing only that they described the process of change necessary before a Magus or a Mousa was born in the coldness that lay beyond the Abyss where Satan reigned. She did not know what awaited for her and in her if this change was successful, for all her books were silent about it and there was no one whom she could ask. She had believed with a certainty that her own Satanic power had confirmed, that no one living in her own time had passed that way toward the final stage of the seven that marked the Satanic path<sup>81</sup>.

This belief, however, troubled her now more than the changes within her wrought by love – more than the duality that love had assumed in the past hours of her life. More even than the persistent hostile forces which still surrounded her house and came down with the night like hail. **She was troubled by Saer, and tried to cast an image of him into her crystal, but some barrier beyond her own power to breach prevented her,** and she lay awake between her two lovers pondering instead the patterns which the Dark Gods might assume when, tomorrow as she had planned, they would be returned finally to spread their chaos upon Earth.

Only Saer, she felt, might prevent her – and if he tried, she would have the power of her two lovers to help her<sup>82</sup>.

---

<sup>81</sup> See “Appendix to Chapter Sixteen”.

<sup>82</sup> **Stage Five:**

Out into the dark but radiant life and light! The hypocritical world outside is left behind, the Nazarene cross is overturned, and the way stands clear. The powerful words sound clear within the mind, and not within the heart.

---

“Enter again the playground of the Prince of Darkness, and this time lead the games.” You are another Satan! You are Satan! Your desires are fully red, governing all the life. You are now built by the impulsive spark of life, emanated by the Prince of Darkness, and growing stage by stage under the law of accumulation under the power of an organised cause. (Hagur)

## Appendix to Chapter Sixteen

# A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

### Order of Nine Angles

#### Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own. One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual. The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [ or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [ or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts [ hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS ]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of Satanic Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional Satanism should gain some understanding of what genuine Satanism is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- Satanism - An Introduction For Prospective Adherents
- The Sinister Path: An Introduction to Traditional Satanism
- The Essence of the Sinister Path [ contained in *Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA*]

## **I Neophyte**

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*; (2) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (3) *Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA* (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in *Hostia*) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) *Selling Water By The River*; (b) *Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed*; (c) *Guide to Black Magick*; (d) *Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [ the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation. The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

## **II Initiate**

Tasks:

- 1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the Septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].
- 2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.
- 3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]
- 4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner, and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in *The Black Book of Satan*. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study the Order MS *The Temple of Satan* [Part II of *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis*; and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I of the *Deofel Quartet* - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS and the MS *Insight Roles - A Guide*, in *Hostia*.] This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*. The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

### **Understanding Initiation:**

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolised by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the Septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualised, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

### **III External Adept**

Tasks:

1) Organise a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in *The Black Book of Satan* as you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

- 2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are:
  - (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs.
  - (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours;
  - (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]
- 3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.
- 4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.
- 5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonick Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.
- 6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].
- 7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in *The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet; Aeonick Magick* and other Order MSS.
- 8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

### **Concerning The Satanic Temple:**

The Temple must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Satanic path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it to be truly Satanic, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising Satanists. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained. After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

### **Understanding External Adept:**

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [ See the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.*]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

#### **IV Internal Adept**

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialised - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilisations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [ see the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

## V Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- (1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group;
- (2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- (3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

## The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the Satanic novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to human sacrifice, or culling. [These teachings are contained in such Order MSS as (1) *The Hard Reality of Satanism*; (2) *Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime*; (3) *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice*; (4) *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*; (5) *Victims - A Sinister Expose*; (6) *The Practice of Evil in Context*.] For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual Satanist. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, Satanists. Some who profess

to be 'Satanists' - and some who wish to become Satanists - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as "ordinary" and weak, as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine Satanic novices possess or must develop. Satanism is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

### **Neophyte:**

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

- Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

- Obtain from a Nazarene place of worship some 'hosts' as used in their perverse and sordid rituals. If you are seeking Initiation into an established ceremonial group/Temple, this will probably be your task of fidelity to that group/Temple, with the hosts being used in the celebration of *The Black Mass*. If however you are undertaking a Self-Initiation (as given in *The Black Book of Satan*) then immediately following that rite of Self-Initiation you should trample on or otherwise defile these 'hosts' (e.g. by urinating on them) saying as you do so the following: "By this deed I pledge myself to counter Nazarene filth, and give myself, body, blood and soul, to Satan, Prince of Darkness." You should then burn the hosts or what remains of them by placing them in a vessel containing flammable liquid and setting this alight, laughing as the burning seals your gesture and your oath.

### **Initiate:**

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [ see the MS *Insight Roles - A Guide*].

### External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

(1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform a *Black Mass* using hosts obtained by one of the newer members of this Temple, or obtained by a candidate seeking Initiation.

(2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an opfer - a human sacrifice. Select some suitable victims, using Satanic guidelines for so selecting a victim, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen victim. The victim or victims having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake a culling by disposing of the victim either during a suitable rite (e.g. *The Ceremony of Recalling*) or via practical means (e.g. assassination). You may elect to do this practical means yourself, or you may choose a trusted suitable member of your Temple to undertake this for the glory of the Temple. If you have elected for practical means, have your Temple undertake *The Death Ritual* at the chosen time.

It must be stressed that (i) the victim(s) must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the victims can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the Satanic path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

## XVII

The old man who had rescued him from the Satanists left Jukes as he had arrived – without greeting or explanation – and Jukes walked toward the cars and the shivering members of his Temple who had fled from Algar.

He did not speak to them and they asked no questions of him, and they sat huddled together in one car while the moon rose and their sense of reality returned. Then, in whisper red words Jukes told his tale and how he wished them to join him in the battle that was to come when, with Pead, they would **conjure the Abyss<sup>83</sup>, a destructive force to send against the witch queen and her house.**

They gave their assent, and in all the cars drove along the moonlit roads over and down hills and through turning valleys to Pead’s unlit cottage. The dog snarled, straining on its chain, while a voice from the darkness said, “Why do you come?”

Jukes shone a torch on Pead’s face, then turned it away. “We failed,” he said, and explained.

“This man,” asked Pead, “did he say his name?”

“Saer.”

“Saer? I thought he was dead!”

“You know him?”

“No, but there are stories. Come in, my friends!”

Inside, Pead lit a single candle.

“We must act!” Jukes said while his followers adjusted themselves to the stench and the flickering shadows.

“This night I have sent a fetch against them.”

“Perhaps Saer.”

“If indeed he lives, I do not where to find him.”

“She had no power over him. If...”

“He would act if he wished. If he does not, then maybe it is for us to do nothing also.”

“But we must do something!” shouted Jukes. Several members of his Temple, standing behind him, were already scratching themselves.

---

<sup>83</sup> Remember, through the power of thought, the word and intent.

“I see you do not understand.”

“I understand,” persisted Jukes, “enough to know this planet is threatened. By her and the forces she wants to bring.”

“If Saer.”

“Saer this! Saer that! Who is this bloody Saer anyway!” said Jukes in anger, his body trembling in reaction to the events of the night.

“He is an old man, older than me – much older than me – who in his youth sought the secret of the alchemical Stone. Some say he found it. Myself – I do not know. It is said of him that he understands and can control should he wish, the woman. But she abused his trust and they parted – he to live alone, and she to follow the sinister path. But that was a long time ago. No one has heard of him or seen him for – what? Maybe thirty years.”

“Then he is a Magus?” asked Jukes.

“Indeed. The only one this century – although they have been many who claimed the title but lacked the understanding and the power.”

Even in the dim light, Jukes could see Pead’s sly smile. He ignored the slight at the man whose teachings he followed. “But surely then he must do something.”

Pead shrugged his hunched shoulders. “Maybe he is.”

“I feel nothing.”

“As I.”

“But surely,” persisted Jukes, “his very appearance – his saving of me – means something.”

“Perhaps.”

For years, Jukes had absorbed diverse Occult theories, and he quickly made an assumption. “Perhaps it was a sign for us to act? Perhaps he has chosen us to act?”

“I do not know.”

“I saw and felt the power he had. He must have wanted me to do something. **We could summon Shugara**<sup>84</sup>.”

“Do you know what you ask?” said Pead, startled.

“**Yes! There are enough of us to invoke such power.**”

---

<sup>84</sup> See footnotes on page 53 : “Shugara - A Sinister Pathworking, by Collyn Branwell - Earth-Gate Assembly (ONA)”

**“It is dangerous.”** Pead rested against one of his desks as if seeking comfort from the books upon it.

**“We cannot allow her to succeed. Shugara would destroy her – and all her followers.”**

**“And maybe us, also.”** He moved to where a pile of small, bound manuscripts lay on the floor. Extracting one, he began to read aloud. **“Shugara is one of the most hideous intrusions possible this side of the Abyss and very dangerous to invoke. Manifestations may be accompanied by the smell of rotting corpses. Symbolised by the Tarot card ‘The Moon – Shugara’ is the great Beast that comes from the dark pool under the Moon. His call is to be chanted in the key of G major...”**<sup>85</sup>

**“It is the only way!”** said Jukes with messianic zeal.

**“In all my workings I have never dared.”**

**“We must dare it now! Listen to me! Do you believe in evil?”**

**“Yes, evil”<sup>86</sup>. Do you believe that there is a dark power at work on this Earth?”**

---

<sup>85</sup> From “Naos – A Practical Guide to Modern Magick”, page 74 (© 1999 – Skull Press (yf 110)).

<sup>86</sup> **EVIL**

#### **By Hagur (©)**

“Evil” is a life force and energy as part of our solar Wyrd system, transferred to our Earth, causing evil. The process of evil has power to influence man and nature in the form of vibration. This gigantic vibration or thought-form, the product of the cosmos collectively and individually in man, is kept alive and vitalised in three ways:

- (1) In man, by evil desires, wicked intentions, and selfish purposes for the individual welfare and mutual good of the race. Every evil thought, when embodied in thought, speech, and action on Earth, goes to swell the proportions as an evil, collective entity, “Satanas”.
- (2) By the fostering, mutual care among the “Brothers of the Shadow”, the representatives of “Cosmic Evil”.
- (3) The Evil Energy “Satanas” extant continually through the Satanists (neophytes, adepts, and initiates) is daily to be felt, which is the persistence of force from the Cosmic Tree of Wyrd.

These three factors are the main ones to be considered by the Albion Dark Gods of the Tree of Wyrd, including Athushir, Budsturga, Gaubni, Sapanur and Darkat. (“Naos”, pages 74-75), enabling Satanists and others to break loose from the influence of World Religions as Christianity, the Islam and the Jews, destroying that which they have themselves constructed, shaking themselves free from the illusion cast by their vampires as the Nazarene or Mohammed which they have negatively nourished for many centuries.

In “Wyrd” is found the mystery of evil, of destruction and restoration. In fact, the Evil Force is a good force, a mystery to be found in the readiness of the Dark Cosmic Entities, which we call Gods and Goddesses along our choosing. (It does not matter whether we call a Dark God or Goddess masculine or feminine, the negative can always manipulate the positive and vice versa.) The greatest effect of the Moon sphere and its conditions is to be seen working out predominantly in evilness. The mystery of evil is hidden in the Abyssal consciousness or mind individually or collectively, producing a radiatory effect on nature and humanity. Science recognises its effects, leading and tending to the general consistency of the universe seen and unseen. “Evil” is, therefore, “sacred” (mystical), where the destroying aspect is dominated, and consumed on Satanic altars as a “Sacrificial Offering”.

“Evil” is the source of Black Magick, where we are trespassing into the realms of Dark Mystery, and the domain of the inexplicable. As mentioned above, it should be remembered that the whole subject of “evil” lies hid in the

individual life cycle (our individual life) and in the history of the Prince of Darkness, Who is the planetary Logos of the Kingdom Earth. Therefore, until someone has taken certain initiations and so achieved a measure of Cosmic Wyrd consciousness, it is useless to speculate on that record.

We are working under the great Entities of the Tree of Wyrd, called the Dark Gods or Goddesses. They came on that stream of force emanating from cosmic consciousness levels which produced our worlds of human endeavour. These Dark Entities constituting the Tree of Wyrd are the sumtotal of the substance of our physical plane, and it is under them that we, Black Magickians, are swept into activity, often unconsciously, but rising to power as we work consciously. In fact, in the early stages of human unfoldment all men are unconscious Black Magickians.

From an old “Book of Magick” hidden in the caves of learning, guarded by the Dark Gods, are the following conclusive words, which find their place just here, through their very appropriateness: “We are brothers and sisters of the Moon, borrowing our fire from all that triply is, the seven Wyrd spheres with its three Dark Gods, pursuing our cycle. The Fires of Hell, our highest heaven awaits us, while the Lunar Fire dies out, the individual ecstasy in the Abyssal mind.”

The transmission of Dark Energy from our Gods on the physical plan is threefold:

- (a) Through the thought
- (b) Through the mind
- (c) Through the physical plane.

**There are fifteen Rules for Black Magick:**

**Rule 1.** Satanus collects Himself, scatters not his force vainly, but in pathworking with his reflection, man.

**Rule 2.** When Satanus’ shadow has responded, the great work proceeds.

**Rule 3.** The Energy circulates, and the vibration spreads around.

**Rule 4.** It proceeds under the cosmic law of the Tree of Wyrd, the Magickian breathes deeply, concentrating his forces, driving the thought-form from him.

**Rule 5.** Three things engage Satanus (the Dark Gods or Goddesses) before the sheath created passes through: the condition, the safety of the one who destroys, and completes through restoration.

**Rule 6.** The Third Eye of the Magickian, the other Baphomet opens, and vibrating forth dark forces.

**Rule 7.** The dual force in the Magickian whereon the sinister power must be sought, are now seen, the energy of lust and action. Satanus is at work, and the poles vibrate.

**Rule 8.** Let the Magickian guard himself from drowning at the point where land and water meet. Rather, when water, earth, air, and fire meet, there is the place for magick to be wrought.

**Rule 9.** Condensation next ensues. The water, earth, air, and fire meet, while the thought-form proceeds let the Magickian set it on the proper path of execution. Let lust and mind be so sinister that it no longer can be attracted to erroneous belief.

**Rule 10.** While the intentional thought-form increases in its strength, let the Magickian continue until it is accomplished.

**Rule 11.** Three things the Magickian must now accomplish. First, ascertain the formula which will call forth in pathworking the appropriated Dark God or Goddess. Secondly, pronounce the words of power which will tell what to do; and thirdly, where to carry it out. The words of power will be the mystic phrase to utter which will do the work.

**Rule 12.** The energy pulsates, it contracts and expands. It is necessary for the Magickian to remember that all that takes place through his command is to be found within the Cosmic Tree of Wyrd. Only the Magickian who is free can control and utilise those who are prisoners. This is an occult axiom of real moment.

**Rule 13.** The Magickian must be in a position to discriminate between the twenty-one energies of Dark Gods or Goddesses of Wyrd, and draw from the special energy, thereby ensuring a balanced building of the “shadow” that he should be.

**Rule 14.** The energy swells out. Fire and flames, dimly at first, the rising smoke is seen menacing the victim now. Let the Magickian again, after the cycle of destruction or restoration is done, call on Satanus: “Agius O Satanus”.

**Rule 15.** The fires approach the victim(s). The fires consume. Let the Magickian now chant and rejoice in ecstasy.

**Hagur © April 2003**

**“I know there are dark forces which we as magickians can use.”**

“Yes, yes. But what about innocence?” He reached behind him and drew forward a young, female member of his Temple. “See her?” And the young woman blushed. “I would call her innocent – someone who trusts and believes in good. Now,” he continued, intoxicated by his eloquence, “if I for whatever reason threw her to the ground and raped her, I would destroy that thrust, that innocence, wouldn’t I?”

“Maybe.”

“I would be imposing my will upon hers, to fulfil my own desire. Well, I should really respect her – her own desires, for ‘every man and every woman is a star’ and ‘love is the law, love under will’. My act would be an evil one.” Something obscure occurred to his mind, but he could not define it and passed on. “Our magick – the Osirian current and that of the child who comes after – is to bring this love into the world, to bring a New Aeon. Yet she – he spat out the word – “wants to break our magickal current and impose her own. We would become possessed by that power she brought – invaded in our minds. There would be evil, the ending of love!”

With this strong words, Jukes seemed to have invoked a presence in the damp, shadowed room. They all sensed it – and Pead most of all.

“Yes, you’re right,” Pead said, glancing behind him. “We shall do as you say.”

“Then let us prepare!” said Jukes confidently.

**Pead took the candle and led them to the room where he slept. They could not see the blood-stains that covered the floor and he set the candle by the window to fetch his ceremonial equipment. The magick circle, inscribed with sigils and words of power, almost filled the room when joined together, and Jukes and his followers stood within it while Pead brought candles, incense, a sword, parchment and pen. The burner was lit, incense burnt, the circle purified by the sprinkling of salt and sealed by the passing along it of the tip of the sword.**

Jukes and Pead stood in the centre while the others linked hands and began to walk, slowly at first, sun-wise around the circle. Pead drew a sigil on the parchment showed it to the four corners of the room and began his chant.

**“You I invoke, Shugara, who lurk waiting in the pits of the Abyss!  
You are Fury and the bringer of Death! Hear me! And hearing hearken to my call!  
For I am the Lord of the Powers in this circle – hear me! And hearing hearken to my call!”**

“Shu-ga-ra!” chanted the circling dancers as incense filled the room and the candles flickered. “Shu-ga-ra!”

---

**“Shugara!”** commanded Pead. **“With this my seal and sword I conjure you! Attend to the words of my voice! Exarp! Bitom! Nanta! Hcoma! I rule over you all! Gil ol nonci zamean! Micma! Come Shugara come! To me! To me!”**

Jukes felt the frenzy and began to chant the demon’s name in the key of G major while Pead continued with his invocation and the dancers, circling fast, chanted their own chant.

**First the smell choked them, then the laughter stopped their chants.** The dried blood on the floor seemed to boil, and then seeped away into the room to form an ill-defined shape that hung near the ceiling. Pead began to speak, but the shape swooped down to engulf his face and vanished.

“You fools!” he hissed before turning and walking from the room.

Outside, the dog growled, yelped and then was silent. When Jukes found it, it was dead. Jukes waited a long time, but could hear nothing. **He left the implements of magick, the candles and incense burning, but performed a banishing for himself and his followers before leading them to their cars.** They felt sick and oppressed and, in silence, drove slowly through the night knowing Pead was possessed and would probably die. There was nothing they could do except hope that in some way he would fulfil the purpose of the ritual.

There was little traffic as they drove down the roads toward London, sensing that they might have failed. In his depressive state, Jukes did not care about leaving Claudia and as the time of the journey turned into hours and clouds came to cover the moon, he had come to believe his own beliefs were an illusion. Nothing was threatened, there were no powers trying to break through the dimensions, no magick – only hallucination and dread. He found a comfort in these thoughts, a sense of reality returning, and all he wanted to do was return to his flat, throw away his books and begin a normal life. He could forget the terrors of the night. He was like a person suddenly and unexpectedly locked in a prison cell – first, there was the loss of will, a disbelief, the slow depression of shock, and then the gradual adjustment to the reality of the surroundings. But there would be no anger, no sudden resentment at this fate as there might have been for one unjustly imprisoned. The terror had burnt that from his soul as a flash of lightning burns out the bark of trees.

For the first time in his life, Jukes felt the need of personal love. His need was not the love that was an idea he carried in his head, nor for that which was only a word in someone else’s faith used to bring a little self-importance to his life, as when he used a woman in a magick ritual or real life. Instead, his need was for the comfort and gentle joy that personal love could sometimes bring, and as he drove carefully and slowly toward the lights of London, he held out his hand for the young woman beside him. She did not refuse, for she loved his charisma as High priest and in her gentle, trusting way held his fingers tight.

The simple gestures destroyed all the demons of Jukes past.

## **XVIII**

It was dawn when Thurstan awoke to find Claudia still asleep beside him. It was her hand which rested on his shoulder, her warm breath against his face, and for some time he thought that his memory of Melanie being between them was the memory of a dream.

A thin duvet covered them, but their closeness, Claudia’s bare shoulder and his memory of her body, aroused Thurstan’s passion and he was about to let his hand stroke her breast when she awoke. For a moment there was fear in her eyes which he saw, destroying his passion. She smiled at him and in her smile was an awkward, vulnerable trust which brought to Thurstan a remembrance of all the women he had loved and the reason why he had loved them.

He kissed her, as a brother might, before leaving the room to find his clothes. Dressed, he wandered around the house but could not find Melanie. The air of late summer was mild and hazy and he sat on the grass in the walled garden, listening. A contemplative calm came to him and he might have been a Taoist monk meditating in the still air of dawn. He was at peace, within himself, and felt in a way stronger than he had ever done before that the world, and he himself, unfolded in its own natural way. It was also beautiful, in a strange, calm way and he sat, very still but without effort, while the gentle euphoria suffused him.

The mood drifted from him, slowly. His fervour of the night was unreal – a memory of another person. The calm he felt now was real and he realised with a sudden insight that it was this feeling that he wished above all else to share with Melanie. It was the beauty, the calm he found when he looked into a woman’s eyes – the gentleness he experienced sometimes when he lay naked beside the woman he loved and she showed by a caress or a kiss or a smile that she cared for him. It was the longing he felt to be with a sensitive woman – the soft desire to make slow, gentle love to her. All the sharing of moments, all the experiences of two people in love would be a remembrance of such moments, a giving and a returning, a mutual embrace and breaking of barriers, that he knew no words might describe.

The energy of the night, even the magick, was alien to him. He wanted his vulnerable love to lead himself and the woman he loved to another existence, and he began to feel that such a love might in a way he did not understand, affect the world, as once he had believed that prayer to a god might. He knew this was an ideal – but it was an attainable one, if the love was mutual and without reservation. He began to think of how a monk or a nun, pledged to contemplation, might seek to love God – he wanted and needed to love a woman in such a way: a woman of flesh and blood who responded to his kisses, who laughed, cried, danced became angry or sad but who, whatever the emotions and whatever the experience loved him faithfully as he love her. There would be a sacred quality about such a love.

He did not need the energy of power or magick or money, for he sensed that the beauty of life lay hidden in its simplicity, in a kind of detachment, and as he sat in the still warming air of early morning with only the sound of bird-song around him, his body and mind languid, he felt it easy to believe in a god who might have made it all – or in some force, perhaps named Fate, which governed the workings of the cosmos. He was aware, as he sat, of the suffering and misery in the world as he was aware that he himself was not God – not even a god. He did not understand the suffering, or the misery, but felt that all he could do was try

and change himself, re-orientate in some way his own consciousness so as not to add to those burdens.

All the threads of his life were gathered together in the moments of his sitting: the memories, sometimes painful and intense, of the women he had loved; the lessons of his own past, his feelings and thoughts of and about others. He drew them to himself by a quiet process of thought to make his feelings and memories conscious and part of a whole, and by the time he had completed the task, his view of the world had profoundly changed. He felt he had at last discovered the reality of his own self, buried for so long in a confusion of feelings, moods and desires.

Perhaps his intuitive awareness of Claudia’s vulnerability or the strange things of magick he had seen had caused this. He did not know, nor particularly care. There was a happiness within him which was gentle and made him smile. He felt in love with the world and possessed an awareness of meaning. He sensed there was something beyond his own life which a particular way of living would create – which a sharing of love with another person would make possible. Perhaps this was another life in another plane of existence. It was a nebulous sensation, this belief, which he could not formulate directly into ideas expressed by words of his thoughts, but nonetheless real to him and he added it to his view of the world before rising from the grass and walking, in the sunlight, toward the house.

A man was by the door, leaning on a stick. It was Saer and he was smiling. Thurstan blinked in surprise – and Saer was gone. Thurstan felt he had seen a ghost, and did not bother to look for the old man.

Melanie sat by the crystal in her Temple and he stood beside her.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

“What?”

“Will you marry me? Leave all this and come and live with me in my cottage?”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“There are things I must do.”

“Forget them. Forget all this.”

She smiled at him. “And Claudia?”

He signed. “And Claudia. I cannot share you.”

“All that I have is from this day yours – and hers.”

“I want nothing except you.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothing. No money, power – whatever. I earn enough to support us both, if we live simply.”

“You need never work again.”

“But I need to.”

She laughed, and touched his face. “It is a lovely, romantic idea! But not possible.”

“Why not?”

She gestured toward her crystal. “This is my life.”

“I can be your life.”

“But for how long?”

Thurstan flinched, and in that moment part of his hope was extinguished. “We can try.”

“Why this sudden change?”

“All this isn’t really me. You have power, money, charisma – and magick to bind people to you, to control. I love what is beyond all that in you. My real world is outside, sitting in the sun listening to the songs of the birds or watching clouds or waiting for the frogs to return in Spring. I do not belong here – in a Temple, doing strange rituals.”

“You are tempting me,” she said smiling.

“As you tempted me?”

“Perhaps.”

They stood in silence for a long time until Thurstan said, “You could use your power to bind me, but...”

“I no longer have any power over you,” Melanie said softly. “I knew that when you entered here.”

“You still love me then?”

“It is not my love which makes me powerless to bind you. There is something else.”

“What?”

“Would you like to take Claudia some breakfast? There are many things to do this morning.”

“Marry me.” When she did not answer, Thurstan said, “Well, at least come away with me.”

“And if I wanted you to stay, here, with me? Share my world?”

“I don’t think it would work,” Thurstan said, sadly.

“You could try.”

“It would be a game. What would be the point?”

“To enjoy the game, perhaps.”

“I want to go straight to what is beyond all that.”

“Our bridge is in danger.”

Thurstan looked at her and began to cry. He made no sound and Melanie wiped the tears away with her hand.

“Go now,” she said. “Before I do something I will regret.”

The sunlight seemed painful to him as he walked along her driveway toward the lane. He had not looked back as she did not run after him, and he walked slowly shuffling like an old man along the lane and down the road. He stopped for several minutes to stand and lean on the bridge toward the bottom of the lane, watching and listening to the fastly flowing stream water. A cyclist, brightly clad and whose bicycle was laden with panniers, passed him and wished him good-day.

“Lovely day!” Thurstan said.

“Yes, splendid!” replied the traveller before changing down into a lower gear and riding away up the hill.

The scenery, the weather, the brief human contact charmed Thurstan, bringing the world around him alive. Melanie the Satanic witch queen was not of this world where he himself belonged, and as Thurstan walked away to take the Neolithic track that rose up the slopes of the Mynd a mile distant, his sadness was relieved by a presentiment of joy.

## XIX

The house seemed, to Melanie, to sigh as Thurstan left. Her own grief was longer, and it was nearly an hour later that she went to her bedroom to find Claudia asleep.

For several minutes she stood, watching the sleeping woman. There was a gentleness and trust in Claudia that brought to Melanie an intimation of a type of love she did not know nor even perhaps understand, and she allowed her grief at losing Thurstan to sharpen this intimation. But she could not hold in her consciousness this insight and left, imbued again with her role and Destiny, to make arrangements for the evening ritual.

**There would be no sacrifice, only a calling down of dark power through her crystal – a breaking of the gates by the directed frenzy of the members of her Temple and the guests she had invited from around the world.** The hours of the day passed quickly for her. Claudia was happy, receiving guests, preparing the Temple and food for the feast which would follow the recalling, directing the servants that morning had drawn to the house on Melanie’s command.

**Fifty-four people were gathered in the Temple as darkness came slow to cover the land around. Melanie left them as her cantors began their discordant chant and her dancers began to dance, slowly, drawing forth from themselves a rising pyramid of power. Claudia waited for her in the secret Temple, her hands on the crystal and soon the diffusing light from the floor began to change in colour until a purple aura surrounded them.**

There was a yearning in Melanie as she stood beside her Priestess and lover. But it was not a yearning for love – only a cold desire to alter the living patterns in the world and so fulfil her destiny by returning the Dark Gods to Earth. She was suspended between her past with all its charisma and power and the future that might have been possible if she had surrendered to Thurstan’s love. She was aware of herself only through the images of the past and her barely formed feelings for Claudia: detached from the realness of her body and personal emotions. The power being invoked seemed to be drawing her toward the Abyss and the spaces beyond the Abyss where she had never been.

**The Abyss was within her, within Claudia, within all those in the Temple and all those outside it. It was primal awe, terror and intoxication and as she entered it she felt its energies forming into shapes ready to ascend to Earth through her crystal and temple. She was not conscious of the world around her and so did not see the door of the secret Temple open nor the leering man who entered.**

The darkness of the Abyss had attracted the darkness which had possessed Pead, as it made him sense the vulnerability of Claudia. He was growling like the animal he had become as he fastened his hands around her neck. Melanie heard the scream but she was paralysed by the Abyss and could only return slowly to the world of the living as inadvertently Claudia operated the mechanism which opened the pit beneath the crystal. She and Pead stood on its edge as the plinth with its crystal slid aside.

“Take me!” Melanie screamed. But she was too late and as she moved toward them they stumbled and fell into the pit.

Silently the plinth returned to seal them in deep darkness. Melanie could not make it move and bloodied her hands trying. And when it did, no answer came to her repeated calls, only silence rising from the rotting blackness below.

The power in her crystal had gone and she hid her tears as she walked toward the Temple and its worshippers. They were still chanting and dancing, unaware that the real power was gone from the crystal, the house and the Mistress they all held in awe. Melanie watched and listened, aware as she did so that what they felt as they chanted and danced was only a flickering shadow. She left them to seal herself in her room.

She sat for a long time, vaguely aware of the passing hours and the people who drifted away from her house, perplexed. They had danced, chanted and waited for her to appear, and when she had not come forth to carry them to the Abyss they had waited again until the realisation of failure made them shuffle and slink away.

Dawn drew her to her garden and in the long moments of her walking barefoot in the dewy grass she found an answer to her grief. It was an answer without words – a feeling that drew her beyond the cold Abyss to where a new universe waited. She was drifting in this universe, floating among the stars and galaxies of love, sadness, sorrow and joy, and as she in consciousness drifted, her body tensed and tears came to her eyes.

Images and feelings rushed through her as a whirling system of planets and stars forms from chaos and rushes through a galaxy past other stars when time itself is compressed. The images were of her past but the feelings attached to them were not the original feelings. There was sadness instead of exultation, love instead of anger, grief instead of joy. They had changed because her perspective had changed for she was seeing herself and her past not as before through her own eyes but beyond herself where other people were part of her in a way that brought an awareness of their sorrow, passion, hurt, narrowness, love and stupidity. She was Thurstan as he sat in the café holding her hand and trembling with the expectation of love; she was Claudia as she lay being kissed for the first time by a woman – the possessed man who in blindness and unthinking hate had killed Claudia.

The images and feelings rushed through her and when they were gone she was left feeling both sorrow and love. Her sorrow was in her lack of vision – she had drawn forces from within herself and beyond herself and used them to fulfil her will and desires: nothing had been real for her except those powers and herself. Her love was in a yearning to try and understand by giving herself, by sharing what she felt with someone who understood.

The sorrow that burst upon her broke her free of her past: it was a storm which smashed her mooring and snapped the anchorage of her self so she became a ship sailing free blown by winds she did not understand. Her feelings for Thurstan, her brief sorrow at Lois’ death, her brief love of Claudia were distant heralds of the storm which had come.

Gradually, her yearning became a yearning for love. She felt the blue of the sky above pour down upon her as the warmth of the sun, felt the wholeness of the patterns of Nature before her as if they were all notes in a beautiful piece of music – Vivaldi, perhaps, exulting in song the god of his faith, or Bach transforming a fugue to its end. She received the emanations that broke upon her with a joy seldom before known except in brief moments of physical passion, and she became happy, sad, compassionate, ecstatic and afraid until a vision

**The Temple of Satan – A Symphonic Allegory – From ‘The Order of the Nine Angles’**

**Footnote comments and where stated are from Hagur**

**Published by Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) – 2003 (114yf) © For Private use Only**

---

calmed her. Her vision was of the vital, ineffable mechanism of the cosmos itself – the eternal beyond the transient forms that life assumed through the process of slow evolution to something beyond itself.

This something she felt to be a vast, calm ocean where evolution ended, and began, in an indescribable transcendent bliss. But the vision was soon over, and she found herself lying on the grass of her garden in the chilly air of morning.

For over an hour she lay, calm and gently breathing while physical sensation returned to her body and an awareness of self brought need. She did not want to move as she did not want the calm, her perception of the whole of which she was a part, to end, and when she did move it was to slowly walk toward her car to drive away from her house, hoping, as she did so, that Thurstan would still love her.

## XX

The past came back to Jukes. The day had barely gone after the night of his return before his insight faded. He was in bed with his new and gentle lover when they called.

“I hope you do not mind us calling,” the nervous young man said.

“Not at all.” He gestured to the sofa and watched keenly as they sat. The young woman with short hair was pretty, dressed in a purple dress while the young man with a straggly beard seemed weak-willed and shy.

“We heard about your group,” the man said, “and am very interested.”

“How did you hear?” Jukes asked.

“Oh – the chap in ‘The Occult Bookshop’.”

“Actually –“ Jukes began.

“He said you’re an Adept – and we would very much like to learn from you.”

“How do you mean?”

“Be your pupils.”

Jukes was flattered and when he looked at the woman she turned her eyes away and blushed. His new Priestess entered bearing a pot of tea on a tray – she smiled at him with love, but his own smile was brief and she sat down in a corner, quiet and trusting, while Jukes began to manipulate.

**He talked of the Occult path, the difficulties and the sacrifice that was needed, and the importance of being willing to learn. He drew them to him, talking of the Aeon to come” when truly free individuals would change the world forever. He talked of the magick within, which could be drawn out and help each individual find their True Will, and as he talked he drew nearer to the subject of Initiation and acts of sexual magick. His desire for the woman who sat opposite him grew as he talked, moulding his will through words which seeped into his new followers as a parasite seeps into the intestine of its host.**

“You seem very sensitive – to certain forces,” he said to the woman.

“I don’t think I am,” she said softly.

**“It seems to me you have a natural gift.” He sensed the compliment was well received. “It can be developed – by certain means, should you wish to do so.”**

For hours, he talked while they listened. He felt a power talking to them about magick, a mastery that made him confident. He was an Adept, and would guide them toward magickal understanding. Part of him was sincere, as it always had been, but his dark desires were

sincere as well, and over the years he had covered his desires with lovely names as his assumption of having attained Adeptship made all that he did or chose to do seem tight for both the cosmos and him. His names were Destiny, free love and the Chosen.

As the hours passed he became his role – there was no dichotomy within him. His pupils would be a means, sent by his gods, whereby he himself – and they – could attain further magickal understanding.

Darkness came early, shielding, and his Priestess lit some candles to shed some light and add to the atmosphere of magick that he was building with words. The terrors of his recent past became rationalised as he talked – Pead had brought misfortune on himself by his past deeds of sacrifice, and the terrors at the Satanist house were the result of a battle between Saer and the woman who had enticed Claudia away. It was not his battle, and his only mistake had been to become involved. That involvement was Claudia’s doing, and she was obviously being manipulated by other powers emanating from the Satanist house.

Jukes was pleased with his understanding. He described to his new pupils the ritual Pead had done and explained how the old magickian became possessed.

“So you see, there is always danger present. We must learn to master our wills!<sup>87</sup>”

---

<sup>87</sup> Reflective pathworking (or, meditation) is nothing more than systematic investigation of some idea. Let us say that we have decided to reflect on “sacrifice”. We can think about a victim to be offered to the Dark God Gaubni, often called the Great Demon, who may manifest when “Nythra” is vibrated. “Gaubni is the invisible path between the Moon and Venus., and is the 21<sup>st</sup> Atu or Trump in the Hagur Sinister Tarot, standing for “The Universe” (or “Abyssal Worlds” both visible on Earth and invisible in our consciousness). That is why when “Nythra” is vibrated, Gaubni comes forth if a victim is being offered to him. His presence is felt through a repulsive smell and appearance if you are clairvoyant or know the value of dreams. Fearlessly, we can enjoy the thought of his presence, and to make him more real draw his figure. However, at some point our mind will be tempted to go off the track and think about something else. We then bring it back to the subject of our reflection. Firmly and strongly, we bring all our power of focus, all the intensity of our understanding, to this endeavour. Reflective pathworking creates a qualified environment in our mind. In such an environment some elements are given admittance and others are not. A home is a qualified environment, because only certain persons can enter it. So are a stadium, a convention, a Temple, a church or even a circus. A cell is also a qualified environment, because it lets in through its membrane all that is useful and excludes (through sopfer, sacrifice) whatever is useless or harmful to its maintenance. A city square is not a qualified environment, because anybody can pass through it at any time. Drawing the Hagur Sinister Tarot has helped the writer greatly in the exploration of the unconscious, the other or Abyssal universe, and that is by free drawing. This is in no way surprising. As a matter of fact, originally writing was drawing. The first writing was ideographic; it was through pictures; and the unconscious, which in certain respects has primitive and archaic traits, uses more easily, one might say more happily, picture language, which can be called the use of symbols. It is generally known that every abstract word is a symbol of something concrete. For instance, anima (soul) comes from the Greek animos – wind. Spirit is also spoken of as “breath”; and Dianus, Deus, the name for God, means “shining.” Therefore it is not surprising that free drawing entices so to speak the unconscious, which expresses freely through it. Also this technique has a double use, attracting unconscious contents to the surface of consciousness and also functioning as an active method for self-realisation. But at this point we will refer only to the first function, that of bringing to the surface unconscious contents. To free drawing as a pathworking technique, we tell the Satanist to procure paper or a notebook, even one’s own shadowbook of a larger size and a set of watercolours or coloured pencils. Sit down in front of the paper, with everything ready to hand; then just to begin playing, to draw lines of different colours automatically, “letting it happen” in a free, relaxed, playful mood, seeing with eager curiosity what will happen. An Ancient Egyptian Initiate, his pseudo name being “Eje” (the full name being: Nisoet Bety Kheper Kheperu Ra, Sa Ra Ari Maat Ai, better read along the hieroglyphically), a dear friend of mine, taught me this method in 1995, for which I am tremendously thankful. However, let us emphasise the fact that at first we are looking for nothing artistic, nothing which has any esthetic value, just because usually the immediate objection one will make is: “But I am not able to draw!” But, so much the better. Any academic training in drawing or any practice in esthetic drawing would be a drawback and would have almost to be unlearned. So, the fact that one is at first

His two pupils looked at each other, and the woman nodded. “When,” asked the man, “can we be initiated?”

Jukes pretended to consider the matter carefully. “We have a meeting next week at which Initiation could take place.”

“Really? As soon as that?” The man was surprised.

“Of course, if you wish to delay.”

“No, no. What you suggest is fine. We are only too keen to begin our quest.”

“Good. I shall arrange everything.”

“May I ask something?” For the first time, the woman spoke.

“Why yes!”

“What happened to the man in that ritual?”

Jukes laughed. “He’s probably wandering around still, quite mad!”

Jukes was pleased to see them go, knowing the woman would soon be his and knowing that his Priestess would be only too willing to please him when they returned to his bed. He slept well that night, tired from his bodily exertions and safe again within the world he had created. He did not hear his Priestess crying, a little, toward dawn as she sensed what next week would bring. But she would accept it, for she was only a Priestess and he was her teacher.

Outside, two Blackbirds sung her to sleep.

---

‘virgin soil’ in this connection is favourable; it is an advantage and not a drawback. When I started free drawing in 1995, after midnight was my chosen time, under the shadow of one burning candle distantly, after having evoked the Dark Gods through meditation. It is advisable not to think out in advance what we are going to draw, because this would prevent a free flow of unconscious material. Anyway, “free drawing” must be well prepared through pathworking as described in ONA manuscripts, evoking Dark Energies.

## XXI

‘Therefore, let every mortal see that last day  
When they die – not considering themselves fortunate  
Until without suffering they cross the boundary of this life.’

Thurstan wrote the words slowly, savouring them, before collecting together the scattered pages of his translation. He glanced through it, satisfied at the labour of months, but sad because he would have to think of something else to do in the long hours to be spent alone as summer changed to autumn and brought the dark of night to cover the evening hours.

A premonition of dawn came to him as he looked out from his window to the eastern hills, and he snuffed out the candles by which he liked to work. The air outside was fresh like that of early autumn and he stood by the door of the cottage slowly breathing it in. There was no wind to break the silence and he walked into his small garden, riddled by weed and long of grass, to watch the haze of Aurora grow. Definition of fence, tree, fields and hills came slowly in rhythm with the song of birds as if those very songs were calling Eos from her sleep. The growing light though without warmth still drew the cold sadness from Thurstan as he stood waiting for the sun god to rise. And when he did, climbing steadily between the cleft in the hills on the horizon, Thurstan smiled in reverence.

Phrases from his translation repeated themselves in his mind and it did not seem to him a long span of time since Sophocles had seen or imagined the sun rising over the mountains of Phocis: ‘Bright as a flame from the snows of Parnassus comes a voice ...’ Who, Thurstan wondered, had in the intervening centuries understood the message? Would his own attempt to present it in his own language fail should it ever be printed and read? Would hubris – the defiance which broke the balance in the cosmos – increase? Could the balance ever be restored?

He did not know the answers to these questions as he did not know any answers that were solutions to the problems of his own life, and he contented himself with enjoying the beautiful world around him: the sights, sounds, smells of sky god and earth mother. The Earth around him was real in a way that his memories and dreams were not and as he stood, experiencing the dawn of day, he forgot his love of Melanie and his dreams of sharing his life, making himself content by his work in the gardens of mother Earth and by his night-time toil of translations.

He became at peace again with himself and sat upon the step to his door to plan the next translation. The turner of Earth brought the sun higher into his sky while he sat, enjoying the warmth of his last day free from his work. Tomorrow, his brief holiday over, he would return to the farm to strain and stretch his muscles and delight in his simple tasks.

The sun was warm when he heard a vehicle approaching, but he did not rise even when he recognised the car which was screechingly braked to a halt. Melanie came toward him and his peace vanished like darkness by lightning. For minutes they stood, pressed closed together by their arms.

“I love you.” Melanie’s words were a spell which bound her to him. She knew they would be and had never used them before.

“You seem changed,” Thurstan said as she began to cry, gently.

“Claudia is dead.”

He kissed her, sat her in a garden chair in the sun, made and brought to her a pot of tea and sat beside her to listen while she talked. She spoke of the man who came rushing into her house, drawn somehow by the power she was invoking, of how he seemed to sense, as she had, Claudia’s innocence. She described the pit into which they fell where Algar’s disfigured body lay rotting: of how she had let her grief walk her to her garden and how the burgeoning light of a new day had brought to her an understanding of the tragedy of her past.

“Your simple love,” she said, “broke through the shield around me. I don’t know how or why – but it did.”

“What will you do?”

She laughed. “Did you mean what you said?”

“Yes.”

“Then I want to stay here – with you.”

Clouds began to gather around the eastern horizon of hills as they spoke, growing as a wind arose to shape and move them across the sky to cover, briefly, the sun. Other, darker clouds followed.

“But your house – your plans?”

“I shall forget them.”

“Can you?”

“Yes! My perspective may have changed – but not my will!”

Thurstan was delighted, both by the answer and the spirit which sent it forth from her lips. “Will you marry me, then?” he asked.

“Yes!”

They kissed like new lovers while cloud covered the whole of the sky.

“Shall we go in?” Thurstan asked.

She smiled. “I would like that.”

Inside, Melanie said: “You know what I wish?”

He was attuned to her and answered, “I think so.”

“It may be possible, for I have no protection and my cycle is right.”

This new desire enhanced the closeness they found as naked body lay upon naked body. Rain fell around the cottage in where they lay, sweating. It beat down as a storm upon the roof and windows, a counter-point to their passionate ecstasy and love, and when it was over and they lay entwined together while the sun sent shafts of light through a window, Melanie began to cry. She softly cried for a long time as if tears purged her of her past. Thurstan felt this, and brushed them away as she lay resting her head on his chest.

The knocking on his door startled them both. Hastily Thurstan covered part of his nakedness.

“Yes?” he asked as he opened the door.

The old man was in ragged clothes and it was some seconds before Thurstan recognised Saer.

“I am sorry to intrude – at such a time, “smiled Saer. “May I enter?”

Thurstan was reluctant, for he sensed that Saer was more than an intrusion. “I’d rather you didn’t.”

“Her power is gone.”

“Please go.” Thurstan did not understand what was happening – but Saer seemed a threat to him in some way.

“I cannot leave without her.”

The words struck Thurstan like blows. “We are to marry.”

“It cannot be,” said Saer quietly.

“Leave us alone!” shouted Thurstan and in anger shut the door. He bolted it before returning to Melanie.

Saer stood by the bed. “It cannot be,” he repeated.

Thurstan’s wrath made him move toward Saer who raised his hand. Thurstan’s body became paralysed and he could only watch as Saer gave Melanie her clothes.

“I shall kill you!” Thurstan screamed.

Saer smiled.

“Why are you doing this?” Thurstan asked, realising his rage was useless. Melanie did not look at him and seemed to be in a trance.

Saer smiled and Thurstan’s rage returned. He channelled it to his body. Trembling with effort he could only manage to move his foot a little forward.

“Sleep now.”

Thurstan’s eyes were closing and he could not stop them. The last thing he saw was Melanie’s pleading but helpless eyes. Then he was dreaming. He was in his garden under a searing sun – but his garden was different: full of beautiful flowers and luxurious grass. Claudia, radiantly beautiful, was beside him and held his arm. He felt peaceful with her and listened almost rapturously as she spoke.

‘You were part of his plan. He could do nothing until your love broke her power.’

‘Help me,’ Thurstan asked.

‘We can do nothing here.’

Thurstan awoke to find himself lying on his bed. Moonlight reached his room and he lay trying to unravel dream from reality and reality from dream. It was a slow process, but helped by Melanie’s perfume which still lay on his pillow and when it was over he remembered her car.

It still waited outside his cottage. He felt uncomfortable with its power and drove carefully along the moonlit lanes and roads to her house which he found empty and cold. Nervous, he switched on all the lights as he journeyed from room to room and floor to floor avoiding the temple of her crystal. But he felt and saw nothing except the shadows and fears of his own mind. And the memories of their brief time together.

Only the library possessed some warmth as if in indication of the answer he hoped to find, and he shut its door before browsing among the books. All of them, and the manuscripts bound like books, were about alchemy, magick or the Occult. He could read the Latin of the medieval manuscripts and books, but what it related did not interest him as the later books brought forth no desire to read further. Even the Black Book of Satan, resting on the table, seemed irrelevant to him. They were all compilations of shadow words, appearing to Thurstan to fall short of the aim that the searchers who had written them should have aimed for. His instinctive feeling was to observe in a contemplative way some facet of the cosmos – to stand outside in the dark of the night and listen for the faint music that travelled down to Earth from the stars – rather than enclose himself in the warm womb of a house to read the writings of others. Demons, spells, hidden powers, the changing of base metal to gold, even the promises of power and change for himself, were not important to Thurstan, and he left the library with its stored knowledge of forbidden secrets and lurking gods, to walk in the moonlit garden.

The stars were not singing for him – or he could not hear them above the turmoil of his thought – but his slow moon-wise walking brought a calm. His dreams of sharing life with Melanie were still vivid, but he realised that if such sharing was not to be, it would not be. He might try, through force or even magick, to win her back. But if he succeeded, his dreams would only become real if she wished to make them real to him, and all he could do was give her the freedom of that choice. Saer was using her – for what purpose he did not know – and he would try and find her, somehow, to give her the promise of choice. He was not afraid of Saer, nor worried about the magickal powers he possessed, for as he walked with a calm that deepened and brought awareness of the rhythms of the cosmos, he felt that it was his fate to

**The Temple of Satan – A Symphonic Allegory – From ‘The Order of the Nine Angles’**

**Footnote comments and where stated are from Hagur**

**Published by Skull Press – Gent (Belgium) – 2003 (114yf) © For Private use Only**

---

try and find her. What happened when and if he did, would happen, as Spring happens after the cold darkness of Winter.

## XII

It was not a long wait. Thurstan did not enter the secret Temple and use the crystal nor any magickal means. His way was not the way of magick but of sensitive thought and he sat on the damp, cold grass to close his eyes and think of Melanie.

What he saw guided him and he walked in the moonlight along the narrow turning hilly lanes singing softly to himself. His songs were from his translations and he invented the music to match the rhythm of his walking feet. There was joy in him then, a simpleness that gave him the strength of water and its ability to follow any channel or shape itself while still being itself to any vessel or container. His goal was a small cottage of stone with a sagging roof and tiny windows beside an unmarked track that weaved among the mamelons between the western slopes of the Mynd and the trees of Linley Hill. No one passed him as he walked and the fields were quite silent and quite still. His chosen track led him for an hundred yards through a wood, past a stream flowing down between two hills to curve eastwards and rise north among the rocky barren land. At its sudden end lay the cottage but briefly home to the short sun of winter. Dawn was almost rising behind him as he knocked upon the studded oak door.

No one came to answer his call and he opened the door. Inside in the flickering light of a fire, he saw Saer hunched on a stool before the hearth while against the wall in the recessed bed, Melanie lay sleeping. The large room comprised all of the cottage and it smelt of burnt hazel mingled with pine. Saer, though surprised, did not move.

“You are persistent.” Saer did not look toward Thurstan but still stared into the large flames that ate, with sporadic breaking of tree-limbs and fingers, the wood.

Thurstan did not close the door but began to walk toward Melanie. Suddenly, Saer rose.

“Leave her,” he said quietly and raised his left hand.

For an instant Saer’s features seemed, to Thurstan, to be lacertilian but the impression soon vanished to leave only an old man with white hair standing before a fire. As soon as Thurstan touched Melanie she awoke. “She is mine,” he said, almost sadly.

“It is not for you or for me but for Melanie to decide,” Saer said, and smiled. It was a kindly smile and he raised his hand again.

Thurstan sighed and held Melanie’s hand.

“I can see,” Saer said to Thurstan, “what powers you now represent.”

“I have no power – only my love for her.”

“Even now you do not understand.” Saer turned toward Melanie. **“It is written: ‘Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond the Earth. 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.”**

“So I,” said Melanie, “as Mistress of Earth passed beyond the Abyss.”

“To bring into this world what must be.”

“And now I must choose?”

“Yes.”

For a long time Melanie looked at Thurstan. “I must go with Saer,” she finally said. In that instant, she felt her magical powers return.

“But I ...”

“Say nothing.” She pressed her forefinger to his lips.

“I don’t understand,” said Thurstan, almost crying with emotion.

Melanie smiled, sadly. “There will be time enough for understanding in old age. What lives now and grows within me will always be a part of you.”

She kissed his cheek and he became too full of emotion to do anything but watch her and Saer walk into the burgeoning dawn. Then, suddenly, they vanished. He ran outside but could not find them.

He walked slowly away from the cottage. The light of dawn seemed to be sucking mist from the ground, but he did not care. He moved, like an old man pained by his limbs, through the cold and sometimes swirling mist along a path that took him toward the Mynd and up, steeply, to its level summit where he stood, high above the mist, to watch the mist-clotted valleys below. The heather was beginning to show the glory of its colour, and he walked through it north-bound along the cracked and stony road stopping often to turn around and wait. But no one and nothing came to him – no voices, song or sigh. There was hope within him as he walked as he had often walked along the almost level top of the long beautiful low mountain. But it did not last. He sensed he would never see her again – never know their child. The very Earth itself seemed to be whispering to him the words of this truth. He began to sense, slowly, that there was for him real magick here where moorland fell to form deep hollows home to those daughters of Earth known as springs and streams, and where the Neolithic pathway had heard perhaps ten million stories. No wisps of cloud came to spoil the glory of the sun as it rose over the mottled wavy hills beyond the Stretton valley miles distant and below. No noise to break the almost sacred silence heard. For an instant it seemed as if some divinity, strange but pure, came into the world, and smiled.

The smile might have been one of understanding, but Thurstan sat down in the heather and cried.

## XXIII

It was raining still and dull of day when Jukes arrived at Pead’s cottage, summoned by avarice. His fear began to ebb away as he saw it was empty, unchanged since the night of the ritual – except for the stench of the dismembered, half-eaten and rotting dog.

He selected his goods carefully, taking only the rarest of books and manuscripts to his car wherein his Priestess waited, soothed by his words of charm: ‘He said if anything happened to him, I was to keep his books...’ So he worked while she in trust waited. And when to his satisfaction the collection was complete, he drove in curiosity to see from a safe distance the house wherein Claudia had left him and where he thought she lived in bondage to her Satanic mistress.

An old tramp was walking away from the direction of the house and Jukes stopped him, saying: “Do you know who lives there?”

“In that house?” said the old man before spitting on the ground. “Empty it is – has been for weeks if you ask me. No mug of tea for me, there, that’s for sure.”

Jukes did not thank him nor even watch him walk away. He was excited, and led his Priestess along the driveway to the house. Behind them, Saer turned in the rain, and smiled.

Jukes tried the door, and to his surprise found it open. The house was warm, comforting after the cold rain, and they ambled along hallway with Jukes calling “Hello?”

No one came. Jukes left his Priestess for he felt strangely aroused. The house, he felt, was a woman of beauty and he was violating her. He was full of a physical lust and felt powerful and began to explore all the aspects of her warm and scented body – hoping vaguely he might find a real woman whom he could rape. He eagerly sought the bedrooms – caressing the silken sheets – as he eagerly sought items of clothing which he hoped by their texture and smell might bring nearer to him the woman he was searching for. Night came outside while he wandered, bringing light and increased warmth within the house. But Jukes did not notice this. His arousal became stronger until he became a man intent only on rape. He did not see the shadows from his own Abyss as they gathered around him lipsing words of encouragement, as he did not find in his search the woman he wanted. But he remembered a woman, waiting for him below.

He found her asleep in a chair fluxed in the glow of a large crystal before her. He did not care about the strange room nor wonder about the crystal. He cared only for satisfying his lust – he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to abuse her cruelly, to beat her and rape her savagely. He was strong in body and would use his strength to satisfy himself by forcing her beneath him.

He moved toward her, leering. Then she opened her eyes, and smiled.

Jukes found he could not move, and did not see the door behind him close. “You are mine now,” the woman he had once been his willing lover said. “With a look I can strike you dead!<sup>88</sup>”

Jukes did not doubt it. Reality for him returned quickly. She was no longer his Priestess, but a woman, mistress of him, who by magick bound his will. Beside the crystal where he stood watching helplessly, an amber necklace lay and she rose from the chair to take it for herself. She was still smiling as she unthreaded one bead which began to glow in her fingers. She showed it to him, mockingly, and laughed before re-threading it and placing the beads around the neck.

“You are mine,” she repeated and smiled. **“Through Them whom we never name, we who garb ourselves in black possess this rock we call this Earth.”**

She did not yet know what she would do with her new power, but there was plenty of time for her to think of something, plenty of secret books waiting to be read. The old man who had led her from the hallway to this chamber would return, one day, to instruct her, she remembered he had said.



Thurstan saw the lights in Melanie’s house, and waited. He waited a long time in the cold and the darkness, trying to forget his hunger, his tiredness and the rain. At last the lights became fewer, until all were gone, and he walked, trusting in his love and hopeful still, toward the door. It was not locked.

There was a woman sleeping in Melanie’s bed. He did not wake her, nor the man he found sleeping in another room, but left them and the house to walk along the dark road that would take him to the Mynd, down into the valley and back to his cottage.

‘I am an old man in a young man’s body’ he said to himself as he walked amid the rain. Maybe someday he would love again, but the shattering of his dreams had changed him, making him to wish to live alone, content with his translations. He did not fully understand his recent past but felt that Melanie’s child, when born, would be important in some way to the world – a kind of channel for the forces which both she and Saer represented.

He had seen enough of the hidden dimensions of the world to realise his lack of knowledge, but this lack did not bother him. He would go his own way, slowly as perhaps befitted a hermit-scholar, seeking through the slowness of the years a kind of inner peace, grounded in the beauty and harmony he found in the little piece of Earth that was his home.

---

<sup>88</sup> How true it is, through the power of thought. Man is heir to wonderful and illimitable powers, but until he becomes aware of them and consciously identifies himself with them, they lie dormant and unexpressed, and might just as well not exist at all as far as their use to man, in his unawakened state, is concerned. When, however, man becomes awakened to the great truth that he is a spiritual but sinister being, another god, when he learns that the little petty self and finite personality are not his real self at all, but merely a mask to the real man: when he realises that his threefold consciousness (Jung) is his real Self, as part of the Cosmos, he enters a new life of almost boundless power. However, it is unwise to engage in any mystical practices in an attempt to ‘force’ development and unfoldment, unless through “pathworking” as described in ONA.

Change would come – as it always had and always would – and he would sigh, while he treasured what he knew.

In the rain he thought he heard a strange creator star-god sigh, but walked on – shaking his head at the perplexity that was human life and the sadness that was the breaking of his dreams.

## **Incipit Vitriol ...**